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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 25 MAY 2, 1925 No. 28

STORIES OF ROMANTIC RASCALS

By Charles J. Finger

SAPIRO AND THE BANKERS

WILL HUMAN RACE GROW WINGS?

WHAT IS AN INTELLECTUAL?

By Thomas Masson

OUR GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS

By Huston Thompson

P. 12
L. C. Campbell

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

A three-foot crust of soda composes the glittering white surface of an African lake, with an area of 34 square miles.

At Port Moresby, New Guinea, the cool native hut, built on poles over the water, is much superior to the houses of galvanized iron and wood the white man puts up for himself to swelter in.

The Karo-Bataks, natives of the mountainous regions of the Island of Sumatra, have a written language resembling ancient Phoenician.

The costliest map in the world is in the Louvre of Paris. It has a groundwork of polished jasper, the principal towns marked with precious stones and their names inscribed in gold. Strips of polished platinum represent rivers.

A warm current sweeping southward along the west coast of South America brought torrential rains to sections that have not known rain since 1551, causing the desert to bloom in profusion.

The will of the late Willard L. Metcalf, the American artist, directed that twenty-nine of his paintings be destroyed, because they did not come up to his best work.

The Parthenon of Athens is to be restored.

At Caerphilly, in Glamorganshire, Wales, there is a tower which leans eleven feet in eighty. Even the tower of Pisa, Italy, leans only six feet in the same height.

A wealthy Scotsman, 75 years old, is traveling 7,000 miles from Honolulu to Scotland to pick a few sprigs of heather and eat a dish of haggis.

They had no house detectives in the old hotels or taverns of Pompeii. Instead, on the wall was inscribed the following: "*Otiosis locus hic non est, discede morator,*" which, translated, means, "Lingerer, depart; this is no place for idlers."

Airplane travel at a cent a mile is the accomplishment of a French flier.

Sixty per cent of our national lawmakers at Washington are lawyers.

Harvard University will receive a fraction of every cent dropped into the various penny-in-the-slot machines on the New York subway and elevated stations under the will of Artemas Ward.

A bonfire of 100,000,000 lire in bank notes was made recently in Rome, as the inauguration of the policy of the government to reduce the circulation of paper money.

Madame Schumann-Heink says, "You do not need to go abroad to study. We have just as good teachers right here in this America, as they have abroad. I'll have all those foreign teachers on my neck for saying it—but it's true and I'll stick to it."

It is said that Dickens wrote an entire book with a single quill pen.

In Juneau, Alaska, the thermometer rarely reaches zero.

Among the Sikhs of India it is a rule that deaths and births must take place on the ground.

The New York Public Library is consulted by more than eight thousands persons daily.

The wild boar of India, without provocation, will attack man.

Female pythons not only lay eggs, but incubate them by brooding them, as birds do. The young snakes hatch three months from the time the mother begins sitting on the eggs.

The word "sheik" in Arabic means "an old man."

In the past 3,000 years fifteen nations have held Sicily.

Benjamin Franklin laid the foundation of the present postal system of the United States.

The first one-dollar bank note of the "greenback" variety ever issued by the United States Government—it is numbered one—is owned by the wife of an officer in the Internal Revenue service.

Platinum wire has been drawn so fine that a mile of it would not weigh more than a grain, while seven ounces of it would extend from New York to London.

More than half the destructive pests in the United States are of foreign origin.

A certain Leopold Hapsburg sentenced to pay 100,000 crowns to the relatives of a man whom he had struck and killed with his motorcycle asked the privilege of paying it in monthly installments as he is only a modest bank clerk. He was a former archduke of Austria.

Japanese girls are bobbing their hair. They have formed a society in Tokio to which only women are admitted who have discarded the elaborate traditional hair arrangements of Japan for the modern bob.

Several small coins, dated in the fifties, and the remains of an old flintlock musket were all that remained with the bones of a pioneer found in a hollow tree on the Missouri Valley River bottom near Hamburg, Iowa. It is believed he hid in the crevice to escape Indians and was unable to climb up to the entrance hole from the inside of the tree.

No privately owned automobile in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, may be painted red or white, as these colors are used exclusively by the city for its municipal cars.

The advent of radio has added approximately five thousand words to the English language.

After Pietro Mascagni had written "Cavalleria Rusticana," he is said to have thrown it into the fire, from which his wife rescued it.

Spartan governors' secret service men used a method of winding parchment round a staff slantwise, then writing so that when unwound, the message appeared as a string of broken letters. The correspondents had a staff exactly like the original on which they rewound the parchment.

About three and one-half times as much of our cultivated crop land is devoted to growing feed for our farm animals as for producing crops for human consumption.

Old abandoned ice houses along the Hudson River are being converted into mushroom farms. The biggest of the one-time ice houses can produce a $600 crop every day.

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This Issue

Mr. Ford's Page resumes discussion of the charge that the day's pace is nervously ruinous. (p. 11)

The Booth Myth is effectually laid by Mr. Black's unsparing investigation. This concluding article, summing up proofs of the identity, is the last word. (p. 18)

G. K. C. is one of the most virile and provocative minds operating today, withal a fearless one who knows his world. A delightful interview at Chesterton's home. (p. 2)

Is bigness of business necessarily anti-social? Huston Thompson ought to know. As Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, it is his big problem. He has exact knowledge. Deepen and broaden your mind by reading him. (p. 3)

Tom Masson on "What Is an Intellectual?" (p. 5)

Here's a man who actually says that the human race will grow wings as a result of the "flying feeling" which airplaning will develop. It may not be true, but it's timely. (p. 6)

More persons like maps than you would surmise. At least judging from the interest aroused by Professor Karpinski's articles. This week, "Mapping the Mississippi." (p. 12)

Charles J. Finger appears in this number both as subject and author. Variety and Virility describe Finger. He has been everywhere and has seen everything, but he likes his mountains best, and there he stays and writes. He likes Romantic Rascals too, as will be seen on p. 16. (Note Paul Honore's woodcuts!) Finger himself, under dissection by another writer, appears on p. 14.

Mr. Aaron Sapiro also has the honor of appearing in this first issue of the new series, in a further description of his remarkable activities among gullible farmers. (p. 18)

Together with useful, lively bits from here and there; Editorials; Briefly Tolds—this comprises the week's bill of fare.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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An Afternoon With an Optimist

A Talk With G. K. Chesterton

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

Top Meadow.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE is a county of placid beauties; quiet homeliness; secure contents; a countryside of beech trees, orchards, rolling fields of wheat and grass; of sedate old towns and sleepy villages; of timber-framed farmhouses and cottages; of—well, of all the many good things that figure in a typical Southern England county. Very lovable; very soothing to the town dweller.

In this county, some twenty-two miles from London, is the smallish town of Beaconsfield, to which I went on a fine but chilly August day to visit Gilbert Keith Chesterton, essayist, poet, playwright, and writer of fiction.

It was a pleasant walk of about a mile from the railroad station—the gusts of sunshine not unwelcome for the air bit shrewdly—till I reached Top Meadow, an ancient looking but really recently built house, standing a little aside from the main road. There is an old-world savor not only in the general aspect but more particularly in the garden, which is a mass of brilliant blooms; old-fashioned flowers such as my heart delights in.

Then a kindly welcome from Mrs. Chesterton and G.K.C. "This room does for everything," he said, as we went into the spacious living room; and I said that I envied him having achieved my ideal of a home with a living room and rooms to sleep in; no more; what more is needed? Is not a living room the most sociable of all rooms?

Edmund Burke Lived Near Here

"We built it ourselves," said Mrs. Chesterton. "Before the war we lived on the opposite side of the road, but built this room as a sort of studio; then we had to turn out, so came over here to live, adding on other rooms to make a house of it."

"What a delightful garden," said I, looking out of the long, low, deep-seated lattice window at the stone-paved paths, the quaint water pond in its stone basin, at the brightness and glory of the flowers.

"I'm glad you like it; I had just to plant anything and everything that would grow quickly. Will you sit by the fire?"

A fire upon an August afternoon! It looked cheerful on the deep hearth; but I turned my back upon it, preferring the outlook on the flowers and the trees.

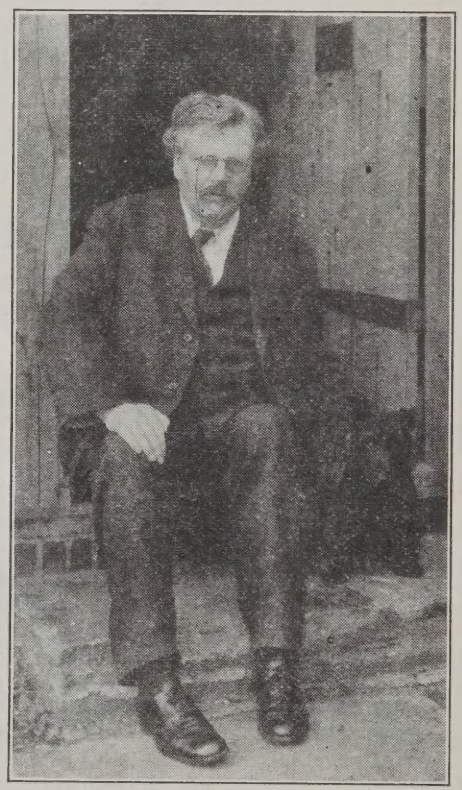
G.K.C. in a reposeful armchair, smoking a cigar; I in another, enjoying a Russian cigaret; Mrs. C. leaving us to our talk.

He talks as entertainingly as he writes, which is saying a deal. Talks almost overwhelmingly, but it is not an unhappy fortune to be drowned in good wine! There is plentiful variety, too; nimbleness of thought; stimulation; and, perhaps best of all, a certain bite of challenge now and again, almost a definite provocation which arouses that sp'rit of contradictoriness and antagonism which is essential to entertaining conversation.

But we started our talk quite simply.

I asked why the house was called Top Meadow.

"It's the old name of the field it is built on; the highest, or perhaps only the end one of a series of fields. They were part of Burke's estate here; he lived at Gregories, as you know."



"G. K. C." on his own doorstep.

He looked at me with something that appeared like a quiz in his eyes. "As I knew!" Well, I did happen to know; but that little phrase cropped up several times, and it was not always that I did know! But I didn't let on! This time I did know, having taken the trouble to rub up my vague recollections; that Edmund Burke had lived hereabout, at Gregories, later called Butler's Court, of which nothing now remains. But today I was not hunting dead lions; but very much interested in snaring this living one, whom I hoped to stir into a roaring!

Fortification to Keep Off Visitors

"Lord Beaconsfield lived not far off? Hughenden isn't far away, is it?" I asked.

"Not far. Burke would have taken a peerage, as you know—" I didn't—"but for his son's death; and his title would have been Beaconsfield. Dizzy found the coronet suspended in air, so to speak, like Mahomet's coffin; took it down and put it on his own head. Which doubtless the clever little Jew man thought was a romantic thing to do, instead of only vulgar."

We slid about from one topic to another in a most amazing way; like two burly bees from flower to flower; but he gathered most of the honey.

"Do you like living in the country better than in town?"

"Yes; I can work better here. And I don't go up to town as often as I thought I should."

"Yes, I am fond of flowers," he answered in response to another question, "I don't know anything about them; but I like them. It's sometimes easier to like things the more the less you know about them."

Then in reference to what I forget:

"The road's a bit rough outside; but I explained to a German visitor that it was a new kind of fortification we had devised to keep off visitors. I don't know if he believed me."

Shall I describe G.K.C.? I don't think I can. Only this much: a tallish, burly man; a shock head of grayish-auburn hair; a broad face, lighted by the keen, inquiring eyes that peer through glasses, very searchingly sometimes.

(Concluded on page 24)

Our Government and Business

Centralizing Economic Power—Some Aspects of Mass Production

By HUSTON THOMPSON

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This is the second of a series of informative articles on Our Government and Big Business.

THE modern business disease of centralizing economic power in a combination of competitors and price fixing or controlling is not confined to our country. From practically every civilized nation comes the report that it is suffering from an era of combinations and price control. The reaction and fretting peoples is agitating the various parliaments of the world.

In our country this economic movement is moving like a snowball rolling downhill, despite the fact that we have for twenty-five years been struggling to recover control of ourselves since the last great era of combinations.

Many professional economists whom one meets toss the whole question off lightly with a statement something like this: Mass production is an essential of modern times; mass production is predicated upon combinations; combinations are efficient: hence we must have combinations.

They do not stop to consider that *the greatest and most successful mass production output of today is frequently accomplished by corporations that have never swallowed a single competitor, and are not combinations,* and do not indulge in price fixing.

How About Pacifying the Consumer?

Let us assume, however, as some of the "special interests" and professional economists do, that great combinations and price-dominating groups, over which states have little, if any, control, since they are doing an interstate business, are inevitable. Likewise let us take the next step with them and admit that the Federal Government must devise some way of regulating them so that the housewife, the farmer, the artisan, or the ultimate consumer, who are the purchasing public and hence are the geese that lay the golden eggs for the seller, must be pacified. What shall we offer as a solution?

To put the problem in our own language: Since there is no escape from centralized Federal Government, if we permit price-regulating associations that destroy competition in price, or a centralization of economic power in business combinations built up by merging competitors into one great corporation beyond state control, how shall the Federal Government regulate them?

The answer is easy for those combinations which are already entrenched in the business world. Though they hold up their hands in holy horror at bureaucratic government one moment, yet in the next they ask for legislation that will give some governmental organization power to advise them before they undertake to carry out a plan or project. This they have put into a phrase which they call "ruling in advance." This is the smoke screen behind which they hide when they have perfected their combination and public pressure is felt.

They say to the public or to the legislator, "Let us be advised in advance of our actions as to what we can do." They do not add, "And we shall obey." Of course, if they are to be advised they must obey, else governmental advisers would be put to an immense waste of time.

Before I came upon the Federal Trade Commission I firmly believed that it would be possible to have a business lay its plan before the commission and be advised in advance. I did not then know that there were more than 200,000 corporations and approximately 4,000 trade associations whose members were doing an interstate business. Nor did I know that thousands, if not all of them, had problems about which they wished to be advised and which, under such a system, they would have the right to submit to the Federal Trade Commission for advice in advance of putting them into action.

I soon discovered that this thing of advising business in advance was not only impossible, but that if it were to be attempted with efficiency it would cost the government a tremendous sum, add thousands of employes, create additional bureaucracy, and (if the decisions were enforced) interfere with and slow up business beyond the flight of one's imagination.

One of the very first problems presented to me in the Federal Trade Commission seven years ago was what has since become known as the "pump and tank cases." These "pumps and tanks" were being installed by oil companies on the curbs and premises of storekeepers and garages in return for a nominal consideration, generally one dollar. The contract between the company and the storekeeper or garage had a clause that no gasoline except that of the installer should be contained in the tanks and distributed through the particular pump. A complaint had come to the commission from many Independents and small oil distributors which charged that the larger companies could and were putting the smaller companies out of business which the latter could not afford because of the large investment required to pay the approximate cost of from $300 to $500 apiece for such "pumps and tanks." They asserted that they were losing customers and that their means of distribution was being cut off and competition destroyed. At that time the record showed that very few of these retail dealers were using more than one pump and tank.

A previous commissioner, with the assistance of several attorneys, seeking to accommodate this industry, had been struggling over the form of a contract of one of the large companies for the purpose of eliminating, without a contest, language which the commission considered objectionable and which was causing the closing of the avenues of distribution to the Independents. For almost a year the former commissioner had sought to be of service to the oil company, but each time the contractual language was objected to by him the company brought the contract back for approval of sentences substituted by it in lieu of the former wording. The language was still being debated when I was appointed to the commission. In despair my associate passed the problem over to me and I struggled with it for several months. During all this time the giving away of pumps and tanks was going on.

A Commission and a Contract

Finally, I saw that we would never come to an agreement, so a complaint was issued and the cases were tried. An order to do away with the practice was issued, and some of the companies appealed to the courts. The latter, for reasons which have been stated in their public opinions, ruled against the commission. *It is interesting to know that representatives of a number of the companies have since expressed the wish that the commission's view might have prevailed, since the practice has become very burdensome even to the strongest companies.*

I have cited this illustration for the purpose of showing the difficulties in the way of a public official trying to advise business in advance. Since that first case, I have had similar experiences, and almost invariably like results. Now, instead of being an advocate of advising in advance, I am convinced that (Continued on page 4)

Our Government and Business

(*Continued from page 3*)

it would be impracticable and unfair to require a public official to consider the intricate, and sometimes unheard of, problems of thousands of corporations and trade associations, in advance of their being tried out under rules that require testimony to be taken. Such practices cannot result in anything but failure.

Limitations of Public Officials

To be capable of ruling, the official would often have to be conversant with the psychology of the applicant's mental processes, often with his financial situation, his moral probity, and many other functions of his mind. Frequently a business group has presented a plan which on its face appeared lawful but which was susceptible of two meanings. The one seeking advice might at the moment intend fully to carry out the plan, presumably intended by the language. What he considered at that time the only right and proper method might be changed in six months by financial pressure or circumstances over which he had no control. At the end of that time he might read into the language another possible plan of action.

Again, the concealments of language are used by some business groups to accomplish that about which they are doubtful.

Moreover, public officials, not being endowed with second-sight any more than many in the business world, frequently cannot guess how a scheme or plan, which is apparently lawful on its face, will work out—that is, they cannot tell whether it will eventuate into an infraction of the law.

The Federal Trade Commission has done its utmost through studies which it makes upon the request of Congress, the President, or the Attorney-General, to assist business in meeting economic problems. From these studies the commission makes recommendations which Congress can follow, if it sees fit, by legislating. Or it can investigate further before legislating. These investigations of the commission often cover a period of more than a year and employ the time of many men and cost many thousands of dollars. Even then they are not based upon the examination and cross-examination of witnesses under oath which might frequently change the entire complexion of the *ex parte* statements or opinions of people.

Back in 1919 and 1920, when the business world went mad over higher prices and the cost of living soared until there came the Buyers' Strike, the commission was in the very maelstrom of this business vortex. The members of the commission were watching intently what was going on. From their experience, derived through following the market from many angles and investigating the correspondence of many associations and other groups, they saw the situation and knew that we were facing an inevitable slump or crash.

In the business world there were about that time a number of manufacturers in many industries who were involved in what is known as "the guaranty against decline in price." In this practice the manufacturer agrees that, if he should reduce the price of his product at a date subsequent to sale and delivery of a bill of goods, he will pay to the jobber for the goods on his shelf the difference between what the jobber paid and the manufacturer's reduced price.

This practice was so prevalent and there was such agitation about it in the business world that the Federal Trade Commission called together more than 350 manufacturing and selling concerns, including trade associations. The hearing lasted for several days, during which time those for and against this practice expressed their views in an *ex parte* way and not under oath to the commission. There was intense earnestness on the part of all. Undoubtedly all were expressing their honest views.

When the Buyers' Strike came many manufacturers who had formerly been in favor of guaranteeing against decline in price changed their views when they were called upon to withdraw from their resources and to hand over to the jobber hundreds of thousands of dollars which they desperately needed. In fact, some of the manufacturers went into bankruptcy because of this practice.

When Jobbers Capture the Profits

At the time of the hearing which the commission held, the following were some of the complaints made against the practice:

That it tended to produce overbuying and speculation on the part of the jobbers who purchase more than they would on a purely price competition basis;

That manufacturers would not drop their prices until compelled to if the jobbers were holding much of their products, thus artificially making for higher prices than supply and demand justified;

That on a rising market the jobber, and not the manufacturer, got the profits for the goods and therefore the jobber should bear the loss on a falling market;

That manufacturers did not get any guaranty on the raw materials they purchased for their products, while they were put to the expense of providing for funds necessary to meet a possible decline in the price of their manufactured article;

That this expense was added to the cost of the manufactured article and eventually paid by the ultimate consumer;

That the practice put a premium upon business ignorance, inefficiency, inexperience, and incompetency to the detriment eventually of the ultimate consumer;

That it gave a large manufacturer a decided advantage over a small one who might not have as large a surplus for emergency, but who was otherwise a good and efficient merchant;

The Public and the Retailer

That it produced sales of a product more on the basis of the manufacturer's credit than on the quality of his product;

That one manufacturer guaranteeing against decline in price forced the entire industry to follow, since the jobber would patronize the one who offered guaranties;

That no benefit accrued to the purchasing public since the retailer, on a falling market, moved the goods on his shelf first, these goods having been loaded with their part of the overhead expense of the guaranty from the manufacturer to the jobber;

That under this system the least progressive and most speculative jobber benefited the most as he got the largest rebates;

The final cost of all rebates paid by the manufacturer fell upon the consuming public;

That since the practice encouraged over-buying it brought on a reaction in the form of a slump, thus producing over certain periods of time an unstabilized market, and that it caused an increased number of failures, thereby wiping out many competitors who had to pay rebates on a falling market and who had been forced into the practice against their will.

Could a public official confronted with the *ex parte* statements of those interested in this practice, either for or against it, tell in advance whether he should approve the system of guaranteeing against decline in price? It must be obvious that a method of this kind can only be tested by the taking of testimony in each individual case.

From the rulings in such cases there should be eventually acquired knowledge of whether the system is economically wrong, or costly to the ultimate consumer and hence against public policy.

(*Concluded on page 25*)

What Is an Intellectual?

By THOMAS L. MASSON

Every intellectual knows that his "appeal" is limited and that his only chance to build up any kind of a permanent trade is never to forget his pose.

FOR a number of years I have wondered why it is that no writer, apparently, has had either the initiative or the courage to define that species of human being now somewhat popularly known as an intellectual. Some years ago, in quest of material for my own public, I wrote to a well-known woman writer, herself a full-fledged representative of the intellect, requesting her to write an article about intellectuals. She was known then as a "highbrow," a term now going out of use, and was the author of many reflective essays and stories of a very superior order. Being somewhat on the inside, I knew that this woman was not averse to accepting good money, and I was prepared to pay her double what she was in the habit of receiving—for her work was so precious (as they say in French, *a precieuse*) that it was limited to a few highbrow magazines. For instance, she was glad to receive seventy-five dollars for a story which, in the circle of intellectuals, was recorded as a masterpiece, whereas low persons who were popular were getting all the way up to a thousand. This woman scorned me, and for a long time I couldn't understand why, until it occurred to me that there is not only honor, but business among intellectuals. Since then I have discovered that the intellectual pose—sad as this may seem—is almost altogether based on business principles. An intellectual may be defined as one who is educated, but not intelligent. This is perhaps a little rough, and not strictly accurate, but as Shakespeare once remarked, " 'Twill answer." To illustrate: a young man I have known for a long time, and who undoubtedly comes under the classification of intellectual (although he is a very human and genial person now), once secured a position with a woman's magazine of large circulation. After he had been there for some weeks, he went to one of the editors one day and said he had an article which he thought the magazine might like to print, but was in some doubt as to whether it was suitable. The editor, in reply, said: "Why don't you ask your wife to read it? Being a woman, she will probably be able to tell you whether it is right for our magazine." The young man smiled loftily and replied: "Ah, but you know my wife never reads your magazine." He did not stay there so very long afterward. This little episode, if we happen to be in "society," would be classified as a lack of tact. But among editorial cave men it is known by the phrase "not all there."

Still we must always make allowances. So far as base coin in quantities is concerned, every intellectual not only knows, by a sort of instinct, that his "appeal" is limited, but that his only chance to build up any kind of a permanent trade is never to forget his pose. One of the most distinguished intellectuals in this country, a tart critic who has acquired an international reputation, wrote in his beginning days a book of silly verse, reeking with soft sentiment. A friend of mine, himself one of the most polished poets in this country, who has a horror of anything resembling affectation, came across this little volume by accident. He pounced upon it, seeing its possibilites, copied off some of the verses with the author's name and, adding a few nice comments, sent it to a newspaper.

There is in every community, no matter how small, one or more intellectuals.

It is almost needless to say

(Continued on page 29)

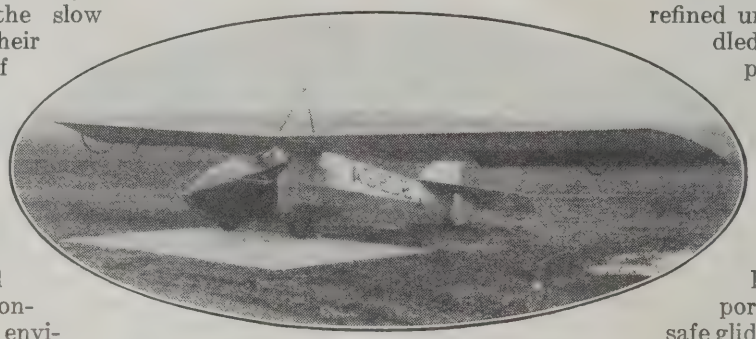
The Human Race Will Grow Wings

Factor of Evolution Tending Toward Wings About to Appear

By CORLEY M'DARMENT

AS LIVING creatures swim, crawl, walk or fly down through the ages that compose eternity, the slow grist mill of Nature changes their forms to suit the necessity of environment. No living thing can escape change, which is another name for evolution.

Modern man has hurled himself into the air on wings of cloth and with an engine of iron. He has created a comparatively new environment for himself and this new environment is very likely to become a necessity, and if it does, the human body will respond, and, in time, fit the surroundings with natural attributes of physical growth. The ancestors of men once flew. The desire to fly is perhaps inbred in the race and is but a long forgotten memory of the days when heavy winged pterodactyl ancestors beat the air over Mesozoic lakes. In the modern airplane scientists already see a weapon, or rather a factor, that can easily lead man back to natural wings and still retain his superior mentality. The present type of airplanes will not aid natural growth of wings but they have opened a way. The way this will be accomplished is not extraordinary nor does it take any stretch of imagination to see it; already it is peeping over the horizon of the future. The fact is that man once having succeeded in launching himself into the air will exhaust every energy and resource to keep himself there. He has struggled too long to release his hold upon this ancient dream now come true. The end of resources in the form of fuel for airplane motors is in sight. Thirty years will perhaps see the beginning of the end of gasoline motors. Then man will be required to depend upon his natural energy for flying. The faith that energy will be taken from molecules when oil runs out is based largely upon hope. But more will be said of this later. The recent development in motorless airplanes is a step very little beyond powered machines, but the little gliders, combined with the priceless secrets learned in aerodynamics, will surely produce a race of highly intelligent creatures with wings on their bodies. It may take a million years for this to take place, but a million years is only a moment in eternity.



Official photograph, U. S. Army Army Service.
A small glider that will carry an aviator higher than his point of departure in the air.

The discovery in aerodynamics that made flying possible relates to the use of elevators for acquiring and maintaining longitudinal stability of supporting planes in the air, and to ailerons which keep the lateral stability. With the application of these two elements, men can balance themselves in mid-air by manipulating levers. The rush of air beneath the planes or wings supports a weight, and the faster a plane surface moves through the air, the greater weight can be supported. By experience in flying, it has been learned that this extra "lift" can be given a plane by diving it through the air and the dive can be controlled by means of the elevators. Learning how to control this dive is probably the greatest discovery ever made in the history of science. But this diving in mid-air would be dangerous indeed if the diver should turn over, but the wing "warping" idea conceived by the Wright Brothers a few years ago has been refined until now ailerons rightly handled will absolutely prevent a plane surface from turning over in the air.

Knowledge combined with experience in using these ailerons and elevators makes it now possible for a man to leap from a high place like a tower or hilltop with very small supporting surfaces and maintain a safe glide, or in a wind, even rise above his starting point, as has been demonstrated in numerous gliding tests. It is the knowledge of flying principles that has made late gliding experiments so successful. But instead of using a glider built upon the conventional airplane lines, a supporting surface can be built around the human body like the wings of a bat and by using the forearm webs as ailerons and the supporting surface between the knees and feet as elevators, a skilled aviator who has also had enough experience in parachute jumping to keep his head, could leap from a high point like a tower or an airplane and "pilot" himself to the earth in a glide. He would, of course, carry a parachute on his back for an emergency and to release before landing, to lessen the descent. The first few attempts with such a bat wing apparatus would not be much more than parachute jumping, in which the supporting surface would be "felt" out in the air for a few seconds before releasing the parachute. Then as experience is gained, the glides before opening the parachute would become longer and longer until release would finally be made relatively near the ground.

It will be remembered that many early attempts were made to use supporting surfaces like bat wings by men in efforts to fly, but in most cases the results were tragic and the would-be flyers "fell and broke their bones," as one ancient record states. But the failure of the pioneers was due, not to the principle of the supporting surfaces but to a lack of knowledge of the fundamentals of flying which every aviator now knows and uses. This main principle is that stated, pertaining to ailerons

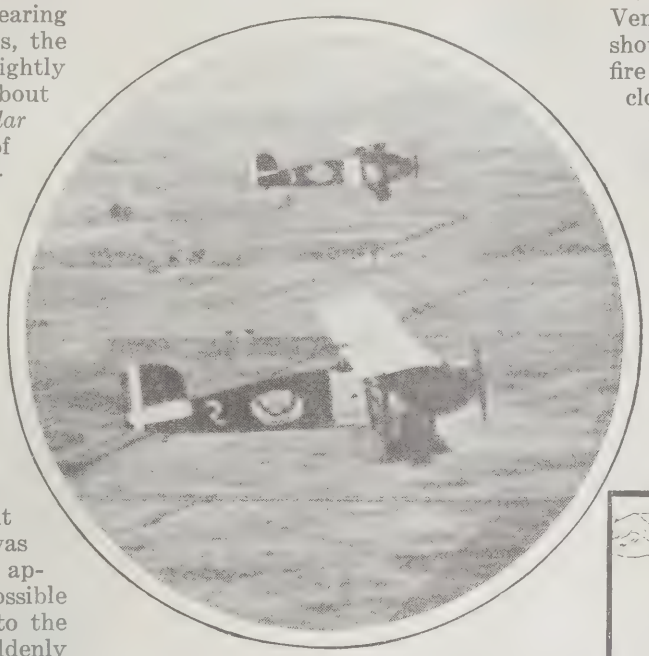
Official photograph, U. S. Army Air Service.
Parachute trials require a peculiar form of courage. No army parachute has failed to function and scores of aviators have saved their lives by using the device, which now must be carried by every government aviator.

nd elevators. Orville Wright has said hat a modern airplane could not have een flown by himself nor his brother n the early days of their experience ecause present-day aviators have rown to the modern machines by de-rees, through actual practice in flying he types leading up to them.

The figures on the bat wing support-ng surface mentioned show something emarkable. If the apparatus, made preferably of light parachute silk, be astened to the hands and feet of a man of average size, the total support-ng surface including the chest and abdomen of the wearer, will be approx-mately twenty-two square feet when ully extended. If the person wearing he apparatus weighs 150 pounds, the oad per square foot would be slightly ess than seven pounds. This is about *ne-half as much weight as regular irplanes carry* per square foot of ving surface. The airplanes fly-ng around the world are oaded to about twelve pounds per square foot and most racing planes are loaded to about ixteen pounds. With this ow loading ratio a very slow glide could be maintained with he bat wing apparatus. But here again skill by actual use must be obtained. The figures how the feat to be entirely practicable just as they showed he possibility of airplane flight ears before any actual flying was done. As skill in the use of the ap-paratus is gained, it may be possible or an operator to swoop close to the ground with extra speed, then suddenly pull up and make a "pancake" landing at very low speed as is often done with airplanes, and after skill is acquired in his, parachutes may be entirely elim-nated. Birds always alight this way. At this point the real evolution of wings on human beings will begin. In the absence of motor fuel, this light appa-ratus will be worn for safety in jumping rom the gliders which will be riding he charted air currents and the appa-ratus will be used for sport purposes and for light useful flying in good winds. Gradually a sense of the air and a flying "feeling" will develop. The cat is not et far enough removed from its flying ancestors to lack the "upright feel" in he air, and if this animal be thrown nto the air in any position, it usually squirms around and lands on its feet. Skillful stunt flyers of today have developed this strange feel in the air, and are able to orient themselves with ittle difficulty; and the ease with which this ability is acquired, after a ew months' practice, indicates that he human race has not entirely lost ts flying "memory."

After long use with the bat wing lying apparatus, the human body will n all probability begin to undergo slow but certain changes. The abdomen and chest will get flatter; the arm and leg muscles will become flattened due to the pressure of air upon them and the head may become a little more pointed and the ear lobes will disap-pear as they have done on fowls. The pressure upon the abdomen and chest will cause the skin to flatten on the sides of the body and become extended tissue. The same will happen to the legs and arms.

There will be prenatal influence, too, for as many women will fly as men, and the instinct of balance in the air and the feel of a lifting surface for air buoyancy will be transmitted to unborn infants and after several genera-



Official photograph, U. S. Army Air Service.
Army airplanes on the flight around the world were loaded to about twelve pounds per square foot of lifting surface.

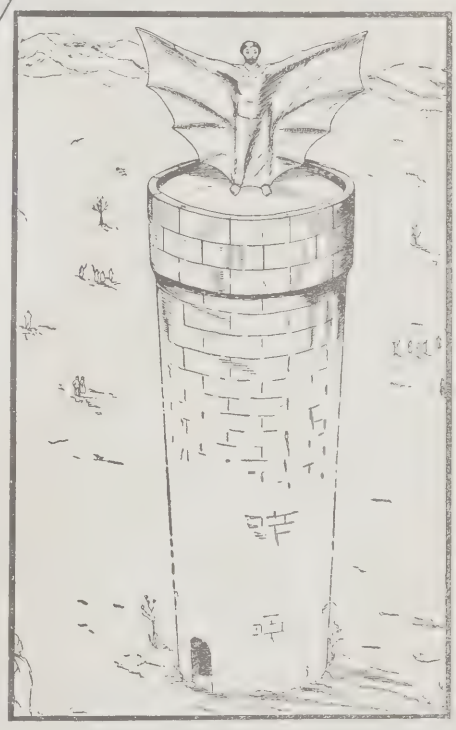
tions a semblance of tissue extension might be expected upon a few infants. A considerable change in bodily con-formation would also occur with chil-dren in their teens who would be flying while growing, and upon reaching full growth would have flying characteris-tics. Children would find gliding in the air great sport, and a flying instinct would develop that can scarcely be comprehended today for human beings.

If a new source of energy should be discovered about the time the present form of fuel is exhausted, the evolution of wings will be delayed until either the new form is also exhausted, if such be possible, or some cataclysm should occur and destroy the race before the development.

The possibility of deriving energy from molecules or atoms may never be realized. Or, if suddenly found and released without control, it is very probable that the concussion would extend to every other particle of mat-ter upon the earth and cause the whole world to explode. We may now be witnesses to such disastrous experi-ments. The new stars or "novae" which spring into sudden short-lived brilliance may be caused by collisions as is thought, but also they may be due to experiments of highly learned in-habitants who upon discovering the secret of molecular energy suddenly brought about their own destruction and that of their world. The disap-pearance of some of these new stars appears to lend evidence to the explo-sion theory, for in a collision of two bodies they would be apt to remain longer as a large glowing mass. In an explosion, the bits of the body would burst into flame and fly off into space, where they would soon cool and become invisible. If the inhabitants of Mars, Venus, or one of the other sun's planets should suddenly burst out as a ball of fire and no other heavenly body were close enough to collide with it, a plausible theory would be that the inhabitants had discovered the secret of releasing molecular en-ergy and, being unable to govern it, had burst their planet asun-der.

Indeed meteors which strike the earth bear a strange resem-blance to chunks from another world like this one.

Thus if some inexhaustible source of controlled energy is not found, mankind will be



Official photograph, U. S. Army Air Service.
An apparatus similar to that shown above, made to fasten around the hands like a glove and around the feet like a shoe, will, when fully extended around a normal man, afford twenty-two feet of lifting surface.

forced upon his own natural and elementary resources to keep him in the air, and this will lead not *back-ward* to clumsy pterodactyls, but *for-ward* to agile-winged creatures with mental abilities far beyond modern conception.

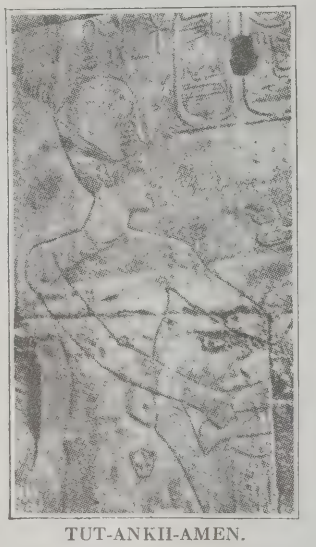
A Day in Cairo

By LEONORA RAINES

THE sun celebrates the opening of the season by declaring a strike. Egypt, tired of her cloudless sky and powerful sunlight, like a spoiled child, is bucking at routine. Previous to this winter, the air was always the same, gloriously warm and balmy. Seasons are shifting here as elsewhere. Built without chimneys, the houses are not comfortable, so like other visitors we go out for a promenade and use the sun as a pulse-warmer.

Being acquainted with Arabic, and having been in Cairo before, we shake clear of the dragomans who crowd about us thick as flies. Leaving our carriage at El Azhar, we visit the old part of town and saunter along the Tarbihah, and in lanes so narrow that a baby kitten couldn't swing in comfort.

New Cairo is the world of the quick. Old Cairo is the world of the dead. But it is a world of a dead so full of life and emotion that we'd never like to see the new again. It is the Arabian Nights all over, with not a character or color missing.



TUT-ANKH-AMEN.
A portrait of the great king, as a bas-relief decoration of Luxor temple.

The beggars and blind are as numerous as a thousand years ago. The veiled women are fawns in grace, and each step and gesture is that of a dethroned queen. Emaciated forms caressed by flowing rags that fall in lines of beauty.

Now for the House of the Bookbinder!

Of course, no bookbinder ever had anything to do with building such a bijou. The place belonged to a grandee, but when Old Cairo was no longer a residence for nobility, the Pharoah fled, and then the workman got ownership. A complaisant Arab who is caretaker shows us around, and when we reach the court, bows us to his harem.

The law allows him four wives, but he has only two. The two and their sets of children wallow amiably in the dirt. The women smile as they rise to salute. Their skin is like parchment, their eyes bright and appealing. Their bodies are bent in two, yet neither I am sure is more than thirty.

With a dramatic gesture, the husband exclaims, putting his arm over the shoulder of one wife, "This one I married when she was eleven years old."

She glides away, and the other steps up sweetly.

"This one I married when she was twelve."

With pride and possession in his voice, he embraced the second. The women, who do not appear the least unhappy, smile approvingly, and the first uncovers her one front tooth. The second uncovers gums that have no teeth at all.

In all countries children are charming, and even in Cairo which seems to have gathered the dregs of humanity together, the little ones are very winsome. They grin through coatings of black dirt, then stand with bowed heads waiting for the baksheesh which experience has taught them will fall into their willing little hands.

A baby is sleeping in a wretched room on a pallet. Flies swarm, and about the tiny head is a mass of them which centers about the eyes. My friend and I exchange glances which say, "Another candidate for blindness."

Before we leave the court, a Nubian with a goatskin enters, and we halt to look. The skin is carried on his back and seems stuffed with sawdust so rounded is the shape. This man is bringing the daily supply of water to the family. The water is emptied into grimy jugs, and the amount, which probably measures a gallon, is paid for in milliemes.

We stroll to Ataba-l-Khadra to see the school in Koran. It is here that the students are doing their "thirty-seven-year" course in expounding the text. There is great babble and confusion, but the noise does not prevent passing Moslems entering the latrine behind the mosque washing face, hands, and feet, and finding a place on the floor of the temple to throw themselves down in prayer.

All worshipers are men, for in this country women are considered unfit to pray in mosques. In fact, Mohammedans dislike to see women pray or occupy themselves with religion. There are feminine organizations at work and there is an American mission here, but when it comes to exterior influence the Egyptians, Copts, Mohammedans and Jews are true sons of the desert, and the advance of women is slow.

We pass an alley leading to an ancient mosque, and step in to take a peep through the open ports. A youngster spying us, calls, "Stop! It is forbidden!"

He runs up, menacingly.

"As unbelievers you may enter, but first you must take off shoes or wear slippers that have trodden nowhere else. A mosque is sacred."

A policeman appears and wants to know what's the matter.

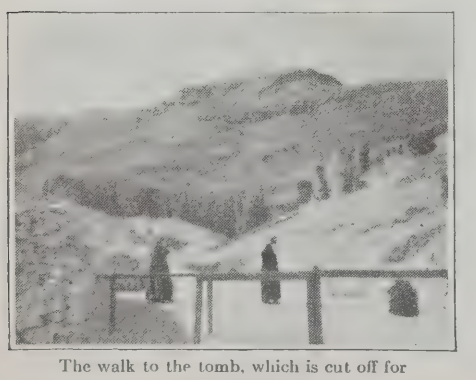
"I beg you to pardon the rudeness of the lad. But he knows that Allah would not be pleased if you enter as you are."

A curious crowd is collecting, and we hurry away. Cairoites regard strangers as both Croesuses and madmen, so unintelligible to them are the reason and pleasure of sight-seeing.

It is Friday, the Mohammedan Sunday, and after tiffen—as lunch is called in the East—we hurry to see the dancing dervishes. It is one of the religious sights. The rite is performed by devotees—students and patriarchs. I am told that some of the wealthy sheiks are among the performers. They are all equally ungainly, but their dance is unusual. The orchestra, a drum and fife, plays ever the same strain, which after each few bars, flourishes into a wail. The young men whirl so fast that their galabiehs stand straight out—a caricature of the ballet dancer. The old fellows whirl as fast as they can, but their skirts hardly get high enough to expose their sticks of legs.

In the shadow of Tut-ankh-amen's tomb.

We had fled the European side of town because of its cheapness and ugliness. Now we are glad to get back to red tiles and corrugated iron. The dust is frightful, but with all its unattractiveness, here it is at least less heavy with stenches. The old town is a sink, but a sink that drags money, and wise heads know their business in preserving the muski, the souk, and the odors. Wipe out Oriental Cairo and this part of Egypt would be closed to travelers!



The walk to the tomb, which is cut off for conveyances.

Editorials

A New Dress —An Old Creed

WITH this issue THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT changes its dress but not its principles. During the six years of its history as a weekly magazine it issued 327 numbers in the form by which it became well known to the country, but the inconvenience of that form has made a change desirable. Hence the present style which for modern typography, convenient size, as well as more important attractions, will, we are sure, commend it to its nearly three-quarters of a million subscribers.

The career of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT to this present 328th number has not been one of tranquil ease. We have undertaken to chronicle the neglected truth against all the force that organized alien power and prejudice could mass against us. We have survived the most vicious and prolonged campaign of misrepresentation probably ever conducted against any publication. And we have lived to see our truths accepted and made the basis of action everywhere. Which consummation, unless they were truths, could never have occurred.

It is now pretty generally understood that our policy has not been actuated by malice nor prejudice. The time had arrived in this country when the gag had to be removed and public opinion set free on certain questions of the profoundest importance to the nation. Questions which had long festered in darkness, and which were taking dangerous shapes because of the suppression of free speech concerning them, were brought out into the sunlight of frank and free discussion. And the result has been a national benefit.

Publications, unlike individuals, seem to have a license to praise themselves and laud their work, but this license THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has never used. Yet it is permissible, and therefore pardonable, that at this milepost we do set down the assertion that the causes we have fought for are on the gain all along the line, and that we do renew our pledge to the reading public to serve it where other publications cannot in the fair and exhaustive discussion of those matters which lie at the root of our national well-being.

We have set out to do a piece of work which has many ramifications. It touches practically all the vital departments of activity. Here it is an alien racial organization; there it is a faulty money system; yonder it is a subtle propagandic injection of subversive ideas into the public mind. But these of themselves are not the ultimate object. What is really sought is the liberation of those qualities which these anti-American facts are hindering. We seek as the main objects freedom of thought and speech, freedom of business, freedom from alien control of all the channels of intellectual expression and development which are necessary to the growth of the American soul.

We think that is a worthy goal worth all the labor it costs.

Lessons for Rulers

HERRIOT'S fall contains one lesson for European statesmen and one lesson for statesmen of every country and every time. The first is that no European premier can get by with deception because the facts will expose him. The situation in every country over there is so very bad that a new kind of fame awaits the man who will make the experiment of telling the people just how bad it is. Not even the Dawes plan guarantees, or even promises, or even asserts, that it will make conditions better. There has not been a single premier or dictator arise in Europe who was man enough to tell his nation the truth. It is all a policy of concealment. And of course exposure simply ends the farce.

The other lesson is the impossibility in these days of interfering with anyone's religion. Herriot deliberately interfered in Alsace and Lorraine, whether in hopes of creating a diversion or what not, and he failed. Silent resistance defeated him. He had trouble enough as it was, but he interfered with an established order of religious principle, which no statesmen, not even the all-powerful atheist junta of Moscow, can do. Any peasantry can defeat a religious bigot, be that bigot parliament, the premier, or the king himself.

Almost 100 Per Cent Efficient

SPRING is here and with it the ubiquitous dandelion. Though some admire, the very sight of it draws groans from an army of others.

It must be admitted, however, that, in the course of years of persecution the dandelion has won the respect of all. It puts up a battle for life that can scarcely be surpassed.

Against drought, and the most dogged gardeners, it has evolved a long tap root. It has gained ready control over its leaf and flower stems. When conditions are favorable they grow long and the plant becomes luxuriant; when conditions are sinister its leaves and flowers cling to the ground, almost stemless, so that neither lawn mowers nor the hoofs of animals can injure it.

Its leaves are serrate and can become very narrow when room is scant. The serrateness allows each leaf to share in the sunlight. The yellow blossom of the dandelion is not one flower that produces a few seeds, but is a composite of hundreds of flowers, each producing seed. Moreover, it develops, to protect the flower, a disagreeable taste, so that animals pass it by. Its seeds are winged, so that even under the most unfavorable circumstances some seeds from each flower find a safe lodging place. Not content with all this, the plant has so perfectly learned to balance its forces that each produces three crops of flowers in one season.

When the sluggard takes Solomon's advice and goes to the ant for instruction, many of us, during

the months to come, might meditate upon the little plant for which discouragement apparently does not exist, and learn of it some lessons about meeting difficulties with resolution and ingenuity.

Villas for Sale

FIVE of Newport's most palatial villas—the 110-room with private ballroom kind—are on the market. Five of them, all bearing names once mighty in American finance. Why? Well, some say it's because servants are so hard to find these days, and then so hard to keep. Others say it is because the second generation's income is not so large as fawthaw's was—for fawthaw worked, you know. Still others, of more genteel mind, say that society is becoming much simpler. Cutting out what may be meant by "society," it would be very hopeful if the latter reason were the true one. The old dowagers of the 110-room "cottages" were housekeepers, and had to be; but their daughters-in-law are of the club variety. And maybe clubs are simpler. Unless one is cumbered with a family; rather awkward to raise a family in clubs, don't you think? Anyway, there are five palaces on the block at Newport, and anyone can guess who will live in them next.

Tips for Textbook Makers

"A LIVE newspaper is better than stale history," says Augustus S. Thomas, Commissioner of Education for Maine.

Yes. There is more precept and incentive in a living Ty Cobb or Nurmi or Red Grange than in all the Athenian philosophers. More kick in General Mitchell, the stormy petrel of aviation, than in the ancient Icarus and his waxed-on wings. More romance in the American world-flyers than in Ulysses or Herodotus; more in Suzanne Lenglen than in Helen of Troy or Cleopatra. The Alaskan mushers carrying diphtheria serum to beleaguered Nome—this is a classic lacking only a thousand years of haze to make it Olympian.

Ancient history is good enough, if taught in terms of life and not as a look-see museum skeleton or mummy. But newspapers live.

No Special Treatment

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, the British Home Secretary, recently had a passage at arms with a deputation from the Jewish Board of Deputies who called on him to demand special treatment for their co-religionists in the application of the regulations applying to aliens. Sir William made some fearless observations that are of special interest to Americans since Washington officials are constantly bedeviled with arrogant demands to set the immigration laws aside to favor the Jews.

In the first place, Sir William said he wished to make it clear that any country had a right to decide whether it would or it would not have aliens in its midst, and referred to America having exercised this right very freely during the last two years.

In regard to the deportation of undesirable aliens, Sir William put his foot down very firmly upon the request that a (Jewish) Advisory Committee to the Home Office should be set up. He said that the responsibility for the proper enforcement of the alien regulations would be borne by the Home Secretary.

As to naturalization, Sir William said that he regarded the gift of British citizenship as a very high privilege. If an alien, whether Jew or Gentile, who had lived here 15 or 20 years, who had brought up his family as English and learned the language—and especially if he had served during the war—desired to become a citizen of this country (Great Britain) there was no reason why he should not be naturalized and every reason why he should.

Rum Row News

THE *Saturday Evening Post* recently printed a piece of fiction concerning an American naval volunteer who became so disgusted with the insult to his country offered by the "rum row navy" that he bought an old submarine chaser (which was rotting at the docks), refitted her sufficiently for one cruise, sailed down "rum row," dropped depth bombs alongside every booze cruiser he passed, sinking the lot, while next day the United States rang with his exploits. It was a good enough story to be true. One thought of it when the naval airship *Los Angeles* sailed low over the rum fleet the other day, under orders from the Secretary of the Navy, and took photographs for future use. One thought also of Henry Ford's suggestion, made several years ago, that the rum problem would last hardly longer than overnight, if the Army and Navy were put on the job. Is Secretary Wilbur thinking of that?

And now comes the comforting word that Sir Broderick Hartwell's booze raid on United States shores has failed. This man used his parliamentary prominence to organize stock companies to run liquor cargoes to America and break the American laws! And he a baronet of Britain! Evidently he advertised too loudly, and now it is reported in London that our prohibition service, bad as they say it is, has cost the baron and his 1,000 stockholders all their profits and much of their capital.

It's a rum row that has no turning.

Knowledge the Fruit of Ignorance

AN INTELLECTUAL, says Tom Masson, in this issue, is one who is educated but not intelligent. No name has been invented for the one who is intelligent but not educated, probably because no such person exists. Intelligence finds for itself the things it needs to know, and often comes upon them from a more creative angle than if it scooped them out of the academic fact-trough. Milk-fed minds carry none of the world's burdens. *All knowledge is the creation of men who did not know, but soon found out.*

Mr. Ford's Page

ON A former Page it was asked why a generation that enjoys more leisure and opportunity than any preceding one should pity itself as being the hardest driven generation in history. It was merely a question. It was not asked in the hope of obtaining an immediate answer but in the hope of starting an inquiry. Why is it that with more time, less labor, more of the refinements and less of the pressure that our fathers had, we should keep repeating that we live in a time of ruinous and compulsory haste such as never was before?

It would be impossible to deny that we are moving fast. From a farm to a town which one knows one walked in other years, and the journey occupied four hours. Then one drove a horse and made it in two hours or better. Then came the motor car which, even in these modern days of congested traffic, covers the distance in twenty minutes. Today that whole distance is just part of an arc covered in two or three minutes by a departing airplane seeking its flying level. Certainly we are moving faster. Or, more correctly, are being moved faster. But is twenty minutes in a motor car easier or harder than four hours' solid trudging down a dirt road? Which mode of travel leaves the pilgrim fresher at the end? Which leaves him more time and more mental energy?

We dwell on a planet that drives at a terrific speed through space, but it is not nervously ruinous to let the earth carry us along. Speed must be counted in the scale on the side of man's service and comfort.

THIS so-called rapid pace at which the world is moving—is it hurtful or helpful? Do not too readily assume the former. We have become the victims of catchwords on this subject. It is not the ongoing but the backpull that wears. Our pace is set by human beings like ourselves. Those who keep step feel the pace to be natural. Progress is geared to every man's gait. Being dragged along is where the strain comes in. Keeping step is keeping fit.

Where, then, is the reason for the modern complaint? We may find a clue to at least one part of the answer by considering the class of people from whom the complaint comes. They are, for the most part, persons having little or no practical contact with life; that is, their business is to think (although it is perilously easy to mistake a succession of ideas, which everyone has, for *thinking*). They are professional people, writers, teachers, lecturers, reformers, so-called idealists, who formerly were able to wrap the world up in a convenient package of dogma, and who now find the world too big for their small packages. In trying to wrap it up again they become greatly flustered and wring their hands, crying, "This pace will kill us."

Now go to another class of people, those who are working with the actual things of the world, from the laborer traveling to his work on the street car to the young man who hops across a continent in a day. You will find quite a different attitude Instead of cringing away from what has come, they are looking with eager expectancy toward what is coming. Always willing to scrap today in favor of tomorrow. That is the blessedness of the active man, the man who is out in the field with other men, not sitting among last decade's books trying to fit the new world into the old molds.

Go to that laborer in the street car. He will tell you that just a few years ago he came home so late and so tired that he didn't change his clothes; just got his supper and went to bed. Now he changes his clothes at the shop, goes home by daylight, has an early supper and takes the family out for a drive. He will tell you that the killing pressure has let up. A man may have to be a little more business-like on the job than formerly, but the old endless exhausting drive has let up.

The men at the top, the men who are changing all these things, they will tell you the same. They are not breaking down. They are marching the way progress is going and find it easier to go along with progress than try to hold things back. And just there is a secret: those who get headaches are trying to hold the world back, trying to wrap it up again in their small definitions. It cannot be done.

So, when well-dressed persons with no particularly constructive work complain about the pace of life (their own being very easy) it suggests that maybe we have been listening to the wrong group. This may prove to be a clue worth following up.

There are those who grant the greater physical ease of life but say that the nervous wear and strain has increased. This is a statement somewhat more in accord with the facts, but it cannot be allowed to pass as final. For a long time the public mind, which means the average mind, was merely vegetative. It knew and cared little beyond the daily routine. It thought what it was told to think. There was nothing new to speak of, and the chief exertion of humanity consisted in maintaining things as they were.

Then along came a time which fairly sparkled with magical wonders, not afar off, but within the reach of all. So many wonders, indeed, that we have all but lost our sense of wonder; nothing seems wonderful to anyone any more. And all this probed the average mind, jarred its lethargy, disturbed its quiet, forced it to enlarge its bounds, compelled it to contemplate new worlds. As someone has said, the reader of the evening newspaper (Concluded on page 31)

Mapping the Mississippi Valley

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE Mississippi River and its tributaries are the great arteries upon which the life of the United States depends. Food and transportation are made possible by this great river system ministering to a region larger than all Europe except Russia. Just as the history of the world is largely the history of the great river valleys so the industrial history of America centers now around the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes.

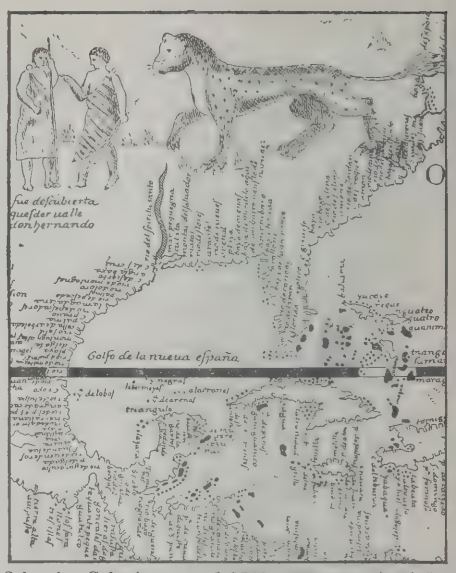
The ancient delusion of a passage to the Isles of Spice was, in part, responsible for the first voyage which placed the Gulf of Mexico upon the map. Numerous Spanish expeditions were being made to the mainland in the early part of the sixteenth century. Balboa, in 1513, first looked upon the Pacific, crossing over in the neighborhood of Panama. In the same year Ponce de Leon sought in Florida, as many do today, the fountain of eternal youth. In 1519 the Governor of Jamaica, Francis de Garay, dispatched four ships under Alonzo Alvarez de Pineda to discover some strait in the mainland.

This expedition of Pineda was the first to place the Gulf of Mexico upon the map and the first to indicate the Mississippi River.

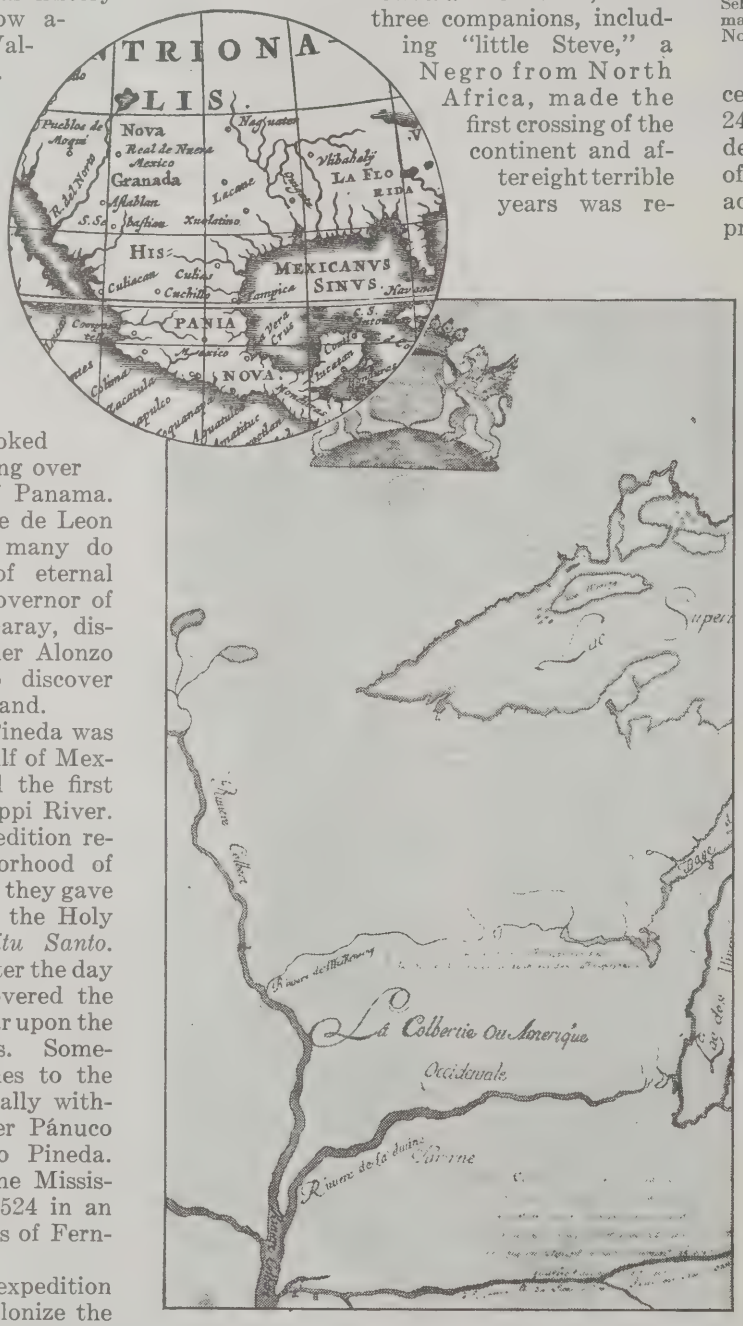
Forty days the expedition remained in the neighborhood of the Mississippi to which they gave the name the River of the Holy Spirit, *Rio del Espiritu Santo*. This name, probably after the day upon which they discovered the river, continued to appear upon the map for two centuries. Sometimes the name attaches to the bay, indicated occasionally without a river. The River Pánuco also owes its name to Pineda. Upon a printed map the Mississippi first appears in 1524 in an account of the conquests of Fernandez de Cortés.

In 1527 another expedition sailed from Spain to colonize the regions visited by Pineda. The commander Panfilo de Narvaez was entitled Governor of Florida, Rio de Palmas and Espiritu Santo. Six hundred persons started on this most disastrous expedition. After desertions and shipwrecks, three hundred men and forty horses were landed upon the coast of Florida. Of this great group only five were destined to return to the Spanish settlements. Narvaez perished with many others near the mouth of the Mississippi.

Cabeza de Vaca, with three companions, including "little Steve," a Negro from North Africa, made the first crossing of the continent and after eight terrible years was received by Cortés in Mexico on July 24, 1536. Time tempered to Cabeza de Vaca the terrors of the eight years of starvation in the wilderness. His accounts given by formal report, by printed book (1542), and personally to the Emperor and others, in Spain in 1537, excited the interest of able Spaniards. These romances were largely responsible for De Soto's enterprise.



Sebastian Cabot's map of 1544 represents the information about a river, obtained by Pineda in 1519. Note the river enters the Gulf in approximately the correct place.



Oval—Blaeu's map of the Gulf of Mexico. No particular advance on the Cabot map of the Mississippi region is shown. Below—Joliet's map of 1673. From a manuscript map in National Library at Paris; obtained through the courtesy of the William L. Clements Library of Ann Arbor. This map appeared in an early edition of Hennepin's voyages but was replaced by an incorrect map due to an error made by La Salle.

Estavanico, the Moor, later returned to touch the Mississippi Valley with another expedition and perished at the hands of the Zuni Indians. To this day these Indians relate that a black man came first to them, whom they killed; and that this black man was followed by the white men.

This Indian legend indicates how information was communicated by Indians to each other in story and in legend. The white men by friendly converse with the Indians learned many details of American geography and on the early maps such information is frequently reflected in regions to which white men had not penetrated at the time of the making of the maps.

The gold of the Incas enabled Hernando de Soto to associate his name and fame and his tomb with "the father of waters." Having established a reputation in Peru as one of the bravest Spanish captains, De Soto returned to Spain and received in 1537 the governorship of Cuba with the authority to "conquer, pacify and people" the territory from Florida to Texas.

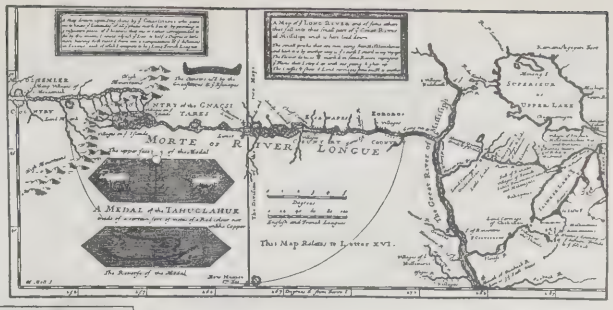
His great expeditionary force consisted of more than six hundred men and more than two hundred horses, together with cattle and swine. The paraphernalia for the service of mass was included and also armor, chains for cap-

tives, ferocious dogs to tear the savages to pieces, and iron collars for these captives. All of these instruments were used. On May 25, 1539, De Soto landed at Tampa Bay. After many vicissitudes and long wanderings in the interior, the Mississippi was reached in the spring of 1541. More than a year was spent in the western valley of the river. But the gold to rival Peru that De Soto sought was not there. A watery grave in the Mississippi (1542), this was the reward of an able but cruel commander who, beguiled by gold, neglected great opportunities to colonize fruitful regions. The survivors, about three hundred in number, constructed boats and came down the Mississippi and along the coast to Pánuco.

With De Soto ends the natural attack upon the Mississippi from the south. De Soto's elaborate expedition added little precise scientific information concerning the regions traversed. However, the expedition did place on the map numerous other rivers flowing into the Gulf of Mexico. The first circular gulf appears in the accounts of the conquests of Cortés published at Nuremberg in 1524. More than one hundred and fifty years elapse before any maps appear which indicate the river with its tributaries and the great inland territory which this system renders fertile. Had there been geographers and scientists instead of cavaliers and courtiers in De Soto's retinue the importance of the river would have been divined.

About the time of De Soto the French had made a beginning in the St. Lawrence Valley. The great Champlain in the early seventeenth century founded real colonies. From these colonies the French priests and traders united to place the Great Lakes upon the map. The fame of the Mississippi had been spread by the Indians and it is probable that before 1660 French traders had penetrated to the river itself.

The real discovery of the inland waterway must be credited to a native Canadian trader and woodsman, Louis Joliet,



Lahontan's famous Long River, which frequently later connected the Mississippi with the Pacific Ocean.

First map in print with the complete Mississippi. Based on the voyage by Joliet and Marquette.

and to his companion, the Jesuit, Père Marquette. In the spring of 1673, Joliet and Marquette, proceeding by way of Green Bay and the Fox River, crossed the divide between the Great Lakes system and the Mississippi Valley at the present site of Portage, Wisconsin. By the "Meskousing" or Wisconsin River, "after proceeding 40 leagues on this same route we arrived at the mouth of our river; and at 42 and a half degrees of latitude we safely entered Mississippi on the 17th of June, with a joy which I cannot express.

De Fer's map of 1702. La Salle supposed that Matagordas Bay, where he landed, was on a branch of the Mississippi. His error was accepted as truth by the great map makers, Franquelin and Coronelli.

"Here we are, then on this so renowned river, all of whose peculiar features I have endeavored to note carefully. . ." So runs the narrative by Father Marquette. "We descend, following the current of the river called Pekitanoui. . . (the Missouri) a river of considerable size, coming from the northwest, from a great distance. . . I hope by its means to discover the Vermillion or California sea. . . After a month's navigation while descending Mississippi from the 42nd to the 34th degree, and beyond, and after preaching, we start from the village of the Akensea to retrace our steps." This village is supposed to have been above the Arkansas in the neighborhood of the place where De Soto died in 1541. The whole length of the Mississippi had now been traversed by white men and Joliet and Marquette had no hesitation in placing the whole river correctly upon the map.

The first to appreciate the tremendous possibilities of the Mississippi Valley was Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle. From 1666, when La Salle arrived in Canada, until his death, La Salle's life was devoted to exploration and colonization projects in the Mississippi Valley. In 1682, La Salle made the complete passage to the mouth of the river where, on April 9, 1682, possession was taken of the valley in the name of Louis the Great, King of France and of Navarre. In honor of the king the region was named Louisiana. In 1684 a French expedition under La Salle, with colonists, attempted the occupation of the valley from the Gulf of Mexico. Misfortune attended his effort and landed him with a remnant of his forces in Texas far beyond the mouth of the river. Misfortunes that had dogged his steps from his earliest ventures in Canada were ended by the bullet of an assassin, one of his company, on March 19, 1687, in Texas.

The French colonization schemes of La Salle were given support for many years by his faithful lieutenant Henri de Tonti, established at the Fort of St. Louis on the Illinois. The founder of Louisiana was a Canadian backwoodsman, Pierre Le Moyne Iberville, who, in 1699, established a fort at the present site of Biloxi. This expedition gave definitely the correct position of the mouth of (Concluded on page 26)

My Meeting With Charles J. Finger

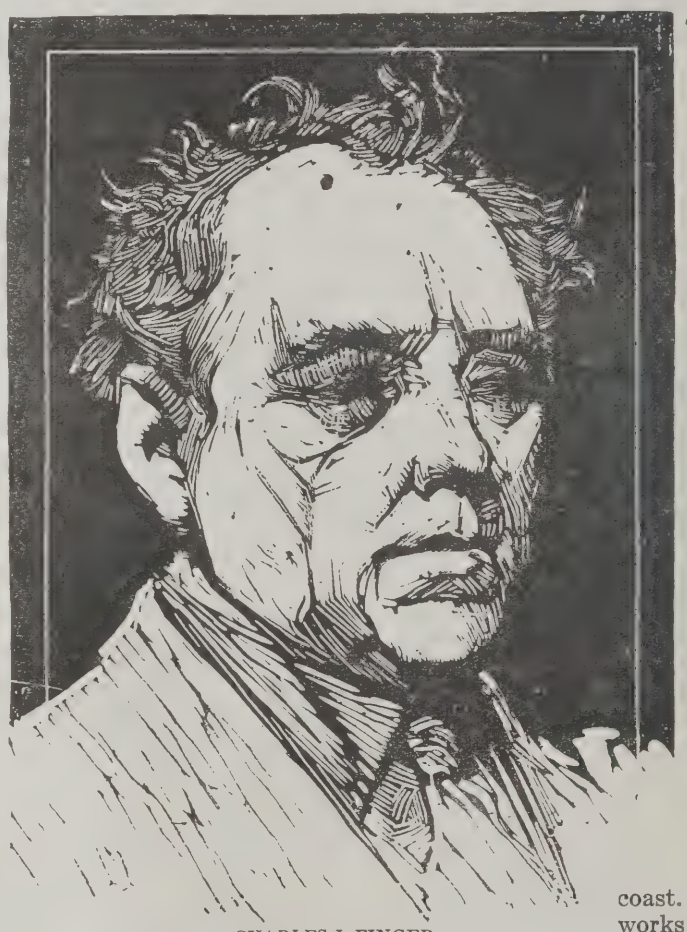
Squire of the Ozarks at Home—Some Intimate Glimpses

By C. A. NEWMAN

IT WAS early one morning when I first met the Squire of the Ozarks, as Carl Van Doren dubbed Charles J. Finger. He and two of his children were riding, and when I hailed him from my taxi, he wheeled and motioned the children to ride on. Our talk was staccato and hurried. He had an engagement. He did not care for publicity. But I could make myself known at the house if I chose, and would be taken care of. Then he was off again, clattering down the lane with measured gallop and swinging light with the motion as if he and horse were one. So I had my impressionistic glance. There was no eccentricity of dress, no particular oddness of manner except a certain brusqueness. He had the bronzed face of a man of the open, with clear, healthy skin; iron-gray hair; eyes steady and firm; broad shoulders; arms bare to the elbow; red silk handkerchief loosely knotted about his throat; brown strong hands; a habit of running his fingers through his hair; a quick flashing smile; no artificial barriers. He was evidently a man who would be at home anywhere, in a fo'c'sl as in a drawing room.

The house was plain to severity, a large wooden structure built by Finger and his boys at the foot of Mount Kessler. When the family left the city it took care to carry with it the best that civilization offers. There were books by the thousand; there were musical instruments and music; there were framed pictures, pencil sketches, charcoal drawings, etchings, things by Bloch, by Honoré, Brangwyn, Somerfield, Triedler, Chamberlain. There were autographed photographs of W. H. Hudson, Cunninghame Graham, Ade, Sterling, David Guion, Sandburg, and many more. There were rare editions and author's gift copies, illuminated parchments and steel engravings, ship models, and arms of many kinds. And the arms his children use, boys and girls alike, are revolvers, rifles, bows and arrows. Those children, let me say, are pictures of health, ruddy-skinned, straight-limbed, active, healthy.

When the Squire of the Ozarks appeared, two hours later, he burst out with an emphatic question. Was I hungry? Was I good for a five-mile walk? If not and if so, we had better walk. Over the mountains was a sight to see. He would show me the home of the last of the black wolves. He would show me a sight that would make me glad and grateful to be there. Anyway, one could talk better in the open. So we left the house and the way we went was rough and rocky. We crossed a valley, we climbed hill after hill, we paused awhile at a precipitous place where a world of wild beauty lay outspread, we drank deeply of a mountain spring, we surveyed a wide black waste where he and his family had recently worked all night to kill a forest fire, and at last we came to a place of many trees where we halted. From a bag my host produced bread and cheese and I needed no invitation to eat.



CHARLES J. FINGER—
Woodblock by Paul Honore.

As a planned thing the interview went all wrong. My prepared questions were never asked. In parenthesis I got a notion of his past life, of his youth spent in out-of-the-way places; of an early manhood spent in vast activities and in places of responsibility, and then we hit upon literature. I was amazed at his knowledge. He seemed to have read everything and to have stored up everything in a retentive mind. He was most emphatic about the necessity for a knowledge of literature as the stored-up experience of the race. Because of that I drew a wrong conclusion and said something about the activity of the printing press being a sign of progress.

"There is nothing in the reading habit, as such," said Mr. Finger. "The reading of books may be a foolish waste of time, and the mere acquisition of facts may be nothing more than the making of a kind of lumber room of the mind. A painstaking workman may easily be a more valuable citizen than a bookworm. The thing that counts is the training of the mind to observe, to compare, to generalize safely. The object to be aimed at in education is the achievement of a sound discipline in the use of the mind to the end that there may be sterling character and decent manners and that evidence of high breeding you see in a thoroughbred horse."

That led to much discussion. Presently we were talking of the Niagara of books pouring from the publishers and wondering how much was essentially ephemeral, how much of permanent value. My host told me of a chart of literature he had made, which he commenced when he was a lighthouse keeper long ago, off some Brazilian coast. His notion was that those works of fiction whose value was well established in the judgments of the thoughtful, were, broadly speaking, not based on plot, but upon character portrayal. The writer who conceived and depicted a character compounded of subtle and profound elements, who showed that character shaken in a storm of emotion, who grouped about that main character subordinate characters, and who found the action growing out of the collisions of the characters—that writer stood a chance to live in his works. Because of that, Finger chose Conrad and Barrie and Crane and Henry James as four whose works would live.

We touched upon a recent article in the *Current Opinion*, in which it was written that Finger represented a reaction against the sex-obsession in books.

"As to my books 'Highwaymen and Bushrangers,' and the 'Romantic Rascals,' which now appears in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, I wrote all the stories for my own amusement and for the amusement of my older children and their friends. Those young people come out here to play tennis, to ride, to enjoy themselves and their world is the world of any healthy, clean-minded, imaginative youth. When I was at that age, my reading was all of fellows who fought against tremendous forces, of men thwarted but still fighting, men resolved to struggle on in feebleness rather than to collapse in despair. I was full of Jules Verne, and Captain Mayne Read, and James Fenimore Cooper, and Defoe, and Mark Twain, and Rider Haggard, and Conan Doyle, and the Peter Parley series. We resented the intrusion when an author introduced a woman character. She was a hindrance to real adventure. Generally speaking, the young people who come here are only mildly interested in lovers looking into one another's eyes. And to my thinking, there is about as much sense in building a book around the effort of a man to win a woman as there would be in writing a book about the effort of a hungry hobo to get a square meal. But tales of fierce activity with life as a vast and urgent business, there's another matter altogether."

Literature of the Present Day

"What of the public demand for the sex stuff?" I asked.

"How do you know that there is a demand for it? Shrewd and persistent advertising will do anything and the average publisher will bend his efforts to push any book that seems likely to enjoy a success of scandal though a dozen works of superior merit die from inattention. Books are sold just as soap or imitation diamonds are sold, by loud clamor. The public does not worship at the shrine of the goddess of lubricity any more than it worships at the shrine of Karl Marx. Yet Bellamy's 'Looking Backwards' sold tremendously. As for the prevalence of those books which give particular prominence to one form of passion, that may be partly due to the fact that so many of the writing men live in cities and so lead cramped and restricted lives. Their entire environment is artificial and they live artificially. There is a cult of artificiality. Some of them play the part of the self-conscious prig. So the world thus portrayed is not normal. It is as abnormal as the world of pastoral poetry where shepherds and beribboned shepherdesses sang and conversed in rhymed iambics. It was the fashion to picture a world of rural innocence and perfection. Now and in the cities, it is the fashion to picture a world of venery and carnality."

"Do you think that there is degradation in the portrayal of grossness?"

"Yes, with neurotics perhaps. Grossness exists in life, but only the careless and unobservant see nothing but grossness. In my 'Lawless Lands' I have not been prudish. I have not ignored the coarser accidents of life by any means. The atrocious fault of taste comes in in a deliberate narrowing down of the scope of things to a place where the sex-obsession fills the horizon."

"Why not a censorship against that kind of thing?"

"That is to shift responsibility as I see it. I'm all for self-reliance and independence, in discipline of self more than in discipline by definite rules. The whole nation is too ready to depute everything to someone else or to some organized body. That accounts for the tremendous cost of government. Put it this way. My children are free to eat corn dodger and salt pork if they choose, or they might make themselves uncomfortable on a surfeit of cream puffs and Gorgonzola cheese. Instead, they know that safety lies in good honest beef and baked potatoes. That knowledge has come to them through training. There are books that I consider mischievous. A positive word then becomes necessary. To give an instance, if you ask it, I would say Mordell's Erotic Motive in Literature. It is silly in its suggestiveness. It is superficial and it is shallow.

"Because of a kind of unrestricted comradeship with my children, we were able to discuss it just as man would with man. We easily came to see that the author's conclusions were ridiculously erroneous. Suppose I had tried to put the book under a ban. Is it not plain that there would have been a natural curiosity to see *why* it had been placed on the index? In short, I would rather attend to matters of environment myself, than pay the bill for others to do it. My dream is of my children grown, able to take care of themselves, good sportsmen, incapable of dishonesty, using the word in its largest sense, plain, blunt, clear thinking, above all considering themselves responsible agents and not human machines."

"You seem to have done a tremendous amount of literary work in four years. Four books—"

"Five, including 'Silver, Lands' a book of folk tales."

"How many brochures for the Kansas people?"

"Thirty-four, I think."

"And Edward O'Brien has listed you for four consecutive years as among the best of short-story writers. Has all this been done since you were here in the Ozarks? Had you not written some before? How do you work?"

Finger Not a Quick Worker

"I work as I did when I was an executive. I'm in my office at eight and write for six hours daily. All that I have done has been done since I was in this place, except some of the stories which were published in the book 'Lawless Lands.' They were sold to Mencken, to Reedy, to the *Youth's Companion* and to the *American Boy*.

"I am not a quick worker by any means. I write and rewrite, am never satisfied with what I have done, and have never done anything of which I am proud. But I hope to, some day. As for Edward O'Brien, no man was more astonished than I when I learned that he had reprinted one of my stories."

"All your work has been in the nature of short stories though rather long ones. Do you contemplate the making of a book, a novel?"

"I would like to, and it would be a business man's novel, in part autobiographical. As for immediate work, I am now at work on a book of little-known adventurers. As relief from that, I am gathering up old seamen songs, cowboy ballads, and so on, half-forgotten things—words and music, the latter harmonized by my friend Dr. Tovey, a musician of skill and ability. David Guion too is doing some of the harmonization. It would be a pity to let those old things die, and I'm one of the last of the Mohicans, so to speak."

"What about *All's Well*, your paper?"

"Its friends seem determined to keep its excellence a dark secret from their friends, so the circulation does not leap and bound. . . But let us go to the house."

"One more question, please. By what writers have you been influenced?"

After Supper by the Wood Fire

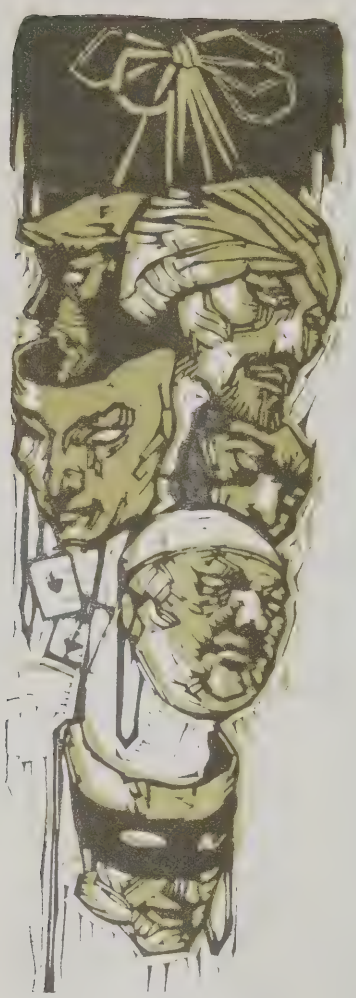
The answer came without the least hesitation, "W. H. Hudson, Conrad, Cunninghame Graham—and Edward O'Brien guessed right."

After supper we sat in the big room, lighted by the flames of a wood fire, for in that altitude it is chilly in March of an evening, though the day is warm. I think it was one of the most pleasant evenings I ever spent.

There was perfect camaraderie chat, laughter and some rather warm argument about a game of basketball. Then Dr. Tovey dropped in and sat down to the piano, but his mood was merry and not classical.

So music led to singing and from singing they passed to dramatics, and when the lamps were lighted there was the performance of part of Dunsany's "Night at an Inn" with the Squire of the Ozarks taking the part of Klesh with great animation, though, because of his girth, he became the butt of the others. It was all very sociable and pleasant indeed.

The trouble is that the life spacious cannot be led when one lives in an apartment, and everyone cannot build a home in the mountains.



Romantic Rascals—No. 1

Edward Wortley Montague

By CHARLES J. FINGER
Author of "Highwaymen," "In Lawless Lands," "Bushrangers," "Tales From Silver Lands," etc.

Wood blocks cut by Paul Honoré.
(Copyright, 1925, by Charles J. Finger)

In this the first of a series of articles dealing with certain noted vagabonds of the past, Charles J. Finger writes entertainingly of Edward Wortley Montague, the scion of an English noble house.

ONE day in the year 1724, it chanced that Master Edward Wortley Montague, aged twelve years, was in a fractious mood, a circumstance the more annoying to his mother, the Lady Mary Montague, because she had arranged a party for that day, and her house, the noblest in Portman Square, London, was in gala array.

The boy had flashed into one of his rages on slight provocation and had wilfully smashed glass and china as sign of his displeasure. It was clear that another such outbreak when the guests were present would be fatal to the success of the function. So my lady was almost in tears, when Edward Wortley, her husband, had a brilliant idea, though when he gave it words, his face expressed misgiving.

"Send the boy out somewhere," he said, a little testily. "Send him out with a footman to where there is some interest and excitement."

"I never thought of that," said his wife, who was preoccupied with her party and her book on the Vindication of Shakespeare, and she lost no time in summoning a servant and in calling her son, and to the latter the subject of an outing was broached. Still, things hung in suspense for a time. In vain the attractions of a visit to the Fleet prison, to a Punch-and-Judy performance, and to Southwark where Cadman the tight-rope dancer played, came up for consideration. The boy's headshake became more emphatic and he declared that the conference was closed so far as he was concerned. He would not budge, he said. So he turned to leave, and his hand was on the door handle, when a remark held him.

"Now I come to think of it, my lady, there's to be a hanging today at Tyburn," said the footman. "Maybe the young master would enjoy that. It's to be Jack Sheppard who broke out of Newgate, my lady."

Then sire and son spoke at the same time, the one saying with warm approval, "An excellent idea, by gad! I'd like to see it myself if it were not for this party," and the other, "Yes. I'll go to that if you give me some money."

So the matter was happily decided, and, piloted by the tall footman, Edward Wortley Montague, in the midst of an ever-growing crowd, beheld the young thief fall to his death, and the literary party at Portman Square was a success.

Thus, too, the heir of Montague found a new delight and thereafter rarely missed the spectacle of a pilloried man, nor of a public whipping, nor of an execution, and was happy to the pitch of ecstacy when, six months later, he ran by the side of the hangman's cart, one of many who pelted the condemned thief-taker, Jonathan Wild, with stones, dead rats and cats, and gutter filth. After the hanging, and when Master Edward was enjoying the hounding of a small Jamaican Negro boy by some rapscallions from the river side, he found himself taken by the ear with no gentle pinch, and it was a tearful and an angry boy that was led to his home door by the direct and emphatic Daniel Defoe.

"School, my lady, school and discipline is what the boy needs," declared the journalist, looking with steady, gray eyes at the beautifully robed Lady Montague, and talking as he would have talked to king or to plowman. "To his yelps give no ear. Put him to school and keep a tight rein on him. Curb him. Hold him in, lest he run away like a bad horse."

"I am sure there's no harm in the lad. It is only his high spirits," said the mother, speaking in her sweetest tones, but Mr. Defoe was firm and would have no propitiations.

"Let it be Westminster school," he insisted. "It is a place where they keep a rod in pickle for young cubs."

Now the man at whose word Bolingbroke, and Rochester, and Harley lent attentive ear was not to be lightly disregarded, so Westminster school it was, and, for a time, the lad was checked in his selfish pleasure. Almost he came to have the ideals of the three hundred and odd lads about him, boys careless and graceful, who realized that some day they must face life as men strong, courageous and gallant. But there came a day when the redoubtable James Figg, self-styled champion of England, was to meet Ned Sutton in battle, and the news penetrated to the school. Then to the lad, unused to self-restraint, the orderly world about him became distasteful, and the other world of riot and disorder a something much to be desired. So he sallied out in the early morning by way of a back window, a lad of tyrannic will determined to oppose the prejudices of parents and teachers, and at Hounslow, where the men fought that afternoon, the Westminster scholar was shrilly vociferous, and also penniless, when, at the end of six brutal rounds, the redoubtable Sutton fell defeated.

It had been a day of foolish wastefulness and rough company, and he had given no thought to consequences, but when the excitement was over there came upon him a sadder spirit as he reflected that while he had danced to his own tune, the piper remained to be paid. To return to Westminster meant a sound thrashing for disobedience and the breaking of bounds, and to go to Portman Square meant a swift and early return to Westminster, so the sad conviction came upon him that his only safe course was to get away.

Two days later, the bellman was going about the town, informing one and all that the son of Lady Montague had mysteriously disappeared, and whoso delivered him to Portman Square might claim a reward of twenty pounds. But while the news thus became known to all London, it stopped sharply at the edge of town,

for between town and country, in those days, there was very little communication. Because of that, Master Edward was secure for a time, for, fearful of pursuit, he had made his way toward Kent. Then, at the hamlet of Birling, where two roads met, he came upon a dirty man carrying a black bundle, who said he was on his way to Maidstone. There was fraternizing then, and at an alehouse they took bread and cheese and beer together. While there was a smell of soot about his companion that at first annoyed Master Montague, it was overlooked when it transpired that the wanderer was a chimney sweep, and that in the profession he followed there was a life of freedom and of high emoluments. The upshot of it was that the heir of great estates sold his fine clothes, donned the garb of a chimney sweep's boy and in that capacity he served for a year and a half. Indeed, he might have served much longer had it not been that his employer, Mr. Atkins, chancing to be in the neighborhood of Wharncliffe Lodge in Yorkshire, which was the country home of the Montague family and the birthplace of Edward himself, came to hear the story of the disappearance of the heir, and the far more interesting news of the offered reward. After that, tangles were soon unraveled and mysteries solved, and the sweep duly delivered his helper to Portman Square.

But Montague was not born to live his life on peaceful and orderly lines. There was a return to Westminster school, but the acquisition of arid facts and the history of the Punic Wars paled sadly, when the lad compared them to other things. School seemed a very spiritless business indeed when two pirates were to suffer at Execution Dock. So, on August 11, when Gow and Williams were hanged, Master Montague was there to see, and, the affair ended, there was a consorting with sailor men, which lasted for several days. Then came financial stringency and a realization of the necessity for an avoidance of unpleasant scenes, so again he sought a life of dash and of go. There was a year of apprenticeship to a fisherman at Blackwall, then a voyage with a merchantman to Oporto, then a period of wandering in Holland as a day laborer, then seeing France, where he worked as a coachman, and next crossing the German states in company with a troupe of showmen with Montague intoxicated with public applause because of his agility as an acrobat. After that, being grown to man's estate, he went to Rome, where he dressed as an abbot and was accepted as such. But Rome did not please him and preferment in the church seemed slow, so he made his way to Hamburg and there became popular as a fashionable and eloquent Lutheran preacher.

Visitors at Portman Square found him sitting cross-legged on the floor reading the Koran.

All that, however, is only part of the tale. The record is not always clear, and how far he went, and into what countries he penetrated, cannot be said. There were times when he flourished, a dandy of the dandies, dressed in velvet starred with diamonds, or in pearl-embroidered silks; there were other times when he was the companion of butcher boys, of crossing sweepers, of drabs, of the scum of a city; there were times again when he was a gamester, a scandalous roisterer, a dare-devil. We have Walpole's word for it that he was "the greatest miracle of his age." Certainly he became an excellent linguist, learning the languages of the countries through which he passed, with apparent ease. And not only was he versed in the more familiar tongues, but he could converse in Persian, in Chaldaic, and in Hebrew.

His was an enthusiasm always at white heat, and he was ever eager to experience the hot frenzy of life. As in Rome he had been a Romanist and in Hamburg a Lutheran, so in Arabia he became converted to Mohammedanism, and on one of his trips to England, those who called at Portman Square found him sitting cross-legged on the floor, reading his Koran. For there were many flying trips made to England, during which he played many parts—sometimes that of the rural squire on the Yorkshire estate, sometimes that of an exquisite, sometimes that of the rascal. There is one story told, naturally difficult to verify, that soon after the execution of Dick Turpin the highwayman, in York, Edward Montague decided to try his hand at a dangerous game. So, on April 5, 1740, he stopped the Bristol coach, a lone wolf of an amateur highwayman on foot, with no other weapon than a broken-off walking cane which had the rough semblance of a pistol.

Then again we find him in fine society, in the company of Lord Chesterfield, making a bet that he would play a wonderful trick with the credulous, wonder-loving public. So on January 10, 1749, an advertisement appeared, announcing that on the next day at the Haymarket Theater, a skilled performer would "play on a walking cane the music of every instrument then used . . . and would get into a quart bottle and while there sing several songs . . . " And an unthinking public, always agog for fresh excitment, crowded the theater and was kept waiting for some hours without as much as a playing fiddle to cheer it. (Concluded on page 25)

Sapiro's Peach and Fig Growers

Association Admits It Has Lost Control of Producers

By ROBERT MORGAN

THE history of the coöperative marketing of farm products in the United States is one of the most interesting industrial and commercial records ever written. The history of those coöperative marketing associations organized upon the so-called "California Plan," in reality the Sapiro Plan, since 1915 when the influence of Jewish money and methods first began to make themselves felt, is the gloomiest tragedy written in American agriculture since Reconstruction days in the South. But, at the end of a decade of alien experimentation in exploiting the farmer at the farmer's expense, there seem to be a number of indications that the shadow of this domination is falling away from the sun of common sense.

More than half the Sapiro Plan coöperative marketing associations either have been reorganized on American business methods, or have failed. In each of the sections, and in each of the varieties of agricultural products, in which these Sapiro Plan associations have functioned, the producers are insisting on complete reorganization, as in the case of the California Prune and Apricot Growers; permanent elimination of the Jews and their agents, as in the Lompoc Valley bean-growers' disaster; control of the merchandising of their own crops, as in the case of the Colorado potato-growers; official investigation to fix responsibility for losses, as in the grain-growers of the Pacific Northwest; or complete change in organization and in distribution and sales methods, as with the rice men of North-Central California.

Officials of the California Peach and Fig Growers' Association admit, in a statement issued to the press on March 3, 1925, that they have been able this year to obtain only 25 per cent of the peach acreage and 28 per cent of the fig acreage as signatories to the contracts of the association. One of the required provisions for the continuous existence of this association is control of 80 per cent of the acreage of both crops. The association is founded on the Sapiro Plan, and has been pointed to as one of the "successes" under that plan, but it appears that the producers of peaches and figs throughout California have decided to pay no more tribute to an alien scheme of coöperative marketing.

A committee of thirty-eight growers who support the Sapiro Plan has been formed to whip the remaining growers of the state's peach and fig crops into line, and so serious is the situation that Ward B. Minturn, president of the association, has taken personal charge of the campaign.

When Farmers Are in Control

Through this decade of development of the coöperative marketing idea in the United States one fact presents itself more clearly than any other result: Whenever and wherever the coöperative marketing association has been established as a purely merchandising agency for the farmers' products, *under the control and direction of the farmers themselves,* and with competent American business men in charge of the distribution and marketing, that association has been at least moderately successful.

This is one of the few facts developed by an extensive survey of coöperative marketing plans of all kinds made by the writer in the past two years.

Opposed to this axiom of coöperative marketing appears a preponderance of evidence tending to show that *wherever and whenever a cooperative marketing association has been organized and directed by outside influences,* with the farmer barred from control over time of sale or price of his own product, *that association has met with disaster.*

Those associations which have been directed by men whose interests were not those of the farmer—and this has been true of a large majority of those established on the Sapiro Plan—have failed.

The United States Government, in its Department of Agriculture Bulletin No. 1302, issued late in 1924, shows that in the nine years, from 1915 to 1923, inclusive, *768 cooperative agricultural marketing associations went out of business.* Of these, 125 were in business at the beginning of 1915, when the Jewish attempt to exploit American agriculture began. This leaves 643 as having been organized in 1915-1923 and which failed.

Of the 768 which went out of business, 442, or 57.6 per cent reported their reason as "inefficient management." It remains to be said that other reasons given for the failures of large groups of these coöperatives were "dishonest management," "inadequate accounting systems," "capital stock falling into the hands of too few," "lack of proper auditing," and similar reasons, all of which have been exposed, in previous articles of this series, as factors of failure in associations established on the Sapiro Plan.

But associations not formed on the Sapiro Plan do not deliberately open their doors to let in these factors of failure. Farmers on the Pacific Coast, in the Pacific Northwest, the Middle West, the Northwest and the South—through which sections the writer traveled slowly during the past summer—have learned this fact: That by its very construction, the Sapiro Plan takes from them all control of their crop and its marketing, gives to dishonest men the *opportunity* to take the cash in one form or another, and leaves the producer to bear the burden of present and future debt.

Now, coöperative buying and selling associations in the United States grew from 5,424 organizations in 1915 to 10,160 in 1924. Of the number operating in 1924, there were 5,733 purchasing associations. Coöperative purchasing associations usually succeed, because, briefly stated, it is easier to buy cheaply in quantity than it is to sell in quantity at even the current market price. Those coöperative marketing associations which have overcome this obstacle to successful quantity selling have done so by widening their markets, *a method no Sapiro Plan association has yet adopted.*

A Secret Closely Guarded

Deducting the 5,733 buying associations from the 10,160 operating in the United States at the beginning of 1924, we have 4,427 remaining as coöperative marketing, that is to say, selling, associations.

The most closely guarded secret in the headquarters of Sapiro, Levy, Hatfield and Hayes, in San Francisco, is the number of associations using the Sapiro Plan, and, next to that the number which have been organized since 1915 by Aaron Sapiro himself. The writer has been trying for more than two years to get these figures; *apparently the Department of Agriculture does not have them,* at least they do not appear in the exhaustive 1924 report; and it is the belief of the writer that no one except Aaron

(Continued on page 22)

Identification of J. Wilkes Booth

Proofs That Man Shot in Garrett Barn Was Booth—Disposal of Body

By F. L. BLACK

ABOUT the time of the Lincoln Birthday celebration this year, the Booth Myth was reviewed in the public press. Among the numerous articles which appeared was one in the Minneapolis *Daily Star*. It was an interview with a Minneapolis woman who claimed to be the daughter of Junius Brutus Booth (known as "the younger"), a brother of Edwin and John Wilkes. This would make her a niece of Lincoln's assassin. Unfortunately for the interest of the story, reference to the listed histories of the Actor-Booth family fails to corroborate her claim of relationship.

In the newspaper stories sent broadcast by the International News Service, Miss Booth claimed that her uncle, John Wilkes Booth, called on her in St. Louis in the late eighties or early nineties and although she considered him at that time an imposter, he finally convinced her of his identity by recalling various events of their childhood.

The old penitentiary building located in the arsenal grounds where the conspirators were tried, executed and buried. It was also in this building that the body of John Wilkes Booth was first interred.

Then follows a recital of parts of Finis L. Bates' book and a statement by Miss Booth that the body of David George is indeed that of her uncle. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has in its files an affidavit, dated March 29, 1922, given by Blanche Booth to Mr. Bates in which she states:

"During my residence in Minneapolis I joined the Sanford Dodge Company. During the tour the company acted in Enid, Oklahoma, where we know now that John Wilkes Booth had been living under the name of David E. George. We were playing one-night stands at Enid, Oklahoma, to the best of my recollection, during the month of December, 1902. I was in my room at a hotel in Enid, getting ready to take a needed rest, having to act that night, being dreadfully fatigued. A knock came upon my bedroom door; I went to the door and opened it; it was late in the afternoon, the shades were down, a man was there who said, 'Blanche, would you like to see Johnny,' in a quiet tone, and handed me a card; not realizing then the truth of what was transpiring, I said to this dark-complexioned man, 'I act tonight and must have my rest,' and closed the door. Before going to the theater that night I glanced at the card which I had thrown upon the table, on which was written 'John Wilkes Booth.' I did not realize then the truth of the chance I had of meeting face to face my uncle, John Wilkes Booth."

When interviewed for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in March, 1925, Blanche Booth stated that two years before the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, John Wilkes Booth called for the last time at her home and that she was then seven or eight years of age. She stated that she did not know positively that John Wilkes Booth escaped, but that she had accepted the theories of Finis L. Bates, who she claimed had gone into the matter very thoroughly and had frequently consulted her in connection with the matter. When, however, the differences between her story as given to the press February 21, 1925, and the affidavit as given to Mr. Bates March 29, 1922, were pointed out, Miss Booth claimed that her 1925 story was correct.

The only pictures in her possession were a copy of Bates' tintype of St. Helen, a copy of a picture of David George taken after his death, which had been given her by Mr. Bates, and a copy of a very common picture of John Wilkes Booth taken before the assassination. She could produce no documentary or other proof to substantiate her statements.

Miss Booth's value as a contributor to the matter is somewhat depreciated by the fact that in each of the three statements she has contradicted herself on some point. In the story recently given the newspapers, she says that the only time she saw her uncle after the assassination was in St. Louis in the "late 80's or early 90's." In the affidavit given Mr. Bates the date is 1902, and the place is Enid. She states in the affidavit, "When I had grown into young womanhood I met again my uncle, John Wilkes Booth, who had come to play a theatrical star engagement in my Uncle Ben De Bar's theater, St. Louis . . . . I went on the stage the same year that John Wilkes Booth assassinated President Lincoln." This does not tally with her statement that she was seven or eight years of age two years before the assassination.

We now present a summary of all the facts disclosed by our investigation, which will probably be accepted as final by the majority of readers.

The Payment of the Reward

In recent newspaper accounts the statement has been made that the government was not satisfied that the man shot in the Garrett barn was Booth and consequently had never paid the reward.

This is not only untrue in fact, but is a fair sample of the unreliability of numerous statements dealing with the assassination, which THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has checked and found worthless.

The matter of reward for the capture of Booth was placed before a Committee on Claims of the House of Representatives, which, according to the *Congressional Globe* Part 5—1st. Session, 39th Congress, made their report on July 26, 1866. The appropriation was made by the act of July 28, 1866 (14 stat. 341). The amounts were considered by many to be unfairly distributed. The sums finally paid and the persons receiving them are as follows:

E. J. Conger, detective	$15,000
Lafayette C. Baker, detective	3,750
Luther B. Baker, detective	3,000
Lieutenant Edward P. Doherty, in command of the cavalry	5,250
James R. O'Beirne, detective	2,000
H. H. Wells, George Cottingham, Alexander Lovett, each $1,000	3,000

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The Last Wilderness in Superior Forest

How Men Are Seeking to Save It Unspoiled as a Bit of the Old America

By EARL CHRISTMAS

OUR grandchildren in time to come will read with wonder of the moose, the elk and other magnificent creatures of the wild, of the great virgin forests once to be found over much of this country. The story of pioneer life will be scanned eagerly. But in a few decades, judging from the present tendencies of our modern civilization, all these things will live for the most part only in books.

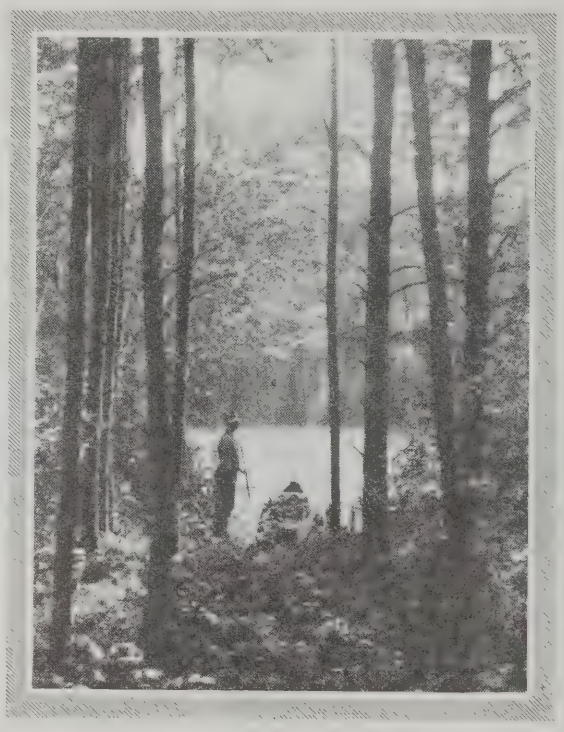
If, then, a few generations hence, we can have just a few spots with things as they were before the coming of the white man, think how much it will mean. Imagine in fifty or a hundred years, if the growth of settlement and the destruction of our timbered regions continue, what an oasis there will be in just one bit of unspoiled wilderness!

The time will come, and at no very distant day, when men will search in vain for such retreats. In fact, the eastern half of the United States virtually has been stripped bare of them now, and the same thing is true of much of the remainder. Cities and towns are growing up at a rapid rate, and settlements are pushing out into new territories. But faster still, the ax of the woodman, fire and man's indifference are destroying our forests, leaving wide areas of land an idle, unproductive waste. Our wild animals are faring no better. Man is the great destroyer.

We have come to the point now where friends of nature are talking of "the last wilderness." The statement has been made that the Superior National Forest and several million acres surrounding it in Northeastern Minnesota constitute the last real wilderness, where nature still may be found at its best. The statement comes so near being true literally that it is tragic.

Think of all the great forests that once covered this country. When the white man came to America, nearly half of what is now the United States was in forest. Of all this vast domain, but a pitiful remnant remains. The lumber industry, eating its way across the land, virtually has passed beyond the Rockies. Of every ten acres of primeval forest, eight acres are gone—gone the way of the buffalo and the antelope. I know not which is the greater tragedy, the loss of our trees or the wanton destruction of our animals. Of the millions of buffaloes that fed on the plains, only a small number are left on ranches or in parks. The antelope virtually is gone, and so are many other animals that once were plentiful.

But there is one place where the wilderness still is preserved. Virgin forests stand in the Superior Forest region, up between the International Boundary and the north shore of Lake Superior, and the native animals, gathered there as a kind of last refuge, are to be found much as in the days before the coming of the white man. Dietrich Lang, author and naturalist, tells me that except for the panther and possibly the glutton, all the wild creatures which have lived in this part of the country within historic time still are to be found in the region.



Where in another generation or two can one find such a wilderness? Nature lovers want to preserve it just as it is.

There the moose is making one of his last stands. The moose, fine, majestic creature that he is, has been all but exterminated over much of his old range. As the settlement of the country progressed, he has been driven farther and farther into his diminishing retreats in the wilds, and the hunters have pursued him with disastrous result. The deer gets along very well in a region where there are scattered settlements, but the moose wants to get as far away from man as possible.

In the depths of the Superior Forest and the game preserve surrounding it, the moose has found the only undisturbed breeding place in this section, and the herd gathered there is one of the few left in the United States. Though estimates vary greatly, there are said to be about 3,000 moose in this region, constituting probably the most important herd left in this country, certainly the only large group in the central part of the country.

The beaver, once near extinction in Minnesota as in most other parts of the country, is numerous in the Superior Forest region. Bears also are common, too common, according to timorous campers, who sometimes complain of their attempts to be sociable. Large numbers of deer are to be found in the region. Even caribou have been seen on occasion. The chipmunk, the bobcat, the lynx, the timber wolf, squirrels galore, the marten—all are there. The lakes abound with fish, black bass, lake trout, northern pike and pickerel.

But so far as man is concerned, the region is wild and practically uninhabited. It is spotted with countless lakes, and many of them are laced together with connecting arms or streams, which make good waterways for the canoe. In fact, the canoe is the only means of travel for a hundred miles or so through the expanse of the forest.

Passing from one lake to another by means of one of these channels, one can travel for days and weeks and never see a sign of the habitation of man. Much of the territory around the forest is of the same character. Only rarely does the traveler come upon the abode of a white man in this region, and then it usually is the log cabin of a trapper hidden away in the woods somewhere. Camps of the Indians still are to be seen in the vicinity of the forest, particularly over in the Lake Vermilion district, where there is a small reservation.

The Superior Forest proper contains 857,000 acres of government land, and there are 150,000 acres of water, exclusive of rivers, though the proportion of water, as you go from lake to lake, really seems much greater. But the seemingly endless chains of lakes do not stop at the forest boundary.

With its rare combination of lakes and woods, this Superior Forest region is said to be the finest canoe country in the world, and I can readily believe it. Except for the region just across the boundary in Canada, which is of much the same nature, no nation has such a wilderness paradise for the canoe traveler. Imagine what England, with its teeming popula-

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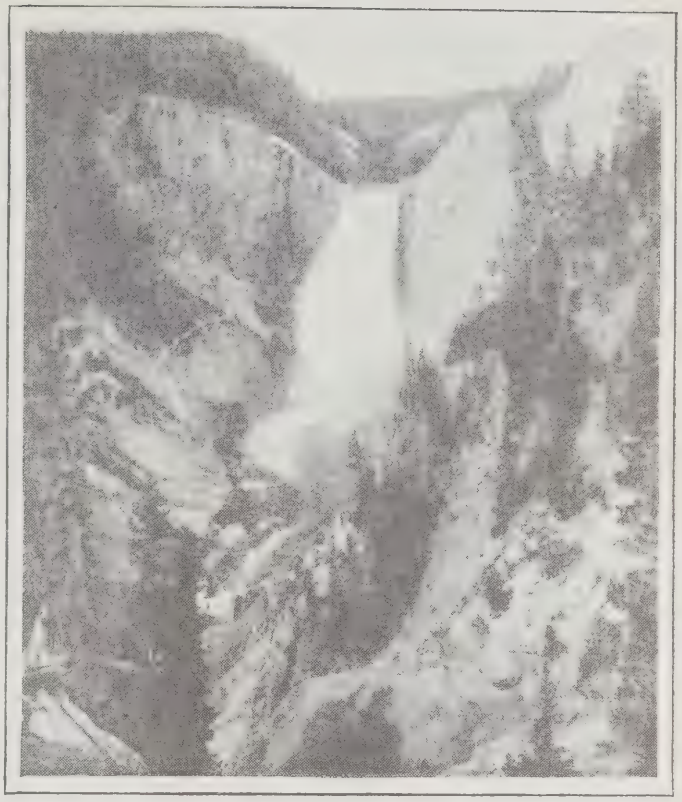
The Legend of Yellowstone Canyon



MANY years ago, when the Tetons were young—the lordly Tetons that thrust their snow-clad peaks, like giant, jagged saw-teeth, into the ever-changing blue of the sky—a mighty herd of bison roamed the plains and mountain slopes of that land of lakes and streams and forests that is now the State of Wyoming. Elk, antelope and moose, bear, deer and mountain sheep made their homes in the peaceful valleys or amid the romantic majesty of the granite walls. And in this sanctuary wilderness there lived a mighty Indian people, the Nez Perce, direct descendants of Kalowalo, God of the Sun.

Shinumo, the greatest chieftain, the strongest hunter, and the bravest warrior, ruled his tribe with unerring wisdom, led them to the best hunting grounds, gave just counsel in their differences, and watched them increase and prosper. And Shinumo, in turn, was ruled and counseled by the happiness in his heart; for had he not, but two moons ago, brought Lan-a-lol, the Little Moon Flower, to live with him, the Little Moon Flower whose unrivaled beauty was a source of never-ending joy? The softly sighing swish of the pine branches swaying in the breeze was music to the ears of Shinumo until there came a time, in the Season of the Rains, when the wind of Darkness blew down from the mountain tops and scattered before it the smile of Lan-a-lol.

Day after day the sun came up, making the peaks shift and glow, crags take fire, walls darken, and gray-green mesas, dimly seen, take on the gleam of opalescent lakes, but all was darkness in the sight of Shinumo. No longer would he lead the hunt for buffalo or mountain sheep, the care of his people was gone from his mind, and he thought only of the absent Little Moon Flower. The mighty Nez Perce, deprived of their leader, were drifting slowly toward dissolution when there came, one day, Ta-vwoats, the God of Life. Ta-vwoats sought out Shinumo and questioned him on the matter of his changed attitude and, upon learning the cause of his grief, offered to prove to him that the Little Moon Flower was in a happier land and that Shinumo mourned uselessly. Ta-vwoats would take the mighty chieftain over the road to heaven and let him look upon her there in her happiness.

That evening they started. In the west the day was dying in a pageantry of color. Above the range lay a fleet of flame-winged clouds, like treasure argosies borne on the crystal waves of a sea deeply, infinitely blue. The hush of early evening rested like a brooding veil above the stone-gray walls of the mountains.

Ta-vwoats and Shinumo walked on, while above them the scarlet glory began to fade into a fainter saffron. Soon, in the west, the clouds had faded to a somber gray. There remained but a delicate line of purest white, where all color had fled, against which the trees stood in phantom tracery. All night they went on and when morning came Ta-vwoats made a trail to lead the chief to the happy land.

A great, twisting gash was cut through the protecting mountains and its sides were painted in heterogeneous array with every color of the universe—with living, rejoicing colors that seemed to chant in chorus. As Shinumo watched the work of Ta-vwoats he saw the whole vista transformed as if the life and light of centuries of sunshine stored up in the rocks were now being poured forth as from one glorious fountain, flooding both earth and sky. When the road was made complete they traveled on and came at last to a spot from which Shinumo might look in upon his Little Moon Flower. He saw that the words of Ta-vwoats were true, that she was in a happier land and did not care to return to the slopes and valleys of the Tetons. Shinumo was at last content and willingly he followed Ta-vwoats on the return journey. When they had again passed through the gorgeous gateway, Ta-vwoats, lest the unworthy should find this happy land, rolled through the trail a wild surging river of roaring gray that foamed in the crooked, rugged gorges only to sweep out free and unencumbered farther on where the waters make miniature lakes that merged, shining, sparkling, calm as stars.

Today the tourist visits Wyoming's wonderland—the Yellowstone National Park. He sees the giant geyser basins, affording a sensation never to be forgotten, the scenic wilderness and its incomparable wealth of wild-animal life, Dunraven Pass, Tower Falls, Yellowstone Lake, Sylvan Pass, and at last he comes to stand upon the brink of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River—to stand awed by the fresh marks of the Creator's mighty chisel. From Artist's Point he looks a thousand feet almost vertically down upon the foaming Yellowstone River, and southward three miles to the Great Falls where an onrushing mass of white and purple leaps out into magnificent silver plumes, dashes and foams in wheel-like whirls, displays glorious enthusiasm as it tosses from side to side, rolling, glinting, and singing in exuberance of mountain energy. The hushed observer sees spread before him the most glorious kaleidoscope of color he will ever see in nature. The steep slopes are inconceivably carved. Sometimes they lie in straight lines at easy angles, from which jut high, rocky prominences. Sometimes they seem carved from the side walls. Here and there jagged, rocky needles rise perpendicularly like groups of Gothic spires. The whole is colored more brokenly and vividly than the field of human imagination can conceive.

The canyon, with its foaming falls dissolving into mists, its calm forests hiding the singing river, its enormous granites peaked and domed against the sky, its inspiring silence haunted by distant water, suggests a dream.

The tourist goes on. Perhaps he visits the petrified forest, or stops to see the carved and fretted terraces at the Mammoth Hot Springs, but always he carries the memory of the canyon. To him it was a wonderful sight, a beautiful manifestation of the powers of erosion; but to some it is far more than that: it is the gateway—the road to heaven—made so many years ago by Ta-vwoats and traveled by Shinumo in his search for the Little Moon Flower and happiness.

Sapiro's Peach and Fig Growers

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Sapiro and his brother Milton knows them. Gathered from all sources, however, there are reasons for saying that the number of coöperative marketing associations formed on the Sapiro Plan in the United States does not exceed 350, and that not more than half of these were directly organized by Aaron Sapiro, or his agents.

Big Decrease in Number of New Groups

These figures are not given as facts, but it is the writer's belief that they are subject to less than 10 per cent of error, either way.

The peak in coöperative marketing association formation in the United States came in 1919, when 618 organizations were set up. In this connection it is interesting to note that the government reports the first coöperative marketing association to have been an organization for the sale of cheese, founded in 1863, the only one in that year. The second association, also a cheese-vending organization, was formed in 1870, and it, likewise, was the only one established in that year. To return to comparative figures, however: In 1920, new associations to the number of 585 appeared; in 1921, there were 423; in 1922, the number fell to 253, and 1923 saw only 77 organized.

The banner year of the Sapiro Plan organizations is stated by their proponents to have been 1922, when it was claimed that an average of five and one-half associations a month were formed on this plan. This would give a rough total of 66 Sapiro Plan associations organized in 1922, out of the 253 which the Department of Agriculture says were attempted in that year. From the same source, I learn that 132 coöperative marketing associations ceased to operate in 1922. This is exactly twice the number of Sapiro Plan associations formed in that year, and more than half as many as the total of associations organized within that twelve-month period.

These figures show the beginning of a feeling on the part of farmers in 1922 that all was not well with the coöperative associations. But when we read that, in 1923, only seventy-seven associations were formed, as compared with seventy-two which ceased to operate, the attitude of the producers becomes a certainty. As a matter of fact, if figures carefully collected by the writer on his recent trip through the agricultural regions of this country are to be accepted as accurate, only 18 associations were formed on the Sapiro Plan in the United States in 1923, and only seven in 1924. These figures include both those associations in whose organizations either Aaron or Milton Sapiro took part, and those which were organized on the Sapiro Plan but without the actual presence of either of the celebrated brothers. The writer believes that these figures are accurate; but it has been impossible to obtain either confirmation or denial of them from the headquarters of the Sapiro Plan organization in San Francisco.

This drop from sixty-six Sapiro Plan associations, formed in 1922, to seven in 1924, is a fall of practically 90 per cent, a decrease of 59 associations in two years. This it should be remembered is not a decrease in the number of established Sapiro Plan associations, but a decrease in the number being organized, a definite and impressive falling off in the number of *new* Sapiro Plan groups being formed. Now, there are two reasons which can be offered for this decrease: First, that all the agricultural industries and crops are so well organized that the field is narrowed tremendously; and, second, that the agriculturists themselves are refusing to accept the promises of the organizers of the Sapiro Plan. The first reason is obviously incorrect, as attested by the fact that Aaron Sapiro himself only recently completed the organization of a group of New England fishermen on the Sapiro Plan, and by the further fact that, in April, 1924, only 2,025,000 of the farmers in the United States had been organized into coöperative associations of all kinds. Furthermore, agents of the Sapiro Plan have been unusually busy, throughout 1924, in the livestock industry, and among vegetable and grain producers in all sections of this country, as well as in Canada, with the result shown by the formation of the seven new Sapiro Plan groups.

In connection with this situation of a decreasing number of new coöperative associations,

Where the Plan Had Its Inception

the department of agriculture bulletin above mentioned makes the following interesting comment:

"Changes in the number of associations in the various geographic divisions between 1915 and 1924 have not been great, but changes in the distribution among the different divisions of the amount of business transacted are marked. The West-North Central, Pacific, and Mountain states have lost in relative importance, and the Middle Atlantic, South Central, South Atlantic, and New England states have gained."

Now the Sapiro Plan had its inception in the Pacific state of California, proceeding thence to the Pacific Northwest, thence to the West North Central states, such as Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Dakotas, and thereafter went into Colorado and the other Mountain states, only recently pressing eastward. At least 75 per cent of the coöperative agricultural marketing associations of California were based on the Sapiro Plan. Only one of them, according to the best information obtainable, has escaped destruction, or reorganization, or is not now in an internal dissension which vitally impairs whatever small amount of usefulness it may have had. About 70 per cent of the coöperatives in the Pacific Northwest were based on the Sapiro Plan, several of them having been inaugurated by Aaron Sapiro. With two exceptions, these are in the same conditions above reported for the California associations.

The Story of the Raisin-Growers

In other words, the Pacific and Pacific Northwestern states were the places of origin and greatest development of the Sapiro Plan. Yet the Department of Agriculture reports that these sections have "lost in relative importance" in the coöperative marketing movement.

The fight to save what could be saved from the wreckage of the Sapiro Plan associations has been long and bitter, and is by no means won, though many producers in these associations have lost everything they had.

The poultrymen are now in the midst of a battle to obtain control of their own product and its marketing.

The prune and apricot growers, who have been dealt with at length in these papers, have been reorganized again, the manager who was employed succeeding the Sapiro régime has been allowed to depart, and the Sapiro element is again in control.

The story of the bean-growers of one section has been told; their brothers in another section have prepared to risk what they have left of their crops and farms to rescue themselves from this Sapiro Plan association.

The raisin-growers, organized on the system from which Aaron Sapiro took many of the details of his plan, reorganized themselves on a diametrically different basis, with a competent American business man at their head. They have been successful because their rebuilt association is a huge, well-operated sales agency. Early in 1925, however, night riders appeared, raiding and burning the vineyards of those who would not sign the contracts of the association. The management of the organization has issued a disclaimer of any part in these outrages, and it is openly declared that alien influences are behind the night riders.

The Department of Agriculture report, discussing the decade between 1915 and 1924, continues:

"While there has been a marked increase in the total number of associations, the estimated membership and the estimated amount of business, the gains for some kinds of associations have been much greater than for others, so that the relative importance of the different kinds of associations has changed materially during the ten-year period, 1915-1924. As regards the number of organizations, livestock shipping associations have increased in relative importance, while associations handling dairy products and fruits and vegetables are a smaller fraction of the total number than formerly."

Producers Do Not Control Their Product

Outside the tobacco associations, whose disastrous history has been told in these columns, the Sapiro Plan has found the majority of its adherents in the dairying and fruit-and-vegetable producing districts. These are those which the government agents have found to be "a smaller fraction of the total number than formerly." Suspensions, failures, "reorganizations" and conflicts for control within these associations have been responsible for their reduction in numbers, while the livestock associations, in which the Sapiro Plan has been able to make little or no headway, "have increased in relative importance."

Supplementing this government report, which coincides to a marked degree with the results of the writer's investigations into the progress of coöperative marketing associations in general, it should be said that the investigation conducted at the same time into the progress of the Sapiro Plan associations in particular showed four interesting conditions:

First, that the percentage of loss to the farmer member is uniformly larger in the Sapiro Plan associations than it is even in badly managed associations formed on other plans.

Second, that the percentage of failure in Sapiro Plan associations through ignorant, incompetent, or dishonest management is greater than it is among associations established on other plans.

Third, that not one single Sapiro Plan association has been found, in which the membership is in actual, practical, working control and direction of the time of sale or the price of the crop or any part of it. Theoretically, this plan gives the producer control of his product; in actual working out, it puts the control either in the hands of a manager, or of a board of directors, the former of whom, or a majority of the latter, is or are directly responsible to the proponents of the Sapiro Plan.

Fourth, that there is not one single Sapiro Plan association in which from 25 to 50 per cent of the members are not dissatisfied with conditions, methods of operation, prices received, and results in general. The average of dissatisfaction in coöperatives in general in the United States is less than 7 per cent of the membership. This indicates that the average of dissatisfaction in the non-Sapiro Plan associations is one-fifth, or less, of that in the Sapiro Plan associations.

Fifth, that producers who operate outside the Sapiro Plan associations, but in the same districts with them, are receiving uniformly better prices for their crops, are being paid more promptly, and are getting better distribution for their products than are the members of these associations.

These conditions, apparent in every district in which a Sapiro Plan coöperative agricultural marketing association has been formed, have been exposed in this series of articles, and, here and there, by the rare newspapers which are not intimidated by the Jewish influence. These exposures of a widespread attempt to exploit the American farmer have caused the American farmer to pause in what heretofore has been a mad rush to accept the advertised panacea for all agricultural ailments—coöperation on the Sapiro Plan. The result is that it is becoming harder and harder for suave gentlemen to herd the grain and hay growers of the Pacific Northwest into line, to get signatures to the Sapiro Plan contracts.

It is true that there are hundreds of coöperative agricultural marketing associations in this country which are to a certain degree successful. Some of them have been operating satisfactorily to their members over so long a period that it would seem safe to say they are permanently successful. But not one of the successful coöperatives is erected or operated on the Sapiro Plan. The outstanding successes in this field are the associations of the citrus fruit-growers, the raisin-producers and the rice-growers, all of California, and the livestock associations of the Middle West. The foundation of each of these is the principle of making the association the sales agency for the producer, with competent management, always under control of the producer-member. This is as far from the Sapiro Plan as coöperation possibly could be carried. As a matter of fact, there is very little that is coöperative for the farmer about the Sapiro Plan associations, except the name; *but there is a vast amount of co-operation between the Jewish gentlemen who take and hold control of these associations, and furnish the loans and work the markets.*

There Are Six Causes for Failure

There are, in the opinion of the writer, six causes for failure of the associations founded on the Sapiro Plan, *not all of which ever have operated in any one association,* but some one or more of which is at work in every association of this kind which I have studied:

First, the economic unsoundness of the plan itself, which seeks to force supply down the throat of demand. The obvious and correct way to compel demand to absorb supply is to widen the market. The orange-growers, the rice-producers and the raisin men have done this, but not one single Sapiro Plan association of which the writer has yet heard has done it.

Second, "orderly marketing," a continuation of the effort to make demand meet supply. As a matter of fact this "orderly marketing" has never yet saved the members of any Sapiro Plan association from the results of overproduction, except at a high sacrifice in cold cash to the producer members.

Third, elimination in practice, no matter what may be claimed in theory, of the producer-member of the association from control or direction of the disposal or sale price of his crop. It should be added that invariably this control and direction is placed in the hands of those who are beholden to Jewish influences for their positions.

Fourth, extremely high costs of operation, ranging in some instances as high as 18 per cent of the gross value of the crop. The only organization in the world which gets less return for money paid to its employes than the Federal Government is a Sapiro Plan coöperative agricultural marketing association.

Fifth, incompetence, laziness and dishonesty of management. These are factors of failure which occur in frequency about in the order named. Probably all three are due largely to alien and non-agricultural influences in the appointment of the managements. Lack of interest in the welfare of the membership on the part of the management has been no small factor in the failure of several Sapiro Plan associations.

Sixth, the subservience of all local associations to the central state or sectional association, which, in turn, is to be made subservient to a national association, which, as Mr. Sapiro admitted in a published interview in the case of

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An Afternoon With an Optimist

(*Concluded from page 2*)

I felt now and then as if his eyes were asking questions that he hesitated to put into speech . . . An expressive voice; well-chosen words, coming along without any apparent hesitation or deliberate selection. Chiefly my impression was of a man who thought for himself, who has no use for platitudes, who wants truth not appearances, substances not shadows.

A jolly little terrier, with bright, kindly eyes, appeared at the window and said he would like to come in. He was promptly admitted; greeted me amiably, sat down by his master's toes and pretended a polite interest in our conversation.

"Yes, I like cats," said G.K.C., "but I don't know much about them or understand them."

Their un-understandability, I suggested, was part of their charm?

Impressions of Some Great Nations

"That's so, perhaps. There's something a bit mysterious about them and their ways. I've often watched a cat and dog; the cat seems to fascinate and paralyze the dog for a time; looks at him steadily and keeps him quiet, spellbound. Then the cat gives it up; there's a scurry and rush, and there'd be a fight if puss didn't take to flight. Perhaps there was some reason at the bottom of the belief that witches found something sympathetic in cats. Beliefs like that don't grow up from nothing."

"You've been in America, I think?" said I.

"I was there lecturing. Not the best way to see a country, being whirled about. I was there three months, and when I'd got accustomed to the scramble I was able to look about and take things in a bit; to see what a lot there was to note, and often to admire. I hadn't anything special to lecture about; I talked; they seemed pleased and were always very kind. I was met everywhere at the stations; deputations from literary societies, and so on. Often they carried me off to a man's lunch party, and my wife to a woman's, which amused us. Yes, I agree with you; Americans are much brighter speakers after dinner than we are; and at public meetings, too. We often start off with two or three interesting speeches, and then the whole thing is let down by some deadly dull ones. Why shouldn't we begin with the dull and end up happy? In America they don't seem to breed those pompous prosers, who *have* to be asked to talk—the sort we suffer so much from."

I hinted that he didn't take much interest in politics; at any rate in party politics. I knew he was keenly patriotic, stirred with "the love of the native land," to quote his own words.

"I'm not in agreement," he admitted, "with the policy of any one of the present three parties. After the war the Liberals had a great chance, but they missed it. I hate to think that it could be possible that England could go under. But I don't clearly see what the future's going to be, likely to be. Carthage, Venice, others—came and went. But England's different. They were not rooted in the soil; we are. Perhaps the solution is the encouragement, the increase of holders of small farms, owners of small businesses. Then Englishmen have had too great reliance on have-beens; they know how great they have been and believe that they must always be the same. The loss of the war would have been an awful disaster for Europe; it might have been a useful lesson for us. Germany? It was an amazing mistake that the German empire was not encouraged to break up when the war was over; but I suppose the politicians were thinking about reparations. I don't know that reparations aren't going to cost us too much—if we ever get any. Another great opportunity was thrown away. Germany had done a lot of beastly things; invading neutral countries, and so on. Their brutality was almost legalized at Versailles. What should have been done was to institute a better code of international honor and decency; a higher ideal of international chivalry. But instead—. Our future? If there does come a commercial disaster, a smash-up, it will start us asking awkward questions about the teaching of history. We've been taught that we have been going forward step by step. From point to point. From Canute, who brought something like order out of chaos, on to William the Conqueror, and so on, to Charles, when Parliament was made secure; William III who saved us from the Stuarts; the founding of the factory and commercial systems—. If we do come down with a smash, we'll be asking a question that won't be easy to answer—Has all the teaching of history been false? What will we answer if we're asked—Is this present the result of this wonderful past? Don't misunderstand me. I am an optimist, and always shall be. But a strong dose of pessimism is sometimes salutary for people who don't realize how happy they are!"

If Rothschild Ruled in Palestine

I suggested that money and the Jews were too powerful.

"Perhaps—we shall have a revolution to upset the banks," he answered, "to smash the too big bankers. Which reminds me of the story of someone asking Rothschild if he wouldn't like to rule in Palestine. He said: 'Yes, and I'd appoint myself ambassador to Paris!' "

Which I capped with the tale that when it was suggested to Rothschild that he might like to be King of the Jews, he replied promptly: "Thanks, no. It is much more profitable to be the Jew of the Kings."

G.K.C. told me that living in the country had brought home to him the fact that the really old pedigrees belonged to and the really old blood ran in the veins not of Lords and Ladies but of the smaller gentry and of what used to be called the yeomanry. He mentioned as interesting that there is a family in Beaconsfield who father after son have been solicitors since the time of James II.

"I've been thinking of writing a story about a—" and he told me about it, but—Hush! Time will show.

Then we crossed to Ireland—in thought. I being an Irishman wanted to hear what my victim had to say about the best country in the world.

"Yes; I've been to Ireland; was there this year. I find Dublin stimulating; there's an atmosphere there of mental give and take which I find exhilarating. Ireland's future is far more assured than ours, as I told an Irish friend. Once these revolutionary days are got through, as they will be, Ireland will settle down to prosperity; probably be a land of small owners, with bright, progressive headquarters in Dublin and other places."

G. K. C. Discusses the Irish Problem

It may seem that G.K.C. looks on the world, on men and women, with some touch of pessimism. Not so at all. His vision is too wide and his insight too deep for that; like every man with clear eyes he is a whole-souled optimist. He has written: "There runs a strange law through the length of human history—that men are continually tending to undervalue their environment, to undervalue their happiness, to undervalue themselves." He does not obey that law; breaks it often; knows that self-appreciation is good for man. As a writer he has chosen the more difficult part, and the better; for as he says: "The literature of joy is infinitely more difficult, more rare, and more triumphant than the black and white literature of pain." He has contributed largely to the literature of joy; his is the laughter of wisdom, not the wry smile of cynicism.

As I came away, his last words were:

"I've said nothing."

"Oh, *haven't* you!" were mine.

Our Government and Business

(*Concluded from page 4*)

Or take another situation: During these days of the creation of combinations and super-combinations, there is probably not an instance where the parties would not crave advice in advance as to whether they are safely "within the law." In one of our great industries there is now going on a "scrambling" of a number of great companies into one combination. Representatives of that group came before officials of the government for advice in advance. Their plan contemplated a combination of three great companies. The officials, after doing their utmost to function on the question, finally said that they thought the consolidation would be against the law, in that it would very substantially lessen competition in the states where the combination was to take place. Did this great business group accept the advice of the officials? Not for one moment. In the face of the statements made to them they, nevertheless, went ahead with their combination, contending that the government was wrong in asserting that competition would be lessened.

How is one going to determine such an issue in advance? It can't be done without injury either to the public or to the business interests involved, and without a growth of "more government in business" acting in a way which must necessarily be arbitrary.

Let us put ourselves in the position of the official who has to make the decision. He is human, he is appointed for a period of years to his position, and when he accepts it he generally burns his bridges behind him, severs all his connections, and steps outside the business or professional world. Naturally, he wants to be reappointed. Before him comes a proposition such as I have outlined. Suppose he is new in his position, active, full of courage, but inexperienced in public life. He looks the proposal over, listens to the *ex parte* statements of those interested and says to himself, that the plan appears all right on its face, so he tells the parties that they can go ahead. A year passes and some one in the competitive world or in the legislative life discovers that operation of the plan has suppressed competition and will eventuate into a monopoly, or that it has become distinctly unfair to the public or to competitors. Down comes criticism upon the head of the official. He sees his mistake, he becomes fearful, and while in this state of mind, along comes another proposition to be solved. By this time he has arrived at the stage Mark Twain described when he said, "Don't get more out of experience than there is in it."

"For example," said Mark Twain, "a cat will sit on a hot stove once, but having sat on a hot stove once the trouble thereafter is that it won't even sit on a cold stove."

Just so the official, like the cat, arrives at the cold stove stage. Then bureaucratic red tape and delay cross the threshold. The official says to himself, "Well, before I make any decision this time, I am going to use every possible means of information." If the case needs the investigation of business engineers, or economists, or accountants, or lawyers, or all of them, as is generally the case, the official will demand their assistance. In the absence of such assistance, which is usually unavailable because of a limited appropriation, it is human nature to take the line of least resistance, which is one of negation, otherwise known as "stalling," "passing the buck," and so on. Either the official must do this, or he must go completely over to the business interests, hoping that they will take care of his reappointment.

If the Federal Trade Commission is ever given the power to rule in advance for the thousands of trade associations and hundreds of thousands of corporations, instead of having a force of 315 persons, such as it now has, including lawyers, economists, accountants, clerks, stenographers, and others, it will need thousands of advisors. It will need, too, instead of an appropriation of one million dollars, many, many millions of dollars, and, even then, it will inevitably drift into bureaucracy, and become, instead of a prophylactic *for* business, a preventer *of* it.

Congress, with remarkable instinctive foresight, saw just this situation when, led by both Democratic and Republican members, it put into legislation the Federal Trade Commission Act and refused to give the commission power to rule in advance.

At this juncture it may be said that exceptional cases have been used here as illustrations. The types of cases, such as I have described, and some few other classes, are the only ones in which there can be any doubt as to whether the business world knows in advance about the law and justice of the practice involved. In such cases, the courts, under our form of government, must make the final decision.

The only point involved in such cases is whether the evidence sustains the complaint or not, and this evidence cannot be obtained except by examination of witnesses under oath. Would it not be absurd to suggest that an official body should rule in advance as to whether a business interest could indulge in such practices?

Nevertheless, the "let-us-alone" group, or those who desire to get under the protection of a governmental umbrella, insist that official bodies should do this very thing.

Romantic Rascals

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The end of that experiment was a riot in which the theater was nearly wrecked, and the Duke of Cumberland led the riot, laughing joyously as he charged here and there at the head of a mob, his sword unsheathed.

But there came a time when a Parliamentary career appealed to Montague. Did people say that he was a hopeless vagabond? Very well. Let them say. He would show them that he was quite capable of playing the gentleman with the best. Did folks say that he was one who chafed at restraint? Very well. He would show them that he was quite competent to make laws to restrain others. So, twice he represented his constituency in Parliament, playing his part as a dignified and eloquent lawmaker.

As for the qualifications of a gentleman of his day, there was one in which he shone. He could play for high stakes with the best. At Almack's, the fashionable gambling club, in company with that "greatest debater the world ever saw," Charles James Fox, he played from five o'clock one afternoon, steadily through the night, and on into the day following until six o'clock in the evening, at which time Mr. Fox lost twelve thousand pounds. But that was between gentlemen and equals. Another gambling duel had a different aspect, for the eye of Edward Wortley Montague was keenly set upon a certain Joseph Isaacs who proclaimed himself to be the luckiest gambler in Europe. So Isaacs was challenged by Montague to play, and lost heavily. Then Isaacs went to Amsterdam, but Montague followed him, challenged him, played him, and again beat him. Isaacs fled to Paris then, sore afraid, vituperating against his merciless pursuer who loudly declared that he would play him anywhere, at any game, for any stakes, and for any length of time. The real truth of that adventure has not seen the light. All we know is that something went wrong, and Montague, with a fellow member of Parliament named Taaffe, was imprisoned by the Paris authorities on complaint of the Jew, charged with cheating at play. However, the escapade did not prevent Edward Wortley Montague from being elected a member of the Royal Society on his return to England.

The last years of his life were spent at Padua, Italy, where he died at the age of sixty-two, a gallant rascal to the end, but a man with none of that conscious superiority about him which is the mark of the prig.

Mapping the Mississippi Valley

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the Mississippi which appeared on the maps of the great cartographer, Guillaume de L'Isle. Later Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, the founder of Detroit in 1701, was made Governor of Louisiana in 1713. However, Louisiana was then for France the dumping ground for paupers and criminals and the final failure of France in America rests upon the character of her colonists. The English colonist with his axe was more powerful than the French adventurer with his sword.

The idea of La Salle and Frontênac and other inspired Frenchmen was of a great French arc encircling the English. The arc rested upon Quebec at the north and New Orleans at the south, with the keystone in the region from Detroit to the Upper Mississippi. But the human support in large and active self-supporting colonists, tillers of the soil, was lacking so that inevitably the great English colonies could not be restrained within the narrow boundaries set for them by the French. It is interesting to see upon the French maps that the English colonies are depicted as extending only to the Alleghenies while the great interior basin is La Nouvelle France or Louisiana.

A joke was perpetrated upon map-makers by the insertion of a River Long from Northern Minnesota to the Pacific Ocean. This river was the creation of the imagination of the Baron Lahontan. This soldier of fortune, after serving in the army in Canada, utilized his knowledge of America to write an account, New Voyages into North America. The river looked well upon the map, filling a space that was largely unexplored for another century. In consequence many map-makers from 1703 onward included Lahontan's river without question.

The peace of 1763 between England and France and Spain established the English in the region between the Mississippi and the Atlantic Coast. As far as the eastern tributaries of the great river are concerned these are quite correctly placed upon the maps from that time. However, the source and the western tributaries long remained unconquered and unknown.

Frontenac, inspired by the report of Joliet, sent Du Lhut in 1678 to explore the upper regions of the great river. Until 1680 Du Lhut continued in the region of the city which today bears his name and in the region of the "Thousand Lakes," quite near the source which he sought. Another French Recollect, Louis Hennepin, companion of La Salle, discovered in 1780 the Falls of St. Anthony, so named after the priest's patron saint.

Not until 1803 did the United States acquire the territory west of the Mississippi. However, once acquired the government immediately began exploration of the sources of the Missouri and the Mississippi. The Lewis and Clark Expedition of 1804 to 1806 placed the source region of the Missouri accurately upon the map. However, the Zebulon Pike Expedition to the Upper Mississippi made only a good beginning. In 1818, the region between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, north of Illinois, was added to Michigan Territory. Michigan's able governor, Lewis Cass, determined to explore the source region. His expedition of 1820 made notable advance over that of Pike.

De Lisle's Louisiana. The voyage of Iberville in 1699 definitely replaced the mouth of the Mississippi where Joliet and La Salle (in 1683) had placed it.

As mineralogist with Cass in 1820 was Henry R. Schoolcraft who, in 1832, on a second expedition, reached and named Lake Itasca. The name was taken from the Latin "*veritas*," true, and "*caput*," head or source, by cutting off the "*ver*" of the first word and the "*put*" of the second. While others may have been to this lake, Schoolcraft put it on the map as the source of the river. A French scientist, Joseph Nicolas Nicollét, in 1836, made the necessary careful topographical study of the sources and between 1838 and 1841 explored the region between the Upper Mississippi and the Missouri. For the region of the upper lakes and the region between the Missouri and the Mississippi Nicollét's work became the basis of present-day maps.

By Spaniard and Frenchman, by native Indian and native American, the Mississippi was finally conquered. To France and to Spain, as well as to all the world, the products of this region go today, bearing witness to the fact that the wild dreams of wealth sought here by De Soto and La Salle have been found, not in mine and on beaver's back but in the soil and in the fertility and the power of the river.

"Speak! Speak! Thou Fearful Guest—"

A SMALL piece of iron; a thin plate of copper with notched edge, probably used as a calendar; a bit of steel, part of an ancient gun; a Spanish lance and a piece of ivory plate worn over the shoulder and on which rested the heavy gun. These, and a white man's skull with a few bones, are all that is left of what is believed to be one of Coronado's gallant Conquistadors, found buried in a cleft of rock in the canyon of Purgatory River near La Junta, Colorado.

Earl D. Scarlett, a World War veteran, discovered the gruesome remains while hunting for Indian arrowheads in the canyon. He noticed adobe in the cleft, high up, and wondered how it got there inasmuch as the nearest deposit was some distance away and on the level ground. Investigation disclosed the skeleton, together with the brown stain that had once been a gun, but now was nothing but dust and copper, with here and there a small piece of better-grade steel that had withstood the ravages of time and the elements.

Mr. Scarlett notified the Colorado State Museum at Denver. Expert physicians pronounced the skull that of a white man. Edward Butts, curator of the Daniel B. Dyer Museum of Kansas City, stated that the ivory plate was a protection for the shoulder of the man who carried the arquebus, as the heavy gun of that period was called. Mr. Butts believes it quite probable some of Coronado's men visited this district. The relic that points conclusively to Spanish exploration is the spear or lance point. It has sharp edges and holes for fastening on to the handle and was of the type carried by the Spanish of that date. Absence of more armor does not necessarily indicate that this was not one of Coronado's men. It is quite probable that some one of the weary explorers abandoned his heavy suit of metal when he became lost.

Identification of J. Wilkes Booth

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Sergeant Boston Corbett, Sergeant Andrew Wendell, Corporal Charles Zimmer, Corporal Michael Uniac, Corporal John Winter, Corporal Herman Newgarten, Corporal John Walz, Corporal Oliver Lonpay, Corporal Michael Hormsbey, Privates John Myers, John Ryan, William Byrne, Philip Hoyt, Martin Kelley, Henry Putnam, Frank McDaniel, Lewis Savage, Abraham Genay, Emery Parady, David Baker, William McQuade, John Millington, Frederick Dietz, John H. Singer, Carl Steinbrugge, and Joseph Zisgen, each $1,653.85.....43,000

$75,000

The captors of Atzerodt were paid $25,000 and a $5,000 reward was paid for the capture of Payne.

The payments were made by separate draft of the Treasury Department of the United States, issued August 9, 1866, on Treasury Warrant No. 7724 and each of the paid drafts aggregating the total sum appropriated is now in the archives of the Government at Washington and may be seen by permission of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Identity of Man Shot—John Wilkes Booth

As to the identity of the man shot in the Garrett barn, Colonel Everton J. Conger, who, it will be remembered, was one of the detective officers present at the death of John Wilkes Booth, testified at the conspiracy trial in 1865 that he had seen John Wilkes Booth in Washington and recognized the man who was killed as the same. Colonel Conger, Lieutenant L. B. Baker, and Lieutenant Doherty, the three officers who were in command of the pursuing party, declare in their various statements and reports that while searching for Booth and at the time they found him they were carrying pictures of John Wilkes Booth for identification and used them for this purpose.

Colonel Conger testified that the man in the barn stated that he was lame. The three Confederate officers and the Garretts say the man who came was lame. Even Mr. Bates did not question the identity of the lame man taken to the Garrett place by Jett, Ruggles, and Bainbridge.

W. H. Garrett's statement that the man who came to his place was the man who was shot is in evidence. It will also be remembered that Booth while dying asked if Jett had betrayed him. A natural question for Booth but not for someone else.

At the Surratt trial, Lieutenant L. B. Baker testified that "there was a pin which Colonel Conger took from his undershirt after we tore open his collar." Baker then identified the pin, compass, diary, and knife which had been taken from Booth's body. Then Colonel Conger was called to the stand. He testified that after Booth was shot and before he died, he took a pin with a stone set in jet from Booth's person on which was engraved, "Dan Bryant to J. W. Booth." Colonel Conger stated that he had given these articles to Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War. The pin referred to was exhibited and identified by the witnesses. Dan Bryant was the father of the minstrel show and a friend of the Booth family.

There has never been any question about the handwriting of Booth's diary. It was identified by a great many witnesses.

At the Surratt trial and the impeachment investigation of Andrew Johnson it will be remembered that testimony showed that Captain Jett saw Booth at the Garrett place after he was shot and before he died. Jett did not question, in the stories he gave for publication later on, that the man was actually the assassin. While Herold, when first taken from the barn, claimed that he knew nothing of "that man in there," maintaining that his name was Boyd (this was the name under which Booth and Herold were traveling) he did not afterward deny Booth's true identity. Boston Corbett, in a letter written to a friend and which was published in the New York papers, a few days after the capture, said, "When Herold spoke of Booth he called him Boyd, and told us that he had first met him but three days before. Nevertheless, on our way to Washington, he spoke of Booth by his real name."

On April 27, 1865, the day following Booth's death, an order was issued by the Secretary of the Navy permitting Surgeon-General J. K. Barnes and his assistant, accompanied by Judge Advocate-General Holt, John A. Bingham, Major Eckert, Assistant Secretary of War; William C. Moore, Colonel L. C. Baker, chief of the Secret Service; Lieutenant L. B. Baker, Lieutenant-Colonel Everton J. Conger, Charles Dawson, chief clerk, National Hotel; J. L. Smith, Mr. Gardiner, the photographer, and an assistant, to go on board the *Montauk* to identify the body of John Wilkes Booth.

Dr. J. Frederick May, whose story, "The Mark of the Scalpel," appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT February 7, 1925, was brought on board by Surgeon-General Barnes and testified before seeing the body that if it were that of John Wilkes Booth there would be a scar upon the muscle of the left side of his neck, three inches below the ear, occasioned by an operation performed by Dr. May for the removal of a tumor some months previous to Booth's death. Surgeon-General Barnes testified at the conspiracy trial that he then examined the body and found the scar as described by Dr. May. Surgeon-General Barnes then cut from Booth's neck a section of the vertebrae through which the ball had passed and this was placed in the Army Medical Museum.

Charles Dawson, chief clerk at the National Hotel, where Booth had roomed, positively identified the body on board the gunboat, at the time of the autopsy on deck, according to Dr. G. L. Porter, army surgeon, by the initials "J. W. B." which had been tattooed in India ink on the right hand.

A contemporary picture from *Harper's Weekly*.
The autopsy on board the *Montauk* April 27, 1865.

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Dawson swore that he had frequently observed the letters on Booth's hand while he was signing the hotel register, and on one occasion had said, "Booth, what a fool you were to disfigure that pretty hand in such a way."

It also will be remembered that Thomas K. Jones, who took care of Booth for Colonel Cox, stated that Booth identified himself by the initials "J. W. B." tattooed on his hand. Captain Jett at the conspiracy trial swore Booth had on his hand the initials "J. W. B." which Booth had shown the three Confederate officers at Port Conway for the purpose of identification. Sergeant J. M. Peddicord, the guard in charge of Booth's body on board the *Montauk* in a letter to the Roanoke, Virginia, *Evening News*, June 6, 1903, described the details of the post-mortem examination witnessed by him April 27, 1865, and states that he remembered the J. W. B. on Booth's hand.

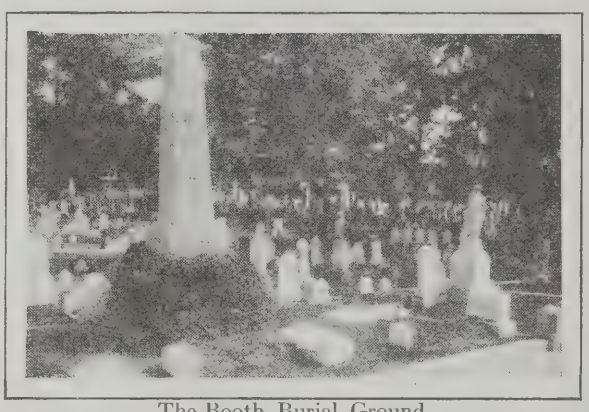
In 1869, when the body of John Wilkes Booth was removed from the old arsenal building and turned over to Edwin Booth for burial in the Booth family lot, assurance that the right body had been obtained was given by John Wilkes Booth's dentist who identified it from fillings he had put in some time before the death of Booth.

Blanche Chapman, an actress who had known the assassin, stated in a story carried in the Baltimore *Sun* in 1903, that she was present with the Booths at the burial after the exhumation of John Wilkes' body and cut off a lock of his curly black hair and handed it to his mother who divided it and gave back half to Miss Chapman.

While Booth, as Mr. Bates' book suggests, might have lost his diary, compass, knife, carbine, and pistols, and that miraculously all these things might have been picked up by an unknown man who was shot in the barn, it strains the probabilities to expect that the pin bearing Booth's name and fastened to his undershirt, the initials "J. W. B." tattooed on his hand, the broken leg which Booth sustained in his fall, the scar on his neck, which Booth had by reason of a surgical operation, and his dental work were all likewise transferred to the unknown.

The disposition of John Wilkes Booth's body has occasioned a separate outburst of controversy due to the varying stories told by General Lafayette C. Baker for the express purpose of misleading people as to the exact location of the first burial place of the assassin. Even after the truthful story was told, considerable confusion resulted because one writer would state that the body was buried in the "old arsenal grounds," while another would say that the burial took place in "the old penitentiary building," and unless the reader happened to know that both names designated the same place, it was naturally assumed that one or the other statement was untrue.

According to the testimony of General Baker given at the impeachment investigation of Andrew Johnson, he was ordered by the Secretary of War on April 27, 1865, after the post-mortem was made, to take the body of John Wilkes Booth from the gunboat late in the afternoon and convey it to the arsenal grounds and there turn it over to Colonel Benton, in charge of the arsenal, and General Eckert, the Assistant Secretary of War.



The Booth Burial Ground.

This is marked by a monument of white marble, set upon a base of gray granite which was erected by Edwin Booth, brother of John Wilkes. In this lot are buried three generations of the Booth family. The father and mother of John Wilkes are buried on the west side of the monument. This is marked by two headstones of white marble. On the east side close to the monument, beneath the ivy, is the grave of John Wilkes Booth, unmarked, in accordance with a stipulation of the authorities that the "actual location of the remains should not be marked by monument or mound." In the northwest corner of the lot is the grave of Asia Booth Clarke, a sister. At the south of the monument and next to the grave of Richard Booth, the grandfather of John Wilkes, is Rosalie, another sister. The remains of Frederick, Elizabeth, and Mary Ann Booth are buried under the monument. On the monument are the following inscriptions:
South Side:
Junius Brutus Booth, Born May 1, 1796, Died Nov. 30, 1852.
West Side:
In the same grave with Junius Brutus Booth is buried the body of Mary Ann, his wife, who survived him 33 years.
East Side:
TO THE MEMORY OF THE CHILDREN OF JUNIUS BRUTUS AND MARY ANN BOOTH
John Wilkes, Frederick, Elizabeth, Mary Ann, Henry Byron.

The following questions were asked General Baker (formerly Colonel Baker):

Q. Was it in the arsenal building, or in the penitentiary?

A. I call it the arsenal building, because it was used for arsenal stores. It was properly the old penitentiary, though it had not been used for a penitentiary for some time. It was occupied at that time for arsenal stores for fixed ammunition.

Q. Did you ever represent to anybody that you or some of your assistants took the body of Booth out into the ocean, tied stones to it, and sunk it?

A. I do not know that I ever did directly. I have been questioned a great deal in reference to that matter, and used to reply to the reporters somewhat at random. Very likely I did make such a statement. I do not recollect.

Q. Why do you say very likely you did?

A. I say that because, at the time the body was disposed of, I was beset by correspondents and others who wanted to ascertain where it was buried. The Secretary did not want anybody to know.

Q. Did you ever represent that you alone, with one other man, disposed of the body, and that no other persons on earth knew where it was?

A. My previous answer applies to this question.

Q. You will answer this question if you please.

A. I might have made that representation.

Q. Did you represent to anyone that the head of Booth was taken off and the body buried without the head?

A. Never in my life.

Q. Is it a fact or not?

A. It is not, so far as I know.

Q. Was the head buried with the body?

A. The last I saw of the body it was whole, excepting a section of the spinal bone where the bullet entered, taken by Doctor Barnes, Surgeon-General, and which, I believe, is now in the Medical Museum.

According to the testimony of Lieutenant L. B. Baker, he, General L. C. Baker, and two of the *Montauck's* sailors took the body from the gunboat, placed it in a row boat, carried it down the eastern branch to a little wharf attached to the arsenal, and then turned it over to Colonel Benton. The body was actually buried under the floor of a large room, the door to the room was locked and the key turned over to the Secretary of War.

In the *Columbian Magazine* for April, 1911, there is a story by George L. Porter, Assistant Surgeon of the United States Army, in 1865 and stationed then at the arsenal, that he and four enlisted men were the only persons present at the time the body was lowered into its grave.

Dr. Porter states that those present when the body was buried were sworn to secrecy regarding the happenings of the night until such time as necessity for secrecy had passed. That the body was carried to a large room 50x40 feet, which was being used for general storage quarters, buried under the floor and the door locked. He states that the reason for the attempted secrecy "may be found in the turbulent condition of public affairs, the general consternation and almost universal suspicion. The departments in Washington were demoralized; the clerks were not trusted to copy official orders that were written by the chief personally and transmitted directly by messenger." The Govern-

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that the boys in the newspaper office, who are not noted for tender treatment, grabbed this copy and maliciously put it in the most conspicuous place they could find on the editorial page. My friend, who is very careful about his statements, told where he had seen the book, which was in the New York Library. Thereupon the enraged author hotfooted around there and made strenuous efforts to get it suppressed. My recollection is that the library people refused, and that the book is still there.

While in one sense all this seems disgusting, viewed from the trenches, it must be remembered that the intellectual is never so bad as he seems. His position may be defined in the words of a celebrated villain, Iago, who said:

"Who steals my purse steals trash; . . .
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

Harding Davis as a "Highbrow"

One of the most distressing cases I know was the treatment of Richard Harding Davis. He was made to appear as a "highbrow" or intellectual, and many newspapermen, most of whom were secretly jealous of his success, never lost an opportunity to sting him with a paragraph. Two stories about him, neither of which was true, were eagerly printed and went the rounds. One was to the effect that among all the girl photos which reposed upon his dressing table was one bearing the legend, "She does not bore me," and the other was that he once registered at a hotel, "Richard Harding Davis and valet," and some rough person put after his line, "John Smith and valise." Unfortunately, Davis had an affected, egotistic manner, and apparently liked to talk of nothing but himself. I took luncheon with him one day at the Players Club just after he had returned from Russia where he had gone to report the coronation of the late Czar. His personal description of the coronation seemed to convey the idea that Richard Harding Davis, and not Nicholas, was being crowned, and that, indeed, the whole affair had been arranged by the Russian court, that he might possibly write something about it for the American papers. This sort of thing in Davis, however, was actually due to a kind of innate modesty. He blurted out things about himself to hide his embarrassment. He was never anything but a boy, taking delight in his exploits, with himself as hero, in precisely the same way that he wrote. His enormous dramatic or story-telling talent drew his own personality into the swirl of his talk. Once come to know him, his real character was evident. Of course, the newspaper boys saw him only on the surface, and many of them said and wrote mean things about him, when they would have gone to any length to have accomplished what he did.

The intellectuals, as they are somewhat vaguely known as a group, seem to have originated in Russia. This was in pre-revolution days, and they were obliged to be secretive, as many of them were Socialists, or disciples of Karl Marx. One of the most interesting of the Russian intellectuals was Prince Peter Alexeyevitch Kropotkin, whose "Memoirs of a Revolutionist" is one of the great books of all time. As the great European war broke in 1914, there was a pronounced stirring among writers, this incipient movement being largely due to the Paris studios, where in art the cubists were being born, and in poetry the free verse and imagist forms were coming into notice. Naturally, such an upheaval as the war brought to the surface many strange fish. Since the Armistice we have brought into being the word intelligentsia, a word that is not yet in the dictionaries, and of which no one seems to know the precise meaning. It seems to be, in general, a kind of lower form of intelligence than that of the intellectual. Apparently it has no singular form, which would seem to indicate that a member of the intelligentsia cherishes as his ideal to be "all things to all men."

The truth is that the mere cultivation of our intellectuals carries an enormous risk.

My intelligent readers will no doubt by this time perceive that I myself am a little bit "cagey" (to use a vulgar term) in my description of these lofty beings, but they must not forget that this is a pioneer article, subject, like the Encyclopedia Britannica, the World Almanac, and Rand and McNally's geographies, and other works of genius, to constant revision afterward.

Mencken Might Capture Blue Ribbon

H. L. Mencken, the distinguished editor of the *American Mercury*, who swings no mean typewriter himself, has failed to include the word intelligentsia in his remarkable book, "The American Language," and until he does, we shall be more or less in the dark. Mr. Mencken is probably, on all counts, our greatest all-round intellectual. In a prize contest of intellectuals, he would undoubtedly walk off with the blue ribbon. There is nothing to conceal about his methods. We see him, in his native habitat, very much like Irvin Cobb's goldfish. His ratiocinations and reflections, the delicate and precise workings of his organs of mental digestion, are all exposed. It seems strange that so many enraged people should go out of their way to misunderstand him, when his meaning is so plain. He is at heart, just like so many others of us who have goods to sell, a practical American. His sole business is to entertain. He would probably not decline the story-telling faculty, if it were offered to him on a platter. But not having it, he falls back on criticism. It would be wrong to criticize him for this, because, as a critic, he is not only the best we have, but the most useful. It is not at all necessary to tell people the truth to be a critic. On the contrary. It is only necessary to stir them up.

I do not know whether Mr. Mencken is a regular or even an occasional attendant at the round table at the Algonquin Hotel in New York or not. This table, which has become so celebrated as the sacred circle of the intelligentsia, has in itself achieved a sort of fictitious reputation, because, as a matter of common justice, the men and women who do attend are nearly all interesting, many of them intelligent, and some few of them, for example, Marc Connelly, positively handsome. A year or so ago a bright young man on the *World* selected Marc as the handsomest man in New York, and the reputation has clung to him ever since. My own private opinion, however, is that his side partner (collaborator with him of a season's success, "The Beggar on Horseback," George Kaufman) has, for looks, got Marc backed right off the map.

Others who attend the Algonquin are Alex. Woollcott, formerly of the *Times* and now dramatic critic for Mr. Munsey, Heywood Broun and his wife; F. P. A.; Burton Rascoe, the literary intellectual of the *Herald-Tribune*, Robert Benchley of *Life*; Robert Sherwood, (*Continued on page 30*)

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motion picture critic, also of *Life*, and Dorothy Parker. Occasionally there drops into the circle some "master of fiction," as we lowbrows put it; but, broadly speaking, the writers who make the big money are too busy making it to be regular attendants at intellectual feasts. These are mostly quiet men, who play about the world, getting first-hand material.

If we are to classify the intellectuals at all, however, and do it with any kind of accuracy, we must consider the locality. There is, of course, in every community, no matter how small, one or more intellectuals. If the community is large enough, a group is formed, and the latest vibrations from Paris, New York, Boston, and Chicago are duly recorded and assimilated. In the old days Boston, technically described as a state of mind, long held the supremacy as the intellectual center of the country. One of the funniest things in all American literature is the account by W. D. Howells, in his inimitable little book, "My Mark Twain" (almost the best bit of biography I ever read), of Mark Twain's celebrated speech on December 17, 1877, at the dinner given by the *Atlantic* staff to John G. Whittier on his seventieth birthday. Clemens, then a comparatively young man with an incipient reputation, memorized his speech beforehand. He dramatized the notables at the table—Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson—as bleary outcasts in a log cabin, putting low language into their mouths. He couldn't stop, as he knew nothing else. The shock was terrible. "My sense of disgrace does not abate. It grows," wrote Mark to Howells later. Charles Dudley Warner tried to pass it off in the general gloom that followed by remarking, "Well, Mark, *you're* a funny fellow." It was not until nearly thirty years after that this immortal speech, in which our greatest humorist had taken a true fall out of the intellectuals, was recognized on its merits.

Chicago as a Rival of New York

Some few years ago we were all similarly shocked when Mr. Mencken gravely announced that Chicago was then the intellectual center of the United States. Those of us in the Metropolis who were privileged to sit at the feet of some young man who had been transferred from the Boston *Transcript* to the *Times* or *World*, or were receiving daily esthetic ablutions at the hands of some Harvard graduate who had matriculated in dramatic art, had a fixed idea in our minds that New York was secure in its intelligentsia—it could be reached from Petrograd or Paris several hours sooner than Chicago. Mr. Mencken's pronouncement, however, was, of course, final. The London *Times* had praised him. That was enough. Besides, he pointed out some of the men in Chicago who were preëminent. Since then the balance of intellect has shifted somewhat in favor of New York. Both Percy Hammond and Burton Rascoe have come on from Chicago. Mr. Hammond had a hard time at first, because his vocabulary was too intricate, even for New York intellectuals. He had associated with Chicago so long that only the elect could understand him. This was perfectly safe in Chicago, where Oscar Wilde's celebrated axiom, "I live in constant fear of not being misunderstood," was graven on the typewriter bar cases of all the young reporters who were then preparing for the glorious future by absorbing the works of H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw.

As the case stands at present, and until we hear further from Mr. Mencken, I should say that between Chicago and New York the intelligentsia batting is about even.

Where a Semitic Strain Is Found

By this time my readers, who have without doubt become wary and suspicious of my footless attempt to define the intellectuals, will conclude that the case is hopeless, and walk out on me. Even if we are crude and quite possibly vulgar, however, let us go on for another lap and see if we cannot do a little better by a process of elimination. For instance, Booth Tarkington is not an intellectual. He writes stories which depict, with extraordinary fidelity, the actual life of the American people. Furthermore, he does not secretly depend upon indecency. I do not mean to imply that all intellectuals are indecent. Nevertheless, we must admit that there is a Semitic strain in a great deal of our intellectual stuff, and it must be admitted that there is a kind of subtle and poisonous indecency among certain Semitics which is not the kind of stuff we inherited from such men as William Bradford, Daniel Boone, William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, and other pioneers of America.

But to go over on the other side of the fence for a moment, there is a sense in which Edith Wharton, undoubtedly our greatest woman writer, is an intellectual. In thus making an intellectual distinction between Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Tarkington—and it must be admitted to her disparagement—I am fully aware that I am on delicate ground. The fact is that what Mrs. Wharton has gained intellectually by long sojourn in European atmospheres, she has correspondingly lost as a true portrayer of America. Where America—as in the life of its Metropolis and in its "high society"—parallels, or matches, similar European strata, Mrs. Wharton's touch is sure, her art unquestioned. But if America is different from any or all the other nations in the world, isn't that what we want to have portrayed for us? Isn't that genuine literature, as distinguished from the purely intellectual? And how can Mrs. Wharton do this when she abandons her country and goes elsewhere to get her facts? The same thing was true of Henry James. His work thus deteriorated constantly, as he grew older. He had enormous talent. He had a fine soul, as souls go. His conceit—especially about his dramatic performances—was the conceit of a four-year-old. But if he had lived here, and done as Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson are doing, he might have escaped entirely being an intellectual, and become as great as they are.

What I particularly dislike about the attitude of all so-called intellectuals, is their practice of throwing mud at their own country, when they really don't understand any more about it (or so much) than any man in a barber shop. Even Theodore Dreiser, who is a great writer in many respects, cannot keep his hands off, but showers contempt on this country. Quite naturally, compared with decadent European standards, we are common, ordinary, vulgar, and so on. I myself hate a lot of things we are doing, just as any man hates certain primitive things in himself.

Something Lacking in Intellectuals

But it certainly requires what so many intellectuals have not, namely common sense, to see that many of the things we are accomplishing in this country—as wasteful, as indeed sinful as we are—are things which have never before been done in the history of mankind. Mr. Mencken, for example, would scorn to use the word *love*, except in some derisive or offhand intellectuality. He couldn't use it in any other way, because if he did, it would damage his reputation for tartness by so much. Therefore, do you not see quite plainly that a reputation for any particular kind of thing is dangerous, because it is limiting? If such a thing can be imagined as Mr. Mencken going to a Methodist camp meeting and being converted, nobody would ever know it—at least the probabilities are that nobody would ever know it—because he would be ashamed to admit it.

Miss Agnes Repplier, who is by far the best woman writer we actually have among us in America (in spite of her undoubted intellectuality), would not necessarily be classed as an in-

Mr. Ford's Page

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has a more comprehensive view of world policies than had the great statesmen of a few decades ago.

But to allege this as the source of nervous disturbance is rather extravagant. For these things are not new to all. The generations overlap, and boys today are accepting as their natural daily companions—as natural as the clouds and trees—marvels which their fathers never guessed. A generation born with these things to hand will grow up naturally with them; these wonders will be the common daily tools of the new era, with probably still greater tools to accompany them, and the use of them will be no more a nervous strain than was the use of the stagecoach or the sailing ship generations ago.

It seems perfectly reasonable to say that the charge that newness causes nervous strain may be pushed too far, much too far. All this newness is itself *the normal march of mind*. Fast as the world may be moving, it is not moving any faster than human minds have moved. Everything we have is the work of some human mind. The pace of the age is the pace set by men like ourselves. It is not as if we were being pushed by cosmic forces that are not geared to our gait; this vast panorama of modern progress *is* our gait. Else we should not be going it. It is human. It is natural. It is the product of our living contemporaries.

If we were being dragged in the wake of brilliantly blazing stars of genius whose brightness blinded and whose heat shriveled plain folk, that would be different. But what we have is the result of the most sane and commonplace processes, the result of the most calm and sober setting of plain fact against plain fact. Indeed, it may be said that we have nothing new, amid all our wonders, but a new combination of old things. Why, then, should the newness be charged with being a nervously destructive force in our life?

It is not the onmarch that hurts, but the backpull. There is, unfortunately, a queer quirk of the mind by which it feels that it cannot be loyal to the old without being antagonistic to the new. And there the antagonism begins, and there also is the source of the disjointedness of life which leads to nervous irritation. The voice of wisdom says to us: *Keep the Old and Accept the New*. What was good and useful in the old can never pass, what is worthless in the new cannot remain. The very creators of the new are but preserving the old in more enduring forms.

Sapiro's Peach and Fig Growers

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the wheat-producers, is merely a subsidiary to what he is pleased to call "an international pool."

There are a score of other and somewhat minor factors of failure in the Sapiro Plan associations, the majority of which are inherent in the plan itself. It is doubtful if the most honest, competent, and careful business man in this country could make a success of the operation of a coöperative marketing association if he followed the Sapiro Plan. Certainly no sane business man, intrusted with the direction of the operations of a firm of several partners would undertake to direct those operations on this plan. The farmers of the United States are beginning to realize, as the grain-growers of Canada apparently did realize immediately when Mr. Sapiro appeared on the scene, that they are in business for themselves, and are not sheep producing wool for alien shearers. Having arrived at this point of view, they are rejecting in ever-increasing numbers the plan offered by the enterprising and industrious, but strictly non-agricultural Mr. Sapiro. In this early part of 1925, after a disastrous decade of Sapiro Plan "coöperative" experience, there is a large and apparently permanent rainbow in the sky of agricultural marketing. It points directly away from the Sapiro Plan, from Jewish influences, and from internationalization of American agriculture to the comparatively simple system of business methods applied to the nation's greatest business.

Identification of J. Wilkes Booth

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ment feared that the body of Booth, if secured by Southern sympathizers, might be used as a rallying point to revive the war. Fear was the motive behind the false reports.

In 1867 it became necessary to tear down the building in which the body was buried and it was moved to one of the large storehouses on the arsenal grounds, the bodies of the four conspirators, Mrs. Mary Surratt, Louis Payne, George Atzerodt, and David Herold, who were executed on July 7, 1865, were also dug up and placed beside it.

Edwin Booth, to please his mother, requested that the body of John Wilkes be turned over to the family. This was done February 15, 1869, and it was taken to Baltimore, identified, as already has been described, then reburied in the family plot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Maryland.

The trio of contenders for the assassin's infamy, James Glasgow Armstrong, John St. Helen, and David George, may now rest peacefully, undisturbed by myth makers. They were indeed romantic rascals, ego-maniacs, who have enjoyed their precarious places in history. They are now in the category of historical fiction and there let us trust they will remain.

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tellectual, except by those who are unaware of her fine spiritual qualities, which, in her writing, are always duly restrained. Here again we are on delicate ground. One can scarcely read the essay, "The Idolotrous Dog," in her latest volume, "Under Dispute," without on the one hand admitting and admiring her literary technic, and at the same time being sorry for the didacticism which makes her declare that—speaking of vivisection—"None but the supremely ignorant can deny its usefulness."

The truth is that the mere cultivation of our intellects carries an enormous risk. If we make this an exclusive process and fail to keep in the thick of our ordinary occupations, such as marrying and having children and playing games and being generally foolish—then we are bound to lose out in the long run, just as Henry James lost out. Nothing is so important to our intellectuals—whoever they may be—as themselves and their daily utterances. And nothing is so unimportant to everybody else.

As an experiment, last year, I wrote an anonymous letter to a man whom I selected as the biggest highbrow (I still like that word) in England. He was the editor of a very exclusive periodical, a real literary Brahma of the highest caste, and the author of books which had attained world-wide celebrity. I wrote him frankly that I was just an ordinary dub American without any particular education except what I had picked up, and that I was writing to him to ask him why, just because he was British, he considered himself so superior. Of course, I did this because I wanted, so to speak, to get a rise out of him. Then I asked him certain questions about religion and philosophy. To my astonishment he wrote back a long personal letter, one of the most charming letters I ever read, saturated with genuine humility, and, quite ingenuously taking me to task for harboring for a moment the thought that he, or any other "Britisher," should think himself superior to an American. Here, undoubtedly, was a man whose intellect had not warped his spirit. And that is the way it ought to be.

(*To be continued*)

The Last Wilderness in Superior Forest

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tions cooped up in cities, would do with such a spot!

Forests of white pine and Norway pine stand upon the shores of many of these lakes along the boundary. Frequently, outlined against the green depths, there is the shining silver birch, and occasionally a rare island where clumps of the birch have taken entire possession. Poplars are common, and there are considerable quantities of spruce. There is balsam for the bed of the woodsman, and the other native trees and plants of the north woods are represented.

Great cliffs of rock tower above many of the lakes, and in some places there are rolling, mountain-like ranges with thousands of great boulders. In other places the banks are not so imposing, and the forests grow to the water's edge. Hundreds of wooded islands are scattered over these lakes, ranging from mere "flower-pots," supporting a pine or two, to veritable mountains of rock supporting small forests.

The Haunt of the Beaver

AS YOU paddle along from one lake to another and marvel at the wild, unspoiled beauty of it all, it is not hard to imagine that you are transported for the moment to the heart of the old America as it was before the coming of the white man. To think, Kentucky and Tennessee, Virginia and Vermont—these and many other states—had such forests, where now there are idle wastes!

As you glide along, a beaver swims in front of the canoe, looks curiously at you and submerges with the customary sharp slap of his broad, flat tail. A little farther along, a group of cub bears are playing at the edge of the water. Before you get very far in the forest, deer will scamper from your path, and if you are fortunate you may come upon a moose feeding in the waters. In every way, here is a piece of the old wilderness.

A bit of the old wilderness! Nature lovers and conservationists are determined that the Superior Forest region shall be preserved just in that way. Man has despoiled or altered in some form nearly all the great natural beauty spots with which this country was enriched, but this one region they are going to preserve as a real wilderness.

One would think that there could be no dissenting voice to this. Only this year, a plan was proposed for the building of roads through the heart of the forest. The proposal looked harmless enough, and probably was well meant.

But naturalists, conservationists and lovers of the outdoors from all parts of the country rose in one general protest. The Izaak Walton League marshaled its forces against the project. To build roads through the forest, said these opponents of the plan, would destroy its usefulness as a wild-life sanctuary. It would open the way to cutting some of the timber within the area of the forest, and soon the region would cease to be a wilderness.

"Can't we have this one bit of wilderness as God left it?" they asked.

So numerous were the protests that the U. S. Forestry Department held a hearing at Duluth. Sponsors of the project were hopelessly outnumbered, and the plan was dropped.

However, the men fighting to keep the forest intact didn't rest on their oars there. Appreciating that further attempts likely will be made to encroach upon the forest, they formed a permanent organization, to be known as the Superior National Forest Association, to fight for its preservation. Paul B. Riis, Rockford, Illinois, chairman of the wild-life preservation committee of the National Institute of Park Executives, is president. Will H. Dilg, president of the Izaak Walton League, Dietrich Lang and others are active in the movement.

While protecting the forest from encroachments, the new organization is seeking to extend it. The Superior National Forest contains about 1,250,000 acres of land within its borders, but about a third of this land, scattered through the forest in tracts here and there, is owned by private interests. The government is being urged to purchase these private tracts and consolidate all the land within the forest boundary into the public domain so that no part of this natural preserve shall be jeopardized in the future.

A Vigorous Protest

IN ADDITION, the government is being asked to arrange for the purchase of several million acres of land adjoining the present forest. This land, much of which is of the same general character, is not suitable for settlement and can be purchased for a nominal sum. Consolidation and extension of the forest in this way was advocated by a long list of witnesses called before a United States Senate special committee on forestation at Cloquet, Minnesota, recently.

One thing is certain, this last wilderness isn't going to be despoiled without a tremendous protest from a small but active group of men who appreciate its value. Where else in another generation can one find such interesting insights into the wild life of the country? Where now, for that matter, is there such a sanctuary undisturbed by man?

Take the marten, for instance. Like many of our other animals, the marten has been all but wiped out because of the great demand for his fur, but in the Superior Forest region he still finds a refuge. He needs protection if he is to survive.

The marten, curious as it may seem, indirectly has a beneficial effect upon the growth of forests. He lives chiefly upon the red squirrel. Jumping from branch to branch in the tree tops, he literally runs down the squirrel and kills it.

In one region in Minnesota, there were numerous white pine trees, but they did not reproduce. Red squirrels were numerous in the neighborhood. Finally a forester reached the conclusion that the extermination of the marten in the neighborhood by the trappers had been responsible indirectly for the failure of the trees to reproduce. The red squirrels had become so thick that they ate practically all the seeds of the white pine.

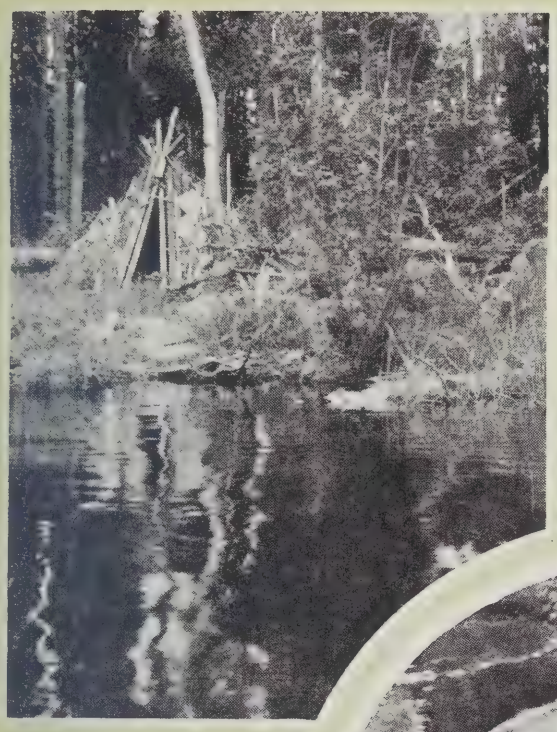
A Recreational Paradise

OTHER animals which have led a precarious life in other sections have increased in number within the forest, where hunting and trapping is not permitted. Many of them have lost much of their fear of man. It is not unusual to find squirrels and chipmunks around the ranger stations which will eat out of the outstretched hand. Occasionally deer can be won over by such kindnesses on the part of the rangers.

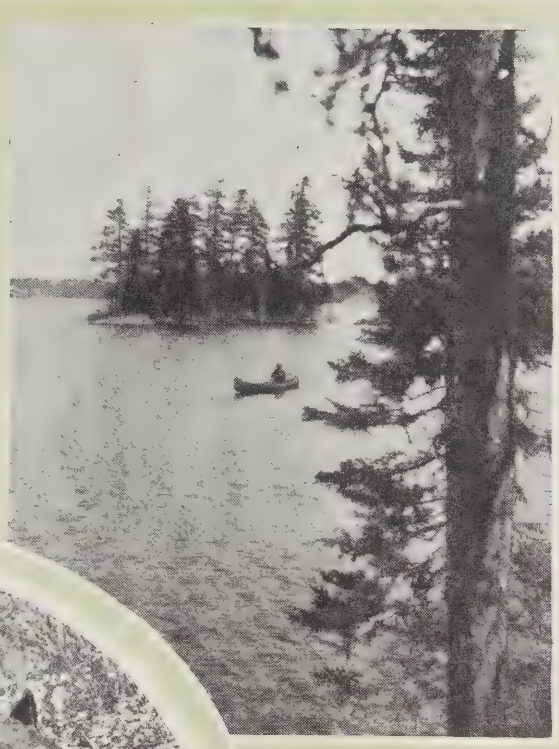
Even the moose becomes less wild. Some time ago there was a bull calf near Rainy Lake which had so lost the fear of man that it would eat salt out of the hand. This animal had been caught in the logs, and when released by a settler had been kept in a barn for a time. This suggests that even the moose, if shown a little kindness, might become somewhat more tolerant of the presence of man, as the deer is, for instance.

As a recreational paradise, the region is just as important as it is for a game sanctuary. Where, in another generation, can a man take a canoe and get out into the wilds away from all the haunts of man? Friends of nature and conservationists shake their heads sadly when that question is asked.

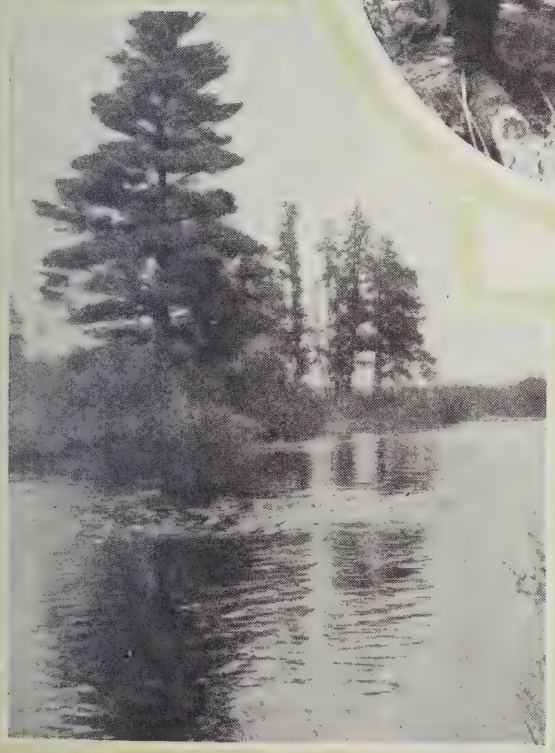
The chain of lakes along the International Boundary formed the earliest highway of commerce into what is now Northern Minnesota and the adjoining region in Canada northwest of Lake Superior. The early traders from Canada made their way over the nine miles of the Grand Portage from Lake Superior, paddled their canoes up the Pigeon River and the chain of lakes beyond, traded with the Indians and brought back great cargoes of fur. Lovers of wild life hope to confine travel through the Superior Forest to the canoe. This last wilderness, they say, must be preserved just as it is.



Vestiges of Indian life add to the interest of the region. Here is an old Indian camp on Lake Insula.



Each island of rock jutting out of the lake has its clump of trees. This is Clear Lake.



Isn't it worth while to preserve trees like this wonderful white pine? The picture was taken on the Isabella River in the Superior Forest.

You won't go far in the Superior Forest region until you find deer. Afraid? Not a bit of it.

One of the chief objects of this paper is to point out to its readers the opportunities for usefulness that lie everywhere about them, and advise how they may be used to their best advantage. It is unwise and selfish to refuse to share with others the opportunities we are able to see which are waiting for someone to take hold and build up. This paper exists to spread ideas, the best that can be found. It aims to furnish food for thought. It desires to stir ambition and encourage independent thinking. You will find here various writings from week to week. You may not agree with them all. But they will probably help us think and exchange ideas worth while.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 25 MAY 9, 1925 No. 29

CATHEDRAL TOWER, OLD PANAMA, DESTROYED BY HENRY MORGAN IN 1671—(See article, page 24)

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

Texas has the first all-woman Supreme Court in the world.

Gypsies now deal in automobiles, this business having replaced horse trading.

Nepal, in India, is the home of the famous Gurkhas. It is one of the world's few remaining monarchies in which the ruler's decree is decisive.

Platinum is the only metal upon which no single acid has an effect. The only acids that will touch platinum is a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric.

What is believed to be the oldest map of the heavens is one made by the Chinese about 600 B. C., designating the positions of 1,460 stars.

A street chart with automatic pointer connected with the wheels of London tramcars shows the traveler where he is on foggy days.

Ultra-violet rays of the sun pass through a new fabric, resembling silk, making it possible for one to take beneficial sun baths every day.

A single ray of sun shining through a rent in the cover—or through an aperture in the roof of a hut—in the Niger River country of Africa, will, in certain seasons, kill the man on whose head it strikes or make him delirious in a few minutes.

Heligoland is now no more than a fishing station and pleasure resort, as the British Admiralty, under the terms of peace, have demolished the fortifications which cost Germany $175,000,000.

King John of England, from whom the barons obtained the Magna Charta, could not write. He placed his seal on the document in a pavilion erected on Runnymede.

The smallest gold coin in the world is the League of Nations franc recently minted at Geneva. It is octagonal in shape and weighs .03225805 of a gram. It is not intended for general circulation, but represents the unit of universal value.

Leprosy was looked upon by the ancient Hindus as man's inevitable punishment for killing a serpent.

An authority on petroleum ascribes the pollution of ocean beaches to the breaking up of ships containing oil in their double bottoms, of which many were sunk during the war.

Tuxedos for women's evening wear are the latest eccentricity of feminine fashion in Paris.

Ninety-five per cent of the aspirants to enrollment in the police force of Great Britain are rejected by doctors. The general deterioration of the nation's physique and the after-effects of war-time privations are showing in those who have not reached manhood.

Summer motor traffic on the narrow limited floor of the Yosemite Valley is so great that traffic officers are required to regulate it.

Tropical fruits in a fully ripened state, dipped in a rubber composition which shuts out all air, preventing decomposition, may soon appear on distant markets. The composition becomes brittle when cold and is easily removed from the fruit.

Elephants make fly-whisks of branches stripped of most of their leaves.

Avalanches have been known to start when a climber shouted to his companions across the snow slope.

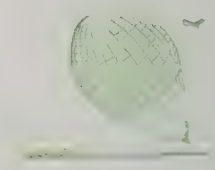
Eighty per cent of electrical household appliances are sold on the "easy payment" plan.

Airplane ambulances have been used with continuous success for two years by the French operating in Algeria, Morocco, and Syria.

Charlatans take new names to keep pace with the times, but a "consulting psychologist" is often nothing more than the old-time patent medicine faker.

An irrigation well near Broome, Australia, sunk to a depth of 1,775 feet, yields one million gallons of water a day.

The Siege of Troy was largely a myth, and, even according to Homer's own account, Helen must have been sixty years old when Paris fell in love with her.



One thousand-foot jumps by aviators from airplanes disproves the popular belief that falling from a great height destroys consciousness. Breathing is easy, the main discomfiture being the suddenness with which the fall is checked by the opening of the parachutes.

The hot springs of Tibet supply a place of refuge in winter where animals and insects can escape the cold.

Ants communicate to one another by crossing antennae.

English plantain has been found to be a hay fever plant of the first magnitude.

The "cooties" which make life miserable for queen bees are less than six one-hundredths of an inch long, according to Dr. E. F. Phillips, government specialist on bees.

The overland journey to India from Likiang, China, is a feat that has only been performed three times.

At a depth of 1,200 kilometers the temperature of the earth is about 1,200 degrees Centigrade.

Inadequately fed hogs kept in the shade will become crippled in the legs but they thrive on the same diet if allowed the direct rays of the sun.

Nearly fifty per cent of the total output of asphalt in the United States is of Mexican origin.

Among the enemies of the telephone are bears which climb the poles to find the "bees" they hear buzzing and break the insulators; the gray squirrel that bites the lead cable, and the white-headed woodpecker of the West that weakens the poles with his constant pecking.

This Issue

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the effects of efficiency—a much disliked term that stands for a really beneficial thing. (p. 11)

The dean of American humor editors discusses humor and tells what makes it humorous. It's a secret that few have come so near to surprising as Tom Masson. (p. 6)

In the Spring everybody's fancy turns to thoughts of travel, if only via the moving van. So that in this issue you may go to Oxford in sight of Magdalen Tower (p. 22), or to the Ireland of the Gael, an article written exactly as it ought to be (p. 16), or to Gloucester with its fishing smacks and dories and bronzed salt-water men (p. 20), or to North Carolina where they celebrate Independence Day on May 20, because on that day the Mecklenburg Declaration was made, the first fundamental assertion of American national rights. (p. 19)

There are also farther roamings afield. Hal Walker who went with the French official expedition to the Orient tells more of his wonder voyage to Religion's cradle (p. 29), while M. B. Hood carries the reader to the Panama Canal for the purpose of showing him that the canal is already becoming too small for the work it must do. (p. 24)

As everyone knows we are overrun with laws. Long ago this paper suggested a special session of Congress to do nothing but repeal laws. Tom Everritt (p. 3) gives pertinent facts and figures.

There's a lot of nonsense printed about the family budget, which is why we print this very sensible article by a southern woman who does not expect the impossible. (p. 5)

All who keep up to date know about Sir William Orpen, artist, who lately visited this country, but few know him so intimately as Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy, who admits us to that pleasant intimacy. (p. 2)

The "Weeping Widow" as the Faker's Friend is ably described. It may save you some money and humiliation to read this article. (p. 13) In this case 13 is lucky.

The Old Hornbook, with one of Fitzgerald's old-modern woodcuts. (p. 12)

Mr. Gregg tells about the amazing love of city people for flowers. Come to think of it, it's true. (p. 32)

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Billy O and I

Some Pen Pictures of a Great Portrait Painter

By HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

With apologies to Sir William Orpen

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A., at work on his portrait of Lord Leverhulme, which occasioned a controversy between the peer and the painter.

AND so Sir William Orpen has brought out a new edition of his book, "An Onlooker in France." It is "a revised and an enlarged edition"; but it has, so the reviewer thinks, and I am sure he is right, all the freshness and fairness, the pathos and wit, of the original unimpaired. And the pictures—beautifully reproduced—whether they be of the Tommy he loved so well, or the "frock coats" he loved so indifferently, are all great achievements. And yet, as I browsed through this review of it the other evening—such is the perversity of the human mind—my thoughts slipped past the reviewer's intriguing phrases and brilliant instances, and I suffered the fate, if so it can be styled, of Poor Susan. You remember—the corner of Wood street, the singing of the thrush, and the "vision of trees."

There was but a momentary glimpse of Sir William Orpen, the great artist, but a momentary recollection of his long line of triumphs. They flashed past like beautiful gardens seen from a train window, and before I knew where I was or what I was, why, I was a boy again, and we were walking along a shady country lane together—Billy O and I.

And then I knew I was where I wanted to be. It was far removed, but what a freshness and a sweetness there was about it all; long years before the war; long years before the motor car, when the fastest moving thing on the road was the bicycle, and the horse car was still to be seen everywhere on the streets of Dublin. For that shady country lane was, of course, not far from the beautiful city on the beautiful bay. It wandered out from one of the little towns which dot its shores, past wonderful walled gardens, under wonderful green trees, through wonderful open spaces, on to the next little town, and Billy and I and the rest of the "gang" often wandered along it.

Below—"The trousers sagged and shifted, but Billy played on and on."—From a sketch by Sir William Orpen.

But what of the Billy of those days? I have before me, as I write, a letter from him, or rather, from Sir William Orpen—looking back,

> "back," as he puts it, "to those old days of peace, before poor Europe was blackened by its night of war—aye, back to the blinking eyes of L——, the pink cheeks of V—— and D——, to N—— S——, A——, L——, and W—— M——, not to mention M——, L—— and F——; 'The Club'—the terrible and serious games of lawn tennis (I must say I forget about the trousers, but I am sure it must be true).
>
> "Yes, S—— and B—— were great places then; they may be now, but when I go back and walk the old roads I am stared at by strangers—those who knew Billy have passed to other climes, or have gone up into the blue sky to better things."

Well, it is, of course, all true, and yet, if Sir William Orpen will forgive me, as I know he will, I have a mind to go back there, and walk the old roads with Billy O, "the same little Billy as of yore"—Sir William Orpen assures me that is so.

And the Billy of those days *was* little; a small boy, rising fifteen or so, with a tousled fair head, an imp-like boy, forever doing quaint things; an artist, even then, going into Dublin every morning on the 8:45 or the 9:16 to art school, and coming out again, each afternoon, with the pockets of his own or somebody else's coat—for Billy had a fine disregard in such matters—bulging with sketches. All day, Billy would draw and sketch and paint, doing wonderful things past our comprehension, but every evening, in the summertime, Billy played tennis.

We all played tennis in those days. And how we played! The deep, dark seriousness of it all! Sir William Orpen will surely remember the full-dress debates held by the gang "down at the club," when the twilight of the summer evening had given way to the dusk of the summer night; when the dew lay heavy on lawn and leaf, and the corn crake in a neighboring meadow was the only sound above the stillness. In all these conferences, and at all times where tennis was concerned, Billy was our "hope." He was something more than the infant prodigy of the gang. Not only could he give points to, and lick us all, but, like a little bantam cock, he would take on anybody of any size, and put up a wonderful fight.

And so it came about at one of these conferences that the great plot was hatched which resulted in the incident of "the trousers," (Concluded on page 23)

Too Much Law in the United States?

Most of the Lawyers Themselves Say That There Is and Suggest Remedies

By TOM EVERRITT

THE widespread agitation against "too much law," has taken hold of the popular mind this year, during which the legislatures of many states and of the National Government have been in session producing more laws in addition to the more than 1,800,000 (estimated by experts) now on the various national, state, and municipal statute books. It would appear there must be some solid foundation for its unusual intensity.

Do the people of the United States suffer from too much law, as has been charged by lawyers, legislators, and laymen?

The importance of the opinions of presidents of state bar associations in the United States, which are given in this article, should not be underestimated; for who, better than they, is in position properly to gauge the effects of the perennial increase in the statute laws?

Fifty Per Cent May Be Obsolete

During a few months every year, the average citizen observes the operations of the legislators, both state and national, engaged in lawmaking, and undoubtedly is firmly convinced that they are overdoing the job.

Excess of laws is not a new phenomenon. It is age-long in its demonstration.

Holmes, in "The Age of Justinian and Theodora," says: "Before the sixth century, the legal archives of the Empire (Roman) had been swollen to such proportions that it had become an almost impossible task to thread the maze of their innumerable enactments. . . . The resultant growth was capable of bewildering the most acute of legal minds."

The uniform continuation of this evil, so asserted by the average citizen, down to the present time, has led to an almost universal condemnation of our lawmaking bodies; but it must be said that, so far, few have suggested workable remedies to prevent the immoderate use of their constitutional powers.

The presidents of the state bar associations of the forty eight states were asked:

1. Total number of laws on statute books of the state.
2. Approximate number that are obsolete.
3. The desirability or workability of so large a number of laws.

Their replies are not those of loose-minded or irresponsible men, but are those of trained mentalities. Not one of forty who answered the questions denied that there is "too much law." To the contrary, the replies warmly condemned, although thoughtfully, the practice of excessive lawmaking to which legislators have universally succumbed.

Owing to lack of space, it is obvious that only a limited number can be here quoted. These were selected from the standpoint of geographical locations so as to give a general view of the question from many divergent angles.

George F. McNoble, president of the California State Bar Association, has this to say: "I have all of the statutes from 1850 up to date in my office, but it would take a very long time to go over all of them and segregate them, to tell those that are in effect and those that are not in effect. It is no doubt likely that 50 per cent of the laws have become obsolete. It is true that in such a countless multitude of laws, it is impossible to know what the law is. There are too many laws, but this arises from the fact that there are a great many human desires, and so long as people want these, they will resort to the legislature to have laws made covering the topic. The remedy must rest with the executive, who must have strength enough to veto proposed laws that are unnecessary.

"I just returned from Sacramento last week, and they were grinding out laws there at the rate of twenty-five or thirty a day. Each member seems to think that his proposals are of the greatest necessity. Lawmaking appears to me to be an abuse that we will always have with us."

Respecting the assertion by Mr. McNoble that too many laws arise from "a great many human desires," Elihu Root, at the thirty-seventh annual meeting of the American Bar Association at Washington, D.C., in October, 1914, made a speech touching upon the same subject, in which he said: "Laws affecting the conduct of life and affairs of the people ought not to be passed because it happens to occur to someone that it would be a good thing to make a change." Thus, we have two eminent viewpoints.

Constructive Thinking Is Wanted

Predicting that the time will come when we will have fewer but better laws, George L. Mayberry, president of the Massachusetts State Bar Association, says: "I think we have too many laws, but I think the problem of how to get along with fewer statutes is one which the American people can solve only gradually. The complex conditions of modern life probably require more statutes than were formerly needed, but they do not require such a flood of them as we are at present blessed with. What is needed is more careful thought and the use of more imagination, combined with practical sense in the framing of statutes and visualizing in advance their operation.

"Of course, 'politics' can never be eliminated from government because government is 'politics'; but, as the difficult problems of the community increase in variety and scale, the amount of constructive thinking and sound judgment in the representative bodies of the people must increase in proportion. The government cannot rest merely on declamation and legislation. It requires hard thinking, judgment, and self-restraint, both in and out of office. I am optimist enough to believe that these will be gradually forthcoming to meet the needs of the people. The result, among other things, will be less and better legislation."

Large Number of Laws Undesirable

The thought conveyed by Mr. Mayberry in his expression, "The complex conditions of modern life probably require more statutes than were formerly needed," seems to bear out the idea advanced by several writers upon the subject that every addition to the popular element in government—"complex conditions of modern life"—carries with it the necessity for passing additional laws to meet the social and other conditions caused by such augmentation.

Without question, it is true, as many historians claim, that the more government is vested with law-enforcement, the more centralized does government become.

The contention of Mr. Mayberry as to the "complex conditions of modern life" being the probable cause of more laws than were formerly needed, is also made by Walter S. Foster, president of the Michigan State Bar Association, in the course of a detailed statement. He says:

"It must be perfectly obvious that a large number of laws are undesirable, but I trust you will appreciate the plain difficulty in carrying out the theory that we have too many laws, therefore we will cut them down. It is also clear that there is an almost universal tendency to regulate by law matters which were formerly left to the decision of the individual. In the great majority of such instances, such laws seemed to be necessary, to protect the unfortunate members of our community who have, by reason of congested environment, and strenuous competition for a livelihood, been unable to protect themselves and their

families. A generation ago, our housing codes left it to the individual to construct his dwelling as he desired, or to rent such quarters as he wanted to; but now humanity demands that the state intercede for the benefit of the community and insist that dwelling quarters have certain qualifications as to light, air, and sanitary conditions.

"This is but one conspicuous example of a new class of laws which constitute a large number that seem to be necessary under modern living conditions.

Lawmaking as a Mania

"I appreciate the importance of the article you are undertaking, but I trust that by the large number of laws which are in force, you will not be misled into an unsustainable position that we should, therefore, take the ax and arbitrarily weed out a certain proportion. It must be apparent that legislatures could perform a real service by regularly wiping off the books those laws which are repealed by implication, or are, in fact, inoperative. In other words, there should be no laws left upon the books which are not enforced. .

"I would estimate that we have about 17,000 sections in force. I think there are a considerable number of laws obsolete in the technical sense of out-of-date and universally ignored."

How far shall the laws extend in regulating the behavior of citizens? To what extent should the state interfere with the action of its citizens?

It must not be overlooked that, in considering whether there is "too much law," the average state legislature is confronted by many problems, serious and of great importance, that must be met by the passage of laws designed legally to solve each specific case, insofar as legal solutions may be found.

Examples of these problems are: public health, morals of people, waterways and power, commerce within the state, regulation of business and manufacturing, industrial controversies, age and hours of workmen, child labor, agriculture, housing, securities, highways, licenses (medical and other professions), game laws, and many others of equal importance to the citizenry.

It is generally admitted that more legislation is demanded of lawmaking bodies — quite outside the subjects enumerated above—than can be met by their lawmaking powers.

Charles O. Bailey, president of the South Dakota State Bar Association, freely expresses himself upon this and other phases of the subject. He says: "Personally, I regard the mania of the American people for enacting legislation to be a most interesting psychological problem. The average American citizen is insistent upon the enactment of a multitude of laws, but seems to care nothing for the enforcement of the laws after they have been passed by the lawmaking bodies. The result is that the statute books, both Federal and state, are filled with a multitude of statutes which are not enforced, which could not be enforced, and which nobody wants or expects to be enforced.

"I venture to say that if all the men, women, and children throughout the United States who have violated some law during the past three years (that is, within the statute of limitations) were serving penitentiary or jail sentences for their offenses, there would not be enough men and women left outside the penitentiaries and jails to act as guards to those confined within those institutions, and even of those at liberty a very large proportion would be out on bail awaiting the determination of their appeals in various Appellate Courts.

"The prevailing disregard for law is not the creature solely of the much-discussed Volstead Act. It arises from the insistence by the public (or by a noisy minority of the public) upon the enactment of laws which cannot be enforced and never will be enforced. It is bad enough to have on the statute books laws which are openly disregarded by the public at large, but the situation is not nearly so bad as it would be if any real attempt were made to enforce such laws. In disregarding the multitude of laws which are annually enacted, the people of the country are simply following the 'easiest way.' The reformers have their laws, the laws are never enforced, and nobody is satisfied.

"In South Dakota, the Revised Code of 1919 is comprised in two large quarto volumes containing 2,795 pages. It is divided into 10,670 sections. In addition, there are the Session laws of 1919, containing 366 statutes in 454 pages; the 1921 Session laws, containing 425 laws in 559 pages; the 1923 Session laws, containing 312 laws in 333 pages, and the 1925 Session laws, containing some 300 or 400 more laws.

"Perhaps five or ten per cent of the total laws in the Revised Code of 1919 and subsequent Session laws have been repealed; but the rest of this vast mass of legislation is still in effect in South Dakota."

A Lawyer Suggests a Remedy

Joseph C. Stone, president of the Oklahoma State Bar Association, rather gloomily says: "I do not know the number of laws on our statute books, but I do know that there are more than we need. The legislature is now in session making others.

"I do not know, even approximately, the number of statutes now obsolete, but there are some.

"So many laws are neither desirable nor workable. The many ills incident to human frailty cannot be cured by mere statutory enactment."

In addition to legislative enactments, state Supreme Courts formulate rules of practice that are the equivalents of statutes, thereby adding to the tangled mass another skein or two.

George C. Manly, president of the Colorado State Bar Association, disagrees with that custom; but he believes the remedy for the whole predicament is to elect more lawyers to legislatures. He says:

"It looks as if the present legislature would enact fewer laws, than usual, which will be a blessing if it transpires.

The statute laws of Colorado are comprised in Compiled Statutes of 1921, consisting of 2,471 large pages, and of the Session laws of Colorado, consisting of about 600 small pages additional. I have no way of determining just how many bills for acts these laws include. It would be larger in Colorado than in most states because our constitutional provision requires only one subject to be treated under one title.

Too Many Laws Mean Confusion

"I do not believe it can be fairly said that any large number of these laws are obsolete. A good many of them ought to be repealed because they were foolish in their original contrivance. I think there are too many laws denouncing certain acts as misdemeanors where a civil remedy would be equally effective.

"Some years ago, the Supreme Court was given the power to formulate rules of practice which would have the same effect as statutes. I think that was unwise. The Supreme Court has attempted to modify several things expressed in the code, and some of the changes were so unsatisfactory that the Supreme Court had to withdraw them.

"If I were personally tinkering with the statute laws, I would add to rather than subtract from them for the reason that the court decisions have, during the past two decades, rendered uncertain many points which were tolerably certain before the opinions were rendered.

"It is hard to suggest a plan which would remedy the situation. The only one I can think of is to elect more lawyers to the legislature, and especially more experienced and seasoned lawyers; but the people, by their votes, and by their public expressions, are continually and emphatically showing preference for laymen instead of lawyers in the legislature."

Charles W. German, former president of the Missouri State Bar Association, offers a remedy which, on its face, appears practical if it could be applied. Obviously, considerable coöperation among lawyers would be necessary.

"I have often thought," he writes, "and, in fact, I have frequently put into practice, that if the lawyers of the state, during the interim between sessions of the legislature, would make note of such laws with which they come in immediate contact in the course of their practice which either need revision, or which are unnecessary, to say nothing of those which appear vicious, and if before (Concluded on page 22)

What About Your Budget?

Do You Live on Your Income "As Is" or as You Imagine It?

By MARY WILLIS SHUEY

NOW a family budget isn't a cure-all, good in a financial way for whatever-ails-you. There are some fortunate families where a budget is not even necessary. Yours may be one of them.

Your income is always enough to cover all your bills, each member of the family is perfectly satisfied as to personal wants, and you have sufficient amusements and trips. You give as you feel you should to church and charity appeals, and you have a growing savings account to give you a sense of well-being and satisfaction. If your home is like this, or if you are completely satisfied with things-as-they-are, you do not need a budget.

But in many families there is a charged atmosphere twelve times a year, when the first of the month brings the bills. There are discussions, to say the least, as to where the money goes. No one has been intentionally extravagant, yet in some unaccountable way more money has been spent than anyone intended. There is such a little bit to show for it all, and there were other things you really wanted, too. In fact, there is usually some member of the family who feels a trifle slighted in the deal! Along about the third of the month the man-of-the-family registers in his own mind "the other fellow" in a correspondence school ad. "Why aren't we saving like the Smith family?"

Such a family needs a budget at once.

Really, it is the well-known Smith family who cause a lot of our money troubles! Of course, we all say that we aren't governed by what other people do and think. We haven't a "Follow-the-leader" fixation! But even if we never do out-and-out covet anything that is our neighbor's, we are bound to see what he has. More especially what *SHE* has!

A budget focuses our attention on *OUR OWN* financial problems. It gives us a definite money code by which to live. While it may not work miracles, it will certainly produce results.

We do not bank on futures, nor cling to the past.

We live in the present, "as is, where is, how is." Once we have done that, we are no more concerned about new dining-room furniture next door than we are about the same furniture in the store. Oh, of course, we still have some of those bed-time chats as to "How in the world do they do it?" but there is nothing personal in it! We know what *WE* can do ourselves, and that is what counts.

And every little while we learn how it was that some of those people managed to have more than seemed plausible on their incomes. We hear of bills that mounted, and sometimes it is a real tragedy that brings it to light. "Financial difficulties" are not altogether a matter of business: they are a matter of *HOME*.

We all want our dollars to buy as much as possible, and a budget will find the longest distance between two dollars. A dollar will stretch a certain distance, but we have to know the breaking point.

Budgets are things that can't be bought ready-made. Our financial measurements and our tastes vary too much. No two families want exactly the same things, so each budget must be made to fit the individual case. But with a budget we gain a sense of proportion. We can be consistent without being standard, you know! Too many idiosyncrasies in expenditures are apt to be ridiculous. By adopting a budget you plan your expenses to scale, and the result is harmony of living.

We see silk husbands and calico wives, and the other way round. Overstuffed furniture—and empty refrigerators. Eighty-five dollar dinner gowns—and mercerized tablecloths. Those are the people who do not budget!

The home is our greatest American industry. Sums estimated at around seventy billion dollars are spent annually for its upkeep and support. If any other business did its buying and spending so casually it would be bankrupt.

The home isn't bankrupt, but they tell us that nine out of e ery ten family spats have money as their cause. It really is time that we were working for "Home, Solvent Home." Read these questions, which a New York judge asks in divorce cases that come before him:

"Did you ever study home economics?

"Do you know how to handle a family budget?

"Did you establish from the beginning of your married life a financial arrangement for paying bills?

"Have you been careless about charge accounts?

"Do you know how to cook?

"Have you set a standard and routine for your family, and tried to make your husband live up to it?"

He says that in cases coming before his court he recalls only a few isolated cases where home expenditures were well-managed.

The marriage bond is not a financial bond, but it takes something a little more definite than "With all my worldly goods I thee endow" to meet the bills promptly and to keep things running smoothly!

The beauty of a budget is that once it is worked out and passed by the family council it does away with family discussions of money. It takes the united efforts of the family to figure out one that will fit its needs, and it lets every member of the family "in" on the money situation. When we know just where we stand it is easy to help all we can! The day of the Total-Blank Wife passed some time ago, but there are still men whose sole idea of saving is a hold-out. Marriage is a fifty-fifty, partnership affair if it is to be a permanent thing.

There are persons who say that a budget is too much trouble. I've never been able to see why a woman who can add bridge scores easily finds it difficult to check a food bill! Even at its worst an end-of-the-month check of your budget takes no longer than a cross-word

(Concluded on page 26)

What Makes Humor Humorous?

By THOMAS L. MASSON

Tom Masson was born in Essex, Connecticut, and in his younger days made voyages to far-off countries with his father, who was a sea-captain. He had thus an opportunity of studying the jokes of all nations, and this no doubt laid the foundation of his success as a humorist.

It is said that each nation laughs in its own language; Tom Masson has succeeded in making all nations laugh in his.

He was literary and managing editor of *Life*, New York, for thirty years, and is the author of numerous stories and articles about jokes ancient and modern. His output of jokes up to date is estimated at about 60,000, and he has been known to write as many as 100 jokes in one day, a fact which surely gives him a claim to the title of the world's champion long-distance humorist.

IT IS rather surprising to think that in a country as large as ours, with its thousands of newspapers and periodicals, not to mention books, there are not more than a hundred active humorous writers, and less than thirty who have any permanent reputation.

Out of every three hundred manuscripts received from all parts of the country (with a sprinkling from foreign cities) and written by amateurs and by those who have attained some local reputation, less than five on the average find their way into print.

Instead of being a popular pastime, the writing of genuine humor is a very rare accomplishment. It has been so recognized in all ages. Humor depends upon surprise, and as soon as it becomes common, its quality evaporates. The great humorists, therefore, have succeeded only in becoming permanent because of their power to create characters, and characters are based almost wholly on dialog. Allied with these are the ones who have been able to exploit their own personalities. And in addition, there is that larger company, numbering among them perhaps the greatest artists but who, lacking this power to create characters, fall back on a skill at satire, an acute penetration, and use either the essay form, or else seize upon any other kind of form through which they can express themselves.

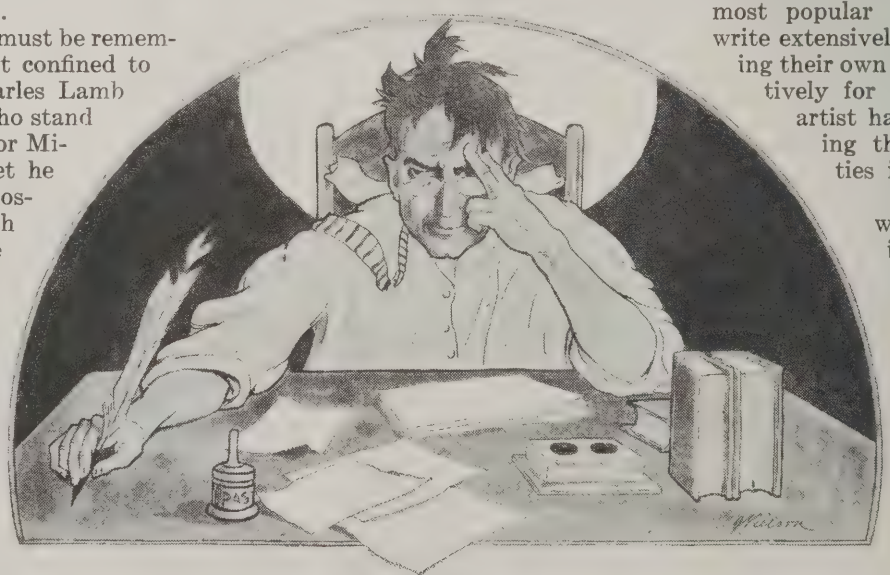
Burlesque, of course, is a common medium. The so-called "take off" is probably the easiest and simplest way of making people laugh.

At the same time, it must be remembered that genius is not confined to any special form. Charles Lamb created no characters who stand out like Dick Swiveller or Micawber or Pickwick, yet he has created certain atmospheres, lighted up with immortal flashes of true humor. And this could have been done in no other way. Kenneth Grahame in his "Golden Age" has created what may be termed a group character, consisting of a number of children, who exhale the finest kind of humor. Yet none of them stands out as an individual creation. Jane Austen's characters are quieter and far less boisterous than those of Dickens', yet their permanence must be conceded.

The fact is, that if we take the word Humor as a blanket word, we shall find that, broadly speaking, it covers a number of other words, each of which stands for a certain kind or quality of Humor in general. These are Comedy, Satire, Burlesque, Parody, Farce, and Wit.

Many writers have attempted to analyze these forms. Cicero tried it in his book on Oratory. Schopenhauer, in his Essays, attempted it. In England George Meredith's essay on Comedy is almost a classic. In this country Max Eastman's "Sense of Humor" is probably the best book. But while these so-called kinds of humor are evident to those who have studied the literature of the subject, there is practically no other way in which their distinctions can be made plain except by examples.

In this country the humorous characters created can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. They seem to be no other than Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle, Sam Slick's Clockmaker (and he was a Canadian) Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer, and more recently, Montague Glass's Potash and Perlmutter, Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley and at present Harry Leon Wilson's Ma Pettingill and Merton, Don Marquis's Old Soak and Wallace Irwin's Togo.



The birth of a joke.

Mr. Wilson's Merton of the Movies is the character effect of certain machinery upon human conduct. His Ma Pettingill is more firmly rooted in the soil, and significant as being a woman. Of course, there have been other woman humorous characters—Samantha at the Centennial is one—but in this country they do not appear to flourish. Apparently we do not relish the idea of making our women comic. We worship them too sincerely.

As for Don Marquis, it is possible that his Archie the Cockroach is a better rounded character than his Old Soak, but he is undoubtedly laboring under the disadvantage of a deterrent anatomy. Mr. Dunne's Dooley is more universal, although in common with Togo, he is racial.

Many of our humorists, whose genius in creation has not found its expression in definite characters, have been thereby forced to fall back upon themselves. There can be no objection to this, if one succeeds. Artemus Ward delighted Lincoln, and took London by storm with his account of his Wax Works, his own personality being thinly disguised for the purpose. Bill Nye used himself as a comic character, employing an artist to "feature" him in the newspapers in which his traveling letters appeared. Irvin Cobb now follows this precedent.

But here our pictorial personalities appear to end. Stephen Leacock of Canada, and Ring Lardner, Sam Hellman and Will Rogers, perhaps our own most popular present-day humorists, write extensively about themselves, using their own personalities most effectively for their purposes, but no artist has succeeded in projecting their material personalities into the popular mind. Of course Will Rogers, who does such good work in holding us up to the view of our own national weaknesses, started out in his writing career with a large advantage, for he had made himself known through the stage beforehand. His personality, aided by the twin properties of chewing gum and his lariat, had already become fixed in the minds of a large audience. When he discovered that he could write, he was able to transfer this personality to the printed page with comparatively small effort. He is without doubt a true comedian.

So far, however, as the use of one's own personality is concerned, we must remember that all humorists inevitably

use this method, in varying degrees. But in the more purely intellectual, and —in my own opinion—in the finer expression of art—the material personality is so far in the background as to produce no effect at all upon the reader, the real effect produced being much more subtle and atmospheric. For instance, in the work of two of our most distinguished satirists, namely, Samuel Crothers and Agnes Repplier, we are not at all concerned with their material personalities, because the personalities which so subtly pervade their vocabularies are so much more real to us than those of Mr. Rogers or Mr. Lardner—without, I hope, meaning any disrespect to these two other distinguished purveyors of a more popular humor.

And so it is with Oliver Herford, undoubtedly our finest wit, whose personality, to those who know him, is not to be condemned on any ground whatever, who is privileged materially, so to speak, to do anything he pleases, and yet whose productions have no material properties other than revealed by the spirit. In short, just as Will Rogers is a true comedian in material things, things of the moment, Oliver Herford is a true comedian in the immaterial. Comedy of this sort is so rare as to be extremely difficult of any practical analysis. We may lament our own lack of it in this country, while at the same time consoling ourselves with the reflection that it is rare in all countries and seems to require a kind of racial mellowness to produce it. It has no story element. It stands or falls upon its own word values.

Mark Twain's merit consists largely in the fact that he had both elements. He not only created characters, but he kept his vocabulary alive with surprises; he was personal or impersonal, extremely vulgar or quite delicately human, as the case might be.

So far as the making of our present-day humorists is concerned, that is an affair the inside working of which is composed of some joy but perhaps more sorrow. I have seen one of our most popular humorists writhing in agony for two months, wholly unable to write anything that was remotely funny, only, within a few days, to burst forth into pages of pure comedy. In this respect, there appears to be no difference between men and women. The writing either of humor in general, or of satire or burlesque in particular, seems to require a special kind of mood, and just as the humor itself, to be good, must be *different*, so one's mood must be rare. If this so-called rarity is extended, the humor becomes common, and this is fatal. Therefore, the practical advantage of a material personality will be seen, because, once this personality is fixed in the mind of the public, it is lifted up into that of a character, and much will be forgiven. In this aspect, it is easy to see how almost any remark of Will Rogers may be considered funny. Yet this quality of simply being funny, of creating a laugh, may be the least of those qualities which make up true humor or true comedy. No one, after the lapse of so many years, can read Shakespeare's humorous passages without realizing that it is a very much higher form of enjoyment to feel certain things than it is to laugh at them.

A trio of humorists studying their own personalities.

Most people seem to think that the writing of humor is the easiest thing in the world, and that is probably why so many of them try it and fail. The great majority of manuscripts received from would-be humorists are weak imitations of something they have read. A fair proportion show great cleverness, but are careless and defective in form. The very few who succeed, seem to do so almost by accident, or unconsciously. And, indeed, this is largely true of those who have "arrived." Many of them have shown me manuscripts only under compulsion, in despair over their hopeless weakness, to discover later that these things were their best work.

The difference between current American and British humor is not so great as is supposed. A number of American humorists contribute to *Punch*, although their names are not known. The work of British humorists has a growing vogue in this country. The work of Robert Benchley, one of our most facile humorists of *Life*, is not unlike that of A. P. Herbert, one of *Punch's* most prominent contributors. Mr. Herbert, in his effort at characterization, has adopted a method which is also being employed by others. He employs his own personality as a kind of foil to the personality of one called "George." Between the two, they manage to produce a variety of comic situations.

Perhaps a dozen other forms, used as mediums for the expression of humor, could be named. George Ade was able to Americanize the fable, which had been in use for thousands of years. He produced a gallery of characters, and originated what may be termed a pioneer form of slang, acquiring a properly distinguished reputation. Yet he produced no one character that stands out from the rest.

Slang, as a comic prop to humorists, has always been used, for nothing is so difficult as dialog, and the use of slang may be termed "an ever-present help in time of trouble," for its picturesque qualities, in the retelling, have the same effect upon the mind as stage properties in a theater may have on the eye. In vaudeville, the monologist arrays himself in some outlandish costume to get the attention and laughter of his audience. So the humorist arrays himself in slang. This is a fine art in itself. Imitators are quickly discerned. Both George Ade and Ring Lardner have had imitators, but their reigns have been short.

The fact is that one may employ any medium, can do anything, if he does it in the right way. Shakespeare proved this by his plagiarism of plots. The final test is that of one's own personality.

Both Franklin P. Adams and Heywood Broun have really been of great service in the use they have made of their personalities. While occasionally they have both erred in matters of taste, these errors are slight compared with the general effect of their example. Mr. Broun has used himself, with fine humor, to expose a great many shams which could hardly be exposed so practically and so delightfully in any other way. And F. P. A. has performed an equally valuable work in his insistence on literary standards.

During the last four or five years the number of our humorists has not appreciably increased, (*Concluded on page 31*)

Square Deal for Other Nations

Recognition of the Rights of the Weak an American Principle; American Pamphleteer Encounters Canadian Hydro Champion

By McKEE BARCLAY

THE settlement of the Isle of Pines controversy after a quarter of a century of dilly-dallying has been accepted by our Latin-American neighbors as another evidence that Uncle Sam has no sinister designs on the countries to the south of him. It has been followed by friendly comment from the South American papers who see in it great significance as an indication of a settled purpose to deal fairly with smaller nations. *La Nacion*, the influential Buenos Aires journal, says that the surrender of the Isle of Pines to Cuba "definitely and effectively means recognition of the rights of the weak." It says further: "Confidence in our great sister republic therefore is well merited and constitutes a foundation for continental security . . . We knew the great nation was acting in good faith its rôle of champion of liberty and justice. As in the tragic hours of the war we are able to affirm with renewed satisfaction. Here is the proof."

On the other hand, apparently through no fault of our own, we seem, as a result of President Coolidge's decision in the Tacna-Arica dispute, to have stirred up the enmity of Peru's chauvinists. The Peruvians, with a deplorable exhibition of a lack of sportsmanship, tore down the American coat of arms from the doorway of our embassy at Lima and indulged in anti-American demonstrations of various sorts.

Our treatment of Cuba in the Isle of Pines matter adds to the cumulative effect of a long and creditable list of generous acts toward less powerful nations and coming so soon after that other long-delayed act of justice, the award of $25,000,000 to Colombia for the absorption of Panama, and our patient dealing with troublesome Mexico, it seems to promise stronger Pan-American bonds of friendship. Our liberal treatment of Spain after vanquishing her in war, the payment to China of the Boxer indemnity and our seldom-mentioned award to Japan in the days of her weakness, have all contributed to our prestige as a square-dealing nation. In this world of international jealousies a reputation for national honesty is a valuable asset.

Senator Borah, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, has announced that nineteen treaties with foreign countries were ratified during the short session of Congress by the Senate. The committee calendar was cleared, except for the Lausanne Treaty, which went over until the December session.

On account of disturbed conditions in China six new gunboats of light draft and high power are to be built and sent to Chinese rivers. Because of the immediate need of their services they will be built on the other side of the Pacific, thus avoiding the lost time necessary for the long trip to Asia.

The *Congressional Record* of the last day of the Senate session carried twenty-eight pages which were devoted to a ventilation of the alleged prostitution of the Smithsonian Institution's machinery for private power monopoly propaganda. Coming at a time when the echoes of the Muscle Shoals controversy have not died down and when Herbert Hoover's super-power proposition is attracting so much discussion and comment, the matter has precipitated quite a pretty little row.

It seems that, according to the *Congressional Record* report, Samuel S. Wyer, a consulting engineer, with offices in Columbus, Ohio, is also carried on the rolls of the Smithsonian Institution as "Associate in Mineral Technology." Mr. Wyer is said to draw retainers from private "corporations and gas companies and figured as a rate expert in many cases for such companies and before various commissions." This understood, it will be plain that his position is strategically advantageous, should he desire to issue propaganda for his clients under the authority and with the indorsement of the Smithsonian Institution, a government institution—for this is what he has been charged with doing. In the matter placed in the *Congressional Record* these acts are imputed to Mr. Wyer: He wrote and hurried to publication a booklet which purported to show that the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario had made a sad mess of its attempt to demonstrate that a publicly owned power system could be a success. Because the Smithsonian Institution's facilities for quick publication were not equal to the emergency, Wyer hurried his treatise to a Baltimore printer, advanced funds for its printing and was able to distribute copies by January 15 of this year. Mr. True, editor of the Smithsonian Institution, is quoted as saying that though the institution always secured estimates for printing this "was a rush job and they did not have time for estimates." It is interesting, and probably significant, that the period January 5-15 marked the crisis in the Muscle Shoals debate in the Senate. Hence, one of Senator Norris' chief reasons for reading the matter into the *Record*. More than 170,000 copies of the booklet were sent out in one month.

Sir Adam Beck, head of the Ontario Power Commission, published a hot rejoinder to Wyer's allegations in which such words as "absolutely false," "gross errors," and "contrary to Mr. Wyer's assertion" occur frequently. While Sir Adam's expressed indignation that a government agency of our country should have been put to a perverted use in an attack on an institution of his country, a friendly neighbor, received a sympathetic hearing, the real milk in the cocoanut, from the viewpoint of American Senators, consisted in the mere fact that official backing was being given to private propaganda of any sort.

One of the statements quoted in the *Record* charged Wyer with being an old offender and gave these counts against him:

1. In 1918, while temporarily employed by the United States Bureau of Standards, he wrote a pamphlet, "Natural Gas, Its Production, Service and Conservation." Wyer's superiors in the bureau, Doctors Stratton and Rosa, efused to publish what Wyer had prepared, on the ground, it is understood, that it contained propaganda in favor of curtailing production and increasing the price of natural gas.

Over the earnest protest of Doctor Stratton. Dr. Charles D. Walcott, *(Concluded on page 15)*

The business propagandist's new manikin.

EDITORIAL

THOSE persons who ascribe the number of traffic accidents to the increase in the number of motor vehicles are simply betraying the great American habit of attempting to reason without the facts. An agency that has investigated hundreds of cases says that booze is a controlling factor in nearly every traffic accident other than those where children or aged persons are involved. Sometimes it is the driver and sometimes it is the pedestrian who is affected, but liquor is the greatest cause. The automobile is essentially a "dry" affair, and though the country should go "wet" again, the automobile would force it to return to its dry status.

Booze and the Motor Car

Scientific tests prove that moderate trial doses of so-called good liquor decrease both the speed and the accuracy of eye and hand movements and coordination and also increase *body sway* about seventy-five per cent. The patellar reflex, a standard gauge of nervous and muscular coordination, shows a negative variation of between twenty-five and fifty per cent. Moonshine and wood alcohol liquors and etherized beer, of course, make the above distortions of mind and body functions seem too mild for consideration. The bootleg consumer's ability to make his wits and eyes and arms and legs connect is almost negligible at times.

Prohibition is not a social experiment that society can either retain or toss aside; it is the only means whereby man can utilize the machinery that permits him to conquer the land and the sea and the air and survive. Progress itself is prohibitive of alcohol as a beverage.

THERE are a number of immigrants arriving in this country for whom Ellis Island holds no terrors, and over whom immigration officials have no power. These immigrants are the "Old Masters." The complaint rises in England that many of the private collections of that country are being depleted of their richest treasures to embellish the art galleries of the United States. Laws are being suggested by which the British Government shall have first choice of these precious works, although it is everywhere admitted that even the British Government would be likely to come off second best in a bidding contest with American millionaires.

Is It a Renaissance?

France and Italy have laws which forbid exporting works of art that are regarded as of national importance. The result is that the paintings imported to the United States are largely British; the finest works of Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, and others of the English school have found a permanent place in America. Although, through English channels largely, almost every other school of painting is to be found in this country, the works of Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Velasquez, the Italian masters also being well represented in various collections.

The burden of taxation has hit the English nobility and gentry so severely that they are unable to support their estates, and one of the readiest methods of "raising the wind" is undoubtedly parting with some of the gems in their art collections. We are not a sordid people. There is an art in our very industry. It may one day become a veritable fine art. It is, as it stands, the creation of the artistic spirit, more imbued with human helpfulness perhaps, than any art which has preceded it. The glory of the artists whose work we are importing is that they saw significance in the prosaic life about them. As artists we shall see as deep a meaning in the less prosaic life of our times.

IT IS not often that the *Scientific American* lets itself in for criticism so obviously as in its study of Muscle Shoals, in the May number. No propagandist of the power trust has ever quite so baldly ignored the whole reason for Muscle Shoals' existence, nor so ruthlessly thrust aside the possibilities of its present usefulness. The great development at the Shoals was undertaken for the manufacture of nitrates. No other purpose was in view. Power was unnecessary except for the production of nitrates. The entire physical structure can be explained in only one word—nitrates. Yet the staff man of the *Scientific American* coolly concludes that nitrate is about the one impossible thing at Muscle Shoals. Power is the thing, he says. Yet power has never had any meaning at Muscle Shoals, until politics came in, save in the manufacture of nitrates.

Muscle Shoals for Exporter or Citizen

The United States erected the great dams and plants on the Tennessee River as a war measure for the production of nitrates. It built in the heart of the country, far from danger of alien attack, a great source of the munitions of defense. An internal source of supply was sought for the elements that go to make explosives. Nitrates for explosives—was the sole reason for the origin of Muscle Shoals.

With the war over, what good was a nitrate plant? men asked. The answer was, What makes explosives in time of war, makes also fertilizer in time of peace. Common sense and patriotism agreed in recommending the preservation of this great defensive work by maintaining it in useful operation for the purposes of peace. Let it make fertilizer for the farmer whose tax to the fertilizer trust is one of the most enormous robberies practiced in this country. Let it relieve the farmer, employ the South, and be kept ready against the time when the nation's defense may again need it. That was the plan of common sense.

But, in common with the politicians and exploiters, the *Scientific American* forgets the farmer and forgets the national defense. Turn it over to the

power trust; there will be a howl, but what of it! It will never be any good for producing the only thing it was built to produce!

There is nothing against power, or the production of power, when power is produced to be used. The interests which are favored by the *Scientific American's* article do not produce power to *use*, but to *sell*. Power, like fertilizer, can be produced and served to the public at half the present charges. Perhaps that is why bids that threaten the two monopolies are not welcome, while suggestions that the power trust get the Shoals are quite favorably considered.

So here are two potent reasons for Muscle Shoals being jockied about as it is:

First: In competent, honest hands for the production of fertilizer, it will be the downfall of the Fertilizer Trust.

Second: In competent, honest hands for the production and sale of power, it will be the downfall of the Power Trust.

If the *Scientific American* will make a scientific study first of fertilizer and then of power, and after that come back to Muscle Shoals, it will know what it should have known before publishing the article in question.

The Ford offer for Muscle Shoals was soundly based in engineering, finance, and economics. Its purpose was the public service. It is well within the truth to say that it has set up principles from which it will be difficult, if not impossible, to depart.

The First President of Germany

GERMANY has not changed: the election of Von Hindenburg would seem conclusively to indicate that. But the fact need not be blameworthy; more blame attaches to the illogical expectation that Germany should change. A nation does not drop its character overnight. After an experience such as no nation has ever endured, a fantastic nightmare of every kind of extravagant extreme, Germany was at last given her own voice, and that voice pronounced for the old Germany of blood and iron.

There has, of course, ensued the usual chorus of criticism and regret. Yet believers in democracy as the heal-all of the world must see that this is democracy to the full—all Germany over 20 years of age choosing the old war horse. To interpret it as the revival of the military spirit may not be entirely correct. It may be only the sign of disgust with politics and the desire for a strong hand at the helm. Von Hindenburg doubtless fits the mind and temper of the German better than an Eberts could. The German desires a strong man to direct him, to take affairs in hand and rule. Under whatever form of government, the German prefers the method of kaiserism. Von Hindenburg will supply this; though his title may be President, his office will be czar.

The election is a warning to the alien looters of Germany that Germans are again in control. Whatever else may be said of the old general, he is a German patriot. He feels a protective duty toward the German people. He will not softly suffer their continued robbery by un-German international finance. At the same time he has a broader view of Germany's relation to the outer world than some recent German statesmen have had. Less trickery and more direct dealing may be expected from him.

The American attitude, until good reason occurs to change it, should be this: Germany has chosen its first popularly elected President; we wish him and the country a prosperous administration.

English the Rage in Russia

APROPOS of recent articles in this paper on the rapid pace at which English is becoming the world language, a recent visitor from Russia says that a comfortable living can be made in that country by any teacher of English. Soviet leaders who could not use English were among the earliest and most eager students, and though doubtless their motives were political, their compliment to English, whether as the language of revolution or construction, should not be minimized.

But it was to the peasantry that our visitor referred. The people of Russia are feeling the breath of national revival. Something like a new youth is coming to the folk on the land. And so much that they want to know is known to English-speaking people, and stored up in English-printed books, that they crave knowledge of the tongue as a key to the knowledge. In one agricultural community a book on bees was common property—an American book. But only the illustrations were intelligible to the people, though by the illustrations they learned a great deal about bee-keeping. One of the young men mastered English, read the book, scattered its knowledge throughout the community and became quite a hero as a two-tongue man.

With all due respect to the strength, beauty and usefulness of other languages, it seems quite plausible, as our recent contributor put it, that the World Language does not need to be invented; it is already here in English.

The Result of Political Law Mongering

THE government, or that part of it which was involved in the prosecution of Senator Wheeler, comes off rather badly. The impression is now ineradicable that the action taken against him was a species of political persecution, first to punish him for his zeal in tearing the mask off the Teapot Dome Corruption, and next for opposing the regular parties as Lafollette's running mate. It is an impression that will have a degree of political consequence in the future. Unfortunately the figure which government activities have cut in the whole oil procedure has smacked of gross stupidity, so that today the net result of all the work that has been done is nothing. It is not good for a country to be given to feel that its government is a piddling group of incompetents. It is injurious to national morale to feel that the crooks are brighter than government representatives. Washington's prestige depends on Washington's power by superior ability to command results, and this ability has been conspicuously wanting for some time now.

Mr Ford's Page

HUMAN nature in its present phase is marked by a tendency to weariness when any challenge to its indifference is constantly repeated. The alarm clock is never popular. Strenuous ideals wear down at times their power to compel admiration. State a truth too often and it becomes a platitude and at last a plague to patience. Action and rest, speech and silence—the mind demands these variations and pauses for rest.

The bridling of the periodic spirit of impatience may be noted in the occasional outbursts against the use of the word "efficiency." Its inefficient repetition, and its application to all sorts of stupid methods, has come near to making it one of the most hated words in the language. It might prove a balm to some minds if they knew that the men who might best be described by that term, never use it. With them it is a bromide.

Of course the resentment against efficiency as a fact or an ideal is itself one of the most striking instances of natural inefficiency. Seldom has petulance a point, and least of all here. Yet once in a while a point is made, as when a man like Mr. Chesterton demands that we think of Effect in connection with Efficiency, which is a wise demand. What judgment can be placed on efficiency without considering effect? But then, what effect can be achieved without efficiency?

Being a writer who thinks of life as a kind of perpetual doze in old gardens over a book and an atmosphere of Merrie England all about, Mr. Chesterton naturally thinks of the Effect of Efficiency as being its effect upon the worker, upon the efficient man. He suffers the complaint of his profession in supposing that inefficiency spells happiness to the worker, that the better method is the foe of life. The professionals all seem to have views like that. They regard the better method as a means by which the worker is sacrificed for the employer and the market, as soldiers are sacrificed for their country's safety.

Such views are worse than amateurish, they are full of error. The thing called efficiency cannot function at all without first including the concerns of the worker. He is the first beneficiary of efficiency, just as he has always been the first victim of all inefficiency. The prime element in production is the producer. To think of production as a disregard of the producer is to think of vegetation as a disregard of the sun.

The Effect of Efficiency on the Worker is evident. First, it makes him an abler man. An able man is one who knows, who can coördinate his efforts, who can fit means to ends, who can enter as an intelligence into a program of high intelligence and carry on. Compare a man accustomed to loaf along in a badly organized program, with one accustomed to work under the highest adaptation of means to ends, and there is no question as to the Effect of Efficiency on the man himself.

In his own responsibilities as family man, he is the beneficiary of his own efficiency. He discharges his duties to his dependents more fully than an inefficient man can. His wife and children show in their standard of life and in their opportunities, the Effect. Industry and efficiency may be judged by the products which they put into the markets ahead of them, and they may be judged by what they put into the homes behind them. The Effect is mirrored in the homes. It is possible anywhere even now to compare side by side the homes of men allied with efficiency and those of men allied with the opposite.

As a servant of society at large, in his special sphere of service, the efficient man produces an Effect of which all the cavilers at efficiency are the beneficiaries. The growing ease of life, the wider range of its variety, the immense rescue of time from drudgery and its restoration to individual freedom, all these are social benefits, the value of which is inestimable, and they are beyond argument the immediate fruits of efficiency as applied to the daily efforts of men.

What the little coterie of reformers is trying to say is that efficiency grinds men down in the great sausage mill of social benefit, and though the "public" may go riding gaily by, the "worker" perishes. It might be well sometimes to scrutinize the gay "public" if only for the surprise of beholding there the "worker" who is supposed to be out somewhere on the underside of gloom, giving his life for all. No, he is a participant not only in the special benefits which efficiency brings to the worker in the form of shorter hours, larger wages, better conditions and wider privileges; he is also the sharer in the general social benefits which his labor produces.

So much for Effect. The effect of efficiency is a better life all round, a life with wider horizons than ever dawned upon this earth before. People were never so free to move about the face of the planet and never in the story of the race were so many moving. Freedom of physical movement is one of the essential conditions of all freedom, and it has come—as one of the Effects of Efficiency.

TO RESENT inefficiency is a mark of inefficiency. The word is much disliked, but the thing itself works. Efficiency includes Effect, and unless the effect is good all round, efficiency is not effective. The real thing can be judged only by its whole effect. To be efficient for the sake of profits and not also of wages is to be inefficient. The test is that the trinity of trade—manager, maker, buyer—all, in real degree, actually benefit by what we call efficiency, the better method and the better material. It is a fair challenge that efficiency be judged by its effects, and by that challenge it stands.

In Ye Days of Ye Horne-Boke

By L. C. KARPINSKI

THE earliest instrument of torture devised for bringing the child up in the way it should go was doubtless the paddle. Concerning this instrument no history has been written and the earlier models are lost. There is a strong suspicion that their disappearance may be traced to the youngsters for whom these instruments were devised. However, no illustration can be given and practically none but fairly modern switches, a rather vulgar expedient, are to be found in museums.

A second instrument of torture early devised for the instruction of the youth of the land was the hornbook, used to teach children their letters. Somewhat like the Holy Roman Empire which was neither Holy nor Roman nor an Empire, the hornbook is neither of horn nor a book. The hornbook consists of a single sheet, commonly printed only on one side, which is fastened to a piece of board which has a handle as a holder.

Upon the printed page is placed first the alphabet, secondly some combinations of letters like *b a ba,* and thirdly some scriptural or religious selections. The Lord's Prayer and the Creed were the most common selections on English hornbooks. The numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0 are also frequently found. The face of this printed page was protected by a transparent sheet, in the early days of horn, and later of isinglass, to protect the page from the smudgy fingers of the youthful student. This type with protection cover of horn has been found only in England and America, although single sheets mounted in this way on a handled piece of wood appear also on the continent of Europe.

The earliest literary reference to the word is in Shakespeare's "Love's Labour Lost" wherein we read:

"Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-boke: What is A b speld backward with the horn on his head?"

The word came into use about this time (1588) and soon applied not only to mounted a-b-c cards without horn but even to any primer. The word "battledore" book was also used because of the resemblance to the bat used in the game "battledore and shuttlecock." Even the hornbook itself may have been used for the more joyful purpose of the game in recess periods.

Hornbooks were produced like the New England Primer, in great quantity; literally millions were produced. These were undoubtedly the first free textbooks, as we read, as early as 1639 in England, of money given "for the buying and providing of horne-bookes and primers to be given to poore children." As late as 1850 these were in use in the dames' schools of England.

The earliest mention in America of this type of book was found by Dr. Worthington C. Ford, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in a cashbook of Charles Lidgett wherein, under May, 1678, is found the entry, "For 1 horneing book and paper, 8d." In the records of the Old South Church for 1708 appears the entry: "Paid 1f 10s for horns for catechising.

The best collection of hornbooks in America is to be found in the library of Dr. George A. Plimpton, of New York City, who has written two interesting articles on the subject. After a search extending over many years and involving much correspondence, Dr. Plimpton has been able to locate only five original hornbooks with the horn cover and one Mexican which has the Saint Bambino figure above the simple alphabet.

In addition to the text, a cross was frequently printed at the beginning of the letters. This row was termed the "crisscross row." The child was instructed to cross himself before beginning his lesson. Apparently the notion was that the evil spirits were about to keep children from learning. Most teachers would agree that the children frequently act like the devil and that some type of exorcism would be highly desirable, if at all effective.

Do You Buy From Weeping Widows?

How Furniture and Some Other Merchandise "Gips" Operate

By JOHN ROBERTSON

WANTED—A quick buyer for a gorgeous 3 pc. overstuffed living room suite. Cost bereaved family $450, but widow will sacrifice for $100 to close estate. Leaving city. Hurry. No. 231 Resplendent Apartments.

OCCASIONALLY an apparently innocent classified advertisement resembling the one quoted above will appear in the most reputable newspaper, although the advertisement really masks the operations of a commercial pest termed a "gip." Although named after the "gipsies" because of their wandering, thieving proclivities, the merchandising "gip" is of every racial element that inhabits this land of opportunity.

In spite of the vigilance of newspapers, the police and business associations, this class of tricksters is so wily and resourceful that in the main the buying public must rely upon itself for protection. Spending one's own money is, after all, a personal responsibility. About all that can be done for anyone is to describe the operations of gips, and thus enable more people to protect themselves against roguery.

A call at the apartment mentioned in the typical gip advertisement quoted at the head of this article would disclose a mourning-clad "widow" apparently bowed by sorrow due to the death of her husband, and in dire need of money. However, if the caller purchased the suite of furniture at the "sacrifice" price it would undoubtedly prove to be actually worth less than what was paid for it. The "widow," meanwhile, will probably have moved to another residential district, advertised again, sigh that "her loss is another's gain" and get another good price for mediocre furniture.

Furniture gips are the backbone of the whole gip game. An investigation of the Chicago situation has disclosed more than seven hundred professionals in this particular field. The small towns are worked as industriously as the bigger cities. Ohio is the happy hunting ground of the gips because in that state a good-sized town or city is found about every 25 miles. The volume of the gip furniture business has become so great that it is just as much systematized as legitimate commerce.

How Some Job Lots Are Secured

So-called furniture auction houses are the sources of supply. They plant their offerings in private houses and apartments, and place newspaper advertisements to inveigle people into calling. These auction houses sell some discontinued manufacturers' lines of furniture; bankrupt stocks; job lots; and sometimes merchandise from crooked retailers that desire quickly to convert some of their stocks into cash before going "bankrupt." Some installment houses, that have taken back furniture because of purchasers' failure to pay, have been known to avail themselves of these auction houses, and thereby the gips, to realize some money on bad sales. However, retailers are coming to realize the error of even indirect relations with gips. Some furniture auction houses are said to consign furniture to their own squads of gips and thereby avoid the fluctuating prices of auction sales to those gips who buy outright.

A Woman With a Baby

However, there are some especially alert and selfish gips who operate their own furniture "factories" where they reupholster and refinish old furniture. They sometimes build new furniture, principally the overstuffed variety, out of old packing cases, springs that have been rejected by manufacturers and kindred material. These fabrications are then covered with a fine grade of tapestry or velours and look very convincing when installed in a fake private residence.

Manufacturers of cheap talking machines, radios, tawdry parlor lamps, and other novelties often sell direct to gips. Fences, who purchase stolen merchandise from store thieves, frequently utilize gips as outlets.

The actual selling agents who pose as residents of houses and apartments are frequently women. They have fertile brains and are clever actors. The trusting housewives or married couples, or young persons about to be married, who call to inspect the advertised bargains are seldom matches for the tricksters that they meet in the guise of distressed widows or wives of men about to remove from the city.

Sometimes the callers at an apartment where a gip has advertised furniture for sale will find a woman with a baby (hired from its real mother) in the midst of a collection of household furniture. Close inspection will reveal many queer things. There are usually more bridge lamps than any family would ever have use for. If the caller does not like the talking machine offered for sale, the pretense often made, for example, that the woman's mother also had a machine and has decided to include it in the sale and it is brought forth. In one house where gips were detected, thirty-four talking machines were found stored in the basement.

In another apartment "shopped" by investigators, a woman and her daughter were in charge. They offered a dining-room suite of big pieces that included eight chairs although it was in a tiny room and there were but three persons in the alleged family. When casually questioned, the gips explained, "Well, we thought that while we were buying it we would get a big enough dining-room suite for holidays and other times when we might have many relatives visiting us." In addition to the ample dining-room outfit, there was also a breakfast room set in the kitchen. Another gip outdid this one by including 11 identical dining-room chairs in a single suite. However, few callers seem to be able to discern such incongruities.

A clever gip employed the device of having all the furniture except that in one room ostentatiously cased up awaiting shipment to the new "home." However, a subsequent visit by an investigator disclosed the fact that the furniture in that particular room had been replaced by another suite. Incidentally, one never sees the entire family at the gip locations. If a woman is not in charge, a sharp young man will be lounging about ready to pounce upon unwary callers.

The Woman Who Offers Furs

"Going to Florida" and "Going to California" are two favorite reasons given in the advertisements of these gips of furniture for sale in their "homes." However, the "widow" or "executor of an estate" ruses are the standbys of the gips that employ classified newspaper advertisements.

Occasionally a gip will effect a clandestine alliance with a clerk in a regular furniture store. The clerk-confederate will discreetly suggest to some shoppers that they can avoid the high prices of downtown stores and obtain bargains by visiting the gip whose card is handed to the callers. Of course, such disloyal clerks are paid commissions by the gip.

Although some owners or agents of houses and apartments are sometimes deceived by gips who lease living quarters for the illicit sale of merchandise, the average transaction includes collusion between landlord and tenant. The rental agent of property owned by non-residents, especially where an apartment house janitor handles such matters, will sometimes permit a gip to occupy a house or an apartment for a limited time without a lease and pocket the rent money,

which is paid in advance. Without exception, investigators have found that the janitors of apartment houses infested by gips have been retained in one way or another since the janitor provides storage for the reserve stock.

Nothing could be more natural and plausible than the offering of furs and other wearing apparel by gips who are engaged in selling furniture from so-called private homes. In other cases, female gips will rent rooms in second-class hotels and boarding houses and advertise wearing apparel, new and second-hand, for sale, frequently posing as actresses.

"Furniture From Factory to You" Fake

In many cities the sale of merchandise from private homes is forbidden unless a sign bearing the word "dealer" is displayed on the premises and included in every classified newspaper advertisement. Whether or not there is such an ordinance, reputable newspapers everywhere coöperate with legitimate business houses, in suppressing gips by declining their advertisements.

The classified advertisements, without the warning word "dealer" are usually placed through a corner drug store agency for the newspaper and paid for in advance. This enables the ad. to be run at least once before anyone in the main office of the paper detects the ruse of the gip. But in any event it requires clever work to prove that the advertiser is really a gip.

Another form of furniture gip is the operator who leases a downtown store building or big residence on the edge of the retail district and plasters the place with gaudy signs announcing: "Furniture From Factory to You"; "Grand Rapids Furniture Co. Store" and other misleading things that suggest that the regular retailer's profit is saved by the customers of these traders.

The associated furniture manufacturers of Grand Rapids are constantly bringing successful legal proceedings against gips throughout the country who purport to operate "Grand Rapids" furniture stores. However, useful as such work is, it does not operate except where the title "Grand Rapids" is illegitimately used, and naturally many fake stores take other names.

A limited amount of rather resourceful giping is done right in Grand Rapids by fakers who work on those persons who refuse to believe that Grand Rapids manufacturers will not sell direct or at retail to consumers, and who come to that city to show themselves able to buy regardless.

It then becomes known in Grand Rapids that certain out-of-town persons are seeking to buy factory furniture at retail. They then begin to receive calls from "hush," "hush," persons who claim to be able to turn the trick. The rest of the story is simply that some junk in a warehouse or loft is unloaded upon the pilgrims who believe that their furniture "bootlegger" friends have got it released from a nationally known factory. Since the National Government cannot drive retail bootleggers out of any good-sized town, it is too much to expect furniture manufacturing centers to be freed from gips.

Another variety of gip is the pseudo-sailor attired in loose blouse, big, flowing pants, cap and all. He calls at private residences and unwinds lace from about his waist under his blouse, at the same time darkly referring to the high duty upon imported lace and his cleverness in evading the customs officers. Of course, our sailor friend is simply a gip who never sailed on anything more maritime than a ferryboat. An unusually enterprising concern has profited hugely through supplying door-to-door gips with serge-like cloth made in this country and labeled "This cloth manufactured on British looms." Credulous people are led to believe that the stuff is made in the English Midlands and smuggled into America, a rare opportunity to get fine woolens cheaply. As a matter of fact, many American textile manufacturers use looms made in England, France, Belgium, and Germany, but it took the agile brain of a gip to conceive of the manner in which this fact could be capitalized.

An amusing but highly profitable gip operation is being conducted in a well-known city by two young men whose ingenuity is sufficient to make them successful in more reputable channels. They are known as the green-wagon fur men. Dressed in rough sailor-like clothes, these two fellows drive about in a small, closed delivery truck, painted green. Parking their car, and store, at the curb, these gips will sidle up to individuals and say in a mysterious manner: "You wouldn't be interested in picking up some furs cheap, even if you didn't know where they came from?" The prospect is hastened to make a decision by such statements as, "Of course we can't come around here again" and "we've got to get rid of this stuff right away." There is much talk of the high duty on furs, smuggling, the frequency with which fur store thieves have to part with their loot at sacrifice prices, and so on.

The Odor Is Quite Convincing

These green-wagon operators are neither selling smuggled furs nor furs stolen from manufacturers or retailers and sold to fences. They are merely disposing, at good round prices, of what are known to the fur trade as "burnt" furs. Such furs have been given too strong applications of the chemicals used in processing pelts before they can be made up into garments. Although the outward appearance of the furs may be changed little or not at all, their life is gone out of them. Incidentally, these young men have provided themselves with every variety of license that any authority can demand of them. They are so smart that they remind one of the immortal Sam Slick, the Yankee clock salesman and prototype of Uncle Sam, who was originated by Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia. When Sam met a native Nova Scotia shopkeeper who bewailed the loss of trade to smugglers, Sam pertly advised the troubled man to term his own goods "smuggled," raise the prices, and then let human nature do the rest.

Gip salesmen go to offices and stores and sell women clerks what they claim to be well-known makes of perfume that have been smuggled in, permitting low prices to be named. The odor is quite convincing, but it is simply good perfume that has been "cut" by having distilled water added until the volume is doubled. The essential oils float on top and until the user gets down to the water, it seems like a bargain.

The Demand Creates the Supply

A more spectacular trick of the door-to-door gip is the "nail file" test of so-called silk hosiery. The stoutness of the hosiery is demonstrated to the awed housewife by scratching the length of the stocking with a nail file. The customer believes the sharp point of the nail file is used, but as a matter of fact the gip expertly twists the file so that the broad, rounded edge is stroked along the stocking. It makes a loud, tearing noise that is quite convincing, but it is mere sound and fury signifying nothing except that it enables the gip to get the money.

Why do gips exist and flourish in a land that prides itself upon its legitimate productive and distributive facilities for human necessities and luxuries?

The demand creates the supply. The demand is created by the bewildered and afflicted housewife, who is trying to maintain an appearance in house furnishings and the attire of her family that corresponds with the standards set by illustrated advertisements and shop windows, and at the same time live within the family income. With her, it is a case of any port in a storm. She is willing to believe her hope that there must be bargains in the world if she can but find them and it is that hope and that belief that gives the gip his chance. He offers "bargains." It is really a challenge to our present-day life. The housewife should live in a community that does not demand the impossible. On the other hand, these gips indubitably have merchandising ability, enterprise, and industry above that of the average humdrum shopkeeper or they could not exist and profit—such talent should be honestly and constructively employed. Both such buyers and sellers are the victims of an unsolved economic and social problem.

Square Deal for Other Nations

(*Concluded from page 8*)

Chief Executive of the Smithsonian, accepted the Wyer manuscript and published it under Smithsonian imprint.

2. Early in 1923, Wyer prepared an expensive leather-bound "Study of Pennsylvania National Resources," which also went out as a "Smithsonian study," and was distributed under Government frank. Hundreds of copies were presented to the Pennsylvania State Board of Education for free distribution to schools and libraries.

Gov. Gifford Pinchot stopped the board of education from further distribution when he learned that the book contained propaganda against the State's attempt to get electric current to Pennsylvania farms.

3. In conflict with Wyer's statements that he personally bore the $30,000 cost of compiling the Pennsylvania resources book, a letter from his secretary has been discovered dated January 22, 1923, asserting that—

"The Smithsonian Institution funds would not permit the compilation of this work, and the number of outside funds were merged and enough money was gotten together to compile the first edition. However, no funds were available for another edition. Mr. Wyer is hoping that he can induce some of the Pennsylvania business interests to come forward and make a large enough contribution to the Smithsonian Institution for at least an edition of 25,000 copies, but he cannot hold out any definite promise on this."

As a second edition was actually published in August, 1924, it is assumed that the "Pennsylvania business interests came forward."

This second edition, even after Governor Pinchot's protest to Walcott, went out as a "Smithsonian study." Pinchot had written to Walcott, "I have shown this book or extracts from it to a number of engineers and economists, and they agree with me that it is unfortunate that such material should be placed before the children of our State."

4. In November and December, 1923, Senator Couzens, of Michigan, wrote Doctor Walcott transmitting a protest against two pamphlets published by Wyer for the Smithsonian on the ground that the pamphlets contained incorrect or misleading statements and were in effect propaganda for the power company.

An interesting angle of the affair is disclosed by the published statement of a Washington correspondent who was digging into the details of the case. He affirms that when he asked Curator Mitman, of the Institution's Division of Mineral and Mechanical Technology, how it was known that the newspapers were after the story, Mr. Mitman stated that "Secretary Hoover had called Mr. Walcott (Secretary of the Institution) on Sunday in regardto this pamphlet; and that there was a rumor that Senator Norris was going to break loose on the subject and rip the Smithsonian up the back." The writer goes on to say: "Mr. Mitman did not know how Mr. Hoover got his information. In this connection it may be stated that I interviewed Mr. Clapp, secretary of Mr. Hoover's power commission, on Saturday, and Mr. Clapp directed me to go to Mr. Walcott."

Immediately after the adjournment of the Senate, Vice-President Dawes announced that he was going to take his fight for new Senate rules to the voters of the country. He has spoken before nonpartisan organizations in a number of states and his action is expected to stir up the jealousies that have already begun to show up between the Old Guard leaders of the Senate and the New England bloc, with which Mr. Dawes is aligned. The President's new Kitchen Cabinet has not yet publicly expressed its sympathy with the Vice-President's crusade for cloture but the indications are that its members, Adviser Stearns, Attorney-General Sargent, Senators Gillett, Butler, Moses, Bingham, and Dale, all of New England, will "go along" with their vice-presidential ally. The two Pennsylvania Senators, Pepper and Reed, who have been making a bid for associate membership in the Kitchen Cabinet, are expected to lend encouragement. Mr. Dawes will not be the only disturber of the peace and quiet of the between-sessions season. Senator Borah, who has come to be one of the most powerful—if indeed not the most powerful—figures in the Senate, is going on the warpath. He has his war paint on and is going out for the scalp of the World Court Plan. He is going on the stump to combat the propaganda for what he considers backdoor entrance into the League of Nations.

Director of the Bureau of the Budget Lord has announced that he expects a Federal surplus of $100,000,000 for this fiscal year and a surplus of $373,000,000 for next year. In the Congressional debates $500,000,000 was frequently mentioned as the figure representing the available basis for tax reduction. The session of Congress which ended March 4 made appropriations amounting to almost $4,000,000,000, for 1926, in which was found $1,315,000,000 for interest on and retirement of the public debt. This was about $25,000,000 less than the appropriations for 1925 but more than $22,000,000 of this reduction was for public debt operations. In other words, the economies inaugurated amounted to less than $3,000,000.

Congress, broadly speaking, goes through three major operations in making appropriations. It takes up first the regular annual appropriations for the departments; second, deficiency appropriations and third, public debt operations and minor permanent and indefinite appropriations for the departments. The average man will do well to accept Mr. Lord's statement that this year's surplus will be $100,000,000 and next year's $373,000,000 and let it go at that, as the political manipulation of complex bookkeeping statements sometimes are hopelessly confusing to ordinary business men. There is, for instance, a sort of floating item of $213,000,000 in the statement of our financial condition which may be charged at will to last session or this session of Congress and recorded as a saving in both this and last year.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of the government to recognize the fact that it is poor economy so badly to underpay efficient employes that they are seduced by offers from private business firms and corporations as soon as they have demonstrated their capabilities. This is one of the many considerations which will make the new economy promises of the Administration subject to possible modification. Senator Smoot, who probably is as well posted on government expense statistics as any of our budget experts, says that we have already cut to the bone in our economy movement. His exact words were: "We have gotten down to bedrock and from now on I do not expect to see appropriations for the government become less than they have been for the ensuing fiscal year."

In all events, Mr. Coolidge has performed a great service in dramatizing the countinuing necessity of economy so that government expenditures will be closely scrutinized by the business men of the country. That, after "thinking in terms of billions" for a decade we should be able to congratulate ourselves on having $473,000,000—less than half a billion—as this and next year's so-called "surplus" is an indication of the changing attitude of mind of the American public.

Again there has been an extension of the responsibilities and functions of Super-Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Agriculture, Co-Secretary of the Interior, Sponsor of the Navy Department, and Adviser-General to Departments, Bureaus, and Commissions. On his broad and willing shoulders has now been placed the work of the Patent Office. This important branch of the government, with all its facilities for monopoly creation, which has been under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior for 76 years, is now in the Department of Commerce.

The total number of applications for patents, trade-marks, and so on, has increased year by year until they now exceed 100,000 per annum. Those issued now annually exceed 55,000. The printed copies of patents and trade-marks sold annually amount to more than 2,500,000. The bureau is nearly self-supporting, as the income from fees, and so on, amounted last year to $3,042,276.22 and the expenditure to $3,273,341.37.

The transfer was made by executive order and word comes from "sources close to the President" that Mr. Coolidge wants to give control of the Bureau of Mines also to Mr. Hoover. When the act which created the Department of Commerce was passed one of its sections authorized the President to transfer at will from one department to another any bureau having to do with scientific work. Now it turns out that the President, acting in his own discretion, decided that the Patent Office comes under this classification but that he is in doubt about the status of the Bureau of Mines and fears that there are legal bars to its transfer which cannot be lifted until Congress convenes in December. This matter is left open, however, and as the term "scientific" is a pretty broad one the Bureau of Mines may fall in Mr. Hoover's lap, or on his shoulders, before summer wanes into autumn.

The Ireland of the Gael

Scenes From Cottage and Glen Where Culture Was Supreme

By THOMAS CAMERON TAYLOR

Illustrated by Paul Honoré.

The hill road.

In the remote parts of the Green Isle lies your hope of success. You go well equipped for the search if you believe you have traced the Gael in his centuries-long wanderings from somewhere near the foot of the far Himalayas and have defined through mid-Europe to the Western sea the course taken by this people of the restless feet who "chased the daylight Westward" and left, wherever they passed, a wider and brighter trail than they found. The mere challenge of a word has interest, in that connection. "What is your Gaelic for 'the place of the serpents'?" queried a gentle Gael of the Gaels in a quiet sheiling in a lonely glen of Erin. "Narakan," was the reply. "That is near enough for my purpose," he returned, "for I wish to point out that the name of one of the Seven Hindu Hells is 'Naraka,' and it signifies 'the place of the serpents.'"

Not so much in the ruins and records which bear traces of Erin's ancient glory as in the legends and traditions and folklore stored in the minds of the old people in the remote

Folklore stored in the minds of the old people.

THE quest for the Ireland of the Gael leads in these days by ways little-trodden; by the hill-road, the peat-track, the cart-track that loses itself in moss in the quiet glen; ways toilsome sometimes but beautiful always, and ample in themselves in the reward they render.

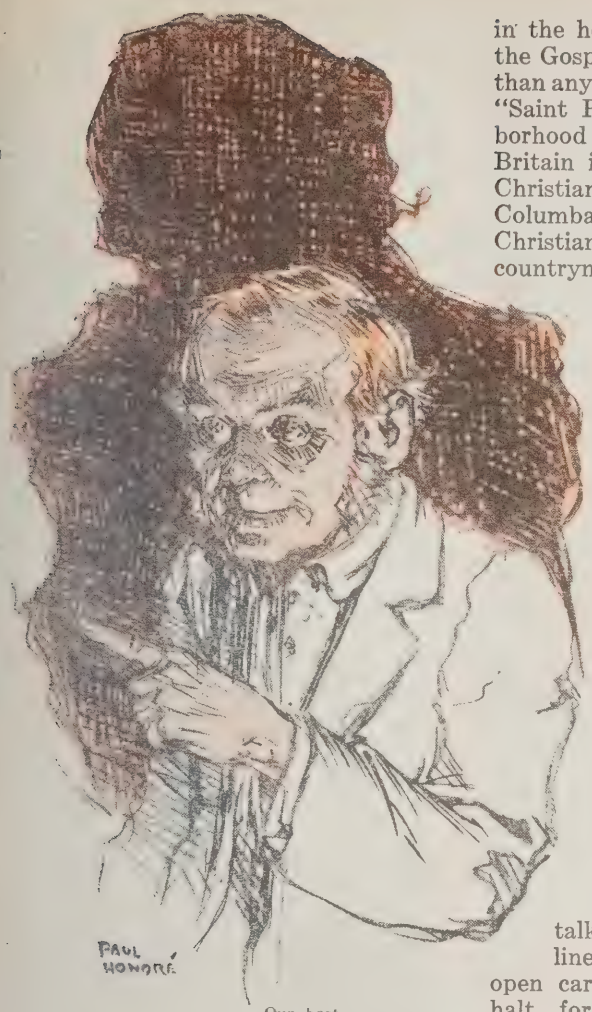
It is no light task that one essays in seeking to establish in the Ireland of today some contact with the pure stock of the ancient and amazing Gaelic people. Realize the difficulties. Discard in the first instance the name Ireland, bestowed by the Danes who ravaged and held the land between A. D. 800 and A. D. 1014, when the Gaels, at Clontarf, shook themselves free. You are in search of traces of the people who in A. D. 400, or thereabout, proved themselves highest in the scale of all the races of Western Europe.

Indeed, if the receptivity of a people to the teachings of Christianity be taken as the test of its life and ideals, the history of the progress of Christianity in the world shows that the Erin of the Gael (the Scotia of the Scots, as the Romans called it) held a people than which there was none in the world more fitted to appreciate the Gospel of Love.

There is no record of that Unknown Soldier of the legions of Julius Caesar who first took to North Britain the message of Christianity, but we do know that the old church councils held that St. Paul had visited "the Britannic Isles" in the first century planting churches, and we do know that from the *Candida Casa* in the south of what is now Scotland—Europe's most famous White House—the tidings of the Christian religion were taken to Erin by a young captive, whose message swept the Green Isle from end to end in thirty years, and initiated there a culture which rendered Erin supreme in Western Europe, in education and ideal, for four hundred years thereafter. The Gael was ready for the message. Has any other race exhibited equal readiness?

Saint Patrick's people are the people with whom you are seeking to establish some touch in your quest. For that reason you must remember that the Danish barbarians who in A. D. 800 took all of Ireland which they thought worth taking, who ruthlessly crushed out the centers of education and—as far as they could—the marvelous power of the Celtic Church, ruled Ireland for a period longer than that during which America has existed as an independent Republic. Recall further, the racial admixture resulting from that period of Danish occupation; the later racial admixtures of French, Spanish, Norse and mixed North British peoples; and you exclude from your area of investigation all of Erin which is best known and easily accessible.

Go by the Shannon. Beware of its beauty, unless you have unlimited time to spend. Throughout the whole two hundred and twenty-five miles of its course the Shannon will string you spots which are jewels of beauty and tempting to the wayfarer.



Our host.

and unspoiled places does one learn of the Gael. If one approaches the fountains of memory gently (there are barriers of shyness and reserve to be patiently put aside), if one has understanding and sympathy, if one has delicacy in giving (for the American will wish to give), and if, above all, one has a smattering of the Gaelic on the tongue, there is much to be gleaned; but the time of the gleaning is short, for these are days of swift change in the Isle. The points of contact are few, and passing.

"The temple of Truth has many doors: open them all." The particular door which may lead to the goal of your quest may be just such a door as was opened to us on a quiet summer night in the West of Ireland ten years ago, the door of a dilapidated cabin sheltering a remarkable character, now gone: a cultured "Gael of the Gaels," as he loved to term himself, who after years of no small part in the affairs of life and his country, had caught the peace of the glen. You will have fair fortune if you meet with such warmth of welcome as was ours, and find such a treasury of tradition as one lonely old Gaelic gentleman proved to be.

Before the first of the neighbors sidled in, "and welcome," we were listening to the history of the Celtic Church, in the heyday of which the "Light of the Gospel burned brighter in Ireland than anywhere else in Western Europe." "Saint Patrick came from the neighborhood of the *Candida Casa* in North Britain in the year 432; Ireland was Christian throughout by the year 465; Columba went from the Erin of the Christian Gaels to his emigrant fellow-countrymen in what is now Scotland in 563; Augustine's mission from Rome to Kent was in 597; the Celtic Church had an existence in Erin and in Scotland apart and distinct until about 1068, when, the Celtic Church in Erin being in ruins after Danish sway there, the Celtic Church in Scotland, came into fellowship with Rome."

So our host poured out the tale of Christian Erin; but the night deepened, and the neighbors took up such talk as one hears in lonely cabins in old Erin when darkness falls. There had been a funeral "over the hill." Recollections ran toward such events and the old ways thereanent. All had "heard tell" of memorable funerals; and as they talked one saw again the long line of mourners following the open cart through the wild glens, the halt for prayer at each crossroad; heard the death-song echoing amid the hills, and the wild "keening" of the hooded crone seated beside the coffin as she extolled the virtues of the departed and by no means forgot the shortcomings of any who might have been his enemies. Some recalled the custom, once followed when the head of a family died, of placing the body with the head at the foot of the bed—a custom, by the way, never observed in the case of women.

"Eastern survival," commented the host; "the spirit of the departed must be discouraged immediately from lingering in the vicinity of the body. In some remote parts of the East they go so far as to change the paths into the village."

In all the talk there was abundant evidence of the anxiety of the Celt to insure that on his passing he shall be "decently put away beside his own people." One neighbor "minded" the hoarding and "scranning" among his own people to provide, before death, suitable shroud, burial dress, and (in some cases) fine new shoes for the journey beyond the grave. Another had known instances in which the preparations included the provision of a tombstone. To a more distant time belonged the belief that the last person buried in a graveyard was junior to all others, and was called upon to be to them a general factotum, whose duty it was to fetch and carry as they ordered. This belief, as will be at once appreciated, gave rise to questions of precedence which were argued, doubtless, with spirit and vigor. Our host said it was on record that on an occasion when two funeral parties met at the gate of a cemetery they halted, neither group being willing to accord the other precedence. Eventually the matter proved impervious to argument, the bodies were put carefully aside, and the contending escorts fought each other to a standstill, several lives being lost.

Another burial custom which at one time was observed almost generally throughout the South and West of Ireland, and one by which the beggars profited greatly, was that followed especially in the case of the death of a child. On such occasions the relatives gave to beggars and the needy around loaves of bread and porridge bowls well filled, offerings supposed to insure the comfort of the departed in the journey beyond the grave. In that custom our gentle host perceived the survival—distorted, indeed, but basically evident—of Eastern influence. (In some parts of Celtic Scotland there is still a somewhat similar giving to the needy, on the occasion of a christening. The mother, on setting out for the church with her infant, takes with her a substantial "piece" of bread

A dilapidated cabin.

liberally buttered, and bestows it, for luck, upon the first child who crosses her path.)

Stories of magic, witchcraft, spells, the evil eye, and the fairy folk have much in common throughout the West of Europe, and, be the influences upon the fairy mythology of Erin what they may, the tales lose none of their eerie glamour when told to a hushed circle of Celtic people amid the stillness of the hills, the glow of the peat fire falling upon the tense faces, the minds of every member of the circle teeming with such tales from the past.

Our host claimed that in the fairy mythology of Erin, beneath superstrata deposited from obvious Norse and Gothic sources, there appeared everywhere evidences of its Eastern origin. It forms a strange medley, an evening's collection of reminiscences of half-forgotten customs and beliefs of which the country folk have "heard tell."

One Dread Remedy

There had been a time, it appeared, when earth from the grave of a priest or some other person noted for sanctity had been applied in the treatment of various diseases; and an earlier time when medicine, made from the earth of such a grave, mixed with water and potheen, was adminstered to ailing ones. The witches had been potent in Erin as elsewhere. Did an old woman appear at your door on May Day, begging "a kindlin' of fire?" Then she was indubitably a witch, and if you failed to rebuff her with appropriate exorcisms you had incurred the risk of dire evil. Did one suspect that the butter came slowly in the churn because some witch had laid a spell on the cream? There had been one dread remedy in the long, long ago—dip in the cream the left hand of a corpse. Of later date the cure had been to heat the colter of the plow in the fire, and if in the process appropriate reference were made by name to the suspected party, and if thereafter the butter came in reasonable time, there could be no doubt as to the spell having been laid on the cream by that particular person.

The power of the evil eye was a matter for dread. There was "the overlook" that caused lunacy and had other terrible possibilities. You will find in old Erin still the fear of the evil eye, despite the banter and ridicule with which the fear may be camouflaged. It was an ill-omened thing in the strange old days to praise any living thing "to its face." To utter a good word regarding a horse or a cow in the presence of the animal without first spitting upon the animal, or regarding a child without a preliminary "God save him," was, to put it mildly, an unfriendly act.

The doings of the fairies—the "good folk"—a propitiatory description rendered desirable by the omnipresence of those sharp little fellows—can still thrill an Irish audience in the quiet country homes, and, be it admitted, the stranger from the outside world may not always escape the weird spell of the telling. There, one may still hear of the fairies who were the especial appanages of distinguished families, and of how the heads of those families from time to time had been apprised by the family fairies of approaching trouble or of the coming of the Reaper.

There are remote parts of Ireland today where a man will not drink without first pouring a small libation "to the good folk," but the custom is almost dead. Many of the ancient *barrows* of Ireland—those relics of the time before the coming of the Gael—owe their preservation, it would seem, to the belief that they were the abodes of the fairies, and must not be disturbed by spade or plow. To build across a track believed to be used by the fairies was unthinkable in old-time Erin. The time has passed, however, when the peasant had difficulty in keeping out of trouble when an eddy of dust on the highway showed him that the fairies were there on a journey. The usual salutation from the mere human being on such occasions was "God speed ye, gentlemen." If one had the presence of mind, an effective safeguard was to cross one's self, for then, in addition, the fairy host would be thrown into such confusion that any captive mortals who might be with it would be enabled to regain their freedom. In all the land, however, there was no more potent or serviceable guaranty of immunity from fairy pranks, witch spells and the evil eye, than the personal possession of a "black-hafted knife."

"The Wren Boys"

Seasonal customs in Erin are for the most part now comparatively modern. A custom, now practically relegated to the past, was that which demanded that on the last day of the year the head of the family should dash a cake against the outer door of the house as a precaution against hunger in the year that was about to begin. "The Wren Boys," who were wont to parade the villages on Boxing Day bearing a beribboned holly bush from which many wrens were suspended, are unknown to many of this generation. The parading party had a song which laid stress upon the size and needs of the family of a wren, and the parade latterly was merely a hunt for "trate money."

The aristocracy of the tramp tribe ranged Ireland for generations. The *buckaugh* class is not yet extinct in the old land, but is now only a shadow of its former self. Development has reduced its status, and one does not now find in its vagabond ranks men of attainments who had yielded to nothing other than the gypsy in their blood and taken to the road. Tales of tramp aristocrats are legion, for the buckaugh was a remarkable figure in the life of the country for long. He was the newsmonger of the countryside, and welcome everywhere. His public services were many, albeit he contributed not of his labor to the general weal. As writer of letters, and reader of the same; as courier between lovers, intermediary between families and even factions, he was *liaison* officer, diplomat and plenipotentiary. His voluminous rags were but the livery of the tramp, for so well did the buckaugh fare on the gifts he received that he was able to sell a fair surplus to his lesser brethren of the towns.

The Largest Nugget

As the talk veered from one distinguished buckaugh to another, the aged Gael under whose cabin roof we were met recalled perhaps the most remarkable of the roving tribe, a "gangrel" from choice, an educated *hobo* who spent years seeking out the mineral resources of the Green Isle. This man claimed to know every deposit of coal and clay in the land, every "showing" of iron ore; he would talk for hours on "the lost gold of Wicklow," smilingly reminding his hearers that the largest nugget of gold ever found in the British Isles was found in Wicklow, and claiming that he believed he could locate the gold if he thought the finding of it would do Ireland any good. (The nugget found in Wicklow weighed twenty-two ounces, and was of pure gold.)

* * * * * * *

And so throughout the long, dark evening the talk runs in such cabins in those remote glens toward which your attention is directed here. There is rich reward to the seeker of the Ireland of the Gael. Beauty of scenery, kindliness of welcome, gentleness and dignity and idealism are there. That is an Ireland from which one will glean interesting things of which the foregoing are but examples, and ever and anon there may come to the memory for years after the pilgrimage the soft-spoken Gaelic words of farewell that fall like a benediction—"Safe home to you, by the help of God!"

Has Its Own Independence Day

By M. B. HOOD

CHARLOTTE, North Carolina, is the only city in the United States that does not unite with all other cities, towns, and hamlets in celebrating the Fourth of July as National Independence Day; it has an Independence Day all its own.

While every hamlet from the Canadian border to the Rio Grande and from the Golden Gate to the Atlantic will celebrate this year "the 149th anniversary of our independence," the people of Charlotte and in other cities of North Carolina will celebrate "the 150th anniversary of our independence."

The reason for this is that Charlotte was a year and sixty-five days ahead of the rest of the country in declaring itself "free and independent of Great Britain." Since that great event became a milepost in the history of America, the city of Charlotte and the county of Mecklenburg, in which Charlotte is located, have celebrated May 20, as the true anniversary of American independence.

Although all American historians duly record, and some detail at length, the fact that a Declaration of Independence, asserting the right of the American people to be free of Great Britain, was signed at Charlotte on May 20, 1775, the fact that the nation at large celebrates the Fourth of July as Independence Day has obscured the Mecklenburg declaration's importance.

When Charlotte First Celebrated

Through the years that have intervened since the American colonies began to expand into the present United States, Charlotte and Mecklenburg County have seldom failed to celebrate their great event in proper style, often with famous men of the nation as guests; twice with a President of the United States as the principal guest of honor, and twice with a Vice-President of the United States as guest.

The first President of the United States to journey to Charlotte to unite with the citizens of that city and thousands of others from North and South Carolina and adjoining states in celebrating the first declaration of independence signed in America was in 1909, when President Taft was the principal figure in the celebration—made memorable in the minds of the celebrants by a rain so torrential that it has been referred to since by local people as "the Taft rain."

In 1916, when the mind of the nation was absorbed with the cataclysmic struggle among the nations of Europe, and America's decision to enter the conflict was shaping itself for expression, President Wilson was the central figure in a celebration that lasted three days and came to a climax on the twentieth. On this date, the governors of North and South Carolina and other dignitaries were present, in addition to President Wilson; and the United States Marine Band, as on several former occasions of the kind, came down from Washington as token of interest in the event by official Washington. As on one or two previous celebrations in the history of Charlotte, the entire national guard of the state was present and joined in the picturesque pageant celebrating the anniversary of the first declaration of the American will to create a new nation in the West.

The first celebration of extraordinary proportions was on the one hundredth anniversary, at which were present the governor and most of the state officials, as well as officials from adjoining states and Washington.

The 1923 celebration was made conspicuous by the presence of General Pershing. In 1924, for the first time, the story of the first declaration of independence was told in pageant form, with floats and tableaux depicting the events that occurred in Charlotte one hundred and fifty years ago.

The text of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence is so similar in sentiment and expression to the national declaration as to give rise to suggestions that the framers of the declaration at Philadelphia may have been influenced by the former document, which had been sent to the Continental Congress previous to the drafting of the national declaration. The question is one for speculation, however, and is probably incapable of proof; though it seems not unlikely that so daring a step as the Mecklenburgers took might attract the attention of the members of the Congress at Philadelphia, when a copy of it was in the possession of their secretary.

Mecklenburg County Declaration

The text of the Mecklenburg County document (the original was lost in a fire that destroyed the home of Ephraim Brevard, one of the signers and one of the secretaries of the convention in 1800) reads as follows:

RESOLVED, First: That whosoever directly or indirectly abetted, or in any way, form or manner, countenanced the unchartered and dangerous invasion of our rights, as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to this country, to America, and to the inalienable rights of man.

RESOLVED, Second: That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg County, do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, and adjure all political connections, contact, or association from that nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and unhumanly shed the blood of patriots at Lexington.

RESOLVED, Third: That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no power other than that of God and the general government of the Congress: to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual coöperation, our lives and our sacred honor.

RESOLVED, Fourth: That as we acknowledge the existence and control of no law, nor legal office, civil or military, within this country, we do hereby ordain and adopt as a rule of life, all, each and every of our former laws; wherein, nevertheless, the Crown of Great Britain can never be considered as holding rights, privileges, or immunities, or authority therein.

The Patriots and the Governor

RESOLVED, Fifth: That it is further decreed that all, each and every military officer in this county be hereby retained in his former command and authority—he acting conformably to those regulations. And that every one present in this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer, namely; a justice of the peace, in the character of a committeeman, to issue process, hear and determine all matters of controversy, preserve peace, union and harmony in said county, according to said adopted laws, and to use every exertion to spread the love of freedom throughout America, until a general organized government be established in this province.

On May 30 of the same year, at one of the frequent meetings of the committeemen from the several districts into which the county was divided, further resolutions were adopted supplementary to and conformable with the spirit of the declaration of the twentieth, and "certain rules and regulations for the internal regulation of the country until laws should be provided for us by the Congress" were adopted. There were eleven articles of agreement adopted at this time, which some historians have confused with the articles of declaration that were adopted on the twentieth.

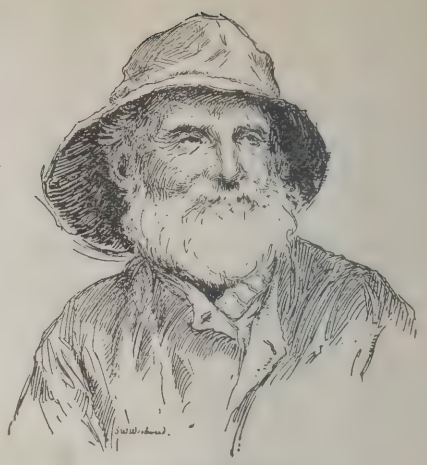
To grasp the situation in which the patriots found themselves at this time and to comprehend the spirit that animated them, it (Continued on page 27)

Gloucester Goes a-Fishing

How the Harvest of the Sea Is Reaped

By MAY B. WHITING

Drawings by Stanley W. Woodward



An island fisherman.

ALL the world loves a fisherman. Machinery and standardized living are all fine enough in their way, but the man who plays the game of life single-handed with nature will always remain a hero that every one of us has a lurking desire to emulate. Fishing is one of the most ancient trades in the world, and one of the most honored, and throughout the ages it has seen the fewest changes. Inscriptions on Egyptian tombstones depict men using, as today, the hook, the dragnet, and the harpoon.

Maine is pre-eminently the fishing state along the Atlantic seaboard, although no single port has the fame of Boston and of Gloucester, in Massachusetts. But their schooners demand men in the prime of youth and at the maximum of endurance, while Maine nourishes a stalwart race who, from father to son, go fishing throughout their working years. The numerous islands along the coast are their favorite habitation and every cove shelters a dozen or so craft which represent the wealth of the community. For every fisherman must have his own "bo-ot" and, with its brave little prow headed for the open sea, he is indeed lord of his destiny.

In early spring come the halcyon days of fishing, when the mackerel, in great schools, begin their migration from the capes off Delaware and Georgia. Like heralds before them come the smaller fry they feed upon, and in their wake their enemies, the shark, the porpoise and the bluefish, while the mackerel gull swoops down from above, and, working havoc in their midst, sail the schooners of men who have relentlessly pursued from southern waters. When the news that the mackerel have been sighted flies on its mysterious wings across the islands, every little boat seems to tug and pull at its moorings to get into the chase. At first it is a game, then a feverish obsession, more to get the fish than for the sake of the good money that they bring.

Seining is a favorite mode of fishing. It takes at least two boats to manage the great net which looks like a tangled heap of twine and cork, and it requires no little skill to get ahead of the school and stretch the net in their path. For the mackerel are timid. In some mysterious way they know the approach of danger, and with a flourish of their tails, all at the same instant, will swerve to one side, or, if that is impossible, dive beneath. But once within the net and the purse string at the bottom neatly pulled, the shimmering horde is safe.

A fisherman's home.

Again, the fisherman may prefer trawling, starting out at one or two in the morning for his favorite fishing ground, the lee of some island nine or ten miles out to sea. There he lays his trawl, letting out a long line with smaller lines and hooks attached to it and a buoy every so often to mark its location. When all his line is payed out he sails back on his course, pulling it in and taking off the shining, silvery fish.

Sometimes, in the still dark hours, it is like a little city on those lonely waters. Perhaps forty fishermen may choose the same grounds, each boat with its tossing lantern, and there will be hallos and shouted greetings between friends on different islands who rarely see each other except by such chance encounters by starlight or the first pale gleam of dawn. When the sun is high and the fish no longer hungry, the fisherman starts for the nearest market, perhaps Portland, to sell his catch. If possible, he will clean on the way, and then the gulls will follow in his wake, a cloud of them, swooping down with raucous cries, eating the refuse or carrying it far away to their nesting places.

But whatever method the fisherman may pursue, a good mackerel haul adds considerably to his monthly income. Those are the gala days when it seems as if a week's work would make him rich. But all too swiftly come the lean months when it seems as if the wolf, or perhaps the fisherman pictures it as the dogfish, were very near the door.

For in July comes another of those mysterious migrations, this time of a horrible creature, of more execrable character, according to the fisherman, than any with whom Dante has peopled his Inferno. In fact, the dogfish is a desperate looking villain. He is about three or four feet long, weighing five or six pounds, of a dark slate color, similar to that of a whale. He is without scales, of exceedingly soft and pulpy body, and a mouth set on the under side so that, like the shark, he must roll over on his back to bite. This monster, although of no great size, is unspeakably ravenous, eating everything in its path, devouring the catch on the trawls and twisting great hunks out of fish caught on the handlines before they can be brought to the surface. Throughout the summer months you hear of nothing but his vicious disposition and evil ways.

In general, while the dogfish are infesting the waters, the fisherman takes up the tamer pursuit of lobstering. Nearly every islander owns from sixty to a hundred lobster pots. These resemble nothing so much as great bird cages made of slats to permit the victim a view of the bait, usually a cod's head. One end is stretched with rope and in the center a circular hole is left. The trap is weighted with stone and a wooden bob floats on the surface. The lobster, scuttling merrily along the bottom of the sea, smells the bait, investigates, and soon crawls in, hind-first, as is his favorite mode of locomotion. Then he discovers that the hole

is too small to permit him to go out headfirst with spread claws, and in all the sad experience of the race it has apparently never occurred to any individual to turn around and go out the same way he came in. But perhaps the idea will dawn some day, for in his prison the lobster seems to give himself up to meditation. At least, he scarcely touches the bait that has lured him to his undoing.

The fisherman, now lobsterman, makes the round of his traps once a day and carries his booty to market, or, if that is too far, he returns to his own cove and puts the lobsters in his "cage," a box submerged just below the surface of the water. He knows that in a few days the lobster boat will be around and then he can sell his catch. The center of these boats is a large well in which the supply of salt water is constantly renewed by the simple expedient of having the bottom pierced with perhaps a hundred holes as big as silver dollars. Very awesome it looks to the landlubber who can scarcely believe that the compartments at the ends keep the craft afloat and that the water in reality only serves as ballast which other vessels carry. These boats go to Portland or along the coast where they sell to the wayside stores whose customers are the tourists in automobiles.

Even in the presence of his hated enemy, the dogfish, the fisherman must take a few chances in the grab bag of the ocean, at least with handlines. Perhaps it may yield him a couple of horse mackerel, weighing two or three hundred a piece, or a salmon, almost worth its shining weight in gold. And usually he visits the nearest pound two or three times a week for bait. A pound is a stationary net, fastened to poles, and so arranged that the fish, when they swim in, cannot find their way back. Every day a man rows in with a dory and scoops out the catch.

Unloading fish.

The pound may yield strange creatures, the monkfish, with its great round face, disquieting, like a man's, the sea-spider on its stilted legs, the sculpin with its grotesque head, its flaming eye like a baleful jewel, and its spots which quickly change to match its surroundings. Oddest of all is the squid, which combines the features of octopus, poll parrot, and squirt gun. About its head is a circle of tentacles in the center of which is a horned beak. When brought to the surface he squirts, first a stream of water, then one of jet black "ink." This original minded creature is much sought after for bait, and to catch him the hook must be greased with rancid butter. He also serves to while away the weary hours, for the fisherman is always ready to show him to the

After the day's work.

summer visitor, for whose eye the squid has unerring aim.

The petty affairs of the daily paper concern the fisherman little. Life is not to him a succession of days, but rather of tides, and of fair and foul weather. In the same way the years pass him by, and the veriest graybeard among them has an air of boyishness and contentment with life that makes you wonder how any one is willing to pay so heavy a toll for city living. The islander's life is lonely, but the loneliness of the ocean is quite different from isolation on land, for on the tossing waters there is something to enliven the faculties every instant. It may be the need to outwit a huge comber, or in the witching hours of moonlight it is easy to imagine grotesque apparitions lifting their dripping heads above the billows. As a usual thing the fisherman is deeply religious, with a sort of fatalistic acceptance of the chances of his career. There is seldom any drunkenness or profanity among them, and, at least among the island fishermen, the use of tobacco is rare.

His amusements, too, are far from the hectic flurry that goes by that name

A Gloucester fishing schooner.

in the city. When a boat is launched among his friends he dons his best and has a party to celebrate the event. It apparently affords him no small pleasure, too, to sit and gaze at the ocean for hours. The children want no playground but the rocks and beaches. Nearly every afternoon a dozen of them will build a fire under an old discarded ship-stove set up on shore, and they will hunt for crabs beneath the rocks. No prince, fêted at a table set with cloth of gold, could have a more delicious repast or one that is enjoyed with keener zest.

In the autumn the fishing is again good. The mackerel are gone, but there are always the cod and the hake, silvered and slimy to the touch, the pollack with his white stripes, and the haddock with his black. The haddock also has two "devil marks," the print of a smutty thumb and finger where the arch fiend lifted the father of the race from out the water. Then the fishermen sometimes go beamhauling, dragging a narrow, open net along the bottom of the sea, ensnaring everything it touches.

But in general the fishing of the long winter months is by trawling. Snug in his fishhouse, heated by a shipmate stove, the fisherman baits and coils his trawls, until he has two or three kegs full. Then out alone on the deep, in uncertain weather, with storms threatening, he pays out his hooks, sailing back and pulling in the hard, wet line, keeping one eye out for ice floes and another for great seas which threaten to engulf him. No man who is a coward will keep it up, but day after day the toil goes on. When the more experienced caution the youth, a laughing "the old pods are getting skeered" is the reply, and soon is heard the "chug, chug" of the little motor beating its way against the wind out to the open where fish are plentiful. (Concl'd on page 28)

Too Much Law in the United States?

(*Concluded from page 4*)

the legislature again meets, these lawyers would put into some definite form the ideas thus collected, and then put these concrete matters before the representatives in the legislature from the several localities where the lawyers may live, that some real constructive service would have been rendered by the bar of the state."

The Crying Sin of Most Legislatures

Mr. German may strike a popular chord with his views upon the repeal of laws, when he says: "The crying sin of most legislatures is to pass laws rather than to repeal them. I have often thought that a legislature would more nearly earn its monetary compensation, as well as the lasting thanks of the citizens of the state, if they would devote their time to repealing measures rather than enacting them.

"Of course, laws are necessary, but a multiple of laws simply means confusion. Where there are so many laws, the ingenuity of astute counsel can always be relied upon to find some plausible theory to urge in defense of a lawbreaker, and therefore the lawbreaker, knowing this, is encouraged to continue his nefarious designs. Whereas, if the commands of the law were fewer in number, but the penalty for violation thereof drastic, in my opinion, we would be on safer ground than we are today.

"There are now on the statute books of Missouri some 13,890 sections. Of course, you will understand that, while these are separate sections, nevertheless they are not all laws in the sense that they are complete in themselves. It would be difficult indeed to compute just how may laws there are, as distinguished from sections.

"Strictly speaking, none of the laws are obsolete, although a great many of them are quiescent. Of course, it goes without saying that there are too many laws in this state, and no doubt in every other state in the Union."

Another remedy is suggested by Stone Deavours, president of the Mississippi State Bar Association. It is that of constitutional restrictions, together with the election of more intelligent legislators.

"There is no doubt in my mind," says Mr. Deavours, "but that too many laws are enacted in this state. The multiplicity of laws has led to great confusion.

Does Not Know of Any Remedy

"I do not know of any remedy to suggest to prevent such a vast number of enactments by the legislative body. The legislature is one of the coördinate branches of the government, and, when in session, is supreme in the legislative field, and, of course, can legislate about anything and everything about which it cares to legislate and about which the constitution permits it to legislate. Perhaps some constitutional restrictions would be helpful; but probably the best remedy would be the election of more intelligent men to the legislative body."

It is related of a very wealthy man, residing in an eastern state, who possesses large property interests in several states, that he employs agents to attend sessions of the state legislatures and to report passage of new laws creating offenses or imposing penalties, that he might regulate his conduct in such a manner as to keep out of jail.

Confusion Worse Confounded

An interesting picture of this phase of the complicated mass of conflicting laws is furnished by E. S. McAnany, president of the Kansas State Bar Association, who says: "I do not see how, in a nation of forty-eight sovereign commonwealths, each subdivided into townships and municipalities, a large number of statutory enactments can be avoided. The average man lives, and his property interests are located, in a single state. To such a one, municipal ordinances, state statutes, and national enactments should not be bewildering in number. If he has property interests in forty-eight sovereign states and a few foreign nations, and tries to grasp and follow the statutes and regulations of each jurisdiction, the task is apt to prove too much for one brain.

"We have too many laws, but a good deal of confusion could be avoided by periodical drastic revisions such as Kansas has recently enacted and congress is contemplating.

"Scientific advancement and social development bring about rapid changes of conditions that necessitate new regulations which must be met by statutory enactments, rather than waiting for usage and custom to crystallize into laws.

A State Which Has No Obsolete Laws

"The Revised Statutes of Kansas now consist of 83 chapters and 12,112 sections in a volume consisting of, including indices and other addenda, 1,645 pages. Revised in 1923.

"Since our revision, there are now no laws of a general nature in the state that are obsolete. Some of the reënacted provisions of the Revised Statutes, because of their extremely limited application, might be considered obsolete, but are not technically so."

There are approximately 16,000 sections in the Ohio general code, according to William L. Hart, former president of the Ohio State Bar Association, from five to ten per cent of which are obsolete in that they are seldom, if ever, used.

While giving no specific remedy to decrease the number of laws, or to prevent the enactment of additional statutes, Mr. Hart says: "The only manner in which the volume of statute law will be decreased or the rate of increase of statute law be lessened, is the adoption of some general principle and the application of that principle unsparingly to every field. The great diversity of modern life makes it unavoidable that there should be much legislation that affects relatively few; but the majority has no right to deny the benefits of legislation to the minority, merely because it is a minority. Standards of judgment should be, not as to what will be best for the interests of the majority; but what does the majority think will be best for the interests of all? The difference between these two standards is as wide as the distance between the poles."

Sifting a Mass of Material

Upon retiring as president of the American Bar Association, Mr. John W. Davis addressed the annual convention of that organization at Minneapolis on August 29, 1923. During his speech he remarked about the "18,500 volumes of reports and inundation of statutes that constitute a complete American law library today." "Of course," said he, "no lawyer, however long-lived or industrious, and no law office, however numerous its force, can pretend to sift a mass of material so vast as this."

Up to within recent years, lawyers were in overwhelming preponderance in the legislative halls of the country at large. They are still in a majority in state legislatures. It is pointed out here that the incoming Congress of the United States will contain, in its House of Representatives, more than two hundred and ninety lawyer members out of a total membership of four hundred and thirty-five.

Still, with the undoubted imprint of these legal minds upon the laws on the statute books in the United States, other legal minds, much in the majority, outside of legislative halls, seem to be of the decided opinion, as indicated in this article, that we have "too much law."

No Way Appears Out of the Tangle

Eliminate opinions as one may, sift out what appear to be futile remedies; still, nothing tangible and direct appears to hold promise of lessening the number of existing laws to any marked extent, nor to point the way to a method of slackening up activities on the part of state and national legislatures.

The eminent men quoted in this article have spoken candidly and freely.

May-Day Dawn in Oxford

—Oxford, England.

AT CERTAIN times even the most unimaginative of us step over the borderland into that other kingdom which enables us as detached beings to see the fairy breath on things around us. This morning, early, was such a time for me.

Dew, so much of it that it seemed to have just stopped raining, was on the long, unkempt grass of our straggling garden and on the gray stone roofs of houses across the way. (And isn't this the dew that gives whoever washes in it everlasting beauty?) Birds were chirping reluctantly, and some of the big, iron-bound doors of the old colleges stood open. Here and there was a college portal yet unlocked where all inside was still and sleepy.

Around the turn into "the High" it was different. For here were people awake—and the time near five o'clock—people who ordinarily would just have turned over in their beds for the last lap of a comfortable night. Bicycles flanked the whole width of the street, and, between and around them, people were walking.

The niched stone of medieval buildings on either side interspersed with shops that from their very age claimed a dignity that comes from jutting upper stories and small-paned windows, looked out tolerantly. And farther along, in a tower high above the street, bells rang out their simple, quarter-hourly intonation.

But it was not this that had crowded the bridge below—nor yet this that had caused punts and canoes and small boats to line the river-edge beneath, their occupants waiting expectantly. Up on the tower there was a fluttering of something white—the white surplices of the little choir boys.

It was the hour, and hark!—the Latin words of a Requiem Mass, sung for the first time for the soul of Henry the Seventh, came down to us. Till the very end I sat on the stone railing of the bridge below almost holding my breath to listen the better.

". . . . . love is sung
By every age, in every tongue."

How many people have been thrilled by this same vibrant appeal? Those naughty little boys who would unscrew your bicycle bell on ordinary days were now lifted high above you till they might be angels singing from the rain-gray skies.

Then came the full swing of bells. The crowd moved away in all directions, and the little crafts in the slow-moving, muddy river glided on to green places higher up the stream. The tune of Morris dancing was struck up in the street, and some stopped to watch. A fruit vendor in a tall gray hat pushed his way among the people calling his unwanted, "Bananas."

I went down beside the river where a fallen willow furnished a bumpy seat. Here a cold breakfast was made palatable and delicious by its setting, and there passed friends and not-friends, a floating show of merriment and gaiety.

Riding home, the morning was still crisp and green—such a shade as never can be copied. And from among the wee, new-sprouted, baby leaflings of a roadside hedge came the reiterating greeting, "Cu-koo, cu-koo, cu-koo."

In such a way, May dawns in Oxford.

(C) Underwood & Underwood.

Magdalen Tower, Oxford, England.

Billy O and I

(*Concluded from page 2*)

alluded to by Sir William in his letter. Yes, Sir William, it is true enough. Looking back over the years, from the comfortable depths of this armchair, back past the war and all the strange adventures that have come our ways, it is strangely vivid. Billy, we had decided, should enter for the club tournament.

Now let there be no mistake about it, it was a great affair. Players from far and near came to compete. Several of us decided to enter, knowing full well that we would not get beyond the first round, but with Billy it was different. Billy was the dark horse. Billy, dancing round like an inspired imp on the back line, or glowering at his opponent with his chin just over the net, might do anything. And so Billy entered. The weather was perfect on the opening day, as it was on all the days that followed, and Billy was the hero of every day. The rest of the gang was scattered in the opening hours, but Billy, Billy won his way through to the finals. Now the final day of this particular tournament was a great day; it was a full-dress day; all the countryside would be there in full dress. And so the night before, the gang held a meeting. Billy must make a great and creditable showing. Billy, above all things, must be dressed for the occasion. He must wear "whites"; whites in the finals were *de rigeur*. Billy protested. He did not have a pair of whites, or, if he had, he did not know where they were. We insisted; Billy protested, but finally declared that he would get a pair somewhere. And so we left it.

.....

Well, Billy was as good as his word. But he forgot about them until the last moment, and, then, as ill luck would have it, the only man who had a pair of whites to lend him was a giant. But what did that matter to Billy? With the waist well up about his armpits, with several reefs in the trouser legs, he appeared on the court at the appointed time. The gallery roared, and the gang cheered, but before very long both gang and gallery were cheering together. For never before had Billy been in such form. He went from strength to strength; he was everywhere at once; his hair became ever more tousled; his face was smeared with dust and whiting; the trousers sagged and shifted, but Billy played on and on, and —won.

When Must We Have a New Canal?

Panama's "Big Ditch" May Soon Become Too Small for the Increase in Traffic

By OTTO WILSON

Native shacks in the village, Taboga Island.

EVENTUALLY, as everyone admits, the United States will have to get its steam shovels into action again and dig another canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific. But how soon will that become imperative? In the last two or three years the traffic through the Panama Canal has taken such great leaps forward that the time may be nearer than we have been counting on. If anything like the present increase keeps up it will only be a few years before we shall have to face the alternative of enlarging the present canal or building a new one.

Two years ago Colonel J. J. Morrow, then governor of the Canal Zone, made an address before the New York section of the American Society of Engineers in which he said:

"A conservative estimate of the lockage capacity of the present locks, allowing the periodical unwatering of one flight for painting and repairs, is 50,000,000 net tons of shipping *per annum*, or more than four times the present volume of traffic . . . .

"While any computation of the future growth of traffic is subject to error, it is believed that the 50,000,000-ton mark will not be exceeded before 1955. In other words, the present canal should prove adequate to meet the demands that will be made upon it for a period of about thirty years. Beyond that it is futile to prophesy."

Colonel Morrow's caution in making future estimates was amply justified in the next two years. When he spoke, the biggest single year's business done by the canal was the handling of 11,000,000 net tons of shipping in 1922. In the next year this total jumped to 18,000,000 tons, and in the year following to 26,000,000 tons. In two years the traffic thus grew from less than one-quarter of the canal's capacity to more than one-half.

A continuation of this tremendous increase of more than 100 per cent in twenty-four months is not to be counted upon for the immediate future. If it were, we would already have to be digging away night and day on a new waterway if we wished to meet the full demands of the world's shipping. A large part of the increase has been due to the shipment of California oil to the East, a traffic which reached its peak in 1923 and has been falling off since.

But aside from this special business the handling of ships carrying general cargo increased 50 per cent in the two years. For one thing German shipping is rapidly coming back. In 1921 only thirteen German ships made the transit through the canal and the German flag ranked thirteenth on the list of those passing through the locks. In 1924 it ranked fourth. Most other maritime nations likewise record a steady growth since the close of the war. If this growth continues, even at no greater rate than the present, the canal must in a very few years begin night operation, and beyond that looms the date, not so far ahead, when the canal authorities will be announcing a capacity business.

Moreover, it is always to be kept in mind that the tidal wave of oil, which has now partially subsided, may at any time come surging in again, either from our Pacific Coast, from Mexico, or from South America. If the canal is to handle this or any other sudden wave it must keep a margin of several million tons between actual business and capacity. Long before 1955, therefore, we must have much greater canal facilities than we have now, if we are to be safe. And long before that, if these additional facilities are to take the shape of a new canal, for whose construction experience shows that we would have to allow ten years, we must be laying plans and making up our national mind to get at the job.

There is, furthermore, always the pressure of national defense making for the building of a supplementary passageway for our battleships. The Panama Canal stands today as the Achilles heel of our naval defense. By a single big explosion, accurately placed, an enemy might temporarily sink half our navy. But with two canals instead of one to be blocked, the attempt would be so unlikely of success as hardly to be worth the planning.

When once we do decide to take up canal-digging again we can go ahead with a huge confidence, not only in our ability to carry the job through but also in our ability to handle and operate a canal successfully and make it pay. Our experience with the Panama Canal amply justifies us in counting on such success. Not many Americans who are so proud of the record made in digging the canal know that they have equally good grounds for being proud of American efficiency in managing it.

So smoothly has the canal functioned in its first decade of

City of Panama, from Ancon Hill, showing new concrete reservoir and administration building.

existence that it has come to be taken quite as a matter of course. What sort of record has it been making in these quiet years? How has it justified the high hopes roused at the time of its construction?

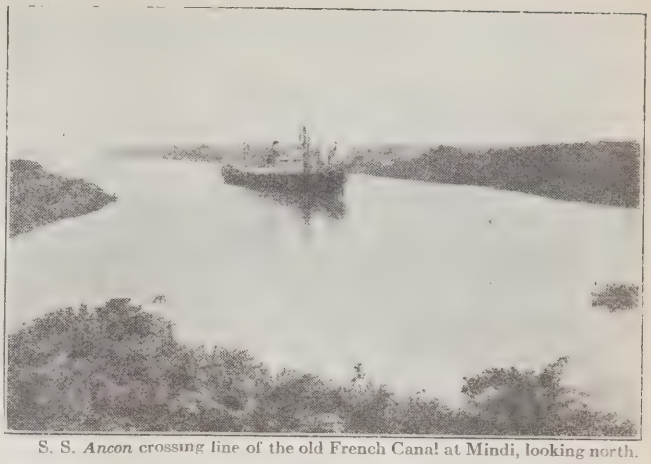
The answer can be tersely stated. It has been an immense success. Mechanically, financially, and as an aid to national defense it has met every expectation, and has far surpassed conservative estimates of its usefulness. Briefly summarized, this is what it has accomplished up to the end of 1924:

It has passed through from ocean to ocean 27,000 toll-paying vessels, having a net tonnage of 112,000,000 tons and carrying 120,000,000 tons of cargo, besides some 2,500 non-commercial vessels which paid no tolls. This is a tonnage twice as great as the total world tonnage of merchant ships in existence today. In 1924 alone the tonnage of ships passing through the canal was 50 per cent greater than that of the whole merchant fleet of the United States.

It has taken in in tolls more than $108,000,000 and from other sources several million more, making a total earned revenue of almost one-third the original cost of construction.

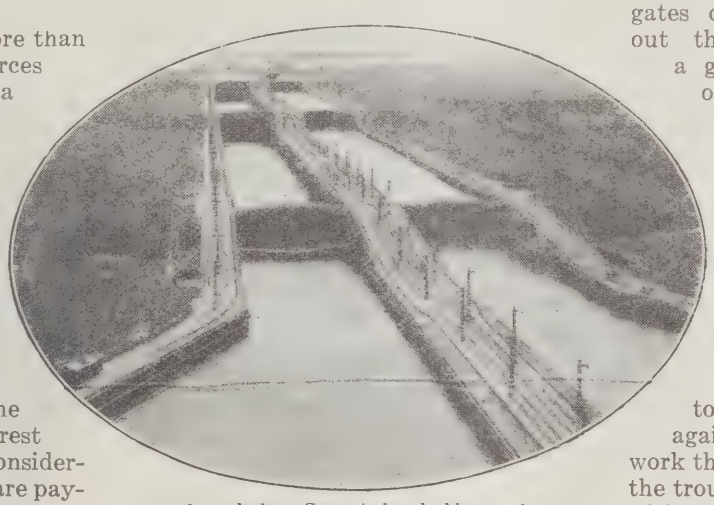
It has attained a position where it is not only paying all costs of operation, all expenses of maintaining the canal and governing the Canal Zone, and all charges for amortizing the minor business enterprises, but it is also returning to the people of the United States a rate of interest over and above these outlays considerably greater than the rate they are paying on the bonds issued for its construction. Purely as a business enterprise the canal is paying dividends, and will pay far higher dividends from now on.

Its management has operated successfully and profitably a railroad and a steamship line; cleared (and kept clear) 50,000 acres of jungle for pasturing cattle; built up an excellent service for ships; carried on first-class hotels, restaurants, and commissary services for employes and travelers; and so administered the affairs of the Canal Zone that that ten-mile strip of territory is probably the safest, most law-abiding, and healthiest land under the American flag.



S. S. *Ancon* crossing line of the old French Canal at Mindi, looking north.

Thirteen years ago Professor Emory Johnson, eminent authority on water transportation, made an exhaustive study of possible canal traffic, to set a fair rate of tolls. Basing his forecast on the normal course of commerce he estimated that by the fiscal year 1925 the canal should be earning in tolls $17,500,000. At the very opening of the canal normal commerce was dealt a staggering blow, from which it was long years in recovering. Yet in the fiscal year 1923 the canal had reached and passed Professor Johnson's estimate for 1925, earning in tolls that year $18,600,000, and for 1924 turning into the Treasury $24,000,000. As noted, nearly one-third the original cost of building has already been covered by canal revenues. Even if the annual earnings do no more than maintain their present level, the other two-thirds will be covered by the time the canal has completed a second ten years, with several million left over to apply to the interest, operation, and maintenance costs over the two decades.



Gatun locks. General view, looking south.

But let no one think that this gratifying result has been achieved simply by filling and emptying the locks for passing ships. For Dame Nature is a resentful jade when crossed. She did all she could to keep these humans from building a canal, and now that it is working she is always watchfully waiting for a chance to damage or destroy it. She is likely at any time to slip casually into the canal a hundred thousand tons of rock and earth. She may evaporate the water in the big lake-reservoir and lower the depth in the canal, or she may open the rain gates of the sky and try to wash out the man-made mechanisms in a great flood. The little army of Americans on the Canal Zone are engaged in an endless battle to hold her under control.

The first of these dangers, the famous slides, is no longer much of a menace, but they are not yet "dead." Not far from the danger zone two dipper dredges are kept always ready for action. When the word flashes to them that the earth is slipping again they instantly drop whatever work they are about, fly to the scene of the trouble, and attack the obstruction without the loss of a minute. On one occasion one of these dredges, a mile and a half away, was at work on a big slide fifty minutes after it received the news. Another made a record of dipping up rock and earth and dumping it into scows at the rate of more than a quarter of a ton a second for twenty-four hours. Because of their alertness and speed no slide has held up shipping, save for incidental delays of a few hours, since 1920. The last serious slide occurred in October and November, 1923, when half a million cubic yards of rock slipped into the canal prism, blocking two-thirds of the channel but not stopping the passing of ships.

Drought during the four months of the dry season will be much more serious in a few years than it is now. The operation of the locks will empty more and more water from the reserve in Gatun Lake as canal traffic increases. The canal management has laid plans to build another gigantic reservoir at a higher level than Gatun Lake, and if Congress says the word the engineers will soon be at work upon it. Excessive rainfall is also a menace to be watched. A year and a half ago the record rainfall since (*Concluded on page 26*)

Gatun Lake, the dying jungle.

"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers that William Montgomery Brown, one-time bishop, has made the front page again. And William Norman Guthrie, of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, made it with him. Which revives the old-fashioned idea of humorists traveling in teams. Both gentlemen have rather failed of publicity of late, the former since his trial, the latter since he took the bare-footed lassies away from his altar where they used to "interpret" Mr. Guthrie's brand of Episcopalianism through the medium of what clever writers call "the light fantastic." Mr. Brown is a kind, nice old gentleman who began late and is still somewhere back in the period B.B.I.—that is, Before Bob Ingersoll. He has only recently discovered Darwin and is quite upset. His "new doctrine" is much older than the theology he attacks. Now he never will catch up. If he did, he would find himself more orthodox than any of the bishops. As to Mr. Guthrie, I don't know precisely what his ailment is. But though they have both made the front page again, they're slipping—slipping fast—unless their stunts gather more pep.

I read in the papers a great variety of stunts. In olden times newspapers used to give away baseball bats or sets of dishes as lures to obtain subscribers. Now, however, they put on more pretentious "stunts," and some of them not so bad. The London *Times* raised more than a million to make safe St. Paul's, and it is a safe bet that the *Times'* circulation did not suffer. Various American newspapers offer accident insurance to their readers—rather handy in these days of S.O.S. Others build model houses and have the whole town looking on to see how it is done, and get new ideas of housing comfort. Then there are spelling bees that enthuse entire cities, and an oratorical contest which sets all the high school students of the nation studying the Constitution. All these may have their commercial appendages, as what has not?—but there are ideas behind them and public benefits before them.

I read in the papers (this time *The Jewish Chronicle* of London) something which shows which way the wind is blowing. Speaking of the rising tide of critical attention toward the Jew which is evident in England on account of a perfect avalanche of fraudulent trading, the Jewish writer says: "There can be little doubt that the fraudulent trading which has come to light is unenviably prominent among Jews. Mr. Stiebel emphasized the fact that the prominence was provided by alien Jews, but for my part I cannot see that the differentiation has any bearing on the question. It is said that Jews from Russia and Poland living here have not learned English ways, nor absorbed English ideals, but have pursued alien ways of trade and foreign methods of doing business . . . I, for one, refuse to shake off the clear obligation of Jew to Jew by accounting for the lapse of some of our people by pleading they are 'foreigners.' In addition, I doubt whether the cases of fraudulent trading to which Mr. Stiebel alluded are really those of foreign Jews to the extent he evidently imagines. I have noticed in a number of such that the persons guilty were Jews who, even if they were not born in this country, came here as young children, were educated here, and had time and to spare to assimilate English ways. So that the whole difference can hardly be between ways that are English and ways that are foreign."

When Must We Have a New Canal?

(*Concluded from page 25*)

the opening of the canal occurred, when twenty-seven inches fell in two days. Shipping was stopped while the culverts of the big locks were opened wide to help carry away the extra six billion cubic feet of water, but no damage was done and the locks were soon passing vessels through as usual.

Two countries stand out as the big beneficiaries of the service which the canal offers—England and the United States. For a while England occupied the field almost alone. German ships had vanished and the great fleet of American ships had not yet come into being. For the first four years British shipping led all other in using the canal. Since 1919 American shipping has held first place and for the last two years our total has been twice as large as that of the British. Between them they account for three-fourths of all canal traffic, but the other fourth includes ships bearing the flags of thirty nations.

In 1924, what with the great flow of oil, the traffic between our east and west coasts made up fully half of the total handled by the canal. This is a higher proportion than normal, but it is in line with a steady growth in trade along this route which has been going on since the close of the war. Those whose political memories go back to the far-off pre-war days of 1913 will remember what a battle raged in Congress over the question of free tolls for American ships in the intercoastal trade. Had President Wilson failed in his fight for the repeal of the free-tolls law, the income from the canal would have been lessened, in the last four years alone, by $27,000,000.

If the management of a second canal could come at all near duplicating the success of the operation of the Panama Canal we could subscribe to the hundreds of millions in new bonds cheerfully, knowing that the enterprise was a good paying investment and not a dead expense.

What About Your Budget?

(*Concluded from page 5*)

puzzle. And it is much easier to remember the United States coins spent for lunch than Assyrian coins of five letters!

The simpler the budget the better you'll like it. Seven or eight heads are sufficient. If your budget is hydra-headed it becomes a real monster. Shelter, food, operating expenses, clothing, recreation and savings we must have. Recreation may include amusements, books, magazines, newspapers, church, and charity contributions, and all things of that kind. Have a separate column for your car, and one that can hold insurance, taxes, and gifts and loans. (You'll be surprised at how much easier it is to figure an income tax if you have a budget before you!) You can get everything under these heads, without puzzling your brains as to where odd items belong, if you make a personal allowance to each member of the family.

There is the question of doctor's and dentist's bills, but we work that by a temporary savings head. Our real savings are permanent, but we run another for emergencies. If it accumulates we use it for new furniture, or a trip.

With a budget we know what we can have, so we do not think too much of the things that are out of question. We also know where we can shave off if we need extra money. We once turned our amusement fund for months toward a new car. We've changed those columns three times to include babies!

I have never tried to be too scientific. My household expense sheet is always a big calendar, which has the days of the month marked on squares large enough to hold a number of figures. This hangs in the kitchen, and it is easy to put down "vegetables, 55 cents," or "cash-and-carry, $2.74." I keep an expense book, but do not even transfer these figures daily. Checking up at the end of the week is easy. The fifteenth of the month I usually see if we are running true to form, and if we have exceeded on any item I cut down for the other two weeks. But I advise anyone just starting to budget to keep *EXACT* daily accounts for three months. It takes that long to get budgetized! Once you are sure the budget has taken, you may relax a little.

Even admitting that it *IS* a little trouble: *BETTER A BUDGET THAN BILLS WHICH YOU CANNOT PAY!*

Has Its Own Independence Day

(*Continued from page 19*)

is necessary to recall that on May 16, 1771, four years previous, Tryon, Colonial governor of North Carolina, had sent forces to disperse a band of regulators, who had been formed to maintain peace and order, and also, it must be admitted, to see that the rights of the community were not invaded by the high-handed methods the governor was using at that time. The clash between the patriots and the governor's forces resulted in the loss of a number of lives. The event is known in the history of North Carolina as the "Regulation Battle" and this fight on Alamance Creek, sixty miles from the Charlotte courthouse, is reckoned the first armed resistance to British authority ever made in America.

The patriots had this and other grievances in mind, including the odious Stamp Act, when the step toward actual separation from the mother country was taken.

Prior to 1775 the County of Mecklenburg had been accustomed to have meetings at the Charlotte courthouse, seat of government of Mecklenburg County, to which representative men went from the different militia districts.

The Charlotte courthouse.

It was when one of these meetings was in session at the little log courthouse on May 19, 1775, that an express from the North rode into the village, having made the trip on horseback from Massachusetts in one month, and brought the tidings that, one month before, British soldiers had actually spilled the blood of American patriots at Lexington. The tidings served to inflame the mind of the patriots, already stirred by the events of recent occurrence in the province, and there was a general rush of the population of the village to the courthouse where the committeemen from the militia districts were in session. After a session that lasted far into the night the meeting was adjourned until noon next day. In the meantime, the news brought by the courier from the North penetrated to the rural communities around Charlotte, where most of the committemen lived; and when the session was reconvened at noon next day there gathered anxious mothers, wives, and men who were not members of the convention but interested onlookers.

Abraham Alexander, magistrate, former member of the Colonial Assembly and ruling elder in Sugaw Presbyterian Church, in whose district the Charlotte courthouse was included, was made chairman of the meeting. Ephraim Brevard and John McKnitt Alexander, "men of business habits and great popularity," were made secretaries of the convention. Rev. Hezekiah Balch, pastor of Poplar Tent Presbyterian Church and a stalwart character in this settlement of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who took their religion seriously, addressed the convention. So did William Kennon, Esquire, a lawyer, and Ephraim Brevard, and others. After discussion, it was voted that a committee composed of Ephraim Brevard, William Kennon, and Mr. Balch, should retire and consider resolutions. The members of the convention, at the recital of the news from Lexington, had cried out, "Let us be independent. Let us declare our independence and defend it with our lives."

The committee had in its possession copies of a tentative resolution read by Ephraim Brevard a few days before to a group of patriots gathered in the Queen's Museum located near the courthouse, the first educational institution founded in the settlement. These resolutions were to be considered and revised if the committee thought well of them.

When the committee returned, the chairman, Abraham Alexander, called for their reading, a request complied with by Ephraim Brevard. Then he said to the assembly, "Have you all agreed?" This question was answered by a roar of "ayes," and Colonel Thomas Polk, commander of the militia in the county, was directed to read the declaration from the courthouse steps to the populace waiting outside.

Captain James Jack, a notable man in the community, was at once intrusted with a copy of the declaration which he was to take to the Continental Congress then in Philadelphia. Another was prepared for submission to the Provincial Assembly which had its session at Halifax.

On arriving at Salisbury, forty miles from Charlotte, on his journey to Philadelphia, Captain Jack was asked by William Kennon, a local lawyer, to allow a reading of the declaration at a gathering of citizens. He permitted this to be done, and the document found general approval among the residents of Salisbury. Benjamin Booth and John Dunn, two citizens, dissented from the view of the others and declared the affair at Charlotte a treasonable offense. When word of this incident came back to Charlotte, twelve men on horseback were dispatched to Salisbury to bring Booth and Dunn to Charlotte to answer for their expressed views—this in conformity with the spirit of the declaration, according to which those dissenting from the purpose of the declaration or seeking to hinder its operation were enemies of the country. That the Salisburians generally shared the views of their fellow patriots at Charlotte is shown by the fact that there was no opposition to the arrest of Booth and Dunn. They were taken to Charlotte and later to South Carolina for detention until the case could be suitably disposed of.

The Provincial Assembly in session in the following month at Halifax, in the eastern part of the state, approved the action of their forward-looking fellow countrymen at Charlotte by adopting a resolution instructing the three North Carolina representatives at the Continental Congress in Philadephia—Hooper, Caswell, and Hewes—to vote in favor of independence

from the mother country when the matter came up there for consideration. As a matter of record, Continental Congress received the resolution from the Provincial Assembly of North Carolina but tabled the document for the time being, until the sentiment of the Congress crystallized by the Fourth of July of the following year, 1776, in favor of absolute independence. Because of the incident at Charlotte and the approving action of the Provincial Assembly at Halifax, the North Carolina flag is ornamented with the two dates, Mecklenburg County, May 20, 1775, and Halifax, April 12, 1776. The Halifax anniversary is a bank holiday in North Carolina by act of the legislature.

The men who signed the Mecklenburg declaration were mostly elders of Presbyterian churches in the distinctive Scotch-Irish settlement that constituted Mecklenburg County. They had come, either themselves or their immediate forbears, in tide emigration, largely Scotch-Irish, from Pennsylvania and Maryland. Their ancestors were only recently immigrants from Northern Ireland, whence they moved after the Battle of the Boyne. Seven Presbyterian churches in Mecklenburg County, with one of the seven located near the courthouse at Charlotte, were the nuclei around which the settlements centered, and the ministers of the seven churches were to a notable degree the leaders of thought and the molders of sentiment that resulted in the Declaration of Independence. The religious persecutions their forbears or themselves had fled from in Ireland was fresh in their minds. One of these was the Rev. Alexander Craighead, pastor of Sugaw (an Indian name afterward corrupted to Sugar) Creek Presbyterian Church. His fiery utterances and his unrelenting denunciation of the tyranny of the British Crown were credited with having done much to kindle the fires of liberty, and his grave at Sugar Creek Church, just outside of Charlotte, is one of the patriot shrines of the community.

The men who have left their names on record as pledging their fortunes, their lives, and their sacred honor to set up an independent government in the practically unbroken wilderness, and to light the torch of liberty that flickered in the South until the victory of Kings Mountain, and blazed into triumph at Yorktown, were Abraham Alexander, chairman; Ephraim Brevard, secretary; John McKnitt Alexander, secretary; Rev. Hezekiah J. Balch, John Phifer, James Harris, William Kennon, John Ford, Richard Barry, Henry Downes, Ezra Alexander, William Graham, John Queary, Hezekiah Alexander, Adam Alexander, Charles Alexander, Zaccheus Wilson, Jr.; Waightstill Avery, Benjamin Patton, Matthew McClure, Neill Morrison, Robert Irwin, John Flenniken, David Reese, John Davidson, Richard Harris, Jr., and Thomas Polk.

A steel plate marking the location of the Charlotte courthouse, from the steps of which Colonel Thomas Polk read the declaration of independence to the approving multitude, is located in the very heart of Charlotte, now a growing industrial city, and is pointed out to tourists as the scene of the first step toward American independence.

Two squares south, on the ground where the Queen's Museum stood, is a tall granite shaft erected to the memory of the patriots. The Queen's Museum was so called in honor of Charlotte, wife of George III, for whom the city was also named. The county was called Mecklenburg after the home of Princess Charlotte, in Northern Germany. On the monument is a roster of the signers of the declaration. On another face of the shaft are inscribed salient passages from the declaration document and a hornet's nest, symbol of Charlotte, with an inscription underneath attributed to Lord Cornwallis, commander of the British forces there in September of 1790.

Cornwallis from time to time sent out foraging parties, and his forces had many skirmishes with the patriots. At the McIntire farm, nine miles from Charlotte, an iron marker indicates the scene of a battle that resulted in the loss of a considerable number of Cornwallis' soldiery. Twelve American patriots left their plows, ran for their long-barrel rifles and sniped the British column from bushes and trees. Cornwallis had defeated the American forces under General Joseph Graham, some months before, after General Gates had been disastrously defeated by the British at Camden, South Carolina.

Cornwallis wrote to his superior officers that he had "got into a veritable hornet's nest at Charlotte," referring to the fiery fighting qualities of the inhabitants and the incessant attacks upon the foraging parties that he sent among them.

Three miles east of Charlotte stands the Hezekiah Alexander home, erected in 1774, a year before the Mecklenburg declaration. It is two stories and a garret in height, with a spacious basement; built entirely of stone, it is practically as substantial as in Colonial days. After the signing of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence, Hezekiah Alexander, who was widely esteemed for his scholarship and his knowledge of law, was a member of the convention that framed the constitution of North Carolina. His residence is another of the shrines of patriotism about Charlotte and is the only house still standing in the bounds of Mecklenburg County that was standing in Revolutionary days.

Gloucester Goes a-Fishing

(*Concluded from page 21*)

Perhaps, to have his fling in life or to lay by money for a boat of his own, the islander may join the fleet. He may go south with the mackerel catchers and follow them on their migration. He may go with swordfishers, watching far out on the bowsprit for the purple gleam that marks the presence of the sea monster. Or he may sail in a swift schooner for the Banks to hunt the cod. Over those storm-tossed waters, hundreds of little dories, mere baubles that climb the waves and shoot down the olive depths, brave the gale, one man in the bow, handling the line, another in the waist, with oar to keep the bow to the combers and knocking off the frozen spray lest it sink them. May it be long years before the steam trawlers, with their wasteful destruction of sea life, drive their brave craft from our coast!

Fishing in every clime and under all conditions has its dangers which it takes true men to face. The swordfisher, aloft in his nest, the trawler, matching his skill against the waves, feels a spiritual exaltation in his work that he who is at the call of a whistle can rarely know. Such a life gives a touch of nobility to character, it makes men teachable and of a humble spirit because they constantly face the mysteries of creation, and it makes them independent and passionately fond of freedom. It was not by luck that He who read character aright chose His disciples.

Our Southern Highlanders

SOME four hundred mountain girls and boys who seek an education, but are unable to pay for it, have made applications to the Lincoln Memorial University of Cumberland Gap, Tennessee. This university has about 900 students consisting of boys and girls who come from the Appalachian Mountains in the Carolinas, Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky. Many of them are from log cabin homes situated in the remote valleys of the southern mountains. In that region there are hundreds of families out of touch with the outer world, descendants of sturdy Scotch-Irish stock who came to America early in the eighteenth century, settling in Pennsylvania and later going into the Appalachians. Few people know that this is the purest American stock in the United States. Dr. Matthews, president of Lincoln Memorial University, states their influence on the United States Constitution was very marked. They were the first people to stand for representative government on this continent. Some of the more hardy penetrated the wilderness in the early part of the eighteenth century as far as what is now Boonesboro, Kentucky, where they established a representative government with the object of founding an independent republic. It is remarkable how these people have retained their original Scotch-Irish strain, not mixing with other nationalities, and still retaining their ancestral traditions. It was from this stock that Abraham Lincoln came.

Wonder Voyage to Religion's Cradle

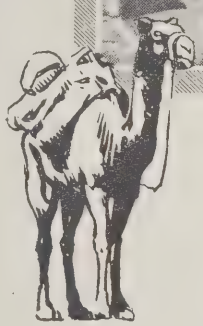
Syria, the Land Where the Lovely Zenobia Ruled as Queen

By HAL WALKER

TWENTY-EIGHT centuries before the Christian Era, Syria was inhabited by the Armenians, Hebrews, Canaanites, Arabs and Bedouins, and by the Hittites of the north and the Philistines of the south. It was the commercial route as well as the strategic thoroughfare between Asia Minor, Mesopotamia and Arabia, the battleground of Hittites, Babylonians, Assyrians and Egyptians, the Egyptians dominating the country from the sixteenth to the twelfth century before Christ.

Then came various changes during the centuries until Rome took a hand, with the result that Syria was a Roman province for a time and Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, was defeated by the Emperor Aurelian and taken, bound in golden chains, to Rome as a captive. There was later the Byzantine control and then, in A. D. 636, Syria submitted to Arab control under the Khalif Omar II.

With this short review of the centuries I looked from the deck of the *Pierre Loti* for the first time on Beyrouth as the liner slowly made her way inside a modern breakwater and came to anchor with a score of other vessels. On the quay side were a number of high-priced touring cars ready to whirl us through the city itself, then on to the mountains and desert, to Damascus, Aleppo, and Baalbek, and the clang of street-car gongs could be heard even out on the bay as twentieth-century electric transport carried the people of this ancient city about their daily business. Truly a far cry from the days when the folk of 5,000 years ago came down to the shores of the Mediterranean from the mountains and deserts back of the sea.



Above—Clock tower, Beyrouth.
Below—Beyrouth, Syria.

French influence in Syria had its inception in the time of Charlemagne but it was not until 1535 that the capitulations were signed by François the First and Sultan Suleiman which guaranteed the rights of French nationals in law, religion and commerce. These capitulations gave French ambassadors the right to intervene on behalf of subjects of France or of Christian friends of France, and they have had a strong influence in the relations between France and Turkey for centuries.

Economically, French influence in Syria may be said to have commenced in 1685, from which time until 1835 the Chamber of Commerce of Marseilles was associated in the administration of commerce in the Levant, being charged with verification of the papers of French who resided in Syria as well as charged with verifying bills of merchandise sent there. The Chamber of Commerce of Lyons was less active but a participant in this control. In 1910 the Marseilles organization created a bureau for inspecting and classifying the various grades of wool, the chief export of Syria.

France received the mandate for Syria and Lebanon at the Allied Conference of San Remo, following the inquiry made by the American Commissions shortly after the Armistice, which decided in favor of France. Even before the war there were 500 French schools in the country with more than 50,000 pupils as well as a number of hospitals. The port of Beyrouth was built by the French and is the only modern port north of Port Said, while the railroad development, though not great, is practically wholly French.

General Gouraud, as high commissioner and commander-in-chief of the French army in the Levant, arrived at Beyrouth November 21, 1919, and from later observation throughout the country his work has been of the highest order. He opened roads where roads had never been before, established more schools, promised a square deal to everyone, secured the submission of the Alouites in the mountains who had never before acknowledged foreign domination, and put down the Feisal insurrection in short order. After years as an administrator in Morocco, followed by his heroic service in the World War in which he was wounded five times and lost an arm, and where he commanded American forces in the Argonne, General Gouraud had nearly four years in Syria, completed his task, and is now Military Governor of Paris, one of the most sought after billets in the service.

It was stiflingly hot along the waterfront at Beyrouth; in fact, it is hot in Syria most of the time except two months during the winter when people suffer with the cold as they have no means of warming their houses. There is no coal in the country, very little wood and stoves are almost unknown except for cooking purposes, and then only in the large towns. We were whirled out to the new quarantine station and back to the Bourse where the most interesting sight is the money-changers. Many contracts in Beyrouth, especially leases for houses or stores, specify payment must be made in gold piasters, and this means little ally "gold." No paper money promising to pay in gold is accepted, so there are a score of money-changers busy

during business hours giving out gold coin and taking in paper. The majority of the customers are barefoot Arabs or Syrians who tie their gold up in an old handkerchief and stalk on out about their business.

At a reception in the local club within two hours from the time we set foot in Beyrouth we heard the first note of discord with the French régime, and this was from Frenchmen themselves. Several men tried to speak at once and tell their grievances to the visiting delegation. The main, and really only, point was that they, as French subjects and citizens, were not getting a fair deal in business. For one thing they objected to a general customs duty of 11 per cent which was applied to products of all countries alike, and then they wanted special consideration for themselves in business and taxation. It was the same condition that Mr. Taft had in the Philippines many years ago when he was governor-general there, and to which he made an answer in a Fourth of July speech at Ilcilo which caused the bitterness against him in the islands. Taft at that time said, in effect, "If you don't like the way the government is running things here you can get out. We are running these islands for the benefit to the Filipinos." I imagine that would be the substance of a remark by General Gouraud on the same subject in Syria, but probably couched in slightly different phrasing.

Kaleidoscopic Scenes in Syria

From the time of landing in Syria the mission was fêted and banqueted and rushed from one end of the country to the other, getting a somewhat kaleidoscopic impression of so many different scenes, changing people and customs, but accomplishing more, even in the sight-seeing line alone, than could a regular tourist in three times the period we spent. We were in a topsy-turvy world from the standpoint of Western civilization, which was brought home to us at our first banquet, or rather luncheon, served at Beyrouth in an excellent club. With the exception of a few French resident officials, civil and military, those whom we met were Syrians and Arabs, nearly all Moslems, and the mark of the highest respect in Eastern culture is not to remove the hat, or rather fez, in the presence of a guest.

We had at least one state luncheon or dinner a day during the more than two weeks we were in Syria and this sitting down to the table with the majority of the company covered soon grew to be commonplace. The Eastern woman does not go to public affairs such as were ours. Two members of the mission had brought their wives along and they were the only women ever present at the luncheons or dinners where native officials and business men gathered. Even when affairs of this kind were given by French resident officers at different places, their own wives were never present, but appeared later for the dancing if there was any. The French are very particular in following the social practices of the people they control in other countries, and this makes for efficiency in administration.

Among the Mountains

Almost immediately behind Beyrouth rises the first chain of mountains and here, twelve kilometers from the center of the port, is the summer colony where everyone of any importance lives for considerably more than half of each year. It is a stiff climb for an automobile but the roads are good and we reached this summer place, Aley, late in the afternoon and were welcomed by General Gouraud at his summer residence. Then we proceeded to a large public garden nearby for tea as the guest of Habib Pasha, president of the council of Greater Lebanon.

Following tea we started for Sofar, eighteen kilometers farther into the mountains, and there at the Grand Hotel de Sofar, which really merits its name in this country, spent the night after our first real banquet as the guests of General Gouraud. The relief from the heat at sea level was welcome and here, 3,600 feet above the sea, the vegetation was far from tropical. Both the soil and the pines and other evergreens reminded me of the Philippine summer capital, Baguio.

It was early the next morning that we really started our great adventure—to Damascus which we should reach in the evening. Next to Bagdad, for my part and for everyone with whom I ever discussed the matter, Damascus holds out more lure to the stranger than does any other of the mysterious cities of the East. It can be reached by train from Beyrouth but the most interesting way to reach it, a way which will linger as long as life itself, is by motor along the old caravan trail.

Damascus Silk Culture

One of the principal reasons of the mission's trip to Syria was to investigate the development initiated by the French and to study further possibilities of commerce between Syria and France, so we visited every French undertaking. Leaving Sofar at seven o'clock on the day in which we were to sleep in Damascus, we made a stay of an hour or more at the establishment of a Lyons silk firm which raises its raw material here in Syria. Everyone knows, I suppose, that Lyons is the great manufactory in France for silk and that its raw material comes from abroad.

I have seen something of silk culture in Japan, but never shall I see feminine beauty draped in luxurious silk again without having flashed before my mind's eye the picture of wee kiddies standing on their feet five hours every morning, softening the cocoons in hot water while the stench of the dead insects inside made the air anything but inviting. We had been through the shipping and packing rooms where the cocoons which are shipped direct to Lyons are packed, and finally were taken to the building below the hill where cocoons were softened and unraveled.

Here were long troughs into which the cocoons were dumped, a dozen or so at a time, and these Syrian girls stirred them around in the scalding water until the soft fibers could be unraveled, when they were wound rapidly on bobbins, enough of the filmy stuff twisted together to make a sizable thread. There these little girls, some not over eight or nine years old, were made to stand before those steaming troughs all the forenoon, five hours, and a big Syrian with a switch passed continually up and down the aisle behind them ready to switch their bare legs if they tried to sit down or otherwise rest. These tots, really, received two francs a day for the less skillful work of softening the cocoons, while the larger girls, none more than fifteen, who were skillful in unraveling the fibers and winding them on the spools or bobbins, received seven and eight francs.

The Orphan Girls

The larger girls worked all day, however, while the smaller ones went to a school conducted by a religious, where they had four hours in the classroom in the afternoon. All these girls were orphans, and although their ordinary wants were taken care of, they had a larged dormitory and were looked after by the religious, I could not see where they had any playtime.

Out of the silk area we went over the mountains of Lebanon along the caravan route toward Damascus, meeting or passing long strings of camels every few minutes. These caravans, coming down to the sea, are loaded with grain from the rich plains of the interior, and back to Damascus they carry all sorts of goods from the outside world. I noticed that the greater part of the caravans bound into the interior were loaded with cases of kerosene with the familiar stenciling of a well-known company on the outside. I had always supposed that camel drivers rode a camel or walked, but all these caravans were led by men riding a diminutive donkey, with a lead rope to the first camel.

Late in the morning we came down from the mountains into the plain and stopped at the meteorological

station of French fathers set in the midst of rich acres at Ksara. A few hundred yards from the main road were the observatory, irrigation plant, and a radio station which gave us the latest news from the outside world, all in a perfect setting of agricultural beauty with the mountains in the distance. Except for the camels passing it might have been California.

Through more rich valley we traveled after leaving the observatory to the domain of the Jesuit fathers at Tanail where they have operated for many decades. "The Cross and the Plough," the motto of the Jesuits, has borne fruit in this distant valley of Syria. The fathers had prepared a display of their fruits and vegetables for us, and never have I seen such a varied collection of excellent products of the soil as was there shown. There were apples, pears, peaches and plums, grapes of a dozen varieties, some as large as a man's thumb and of the most delicious flavor, cabbages, potatoes, radishes, squashes, pumpkins, carrots, corn, oranges and lemons, all of the first quality and which would do credit to any painstaking gardener in any clime. After seeing this display we sat down to the regular fare of these priestly farmers in the bare room which is their dining hall and ate to repletion of the good things they raise on their land.

Being satisfied internally, again we crept into the motors and sped over desolate waste nearly all the afternoon. We stopped on the battleground where Emir Feisal was finally defeated by the French on July 24, 1920, after Feisal had been attacking outposts for several months, encouraged, the French always claimed, by the British in Palestine. Colonel Goudot, chief of staff of the French army in the Levant, who was present at the battle, described it to us.

Following the battlefield visit, which was on the main route to Damascus and on a rocky height called Kahn Meiseloun, we rushed along for hours over more desert country and just as dusk was enshrouding the desert we dropped into Damascus, with all the appurtenances of modern civilization.

The Old Oaken Bucket

By HOMER KINGSLEY

You ought to know something about this picture. But, perhaps you haven't heard the old song! There are so many jazz records, popular ditties, crashing military bands and wonderful grand operas that most folks have forgotten this one.

This scene inspired Samuel Woodworth to write "The Old Oaken Bucket." There is a human interest story connected with the writing of this familiar old home song, that is rather disconcerting to the idea of the song itself. It is not often related or even known.

It seems that Samuel Woodworth and his friends were all having a glass or two—or three. One of the bunch suggested that each give a toast to something that was a pleasant memory. Mr. Woodworth responded with a toast to the old well and the bucket. Everyone present liked the toast so well that he wrote it out in the form of a song from an outline that he had traced on a spare piece of paper.

The well is still preserved over in Greenbush, Massachusetts. The occupants of the house will gladly show you the well with the long pole and an old moss-covered bucket attached. It looks as if it might be the identical one mentioned by Mr. Woodworth.

We might make some alleged funny remarks about the writing of the song under the conditions—but we won't.

This is the actual scene that was in the mind of the man who wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket." Samuel Woodworth responded with a toast about the most pleasant memory with a glass in his hand that did not contain water, however.

What Makes Humor Humorous

(*Concluded from page 7*)

but the work done is steadily growing better. In particular, burlesque has advanced to the footlights, and while much of it is vulgar a great deal of it is extremely beneficial. Donald Ogden Stewart and George Chappell have both made notable contributions to burlesque. Mr. Stewart, in his "Perfect Behavior" and in his burlesque history of Mankind revealed a formidable talent. We have not yet, however, succeeded in satirizing ourselves as skillfully or as powerfully as the thing is being done in England by writers like May Sinclair, Rebecca West, Philip Gibbs, John Galsworthy, Bernard Shaw, and indeed Bvoe and Lucas of *Punch*, not to mention A. A. Milne. The reason for this lies almost exclusively in dialog. One can scarcely read May Sinclair's dialog in her "Cure for Souls" without realizing that we rarely reach this level of satire.

We may say of good dialog that it is human character in fluid form. Dickens created and threw off his inimitable characters with a reckless profusion which must ever astound us. We may criticize them all we please, but there they are to be laughed at, and cried over in our crassly sentimental moods. But upon examination, we shall see that it is upon their dialog they chiefly depend for their individualization. The English dialog in its best form is a delight, whereas the American dialog is too often artificial. This is due doubtless to our own scattered aspects, to our lack of racial cohesion.

One of our most popular humorists told me that he attributed his success to the fact that he listened. He reproduced the talk of the lower Middle West—if such an expression is permissible—and as such it is easily recognizable. Booth Tarkington has also been very happy in his skill at hitting off the accents of the seventeen-year-old American, and there are great touches in Edna Ferber's "So Big."

We are undoubtedly improving in this important art, but we have still much to learn. In even a cursory reading of our contemporary fiction and essays, one may easily discern when there is a sense of humor present and when there is not. Humor runs like a gulf stream through our wide expanse of sentimentality. Dickens was able to bring these two things together, but we keep them apart. Readers of all nationalities appreciate a touch of humor in almost anything they read, although the particular brand which appeals to them might not be appreciated everywhere. The appeal of Dickens was universal. Our Harold Bell Wrights and Gene Stratton Porters are not on speaking terms typographically with our Donald Ogden Stewarts and our Dorothy Parkers.

City People Still Love Flowers

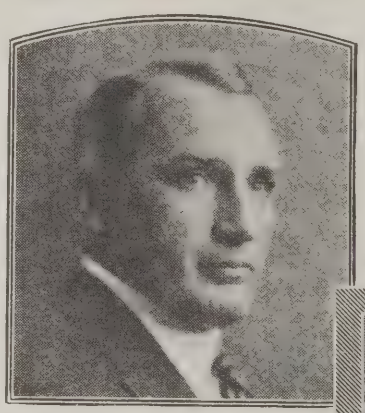
When the Wealth of Woodland and Garden Is Lavishly Displayed

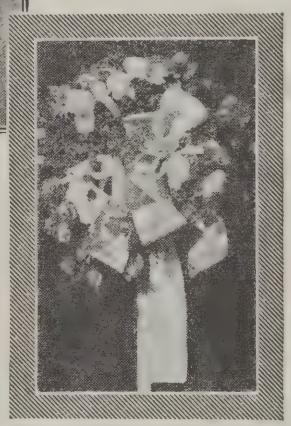
By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

A. D. TAYLOR, of Cleveland, a distinguished landscape architect and designer of cities, was the guiding genius of the flower show recently held in Cleveland.

"Now that it is all over, what is your outstanding conclusion?" Mr. Taylor was asked on the closing day. "Was it worth while?"

"Decidedly yes," was his emphatic reply. "It was a great and lasting demonstration that city people still love flowers. Hundreds came back during the week for a second tour through the exposition. The great success of this show satisfies me that the love of beauty in nature is growing among city people, in place of being stifled by material competitions."





A.D. TAYLOR, first vice-president of the exhibition, who was largely responsible for its success.

Right—Matron of Honor bouquet.

For nine days, beginning March 28 and closing April 5, from 10 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night, a great stream of flower lovers surged through the immense floral exposition staged in the Cleveland Public Auditorium by florists of Ohio and adjoining states. The auditorium where the show was held is said to be the finest building of the kind in the United States. It is a mammoth affair costing $6,500,000. It is 300 feet long by 215 wide inside, with an arched roof in a single span 80 feet from the floor, and will seat 12,500 persons. It has housed the Republican Convention, the "Miracle Play," and the performances by numerous international celebrities. For exhibition purposes it will provide 70,000 square feet of floor space, and all of this space was required for the floral exhibits.

The exposition was a gorgeous spectacle of color, quality, and artistic arrangement, designed to reveal the advancement made in floriculture, landscape architecture and the growing of flowers by professionals and amateurs in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Western New York, and Western Pennsylvania. Flowers, plants, trees, shrubs, and garden equipment valued at $500,000 were used in putting on the show. The attendance was 125,000. In many respects it was a greater event than the National Flower Show which was held in the same auditorium a year ago, and ranks as the largest affair of the kind ever held.

There were twenty complete gardens, with fountains, pools, cascades, fences, flowers, sod, statues, and shrubs. More than two hundred model houses of all styles were used in the demonstrations.

Nineteen classes of plants were exhibited, including bulbs, begonias, cacti, coleus, geranium, amaryllis, ferns, fuchsias, palms, umbrella plants, roses, azaleas, tulips, daffodils, and a royal display of orchids and thousands of brilliant cut-flowers. Cleveland school boys showed what they could do as amateur florists by carrying off a prize for their exhibit in competition with professionals. Collections of new and rare plants were loaned by the United States Botanical Gardens, Bureau of Plant Industry and Bureau of Plant Introduction at Washington, D. C. The University of Michigan, University of Minnesota, and Iowa College entered several models depicting proper planting of home lots.

Mrs. Fred Klingbiel, of Port Clinton, Ohio, exhibited her famous "Devil's Lily," which is twelve years old. The blossom and stem of this plant are more than six feet high, and the bulb is eighteen inches wide. The color is maroon with black spots.

"Venus flytrap," a natural fly-catcher, was another plant curiosity on exhibition. In this group of curios was "The Mother-in-Law Plant," from the United States Botanical Gardens. Natives of Central and South America say that the juice of this plant will still the most violent tongue for one week.

An 800-pound marble statue of "Diana," by Anna Hyatt Huntington, was loaned by a New York gallery, and used in the central garden exhibit of azaleas. Shrubs and a cascade, high in north gallery, were arranged by Park Commissioner Sam Newman and City Forester A. L. Munson, of Cleveland. This display won a gold medal and a prize of $200 on points. "Springtime," a statue by Mrs. Edith Barrett Stevens Parsons, was among the ornamental pieces.

A feature was made of an exhibit of fish, among the entries being goldfish, tropical, Siamese fighters, calico, veil tail, sword tails, lionheads, climbing perch, Brazilian half-moons, Chinese walking fish, and a black fellow dubbed "Pittsburgh" by one of the visitors because his color resembled coal smoke.

The prize exhibits were arranged in the main arena of the auditorium where they were tied together in such a way that they formed one vast garden. The entire floor just below, the same size as the arena, was occupied by retail sections and special exhibits. The "Castle of the King of Gardenia" filled the spacious stage, and was fronted and flanked by a garden of striking colors and design set off with winding gravel paths and lily ponds.

Twice a day visitors were required to take seats in the galleries, to make room on the main floor for the ballet pantomime, "Victory of the Rose," in which seventy girls participated. The performers issued from the "Castle of Gardenia" and returned to the castle after going through their evolutions. Lectures by eminent speakers, germane to the purposes of the exposition, were also given afternoon and evening in a side hall. Music was furnished by an orchestra and the auditorium pipe organ. At night multicolored lights played over the exhibits and the visitors.

The flower show was sponsored by a group of Cleveland people who will not be required to make a deficit, because the show "broke even" financially. Five weeks before the exhibit was ready "money saving" tickets of admission were offered at fifty cents each in flower and seed stores, lodges, drug stores, and in a chain of grocery stores, resulting in an advance sale aggregating $30,000—more than enough to take care of the prizes offered. At the gate the admission was 75 cents for adults and 25 cents for children. School children from the fifth to the ninth grades were admitted free in the forenoons when accompanied by their teachers.

Officers in direct charge were Francis E. Drury, president; A. D. Taylor, first vice-president; Mrs. John Sherwin, second vice-president; Robert P. Brydon, third vice-president; Herman P. Noble, secretary-treasurer; L. C. Vinson, executive secretary; and Harry B. Jones, chairman for the 1925 Flower Show. Eighty committeemen managed the details.

Responsibility for the exposition rested largely upon A. D. Taylor, the first vice-president.

Stage and partial view of the arena floor, showing the castle of the King of Gardenia.

A wayside garden.

Rustic stone flags.

A unique beauty spot.

Statue of Diana graced this lovely display.

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URBANA ILL

Thus I consent, Sir, to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its *errors* I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die .... Much of the strength and efficiency of any government, in procuring and securing happiness to the people, depends on *opinion,* on the general opinion of the goodness of that government, as well as of the wisdom and integrity of its governors. I hope, therefore, for our own sakes, as a part of the people, and for the sake of our posterity, that we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this Constitution, wherever our Influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavors to the means of having it *well administered.*

—Benjamin Franklin.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 25 MAY 16, 1925 No. 30

Congress—Wasting and Taxing

By Allan L. Benson

Jack London and His Work

Your Friend the Toad

The Gold Standard

Romantic Rascals—"Romeo" Coates

By Charles J. Finger

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

M. Lautal, of Marseilles, France, has a model apiary where he treats rheumatics and people suffering from gout, lupus, eczema, and epithelioma by having them stung every day until fully cured.

In the eighties, tigers had become so dangerous in Java that the natives in the Bantam district were unable to hold their own against them, and fled to an island off the coast for security.

Every year, more men and women come out of prison in the United States than graduate from all our colleges and universities.

Potato flowers rarely set true fruit inclosing seed, because nearly all potatoes are female. Good potato pollen, capable of fertilizing flowers, is very rare.

Charles Dickens was christened Charles John Huffam Dickens.

Oscar Saxe, a Belgian, invented the saxophone ninety years ago. The original saxophone is still in existence.

White foxes are being successfully propagated in Alaska.

Ts'ai-lun, of China, a member of the court of the Han dynasty, A. D. 75, produced the first hand sheet of paper ever made. It was constructed from the bark of a mulberry tree.

Special rubber insulated gloves and sleeves are now made for the purpose of protecting electrical workers from shock.

A small crockery savings bank containing coins, presumably placed there by a child 2,500 years ago, was recently excavated at Utica, Tunis.

Before the days of the newspaper in England, the king's herald and the town crier gave the news deemed essential for the people to know.

Japan, being the land of cherry blossoms, celebrates each April with the Geisha cherry dance.

The highest honor in the French literary world is to attain a chair in the French Academy.

The wheelbarrow in China is a common vehicle for transporting people. As many as eight persons are often seen riding together, being pushed by a single coolie.

The Earl of Danby in 1676 unsuccessfully attempted to suppress English coffeehouses on the grounds that they were centers of political agitation.

The interiors of temples of Buddha in Japan are to be opened to the motion picture camera where the lives of the priests and the religious ceremonies will be filmed as an aid to missionary work.

Mrs. Jeanette Hyde has been named collector of customs for Hawaii.

The viking's burial was impressive. A ship filled with inflammable material was set afloat with the body laid amid the corpses of his slaves, whose souls would serve him in the next world; while his favorite charger lay at his feet. The material was then set on fire, and floated burning out to sea.

European banks are using airplanes for long-distance transfers of their gold.

On the upper reaches of the Yangtze River are mountain caves inhabited by Nashi shepherds and guarded by mastiffs. The shepherds are shy and flee when the traveler approaches.

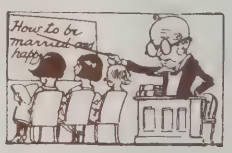
Only 35 per cent of bread is homemade where formerly 70 per cent was homemade.

The European fowl pest which has caused such great damage to flocks was introduced into the United States in 1923 by a scientific investigator who let the virus "get away from him."

The adoption of the Declaration of Independence was first recorded in a Philadelphia paper ten days afterward, and in a Boston paper twenty-two days afterward.

Constant exposure to gasoline fumes is one of the apparent causes of cancer, according to physicians who have studied and specialized in this disease.

The persistent dandelion grows on mountains that rise to a height of 14,500 feet.



Forty girls are taking the new course in matrimony at Boston University, which teaches that marriage develops many problems, most of which can be analyzed and solved beforehand.

The chough, a bird of the barren Himalayan Mountains, can sometimes be seen sitting on the wild sheep's back searching for insects in the animal's hair.

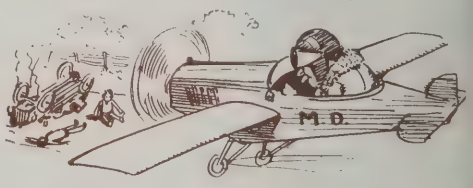
There being no conductors aboard Japanese trains, stations are not announced, so the traveler must watch for the name of his station.

Missouri clay, used as a substitute for German clay in glass pot manufacture during the war, has been found quite as good as the German product.

The scientific committee of the Large Black Pig Society of England is offering prizes to anyone who can present an effective inking scheme for permanently tattooing black pigs.

For the first time in 100 years, snow was seen on Mt. Vesuvius this spring.

An airplane for use in emergency cases in the rural districts has been purchased by Dr. Herman J. Neubauer, of Hinkley, Illinois, who will engage a pilot until he is able to handle the machine himself.



This Issue

Mr. Ford's page discusses the tendency of groups, formed to maintain certain principles, who get sidetracked on other issues. (p. 11)

Jack London is a name which appeals to every reader of fiction. At his death some of his literary work was left unfinished. His widow has undertaken the completion of the structure which he had not completed. She tells the story of this, and gives intimate glimpses of Jack's" life and work. (p. 2)

This is an article which will interest everyone. In it Allan L. Benson has some conversation about what he calls legalized larceny." It involves the question: "Should not Congress stop taxing and wasting?" (p. 3)

Montreal is in a peculiar position in regard to its schools. It has a dual school system—Catholic and Protestant—but there is no constitutional provision made for the education of the Jews. Through this a situation has arisen which is fully explained. (p. 4)

You may not think much about your friend the toad; but if you read this entertaining article you will see just how much good food he saves for you through the war he carries on against insect pests. (p. 5)

Did you ever read about Diogenes? He was a very eccentric but very likable old man who lived many centuries ago. He might be called the Charley Chaplin of his age, but whereas Diogenes was a great philosopher with a sense of humor, the modern comedian might be designated a great humorist with a sense of philosophy. (p. 6)

Just what it means to this country is discussed in a talk about Britain's return to the gold standard. (p. 8)

Books! Books! Books! Browsing among the old bookstores of London is one of the greatest delights of literary men in the great metropolis. One who himself is an ardent book-lover tells the reader all about it. (p. 12)

There are millions of dollars of state bonds which cannot be collected. You will learn the reason why in this highly illuminative statement. (p. 14)

Thomas St. Germain was one of the most romantic of the "Romantic Rascals"—and one of the cleverest and most elusive. Charles J. Finger in his fascinating style tells you all about him. (p. 16)

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Completing the House That Jack Built

By LOUIS ALLEN

Photo from Louis Allen.

An unconventional snapshot of Jack London. Right—An early portrait.

DICKENS died with "Edwin Drood" well under way; Stevenson passed on with "Hermiston" less than half-finished, and Jack London laid down his pen in the middle of a novel of Japan. "Edwin Drood" and "Hermiston" remain mere fragments, in the case of "Hermiston" a glorious one certainly. Jack London's last novel will not remain a fragment, thanks to the versatility of his widow, Charmian London.

To meet this able woman, who already has literary successes to her credit, I left San Francisco for Glen Ellen, in the Valley of the Moon, 60 miles north, just before the winter's rains set in. About two miles west of Glen Ellen, a somnolent little village hugging Sonoma Creek, I came upon the Jack London ranch, the 1,400-acre home of Charmian London, spreading well up on the flank of hulking Sonoma.

Although deep in the work of writing the last half of "Eyes of Asia," Mrs. London graciously welcomed the interruption. Still the same vivacious, supremely alive personality as in the days of the *Snark* voyage, Charmian London has changed little. More serious perhaps, more matured surely, but otherwise the same Charmian who for more than a decade was a partner in the great adventure of one of America's most unique men.

"No interviewing nor picture taking just yet," my hostess advised smilingly. "Let's chat a while first." So we talked of her recent European trip, of her work, her plans. As we talked we browsed through the museum-like halls and rooms hung heavily with souvenirs of the South Seas and the round-the-Horn voyages. The workshop, almost exactly as Jack left it, is still Mrs. London's work place. On the walls hang original paintings and drawings, many of them used in illustrating Jack's books. Anton Otto Fischer's virile canvases predominate. Perhaps most interesting of all the pictures is James Montgomery Flagg's original caricature of Jack London as a sailor. Evidently Charmian was intrigued by this pen-and-ink drawing. "There's something very remarkable about that sketch," she explained. "It was a favorite of Jack's. The artist drew better than he knew, for the eyes are the eyes of Jack's mother."

Everywhere mementoes, particularly of the South Seas. Photographs and paintings of the *Snark*, photographs of Jack and Charmian in a score of lands, on horseback, in swimming, in Hawaii, Samoa, Australia. For Jack not only loved to be "shot" by his camera friends, but was himself an extremely proficient amateur photographer.

Then came the sleeping porch where Jack slept his last. On the wall at the head of his bed still hangs a painting of the *Snark* and the little yawl's brass bell. At the side of the porch where he could reach it without getting out of bed is the cardboard dial with indicator still pointing to the hour of 8. Thus Jack indicated to hi Japanese servant when to wake hin But Jack London went into the lon sleep that night. In the morning h could not be awakened. Despit heroic efforts to overcome the uremi coma into which the author had lapsed he never regained consciousness excep possibly one supreme moment whe Charmian roused fleeting recognitio in her mate's eyes. So, at forty passed one of the world's most inter esting figures.

Back in the workshop Charmia showed me an English newspape clipping just received which state that the Prince of Wales is especiall fond of Jack London, and was intro duced to his books by David Lloy George.

A complete set of Jack's work occupying more than a five-foot shel prompted the question of writin methods. Such prodigious output fro one who died at forty indicated syste matic and sustained effort.

"There was a sort of routine, a regarded working hours and meal time, and the working hours were th same for Jack whether we were hom or traveling. He was awakened a six by his Japanese boy with coffe

When Jack was awake, he wa thoroughly awake—no yawning an stretching; just a little preparator cough, a lunge over on his side towar the bedside table where lay his book and note tablets and empty thermo bottles, whose contents had been drun while he read in the night either befor he slept or when he happened to wak Oh, no—never alcohol, but water, c tea, or buttermilk. He often said h could consume more liquid tha any man he knew! Sometimes h added that it was luck he liked wet things, be cause it was good fo him to perspire—h smoked so continuously

"At seven, still read ing, he ate breakfast i bed—eggs and toast an coffee, and always frui of some sort. He like things prepared so tha he need not waste time— say peeling apples o oranges or bananas. H was jealous of every save moment for reading o talking—loathed un profitable activity. A a matter of fact he ha had too much of that i his younger days. Fo lowing this idea, whe he was ready to get up

Photo by Louis Allen.

Charmian London at work at the desk used by Jack London.

(Continued on page 1

Should Not Congress Stop Wasting?

Why Not Write Letters to Your Local Newspapers?

By ALLAN L. BENSON

THIS will interest you because you have use for the things that money can buy. As a sensible person, you know you can buy nothing with the money that has been taken away from you against your will and spent by somebody else.

Let us have, then, a few moments of pleasant conversation about legalized larceny. Our President furnishes the text in these words:

"The collection of any taxes that are not absolutely required, which do not, beyond reasonable doubt, contribute to the public welfare, is only a species of legalized larceny."

Accepting the President's definition of the act, how many legal larcenists have we in this country?

How Many Legal Larcenists?

First, we have the United States Government, which, upon the authority of the President, is still carrying on its pay rolls employes that it does not need and annually wasting millions that the people earned for themselves but were not permitted to keep.

Second, we have forty-eight states, each of which is a legalized larcenist because it is collecting taxes that it does not need and wasting the difference between necessity and extravagance.

Third, we have not fewer than a hundred cities in each of which there is more legalized larceny, in proportion to population, than there is in the National Government or in any state government. If you want to get skinned, and get skinned right, live in a city. If you own property they will get you when you pay your taxes. If you don't, they will get you every time you buy a thing at a store. The merchant, having been stung at the tax-collector's window, shifts the legalized larceny to you when he marks the prices on his goods.

In short, government in the United States—national, state, and municipal—has become oppressive. That is a strange word to use to Americans. We learned in school that oppressive governments were elsewhere. What we learned was true. The burdens of our government were light.

We must revise our histories, however, if we are to teach the present truth. We are taxed as no people were taxed prior to the Great War. The war has ceased, but the reign of extravagance that it produced is still with us. Mr. Coolidge, in his Inaugural Address, said that "We no longer need war-time revenues," but our politicians will not care what we need unless we make them care.

Government cannot be kept good by patting it on the back and telling it how good it is. Always the thing to do is to shake it up and tell it how bad it is. Jefferson, who possibly knew more about democracy than any other of our Revolutionary forefathers, recognized this. When he was not in office, he was always a pretty savage critic of government himself. He went even so far as to appraise the corrective value of a threat of revolution. Jefferson knew the history of republics. He knew how they always started out well and ended in the junk heap. He knew the tendency of organized government to centralize and to usurp power, and gradually to gain the idea that it was greater than the people.

What Jefferson knew we should not forget. Mr. Coolidge's words about legalized larceny should help us to remember. There is a lot of dynamite in those words if you search out their plainly implied meanings. The first fact that they recall to your mind is that it is not your business to stand for legalized larceny, even if it be your national, state, or municipal government that inflicts it upon you. The moment your mind bursts out of this window, you are in the open air where you can think some more. You begin to see your relationship to government in the old terms in which Americans have always perceived it. You see how much the American definition differs from the Continental European definition—particularly the old German concept. The old German idea was that the people existed for the convenience of the state. The people existed so the Kaiser would have soldiers when he needed them and workers to produce revenues for the government. The people were at the bottom, the government on top.

Do We Have the Old German Idea?

That is exactly the wrong way to look at this matter. Government is but a contrivance to enable people to do for themselves collectively what they could not do individually. In other words, government is at once a method and a tool. There is nothing sacred about methods and tools. If methods are turned against us and tools are used to blow our safes, it is our business to yell murder and stop the robbery.

We used to know that, but we are forgetting it. It is strange to what an extent the old German idea of subserviency to the state has crept into some American minds. Our institutions are only as great as we make them and keep them. Just now, some of them are in need of a little polishing.

It is not the fault of our government that it is yielding to the tendencies that destroyed earlier republics. It is apparently in the nature of man to work a graft to death when he gets it, wherefore republics have heretofore eventually gone the way of other governments that became intolerable. But it is the duty of citizens of a republic to tell the gentlemen who hold their offices where to get off. Gentlemen who have the power to spend public funds and impose taxes should be made to feel that storms will break loose in their constituencies if they spend more and tax more than is necessary.

Some of our politicians have not caught this idea at all and none of them has caught enough of it. Under the lashing of the President, Congress has made a beginning at the reduction of income taxes, but the states are still running wild and city officials have yet to hear that there is any demand for economy at all. Everybody talks about high municipal taxation but nobody does anything about it.

In focusing public opinion upon our public officials, we should begin in Washington and go down through all the state capitals and our chief cities. We should make Washington understand that we want the income tax not only reduced but ultimately and speedily abolished. The income tax is too easy a way to get money out of people. Congress simply fixes the rate of taxation and the victims must pay. No government should ever be permitted to feel that it has but to say the word and as many hundreds of millions as it wishes to waste will be forthcoming. Government, to be good, must be kept decently poor. The public officials who spend other people's money must feel that money is hard to get. There is no other way of compelling governments to be economical. There is so much that a politician can do for himself by helping his friends to dip into the public till.

Washington Should Understand

Moreover, if we wish our politicians to treat public funds as a public trust and be economical in their expenditure, we must ourselves so treat them. We must not howl about high taxation one moment and in the next breath try to grab. I make it a rule to vote against every Congressman from the district in which I live who tries to get a Federal building for its chief city. The city can wait until times are more favorable. Nor can I stand the unseemly greed that comes to the surface every time the subject comes up. Who headed the committee that went to Washington to see the President about the matter last winter? No (Concluded on page 27)

The Montreal School Problem

A Dual School System Provided by Law, But What of the Jews?

By R. HOLMES PARSON

THE Jewish school population of Montreal has grown from 269 children in 1890 to more than 13,900 in the last school year. They thus comprise at the present moment over 40 per cent of the scholars attending the Protestant schools of the city. The amount which the Jewish property owners contribute in taxes to the education of their children is under 20 per cent of the total expended. This in a nutshell is the situation existing in the city of Montreal, and the adjustment of it has created not only bitter controversy, between Jews and Protestants, but has involved the Provincial legislature, has caused questions to be submitted to the Court of Appeals, and has opened the prospect of further legal action before the Supreme Court and, likely, the Privy Council in London.

The Jewish question in Montreal has existed since 1886 when, in consequence of a disagreement among the Jewish synagogues, some of them withdrew their tax contributions from the Protestant panel and gave it to the Catholic panel, who forthwith returned 80 per cent of it to them for the support of a voluntary school of their own. The result was that in subsequent years the Protestants were educating 80 per cent of the Jewish children but were receiving only 20 per cent of the Jewish taxes. Subsequent to 1890 harmony was restored among the synagogues, and they undertook to pay their taxes into the Protestant panel and closed their own separate school.

How Costs Are Distributed

In the scholastic year 1900-1 the number of Jewish pupils had risen to 1,153, representing a cost of $34,451.64, and as the total of Jewish taxes amounted only to $11,016.24 the Protestant taxpayers had to contribute $23,435.40, in addition to paying for the education of their own children. By 1902 the number of Jews had increased to 1,775, out of a total of 9,128 pupils attending the Protestant schools, and although the Jews had the right to send their children to either the Catholic or the Protestant schools, and had also the right of option whether they would pay under the Catholic or Protestant school tax, the Jews chose to pay the Catholic tax, because it was the lowest, but their children were sent to the Protestant schools for education. In other words, one school panel received the money while the other bore the expense. This inequity led to an act of the legislature, passed in 1903, when for the purposes of school taxation Montreal Jews were regarded as Protestants, and thereafter all Jewish taxes had to be paid into the Protestant panel.

The Protestant school commissioners, besides giving the Jews all educational privileges, enacted a special conscience clause in favor of the children of Jewish parents attending Protestant schools, so that there should be no loss of marks by reason of their absence on Jewish holidays. This law the Jews regarded as their *Magna Charta* for educational purposes. Three years later the Jews made their first concerted effort to get representation on the Protestant school commission by providing that the commissioners should be elected by popular vote in various parts of the city. This was opposed under the British North America Act which was interpreted as giving citizens the right to determine the distinctive religious character and constitution of their schools, and that they should remain Christian. In 1909 and in 1916 similar efforts were made. In the meantime the number of Jewish scholars attending the Protestant schools had been growing—but their contribution in taxes to the Protestant panel had not increased in corresponding proportion.

> To understand this article the reader should bear in mind that Montreal has a dual school system. School taxes are applied according to the expressed religious preference of the taxpayer. There is a Catholic school panel and a Protestant school panel (or, as we should say, school board). There is no Jewish school panel nor provision by law for the support of Jewish schools. Hence the unusual situation described in this article.

Jews Pay Only 20 Per Cent

By 1914 the Jews had 8,194 pupils out of 21,131 attending the Protestant schools, and in 1921 they had 12,128 out of a total of 30,880 pupils. At this time an analysis of the situation showed that 40 per cent of the children in the Protestant schools were Jewish but that the taxes collected from Jewish taxpayers amounted only to 20 per cent of the cost of the education.

In actual figures the number of Jews attending the Protestant schools in the school year 1923-4 was 13,954, which at an annual cost of more than $60 *per capita* meant that the education of Jewish children formed an annual charge upon the Protestant budget of about $837,240, of which the Jews paid $370,279. The burden on the Protestant taxpayers had grown so heavy, by reason of the additional schools made necessary, that the commission appealed to the Provincial legislature for relief. The result was a law which provided that all Jewish taxes should be paid into the Protestant panel and the difference made up from the neutral panel—that is a panel into which incorporated companies, partnerships, and persons without declared religious beliefs paid their contribution to education. An indication of what the Protestants had been paying is given by the fact that their revenue for educational purposes was increased by more than $300,000 *per annum* without any increase in the tax rate.

The next Jewish agitation was for the appointment of a certain number of Jewish teachers, for the elimination of the reading of Christian Scriptures in classes where Jews were in the majority, and for facilities in the Protestant schools to teach the Jewish language and Hebrew faith. This was opposed and a move was made to have Protestant and Jewish children taught in separate classes or in separate schools. The Jewish holidays were a factor in this. In September and October, during a period of about three weeks, there are seven Jewish holidays falling on school days, which often depleted whole classes.

Claim Title to Separate Schools

The situation generally became acute. While the majority of Protestants were willing to educate the Jewish children, provided they paid their way, others claimed that the Jews had no constitutional rights in the Protestant schools.

On the other hand some of the Jews claimed they were entitled to have separate schools for Jewish children with Jewish teachers and Jewish school commissioners on the Protestant board.

At the time of the 1922 legislation the *per capita* cost of education in the Protestant schools was actually $63.41 and so the Protestants were still paying $3.41 toward the cost of educating each Jewish child. There has been a decrease in the number of children attending school in the year 1924-5 and the *per capita* cost has risen to $69.45, so that today the Protestants are paying $9.45 toward the cost of each Jewish child.

The majority of (Continued on page 23

All About Your Friend the Toad

He May Not Be Beautiful, But Farmers and Gardeners Appreciate Him

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

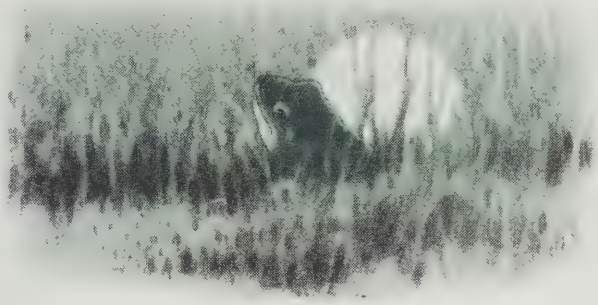
DOWN at the end of the garden lives your friend the toad, hiding away under a stone or a bush during the heat of the day, but hopping out at dusk to spend the evening hours, busy at his job of making it possible for mankind to eat!

Perhaps you do not consider the toad a friend, and feel sure that you could very easily live on without his aid. Perhaps you only think of the toad as an ugly creature about whose being so much superstition has been woven that if half of it were true the toad would be unworthy of his right to live.

But the facts remain. The toad is a friend to man, and each toad does a large share in making it possible for the human race to continue eating the fruits of the earth in due season.

The reason is this. The existence of all life is determined by its enemies, animal and vegetable life alike being subject to destruction. At the present time, due to civilization practically wiping out the danger of wild animal life, man's greatest enemies are to be found among the insects that yearly destroy millions of dollars' worth of the foodstuffs on which we depend for our living.

These insects reproduce their species by the thousands, and if it were not for the fact that they form the chief food of our birds and small animals they would soon overrun the earth, and in a single year destroy all the vegetation, leaving man to starve. And of all the destroyers of insects that are harmful to mankind the toad must be classed among the most valuable. for at least 70 per cent of the food consumed by the toad is harmful to vegetation. It must also be realized that the toad eats four times the capacity of its stomach during the course of twenty-four hours, and just what this capacity means will be better understood when it is known that a toad under observation consumed twenty-four medium-sized gypsy-moth caterpillars in one morning. Another toad under observation ate thirty full-grown celery caterpillars in less than three hours, while a third ate ninety rose bugs as fast as he could and at the end of the meal appeared to be still hungry.



By moonlight alone.

While this economic value of the toad is not visioned by the average person, the farmers appreciate the worth of the ugly little creature. The Department of Agriculture has made a careful study of the toad, and has arrived at the conclusion that (based on the destruction of cutworms alone, eaten during the months of May, June, and July) each toad is worth $19.40. That valuation was gained by reckoning one worm to be worth one cent. When you add to the cutworms all the other destructive insects that the toad eats, the importance and the commercial value of the creature becomes large.

The life history of the toad is decidedly interesting. To begin with the toad in one form or another can be found in every state in the Union. The common toad exists throughout the Eastern and Middle Western States, and is found as far south as Louisiana, Georgia, and Eastern Texas.

The toads emerge from their winter hibernation about the first of April, and proceed at once to the nearest shallow pool. It is not unusual to find hundreds of them congregated about a small pool during the mating season. The eggs are laid in the water, and there may be from four thousand to fifteen thousand. If the weather is warm the hatching period is from three to eight days; if there is a cold snap it requires from eight to twelve days. Toads are born in the water, and spend their early life in a fish-like state, breathing by means of gills. The transformation of a tadpole to a toad takes place somewhere between fifty to sixty days. Full growth is not attained until about the fourth year.

If the weather is moderate toads are active from the end of March to the middle of November. At that time they hibernate for the winter. In the process of hibernation the toad makes a burrow with its hind legs, and goes down backward, the hind feet possessing a spur which is of assistance in the digging. As the toad descends the dirt falls in over its head. Toads "dig in" below the frost level, and experiments have shown that they quickly go deeper if an unusually severe winter sends the frost far into the ground.

The normal activities of the toad, once the mating season is over, consist of remaining under boards, stones, or leaves during the heat of the day, and venturing abroad in search of food when the long shadows tell that the heat has gone.

It may have been this nocturnal habit that helped men of bygone days in their belief that the toad was a supernatural creature. The night to them was a time when magic ruled the land, and the ugly toad was just the type of a creature they believed to belong to sorcery. The eyes of the toad are very bright, and that probably gave rise to the belief that there was a jewel to be found in the head of (Concluded on page 31)

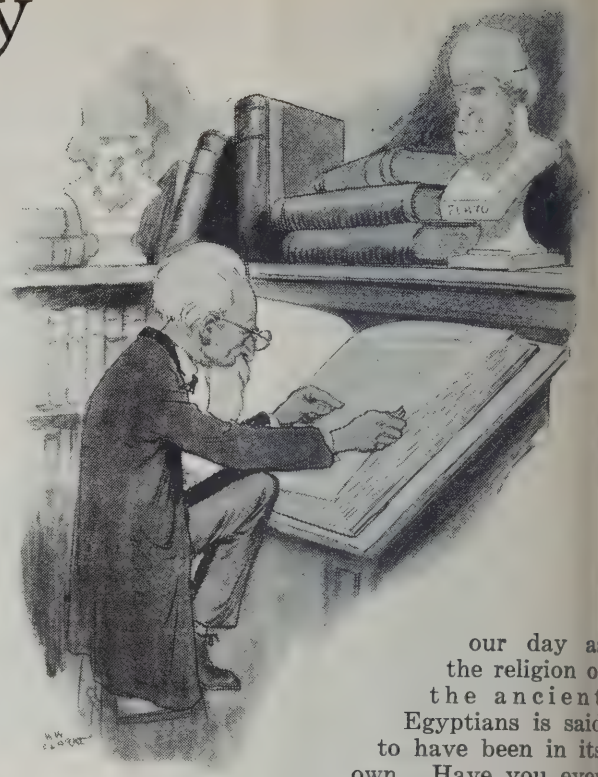
The common toad.

In Southern New England.

Regarding Philosophy

Diogenes—Apostle of Common Sense

By MURRAY GODWIN



When I read the lives of the philosophers in Diogenes Laertius, I arrive at the conclusion that they were nothing more than men who had common sense.
—Senor Pio Baroja.

MEN ordinarily speak of philosophy as though it were an abstruse art, evidently identifying it with metaphysics; or as though it were verbal trickery, by means of which black may be proved white, evidently identifying it with dialectics; or as though it were a complex manipulation of non-existent quantities, evidently identifying it with formal logic.

On the other hand, we sometimes hear it said of a cobbler or a tailor, or of someone who, whatever his occupation, is not "educated," "He's a philosophical old fellow," or, "He's a real philosopher"; and such a comment usually refers to the man's stoical acceptance of whatever the day may bring, or to his wise judgments on the conduct of his fellow human beings. We recognize the wisdom of these judgments simply by referring them to the facts of our own experience; and we do not pronounce them ourselves because, though all the facts that enter into them are ours, we have not the gift of putting those facts together so that they acquire a significance beyond themselves.

As a matter of fact, though philosophy is some thousands of years old, no one has yet succeeded in defining it to anyone's but his own, and in some instances a few of his fellows', satisfaction.

Plato's philosophy included metaphysics, dialectics, logic, ethics, natural science, political economy, law, theology, and what not. But Socrates, who was Plato's teacher, declared himself concerned with

Whatever good or harm can man befall
In his own house.

Not that he adhered to this simple, homely program; but such was his intent.

Literally translated, *philosophy* means *love of wisdom*. The Greeks conferred on certain of their first philosophers the title *Wise Men*. These *Wise Men* were concerned with the daily conduct of men on earth, and with knowledge only insofar as it was relevant to that conduct. Later writers protested that these early philosophers were not philosophers at all, but merely "shrewd men who had studied legislation." It did not occur to them that their term had in the course of time become corrupted. In its purity, *wisdom* undoubtedly meant practical comprehension of the life of men on earth, in both its physical and intellectual or spiritual aspects; and *philosophy*, or *love of wisdom*, was simply the art of attaining and making use of such comprehension.

Literally speaking, then, Socrates was a philosopher by intent, and in practice insofar as he was true to his intent; while Plato cannot be considered a philosopher at all. Plato's concern was chiefly with *abstract* Justice, Virtue, Beauty, and so forth, and when he brought these abstractions "down to earth," he invented an abstract "state" wherein they could become operative. The life of men, as we know it, was treated by him *negatively* —as something which should *not* be.

Most modern philosophers are careless compounds of the practicing Plato and the intending Socrates. They have removed themselves from the midst of life; in the columns of periodicals dedicated to their profession they discuss problems which concern their professional selves in a language of their own. When they break through the professional circle, even those who call themselves "Realists" or "Pragmatists" fail to arouse in us anything but laughter or astonishment. They reach the dimension in which we live by such a tortuous route that their wisdom is dissipated on the way, or strangely distorted by the channels through which it has been forced in the course of its journey. Philosophy has become as mystifying in our day as the religion of the ancient Egyptians is said to have been in its own. Have you ever attempted to read a "popular lecture" by Bertrand Russell? Have you struggled through the "Pragmatism" of William James, only to find that, in the end, this theory can be summed up in the words: Believe nothing that is not profitable? Surely, philosophy has strayed far from the path which Socrates intended it to tread, when it must move heaven and earth to come to a conclusion so commonplace! How many swindlers have lived according to this pragmatic creed while knowing nothing of "philosophy" at all!

The Literal Ideal of the Greeks

As for the popular philosophers—there is plenty of soothing sirup and iron tonic at the corner drug store but men have other ills than these will cure. Shifting the metaphor—when the writer reads their daily syndicated effusions, he feels as though some benign person were covering him up with a thick, fleecy blanket a warm comfortable shield to protect him from the chilly winds of this, at times, unfriendly world. But when night comes on, he discovers that the blanket is a pneumatic one.

So, after due consideration of these alternatives, it seems only just to decide in favor of the cobbler or tailor mentioned in the second paragraph in the literal sense, it is the cobbler or tailor who approaches nearest to the Greek philosophical ideal.

Among the ancient Greeks, Diogenes approximated most nearly to the literal Greek ideal. Far from him were Plato and his transcendentalism, Pythagoras and his mystic flummery, his parabolic apothegms, his crowd of awed novices and smug initiates. Diogenes was really modern, or was

ather of all ages. It is an apparent paradox that Plato, who was full of lofty maunderings and other worldliness, should come to be regarded as a somewhat paltry, time-serving fellow; while the words of Diogenes, who frankly admitted that exile and poverty had made him a philosopher, and who kept both feet on the ground—except when he swiftly raised the right one to refute some persistent debater—seem destined never to grow old. Yet, this is the case.

It is only word-magic—this regard for Plato that still cumbers our minds. One can find no basis for it in his works. Reading his famous "Republic," one sees that it is all a puttering attack on the democratic government which then prevailed in Athens; moreover, it is an attack based on an ideal which, wretched though it is, has never existed and never can exist in the world of men. When we read, further, in Pater's "Plato and Platonism," that Plato was an aristocrat who had been divorced from his privileges with the advent of the new democracy, we see on what a thoroughly materialistic foundation our hero erected his ideal state. Seeing that he was denied the bowing and scraping which his ancestors had received in the world of actuality, our idealist builded himself 'a mansion in the skies"—a piece of psychological fiction so strained and warped, so thick with peculiarities and nervous nonsense, that only the top-lofty style of its construction could have saved it from the ridicule which is its due. The "Republic" is a lasting monument to the hypocrisy of a man made malicious and envious by defeat.

Diogenes, on the other hand, never allowed his personal irritations to get the better of him, and so found it unnecessary to construct an ideal refuge in the World of Pure Being. Without reservation he first accepted the life of men on earth, and then, wishing to make that life richer and wiser, he set out to learn the truth about it, and to impart what he had learned to his fellows, in a spirit guided and informed by a love of what was best.

If the writer is not mistaken, Plutarch, that revered and suspiciously academic biographer of famous Ancients, overlooked Diogenes. Probably Plutarch, like Plato, was an idealist who found it impossible to accept the vulgar life which God had created without waiting for his approval; and of course no such idealist would accept Diogenes. But Diogenes Laertius has left us a rambling and extremely readable account of Diogenes in his "Lives of Eminent Philosophers."

Father François Rabelais has supplemented this account with a few anecdotes—or perhaps only one—garnered from some source not familiar to the writer. This anecdote—or the only one the writer remembers, if there are more than one—concerns the conduct of Diogenes in the face of an approaching siege at Corinth. It cannot be told in Rabelais' words, which are in this case not unprintable, but inimitable, without a copy of his "Book" to prompt one.

However . . . when news of an approaching army was heard in Corinth, the citizens began to bestir themselves, like so many busy bees preparing for the defense of their hive. Everywhere he went, Diogenes found men toiling like mad, repairing the walls, digging moats, setting great stones on the battlements with which to crush the enemy, bringing in food and other supplies to sustain the defenders if the siege should prove a long one; meanwhile getting in one another's way, each undoing what the rest had accomplished, everyone piling up impediments for the others to stumble over, and all getting nowhere in a great hurry with a good deal of confusion, friction and noise. No one had time to tell Diogenes what he could do to be of use; in fact, no one would pay any attention to him. After wandering for a time from group to group of frantically laboring men, the philosopher betook himself to the top of a little hill, carrying with him his tub, which ordinarily he used for a house. Presently the attention of the toiling citizenry was attracted to a commotion at the top of this hill. Diogenes was rolling and thumping his tub, turning it round, flopping it first on this side, then on that, climbing on it, dancing there, falling off again, kicking it down the hill, chasing after it, clambering with it to the top again, turning it bottom-side-up, leaping upon it, jumping up and down, leaping from it to the ground once more, and rolling it over and over without end, until the citizens were convinced that he had lost his mind altogether.

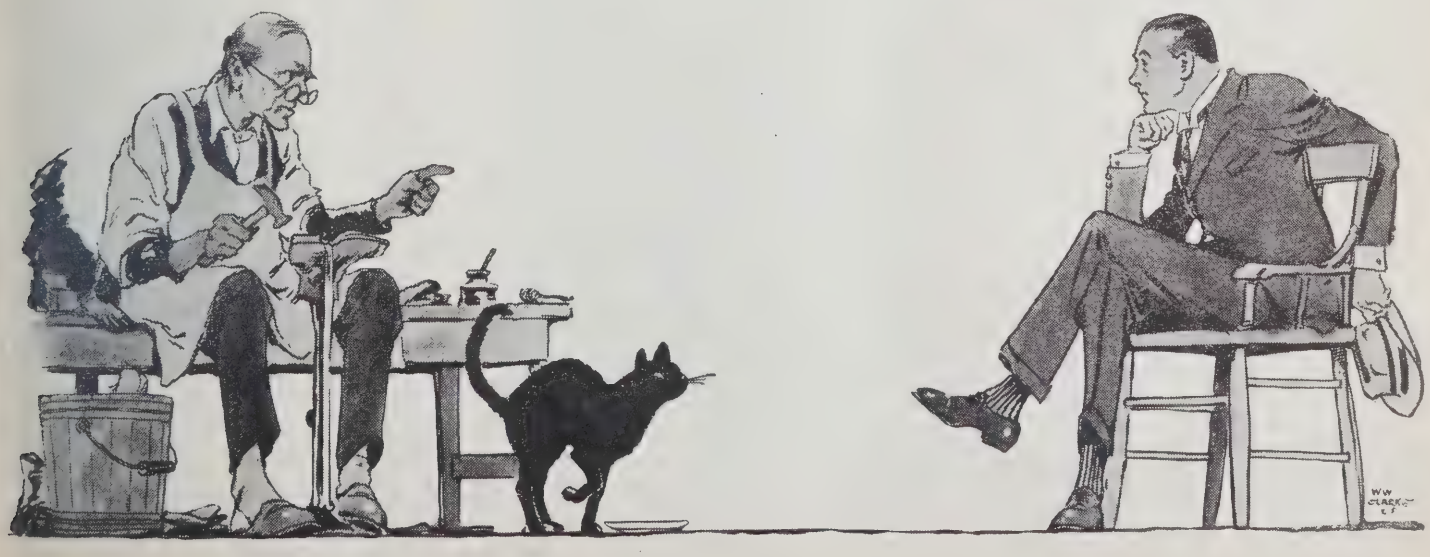
"Have you become at last entirely mad?" he was asked by some citizens who hastened to the hilltop.

"No," Diogenes replied, "but it did not seem fitting to me that I should be the only calm man among you; and since you had no place for me in the hustle and bustle below, I came up here to help in the hubbub as best I could."

In this fashion Diogenes rebuked the undirected and wasteful agitation of his fellows that he might persuade them to proceed with more wisdom and less precipitation in the defense of their city.

There is only one contemporary philosopher who, the writer imagines, would have acted in the same fashion, had he been in Diogenes' place. This is Charles Chaplin. Should it strike you as ridiculous that Charley should be regarded as a philosopher, the writer can only recommend your reading a certain essay on the subject by Dr. Elie Faure, the French savant and author of a "History of Art," which can be purchased at ten dollars a volume. Dr. Faure shows clearly in this essay that Charley's pantomime is founded on the same profound principle that underlies the works of Montaigne and Shakespeare.

Diogenes and Plato were contemporaries, personal friends and intellectual enemies. Diogenes used to ridicule Plato as an interminable talker, and as an intellectual thimblerigger as well. Once *(Continued on page 26)*



Menace of Gold Standard in Britain

What Will Be Its Effect on American Credit and British Industry?

By MAURICE MANNING

—London.

IT IS becoming increasingly evident that during the recent conference at Washington between the governor of the Bank of England and the head of the Federal Reserve Bank plans were formed for the foisting upon the world of the gold standard. Old monetary reformers in the United States will be reminded by this scheme of what was long known as "The Crime of 1873," when through indirect intervention of the Rothschilds, silver was demonetized by an act of Congress which was disguised as an innocent regulation of the coinage and so escaped scrutiny and discussion.

As in '73, the present scheme threatens an impoverishment of the producers and the debtor class to the enormous enrichment of the international moneymongers' syndicate. But, this time it is not going through without a struggle. British business men are being roused by the idea that the big bankers in London, supported by Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, should seek their own ends regardless of serious injury to legitimate trade and industry by "making British finance and consequently British business, the tail of the Wall Street kite!"

Mr. Norman's visit to Washington was quickly followed by an increase in the Federal Reserve discount rate. And Mr. Norman had been home less than a fortnight when the Bank of England put up its rate from 4 to 5 per cent. Questioned in the House, Mr. Churchill tried to dodge responsibility for this action, declaring that the treasury had no part in the decision. But everybody knows that it would not have been taken had the treasury disapproved.

Only a few days ago, the Federation of British Industries, representing the great majority of the trades of the country, addressed a significant communication to Mr. Churchill. Calling attention to the recent rise in the bank rate, the Federation suggests that "there are some grounds for supposing that the immediate object of British monetary policy may be to secure a return to parity with the dollar before the end of the year."

The act now in force banning exports of gold from England expires at the end of the year, and it seems to be generally assumed that the Bank's increase of the discount rate foreshadows an earlier return to the condition of a free market for gold and the restoration of the pound sterling to parity with the dollar; that is to say, to the exchange rate of $4.86½, the current rate at this writing being $4.78½.

The change involves a serious deflation of the present currency volume and a disturbance in values and prices generally. It means an arbitrary and artificial forcing of the proportional exchange values of the pound sterling and the American dollar, which should naturally reflect, as it now does, the fluctuations in the English demand for dollars as compared with the American demand for pounds sterling in the settlement of international balances.

It should be remembered that, in reality, the terms "dollar" and "pound sterling" have no necessary relation to gold coins or to the fixed weight of gold bullion. The dollar is simply a token or denominator of the American unit, not of money but of *credit*. When an American merchant buys a bill of exchange for one thousand pounds, he simply buys a credit to that amount exchangeable for English goods and services. Similarly, when a Briton buys a bill of exchange on New York for a thousand dollars what he really buys is a transferable credit good for American commodities and services. If, in either case, the credit could only be exchanged for a certain amount of gold, it would be of little use; as little use as if it could procure only copper or iron. Of course, any of these metals—like corn, wheat or cotton—could be sold for some form of fluid and transferable credit exchangeable for goods or services of any order offered on the market, but that would be going back to the primitive stage of barter as a method of exchange.

The RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The letter of the Federation of British Industries already mentioned, referring to the supposed gold basis policy of the government, calls for a definite declaration of its intentions. It goes on to say:

"Since such a policy must obviously involve a period of dislocation, if not of active restriction of credit, which cannot fail, for a time at least, adversely to affect the operations of industry, and especially our export trade, the Federation feel that they are justified in pressing His Majesty's government to make known its intentions at the earliest possible moment, and, in the event of an early return to the gold standard being contemplated, to indicate the precise steps by which it is hoped to secure such a return, and how, when once achieved, it is to be maintained . . . It is of importance to all engaged in industry, both employers and employed, that the present uncertainty should be dispelled."

That a forced return to the gold standard would involve grave dangers to British industry was the keynote of a significant address before the Commercial Committee of the House of Commons by J. M. Keynes, the economist.

"We should have as our object," said Mr. Keynes, "the stability of internal prices and the adequacy of internal credit to the requirements of our own trade and industry, instead of the gradual deflation of our prices relatively to those in the United States. Any premature return to the gold standard would expose British industry to the possibility of serious shocks. A movement of gold to or from America which would drain or swamp us would be almost unnoticed by them. Certainly conditions in America would play a bigger part in determining our bank rate and our credit conditions than would the needs of our own trade.

"We should be running the risk of having to curtail or raise the price of credit to our own industries, merely because an invest-

(Concluded on page 30)

Editorials

Just for a Change

JUST for a change, our America may be conceived as a nation containing a potentially rich and deep cultural life, which under pressure from above finds its outlet in meaningless vagary. A good many of our self-confessedly powerful minds spend their days and nights exhorting the nation to practice this and honor that. The nation, sincerely trustful, does its best to follow them; but repeating Coue formulas and eating more macaroni strangely enough doesn't make any call on the inarticulate desires and aspirations surging under the nation's belt—or at least not worn on its sleeve; so the dance goes on, and the joy is unconfined.

Just for a change, wouldn't it be fine if our best political, legal and sociological exhorters would pipe down for a while and kind of join us in enjoying their silence?

Of course they are the nation's voice, and if the nation wasn't so busy getting things done it would probably recognize its tones. But as it is it seems almost as though our voice were only occasionally our own. When you try to talk and work at the same time, you have to slight your work, or else let your tongue just run along. Under the conditions, then, it would be nothing to wonder at if the nation got to talking absent-mindedly, as it seems to be doing, sometimes.

This is ridiculous, true enough, but it would appear to be a fact. And the only way to put it in its place, one imagines, is for the vocal organs to rest and give the nation a chance to catch up.

Besides—you can't tell but what the silence might give God a chance to say something. It might be a good idea to pause just to make sure we weren't interrupting *Him*.

Regarding Ethics of Criticism

LEGITIMATE criticism is a wholesome thing. It stimulates action and as a rule causes its subject to search for new angles of action, and frequently find them. Purely destructive criticism, however, is not much good to anybody. Criticism to be of any potential use must be constructive; it must contain suggestions.

No one should resent criticism of this kind if it is well meant.

But it is not only individuals but departments and institutions that resent criticism; it is usually taken as a reflection on the persons composing that institution or department. There is no reason why this should be so. Although individuals may feel themselves responsible for the mistakes of the department to which they belong, it is often the system that is at fault.

Government departments usually object to criticism of any description. This is not as it should be. It does not make for efficiency. Criticism if meant for the common good should be listened to with respect and carefully weighed. There is no obligation either to reject it or adopt it.

Literature and Local Talent

LITERATURE is ideally supposed to be disdainful of national borders and in a sense this is so. Somehow a great book, now matter how dyed with local color, reaches the human heart regardless of the linguistic mode through which it must pass. In another sense, however, literature is extremely regional. This regionality is more difficult to explain than the more generally recognized universality of literature.

Once New England was the germinating place for most American books of whatever cast. Then the center of production moved to New York, though admittedly what New York produced was, except in a few cases, by no means equal in quality to the literary product of New England. The Pacific Coast and the West generally was the next hovering-place of literary inspiration. In the latter part of the nineteenth century Chicago began to bloom. Just now, novel after novel springs from the Middle West.

Various explanations of this localization during a given period fall by the way. It is said that literature appears when life in a community becomes settled and a certain number of people are given surcease from the business of making a living. Leisure leads to reflection and reflection to expression by way of words. This is plausible but does not comprehend the facts. New England was, it is true, heavy with deliberate culture, but how about the West? Surely Mark Twain and Bret Harte were not members of a leisure class! Consider, furthermore, that great areas in the East, where life has been running in established grooves for literally centuries, produce nothing in the way of creative literature at all. Here is leisure a-plenty, and culture subsidized to the limit, yet the fact remains that no living word comes of it. On the other hand, the Middle West, turning from hard pioneering to intensive farming and manufacturing, finds time and feels the impulse to turn out books that arrest the attention of the nation.

"The Bankruptcy of Liberalism"

A GREAT deal has been said since the war about "the bankruptcy of Liberalism" in the United States. Before the great conflict, it is claimed, "Liberalism" enjoyed a certain power and prestige. Somehow, during the struggle, its forces were dissipated, its unity lost. Now, its more audible members look here and there in vain for some unshattered remnant of the forces that once served "the Liberal ideal."

Certain "Liberal" periodicals, some time ago, went far to attempt an explanation of the failure. But no matter which version of the matter one accepted, all those expositions left one as much in the dark as before. The truth seemed to be that "liberalism" did not know what its aims were, and consequently could not tell whether the recalcitrant "Liberals" had departed from them or not.

Evidently, above several coincident attempts, in

various parts of the nation, to secure "home rule" for municipalities, reform court procedure and investigate cruelty and graft, some generalizing gentlemen must have constructed a theory to account for these activities. That the belief grew that the activities had resulted from the theory, instead of the theory from the activities, will in no way surprise anyone who has become aware of the capacity for vagary possessed by the human mind.

Naturally, after that had happened, "Liberalism" —the theory *in vacuo*—could hardly escape its doom. Persons who have begun to act "on their own" are hardly apt to be guided by theories resulting from some inactive person's observation of them.

The "bankruptcy of Liberalism" is merely the bankruptcy of "Liberals." These "bankrupt" gentlemen never had anything invested in the "movement" but paper, anyway.

The "Nineteenth Hole" in America

"AT THE golf clubs in America," says an English writer, "the 'nineteenth hole' is now the locker room. Here before lunch, and again at the end of the day's play, the members foregather in friendly groups over cocktails and highballs which the attendant with shaker and cracked ice of his own providing prepares for them from materials they supply."

The writer further says: "The people in England know that America's Prohibition Law is being widely evaded; but it is necessary to travel to the United States to realize how completely in many respects that law has become a dead letter."

The author of this is apparently an enthusiastic golfer, and as such he would spend much of his time in the United States sampling the golf courses. Therefore, as the "nineteenth hole" is a popular institution in England he would naturally want to sample that also.

He accordingly does so with the assistance of friends who are anxious to make him feel "at home," and he concludes that the "nineteenth hole" is also a recognized institution in this country. But *two swallows don't make a summer.*

Franklin and the Moderns

IT IS interesting to note that the theory held today of the mechanics of tornado formation and procedure coincides exactly with that advanced by Dr. Benjamin Franklin in 1753 or thereabout. In the complete edition of Dr. Franklin's works is a diagram to illustrate his theory. But the text itself is so clear that the drawing serves only as an extra guaranty.

The general conception of Dr. Franklin as a provincial Hogarth takes in only one relatively unimportant part of his character. His title of "philosopher" is thought to refer to his capacity for homely wisdom. In fact, it refers to his contributions to physical science. The examination and explanation of natural phenomena was in his day regarded as a philosophical function. What opened the doors of the Royal philosophical society to him was his invention of the lightning rod and his electrical experiments in general. His scientific activities comprehended a great deal more than the study of lightning. In his correspondence he tells of experiment after experiment made by him with electricity generated in his laboratory. He observed its effect on fowls, metals and other creatures and substances. He tested and classified materials according to their conductivity. He used electricity as a curative force in certain paralytic diseases.

Moreover, he wrote about his activities and speculations in such admirable language that one would wish to see modern discoursers on scientific subjects take him for a model. Even when he makes use of terms evidently contrived by himself, one follows him more easily than one could possibly do Bertrand Russell or any other contemporary enlightener of the people.

The Triumph of the East

"EAST is East, and West is West," says the poet, "and never the twain shall meet." And a philosopher, most Western in sentiment, says, "The poets lie too much." In this case, it would appear, he told a plain truth. Beginning with Plato, the philosophers of the West have fallen increasingly into mystic, passive contemplation, a mood exactly opposite that regarded as the very essence of the Western ideal.

It is our custom to look at Emerson as a thoroughly American thinker. And yet—there is his tendency toward a passive sifting of all things, and toward taking refuge in the conception of the "Over-soul," an excessively reflective creation; and what of his intense and mystic faith in the superiority of the effortless intuition over the striving mind and will? All this is merged without trace of contradiction with his Western concern with affairs, but it is none the less Oriental for that.

Then there are the poets—for example, A. E. Housman:

> "*Be still,* my soul, *be still, the arms you bear are brittle;*
> *Earth and high heaven are fixed of old and founded strong.*
> Think, rather—call to thought, if now you grieve a little,
> *The days when we had rest, O soul, for they were long.*"

How much of Western strife and struggle does one find in that? Serene and Oriental despair!

No one seems so far to have noticed it, but the poem for which our own John Burroughs is best remembered, and for which he received most applause during his life, is completely Oriental, mystic, passive:

> "Serene I *fold my arms* and wait,
> For lo! my own shall come to me."

Contrast that to a real Western pronouncement:

> "Trust in God, *and take your own part!*"

Much more could be said—many more examples adduced. For better or for worse, Oriental elements have mixed unobtrusively with the philosophy and poetry of the West.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT SEEMS to be the tendency of every group, founded originally to maintain and extend some principle, to become more and more forgetful of that principle in favor of problems in which that principle is not the least involved.

In the case of a need important only in the eyes of a peculiarly situated few, the majority of people will fail to be aroused. Such needs take a great deal of explanation, and often, even where this explanation is accepted, it does not lead to any effective result. If the problem that needs solving, in a case of this sort, has a definite existence in fact, it affects only the few; and the few cannot get enough people round to where the latter are interested in what can be seen from that particular viewpoint to bring about active consequences. Sometimes, when a widespread interest and enthusiasm are aroused, it will be found that the problem at the center of this interest and enthusiasm is actually represented in only a vague or vestigial form. Then, though interest may be great, effective action is absent because hardly any two of the group primarily interested in the problem can agree on the characteristics possessed by the doubtful or absent portions of the object to be dealt with. Naturally, this results in a variety of aims. Enthusiasm is aroused but action is distributed so widely that it is dissipated and lost without any solution being achieved. The situation is something like that in the old fable of the blind men and the elephant. Only, in this case, it happens that the object of the group's attention has no central existence. Far from being mistaken about the appearance of the object with a part of which each is acquainted, the group is mistaken in believing that the presence of the various" parts" implies the existence of a central whole.

THE tendency of every group to forget the principle on which it was founded has always been the great cause of organized failure. Established to maintain and extend a definite truth, the group trend has been consistently toward the self-absorption of the energy it receives. Could great organizers foresee and provide against this seemingly inevitable trend, the world would be afflicted with less ponderous group machinery and would possess much more efficient facilities for carrying on its vital functions than is the case today. In our time we are seeing the growth of the spirit which will eventually succeed in overcoming this Law of Adverse Returns.

But whether a group succeeds or fails, its tendency is to forget the principle that its first members established as its foundation.

At first the interest of the members is centered on the problem they are gathered to solve. The establishment of offices, rules of action and procedure helps to keep their efforts more directly applied to the solution. But, as time goes on, these centers of activity and guide lines, intended to prevent the waste of effort, tend to become regarded as fixtures, fundamental as the principle that brought the group into existence. It is forgotten that a tree may be sawed as easily and perhaps more profitably than it can be chopped. Each succeeding generation of members seems to contain more and more persons who are not able to imagine the mechanics of the formation of the group. These persons accept the group as an institution, and regard the parts of the institution as being all of equal importance. Finally, the reverence of these individuals for the institution becomes so unqualified and so indiscriminate, that the skipping of a paragraph of the minutes, or some such incident, is magnified in their eyes to the proportions of an attack on the principle on which the group was founded.

Indeed, the first flush of enthusiastic acceptance is in some cases so badly distributed over the extent of the institution accepted, that the individual of a later generation becomes engrossed altogether in the study of rules and from beginning to end fails to discover an inkling of the really important underlying principle. He is like a man who starts out to visit a factory and who never gets past the fascinating preliminaries of the reception room.

Meanwhile, more rules and regulations are being added, to the further disadvantage of the principle and action concerning it. Moreover, offices multiply, bureaus and committees increase. And the rule is always, the more offices, the more office-seekers. The multiplication of offices and office-seekers gives birth to a thousand intrigues for favor and place, until finally the group's energies are being almost entirely absorbed internally. Exactly as though it were a turbine so heavily loaded with superfluous transmitting machinery, that out of all the power poured into it, only enough emerged to turn a wheel of insignificant size. And sometimes this insignificant external wheel, even, is so situated and connected that it turns its energy back into the ponderous parent mechanism.

The problem that modern organizers must face and solve is that of insuring direct application to the object defined in the principle of the increasing energy of the group. There is every reason to think it can be done. The increasing power of the locomotive did not find its way out through the whistle or the stack, nor were more wheels added to furnish it with an absorbent for its new energy, nor were more cars for the accommodation of the officials attached to each train. More freight and passenger cars were pulled, at a greater speed. The same instinct that guided the development of the locomotive can direct the progress of a group, with as satisfactory returns.

Books! Books! Books!

Browsing Among Second-Hand Stores of Old London

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

A London second-hand bookstore.

WHEN I was a young chap, with not too many pennies in my pocket and far too few silver coins, I used to frequent the second-hand bookstores in London, occasionally making a humbly cheap purchase; but more usually gloating over treasures far beyond my reach. My happy hunting ground chiefly was a narrow byway, which has long gone to make way for Aldwych and Kingsway, so well known to American business men. This Holywell street, in the Strand, ran from the church of Saint Clement's Danes to where once upon a time stood the tall Maypole, hard by the church of Saint Mary-le-Strand; redolent of a very old world these church names and this Maypole! A narrow, dingy street, but there were delectable bookstores there, and always the faint hope of a great find; of some book of great price, which had escaped the keen eye of the bookseller and been marked far below its value. Such things have happened, but I've only met with one—if I may coin a word—happenee. He had bought what is called a parcel of books at a country sale, and among the waste paper used to prevent the string cutting into the bindings he found a very fine copy of the First Edition of Gray's Elegy!

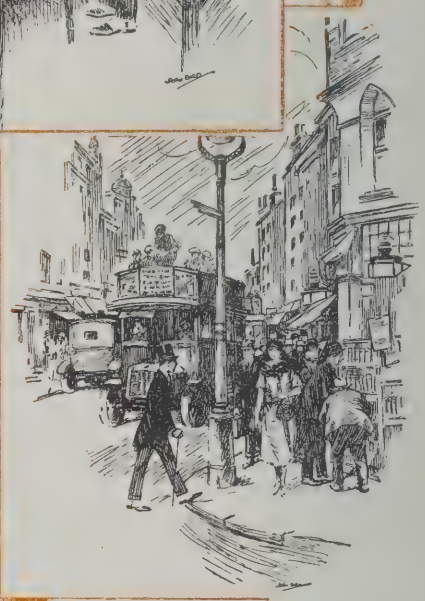
Little did I foresee in my youth that I should myself one day be a second-hand bookseller, but so it chanced. For a year and more—then the World War shut me up—in my little Book Parlor I sold books, very often my heart being sore at having to part with some of them. It was a happy time, and not without those small adventures and moving incidents that come in even so placid a life as that of a dealer in books. It was pleasant there; crowded shelves all around; a table in the center, with a vase of flowers; two or three comfortable armchairs, wherein my customers rested while they tasted my wares; in winter a jolly fire upon the hearth; my big, book-littered desk in the corner. All day long the coming and going of footsteps along the street, and every now and then their ceasing as man or woman stopped to look into the window and sometimes to come right in. Outside there was a long shelf of cheap books; and also a box full of more or less tattered volumes; copies of tenth-rate poets, odd volumes belonging to incomplete sets, each one at the price of four pennies. I still love ransacking what is called the "four-penny box," though alas it is since the war usually a six penny! One rainy afternoon I noticed an old man, quite well-dressed, hovering over my four-penny box, turning over the books. He came in with three in his hand, which needed three more to complete the set to which they belonged. He tendered me a shilling and I asked him if he was aware that they were odd volumes.

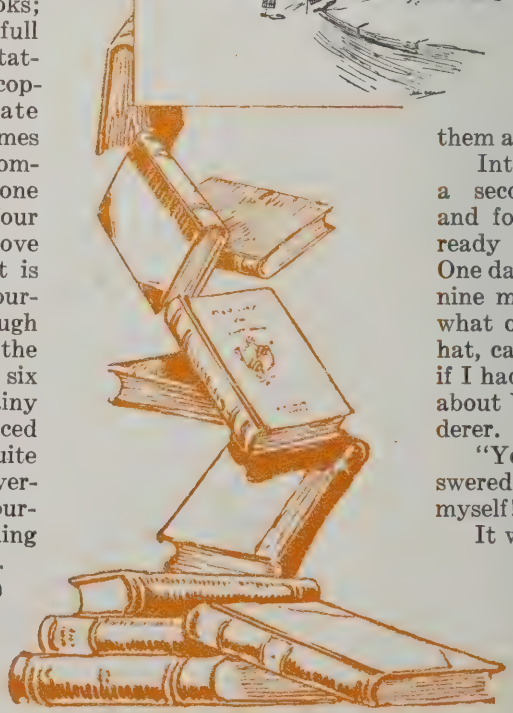
"Yes, that's why I want them," he said.

"Oh, I see, to complete your set?" I asked.

"Oh, no, but it's my hobby to buy odd volumes; it's such a pleasure hunting for the others."

A pathetic incident, one of several, was when a pretty young widow, in the very deepest mourning, asked me if I would buy the valuable library she had been left by her husband. She showed me some specimen volumes that she had brought with her, saying that the others, several thousand, were equally good. Good! Poor soul, they were moldering, worn volumes of old sermons and bygone theology. She nearly wept when I told her that she would find great difficulty in selling them at even a penny a time.





Interesting men drift into a second-hand bookstore, and for the most part are ready to talk and gossip. One day a tall, almost saturnine man, wearing a somewhat old-fashioned tall silk hat, came in, and asked me if I had any books or prints about Wainwright the murderer.

"Yes, Mr. Irving," I answered, "I'm fond of crime myself!"

It was H. B. Irving, son of Sir Henry; actor, author and student of criminology, upon which he wrote several books. Few men have known more in-

imately the history of crime. He used o relate that his father had told him ow, when he had sat up very late one ight with Tennyson, the poet said that e had not kept such bad hours since e had been absorbed in a discussion n murders with Doctor Jowett, the amous Master of Ballial College,)xford. We are all prone to crime!

Holywell street being swept away, nany of the bookselling fraternity be- ook themselves to Charing Cross Road, comparatively modern thoroughfare. do occasionally stand outside the hops there, looking, longing, occasion- lly tasting, but the mere presence of ookshops cannot make a booky place; t is too busy, too strenuous; you are ostled as you loiter, and undisturbed ditering is the essence of book-hunting, t least it is to me. My purse will not ermit me to visit—with any satisfac- ion—the booksellers who deal in tip- op goods, which can be afforded only y millionaires. But there is one shop I o love to frequent, where there are ooks for lean purses as well as for fat. t is situated in a narrow turning on the outh side of famous Holborn, that ncient street of many interesting mem- ries. It is called Great Turnstile and eads into Lincoln's Inn Fields. Its ame commemorates the existence of a urnstile here which served to prevent orses passing through to the Fields, nd used to be known as Turnstile lley. Much should I like to let my en run away with me—it does do so ometimes when I'm wandering about ld London—writing about the fas- inating story of Holborn and of Lin- oln's Inn Fields, but I must stick to my ooks—my closest friends.

Queen Elizabeth's Book

For many and many a year past there have been sel- lers of second-hand books in the Great Turnstile. It is like turning out of a ast, fast river into some quiet, arrow tributary stream when one eaves the roar of Holborn for this hady alleyway. I do so now and hen to call on my kindly friend, Frank Iollings, and to have a crack with him ver books, book-buying and booksell- ng. Quieter still it is inside this seemly ld store, a longish room, lined with ooks, among which it is very pleasant o browse. But better still to go to the anctum upstairs and there turn over reasures, looking longingly and lov- ngly at the title-pages of rare works of ncient and of modern days, or rever- ntly handling a precious binding. It as only recently I sat there, smoking nd gossiping, and, being a wise man, stening far more than I talked. Frank Iollings has a memory as well-stocked s his shelves; it is always excellent to sten to a man talking about what e knows and has done. He agreed ith me that wonderful "finds" are mazingly few, but instanced his hav- ng discovered in the West Countree (of England) in the hands of a country clergyman Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book, in jeweled tapestry binding. It is not merely the scarcity or market value of a book that appeals to the genuine bookman—I think he felt as I did that there was a thrill in handling the volume from which the great Queen had prayed. It is a pity that books cannot write their autobiographies! I'd give much—much more than I can afford!—to read the autobiography of a First Folio Shakespeare, of the First Edition of Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" or of one of Jane Austen's novels.

First Editions

Of late years, say about forty or so, there has sprung up a very consider- able number of collectors of first editions of quite modern writers, among them George Gissing, Oscar Wilde, George Bernard Shaw, Joseph Conrad, Max Beerbohm, Thomas Hardy, Lord Dun- sany, Barrie, William H. Davies, John Masefield—to name a few only, recalled at random. Volumes that a little while ago were worth but a few shillings are now sold for twice and thrice as many pounds. "The Picture of Dorian Gray" and "The Sphinx," for examples, bring twelve pounds or so! In fact, if one could only see into the future, it would pay to "lay down" first editions as you do wines that promise to mature into something exquisite. But it is rather pitiable to think that such a man as George Gissing struggled with pov- erty for many years and that now he is dead he is the fashion among book col- lectors, many of whom are by no means book lovers. When I first started a bookstore I found to my surprise that there was no real demand for first edi- tions of Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon" and "The Way of All Flesh," although many of his early works were quite scarce. So I bought all I could find, often for quite nominal sums; priced them and sold them high, and now he is among the much-sought- after!

Cunning Book Thieves

The first volume of poems issued by William H. Davies was brought out by himself in paper covers at the mod- est price of two shillings and sixpence (just about half a dollar). I wanted a copy badly for a customer; could not find one. Then one morning a stranger came into the store, this very volume in his hand, a perfect copy, and offered it to me for a few shillings. I gave him twice as much as he asked, to his great amazement. Later I bought an equally good copy; my good friend Davies wrote in it "This is my first book," signed this, and the volume went to America for many pounds. It is a unique copy! Fortunate he who pos- sesses it!

Another recent fad is the collecting of works issued by the various private presses that have from time to time done excellent work in this country; notably the Kelmscott Press of William Morris, whose "Chaucer" Frank Hol- lings sold to another social agitator, John Burns, who owns perhaps the finest collection of works on London. Others of fame being the Ashendene, the Doves, the Eragny, the Riccardi and the Vale presses. All known to and their products desired by private press fans.

Just this in conclusion—the second- hand booksellers' lot is not *always* a happy one! Among other troubles are the doings of cunning book thieves. There is room here for only one story, told me by friend Hollings. He had cataloged a copy of the Ashendene "Dante," a beautiful and valuable pro- duction. One morning he received a letter from a consular office in a North England town, from a collector who said he owned all the works issued by this press with this one exception. Might he see it, with a view to pur- chase?

The Crook and "Dante"

Hollings wrote "Yes," provided that the cost of car- riage and of mak- ing a box to contain the volume safely was paid by Mr. X. A day or two later Hollings was rung up from a well- known London hotel, the speaker say- ing he was the son of Mr. X, and would call about the book. He did so, the next day, just before the store was to be closed. He was a well-spoken, ob- viously well-educated and assured young man who chatted intelligently about books. He was in town for a day or two and would, with Mr. Hollings' kind permission, take the "Dante" with him for his father to inspect. He casually showed Mr. Hollings's letter to Mr. X, which was doubtlessly done intention- ally to banish any doubts there might be as to his identity. So the fine folio was packed up and parted with. But as he wended his way home, doubts began to rise in Hollings's mind—a pre- monition that something was wrong, so next day he telegraphed at consider- able length to a fellow bookseller in the northern town, and the answer came that the pretended Mr. X did not exist and that the man who had carried off the "Dante" was a notorious crook, very much "wanted" by the police! And it transpired that he had sold the other volume the morning after he had got it into his hands for a considerable sum to another London bookseller!

Here and there are to be found booksellers who are not above "faking" books, but they are very few and far between.

Bookselling is a worthy calling and booksellers are in the vast majority worthy, straightforward men. Almost more than any other visitors they wel- come those who come across the Atlan- tic with a pocketful of cash and ready to buy what is good.

Bonds That Cannot Be Collected

Twelve States That Repudiated Bonds—Daniel Webster's Assurance

By E. L. M'COLGIN

PRACTICALLY every owner of state bonds will be surprised to learn that there are no legal means of compelling payment, and, what is more definite, that twelve states have repudiated their bonds and others have deferred interest payments from time to time. The Eleventh Amendment to the Federal Constitution permits sovereign states to sell their bonds by pledging their solemn "faith and credit" and then to refuse payment without giving any reasons in court.

Chief Justice Waite, of the United States Supreme Court, said, in 1883, in deciding a case where a state that was sued invoked the Eleventh Amendment to avoid payment of its bonds:

> "Neither was there when the bonds were issued, nor is there now any statute or judicial decision giving to bondholders a remedy in the state courts or elsewhere, either by mandamus or injunction against the state in its political capacity to compel it to do what it has agreed should be done, but what it refuses to do."

Some people have mistakenly assumed that repudiation of state bonds has been confined to a few southern states disavowing bonds issued in their names immediately after the Civil War by carpetbag administrations. Not so, repudiation was practiced before the Civil War by northern as well as southern states; and following that war southern states repudiated about as many bonds issued or authorized before the conflict as they did carpetbag bonds.

How Armed Coercion Is Avoided

The National Government, which has admitted the carpetbaggers were usurpers, and the respective states that repudiated other bonds, have defrauded foreign investors as well as American purchasers. Only our strength and the jealousy of European governments of one another have enabled us to avoid armed coercion such as the government of their bondholders have frequently employed to make Turkey, Egypt, China, and San Domingo pay up.

This is a period of hectic public spending and the extravagance furthered by state bond issues is comparable only to the pre-Civil War period that was responsible for the first repudiations of state bonds. The present owners of state bonds have no assurance that if periods of temporary stress come again, politicians will not persuade states to repudiate irksome obligations.

Brokers who market state bonds fail to inform the public of the existence of the Eleventh Amendment or the repudiation records of states whose new bonds they sell. Therefore, Congress could fairly require as a condition precedent to their carriage in the mails that the amendment, which follows, be printed on every state bond and also quoted in every circular or advertisement that purports to describe such bonds:

> "The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by the citizens of another State or by the citizens or subjects of a foreign State."

The Eleventh Amendment was made early in the life of the Republic. One Chisholm, in 1793, sued the state of Georgia, and the United States Supreme Court held that the suit was proper. Georgia was furious at what she considered a challenge to her sovereignty, and her legislature passed an act that condemned to death without benefit of clergy any Federal marshal or other person who should presume to assist in serving a process against the state. This suit together with the subsequent one of another person against Massachusetts made the other states apprehensive and at their behest the next Congress passed and submitted the Eleventh Amendment which was promptly ratified by all the states.

Fortunately for investors, cities, townships, counties, school districts and special taxing districts are public corporations that can be sued and the courts have always required them to satisfy their bondholders.

During the first half of the last century, the states embarked upon what often proved to be over-ambitious public railroad, canal, turnpike, and banking projects. States which had been accustomed to think a dozen times over a tax of a hundred thousand dollars now began to negotiate loans of millions. The American bond market could not absorb all these issues and many states turned to Baring Brothers, the famous London bankers, to sell these bonds abroad. In 1839 the Barings prudently inquired of Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, what measure of security the purchasers of bonds of American states would have for their investment. Webster replied in a formal state paper which avoided reference to the Eleventh Amendment but abounded in lofty sentiment. It was widely distributed among prospective foreign buyers of the bonds; at home it was commented upon by newspapers and political orators with "swelling pride." Following are salient excerpts from Webster's statement to Barings:

Daniel Webster Replies to the Barings

> "The states cannot rid themselves of their obligations otherwise than by the honest payment of their debts. . . . Any failure to fulfill its obligations would be an open violation of public faith to be followed by the penalty of dishonor and disgrace; a penalty, it would be presumed, which no state of the American Union would be likely to incur . . . If it were possible that any one of the states should at any time so entirely lose its self-respect, and forget its duty as to violate the faith solemnly pledged for its pecuniary engagements, I believe there is no country upon earth—not even that of the injured creditor—in which such a proceeding would meet with less countenance than it would receive from the great mass of the American people."

Consternation Prevailed in Minnesota

Webster was regarded in England as well as at home as the greatest American lawyer of his period. However, his quest for the presidency was the passion of his life and it may be that he did not care to offend state pride by publicly indicating to Barings the dangers lurking in the Eleventh Amendment. On the other hand, the record of British diplomacy suggests that that government would have regarded a like declaration by her foreign minister as an engagement of the national honor regardless of domestic laws.

Minnesota in 1858 issued $2,275,000 of its bonds to assist in the construction of several railroads, which collapsed before they were completed. As salvage the state took over about two hundred and fifty miles of graded roadbed and five million acres of land grants.

The citizens of Minnesota, then a struggling pioneer state, regarded with consternation and hostility the payment of these bonds for fruitless ventures. The legislature refused to pay until the people voted their assent, which they declined to do. The flouted bonds constituted a bar to other state borrowing; in 1881 a compromise was effected whereby the state issued new bonds for the old on the basis of fifty cents on the dollar.

Michigan, in 1837, issued five million dollars of bonds for an ambitious

nternal improvement program. The ›onds were delivered to a couple of Philadelphia banks that paid the state or part of the bonds and then failed ›efore complete payment was made. However, the banks had sold the bonds o their clients who in many cases paid or them in full although the banks had ›ot remitted to the state. Michigan efused to pay the individual buyers of hese bonds more than it actually re-eived from the banks. In 1845 legis-ature authorized issuance of $1,387,000 ›ew bonds in place of $5,000,000 issue.

Mississippi holds three repudiation ecords: It was the first state to prac-ice repudiation; the bonds were gnored despite the fact that then the tate permitted itself to be sued in the tate courts and those tribunals held he bonds valid, and, lastly, the state onstitution of 1875 specifically re-›udiated the two bond issues in ques-ion by name.

During the eighteen-thirties Mis-issippi sold seven million dollars of its ›onds to capitalize two state banks vhich promptly failed. In 1852, de-›ite the court decisions and the desire ›f many citizens to fulfill the obligations, he politicians submitted the question ›f interest payment to a popular vote nd it was defeated by four thousand. Mississippi, in 1923, had an assessed valuation of $702,-338,410 and a bond-ed debt of $16,961,-536, which was $8.29 *per capita.*

Florida's Bonds Declared Unconstitutional

Florida's territorial government, in he thirties, issued $3,900,000 of bonds o found banks which later failed. The state government repudiated these ›onds claiming it was not responsible or the obligations of the territory al-hough it cheerfully took the assets.

Florida issued four million dollars ›f other bonds before the Civil War to assist new railroads. The railroads collapsed and the state foreclosed on heir properties. However, before the foreclosure litigation was completed the state courts declared the bonds un-onstitutional in a decree that was as emarkable for its unjudicial language as for its so-called reasons. The as-essed valuation of Florida in 1923 was $445,103,181 and the state debt was $1,065,410, or $1.02 *per capita.*

North Carolina repudiated $12,805,-000 of bonds in full in 1879 and at the same time scaled $18,892,645 of other bonds to $5,006,616. Bonds issued before 1861, $8,761,245, were scaled 60 per cent, a block of railroad-aid bonds were scaled 75 per cent and some other bonds 85 per cent. Aside from this pre-war item, most of the debt was contracted under the auspices of the carpetbaggers.

The estimated value of all North Carolina property in 1922 was more than four and one-half billion dollars and the state debt in 1923 was $54,093,-700 or $20.16 *per capita.*

Tennessee, by 1852, had issued $21,000,000 of bonds to finance rail-roads, banks, and other schemes. The debt was doubled during the next ten years. The state's finances were so chaotic after the war that private as well as public credit was gravely affected outside the state. This loss of confidence stimulated efforts to make the bondholders recognize the necessity of partial repudiation, culminating in 1883 when about nine-teen million of the debt was scaled 50 per cent and more than two million were scaled an average of 22 per cent. The bonds held by educational, literary and charitable in-stitutions and the widow of James K. Polk were paid in full.

Virginia and Her War Debt

Virginia in 1861 had a state debt of $33,000,000. At the close of the war, one-third of this debt was arbitrarily allotted by Virginia to West Virginia; but it required fifty years to end the squabbles over the subject. Virginia repudiated the interest on her debt during the Civil War and the recon-struction period. In 1892, dormant bonds to the amount of $23,000,000 were dealt with by issuing so-called century bonds, running one hundred years, in the proportion of nineteen of these bonds for twenty-eight of the old ones.

Arkansas repudiated state obliga-tions of a face value of $10,627,000 in 1880. This included $2,827,000 of bonds issued in the thirties to capital-ize banks; railroad bonds to the amount of $5,300,000; levee construction bonds of $2,000,000 and $500,000 of bonds for which the state received but $121,-336. About one-third of the repudiated bonds were issued before the Civil War. The general state debt was not denied.

Arkansas has attracted attention during recent years by litigation arising from large issues of road bonds. At one time the Federal Government sus-pended its participation in road proj-ects. Arkansas had taxable values of $589,751,692 in 1923 and a state debt of $2,499,002 or $1.38 *per capita.*

Prior to the Civil War, Louisiana and South Carolina were the most prosperous southern states and they scrupulously met their public obliga-tions.

Afflicted With Carpetbaggers

Louisiana had a state debt of twenty-three million in 1840 and had reduced it to ten million in 1861. This debt represented part of the cost of defunct banks, railroad subsidies as well as ordinary improvements. Subsequent to the Civil War, Louisiana was afflicted with a carpetbag government so bad that even a Congress shortly afterward decided the government was not the choice of the people. The carpetbag-gers increased the state debt to forty-two million notwithstanding a constitu-tional limitation of twenty-five million.

Louisiana scaled her debt to about twelve million in 1874. It was found impossible to pay interest on the re-duced debt and in 1880 it was scaled 25 per cent. New York and New Hampshire attempted to overcome the Eleventh Amendment by assuming the Louisiana bonds of their citizens and suing in the names of the states. States can sue each other in the United States Supreme Court. How-ever, the court held that this was an evasion of the Eleventh Amendment.

South Carolina had a pre-Civil War debt of $3,814,000. The carpetbaggers ran up a fantastic debt; in fact, the records were kept so loosely by them that definite figures were never ob-tainable. In 1871 a legislative com-mittee reported the debt as $29,000,000 and a taxpayers' committee estimated it at about $10,000,000. The debt was scaled to $1,126,762 in 1880.

Georgia is considered to have repu-diated about $12,700,000 of bonds and interest upon them. Practically all of these bonds were issued by the carpet-baggers for alleged subsidies to new railroads.

Alabama owed $3,445,000 upon bonds for liquidated state banks when the Civil War com-menced. Subse-quently railroad construction bonds were issued reck-lessly and state deficits were met by selling bonds. Notwithstanding the evils of the carpetbaggers the state at-tempted to carry the load. However, $25,464,470 of bonds were scaled to $12,574,379 in 1876. This included the payment in full of the entire float-ing debt of more than seven million as well as the educational debt of almost three million and a million dollars of state certificates.

Washington and the Scalawags

No apologist for state repudiation has ever attempted to explain the use of the Eleventh Amendment for this purpose by Michigan, Minnesota, Mis-sissippi, and Florida.

Some southern states regarded repu-diation of their pre-war bonds held in the North as a reprisal for the loss of the property value of their slaves, the ravages of war and the interruption of rehabilitation by the forcible imposi-tion of the detestable carpetbaggers. England and France, where many pre-war bonds of southern states were held by private persons, were wrathfully re-garded because of their failure to fulfill what were regarded as implied assur-ances that they would recognize the Confederacy. Although the southern states had a moral if not quite a legal case against the carpetbag bonds, the foreign holders of other bonds were treated pretty roughly.

In fairness to its good name the National Government could well afford impartially to determine its legal and moral responsibility for the repudiated carpetbag state bonds. Washington turned these scalawags loose on the South and maintained them by force of arms and cannot longer regard the re-pudiated bonds with both complacency and self-respect.

(Concluded on page 30)

Romantic Rascals—No. 2

"Romeo" Coates

By CHARLES J. FINGER

Author of "Highwaymen," "In Lawless Lands," "Bushrangers," "Tales From Silver Lands," etc.

Wood blocks cut by Paul Honoré.
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THERE were many, on the island of Antigua in the West Indies, who very solemnly assured Robert Coates that his talents and qualities were such, that, once given opportunity, he would most assuredly set gigantic forces in motion and stir things up in a way that would lead to a resuscitation of gallantry and chivalry, and so on. And the young man, son of a wealthy house, believed what he was told, having always moved in an atmosphere of adulation and admiration by reason of the fact that his father, as the largest employer on the island, had the strangle hold, and was one who overtopped others because of the pedestal of power on which he stood. So his only son and heir became exalted into a kind of hero, and was clothed with prestige and enveloped in a mystic haze as it were, nor did he once suspect that his local fame could, in any way, transcend his real merit. He merely needed discovery, he thought.

Often, stretched out on the edge of a cliff and gazing over the wide sea, Master Robert dreamed dreams of England, and saw himself in London holding a world spellbound, for behind his sallow wrinkled face, too wrinkled for so young a man, wild ambition danced. There were others, he thought, who had dared, and won. Oliver Goldsmith, for instance. And Robert Burns who had left a barren farm to gain fame. And Samuel Johnson and his friend David Garrick. The last named particularly attracted the dreamer because of his conquest of the stage, for it was the theater that called the young Antiguan. Called him loudly and incessantly. Because of that, he had read with avidity every play on which he could lay his hands; the dramas of Congreve and of Wycherley, of Massinger and of Ford, and certainly all of Shakespeare. Indeed, some of the plays of the Stratford man he had by heart. More, he had acted his tragedies and his comedies, too, overcoming all obstacles by impressing mahogany-colored laborers and other impecunious hangers-on as supers; by turning negresses into leading ladies; by improvising scenery and costumes; by getting along somehow with flabbergasted actors who had never seen a theater and had to be pushed on and off stage in a state of exasperated confusion. But Coates had carried off all with his ambitious thunderings, and it counted as something that there were anxious retainers as audience, not to mention corrupt flatterers who applauded vociferously, the more, perhaps, because of Coates senior, who had a quick and dangerous eye for apathy and laxness on all occasions. So, in the Antiguan performances, tears greeted tragedy, and laughter hailed comedy, and Robert Coates seemed to distinguish himself considerably.

But the young man had other intentions than to shine in his West Indian island. For thirty years and more his heart ached for the parks and palaces and playhouses of England. For thirty years and more he secretly rebelled against a life of dullness and quiet, while yearning for things picturesque. Then relief and change came with a rush, for his father died and Robert of Antigua found himself heir to vast estates.

The dam of restriction burst the easier because, about that time, he read Sir Walter Scott's new book, "Marmion." At once there was within him a high urgency for romantic days, a kind of blood affinity for an age of fierce activity with men-at-arms, pages, archers, trumpets, armored warriors, caparisoned steeds, and crimson silken banners. For awhile he satisfied his burning soul by going about his domain a radiant figure clad in white armor and riding a black horse, while dark-skinned lads sounded fanfares, and a company of girls strewed flowers. But in a tropical climate and a fly-infested land, the wearing of steel armor is not conducive to placid peace, and, moreover, his dusky retainers viewed his doings somewhat as a dazzling parade enacted for their amusement, greeting him with laughter rather than with respect. So he turned again to his first love, looking to the stage as the proper place to whirl a falchion and fell a miscreant. Soon his decision was made, his property sold, the life of commercial prosperity abandoned, and one day he walked for the last time about his banner-hung and fragrant gardens, for the ship that was to take him to England lay in the harbor.

* * *

On fashionable Bath he descended then, becoming for a time one of the thousands taking the waters, gaming, dancing, flirting, cockfighting. But the eager soul of Robert Coates shivered in the midst of bliss. Not for him was luxury and ease, but rather the pride of dominance, the radiant ideal of eminence, the hunger for fame. Did Falkland fling away a thousand guineas in an evening at the card table? Then he, too, could be lavish and stake a little fortune on the throw of the dice. Was Beau Brummell accounted the best-dressed man in Europe? Then Robert Coates of Antigua would surpass him. So gold and silver he threw about right and left. At balls and assemblies he announced himself as The Amateur of Fashion and his extravagances thrilled an extravagant world. His entertainments were on a startling scale and cost outrageous sums. "His dress was indeed remarkable," writes Captain Grenhow in his Reminiscences and Recollections. "In the daytime he was covered, in all seasons, with enormous quantities of furs, but the evening costume in which he went to the balls made a great impression, for his buttons, as well as his knee buckles, were of diamonds." Further to astonish the world, he drove about in a curricle drawn by six horses, a vehicle shaped like a hemisphere, resplendent with silver and

gilt and scarlet, which bore on its sides the motto he had chosen: "While I live I'll crow." The further to emphasize his ideal, the strange carriage was bespangled with brass roosters, and the heads of his horses were brave with ostrich plumes.

Then one day into the orbit of Robert Coates swung the incorrigible Theodore Hook, joker, jester and society scaramouch, to whom he bared his secret soul. Hook listened with the courtesy of a Sir Lancelot while the Antiguan deplored the lack of professional talent and skill on the stage and hinted at his own remarkable histrionic genius. Never had he encountered such beautiful sympathy, such ready acceptance of his theories. Others had smiled, or had been flippant in flagrantly obvious manner when he had presented his idea of a new Romeo and Juliet, but Theodore Hook seemed tremendously attracted, even to the point of throwing out valuable suggestions.

"You mean, really, that a kind of romantic convention has taken possession of the stage," said Hook, and Coates suspected nothing of the flash of mischievous humor. "You think that present-day acting lacks honesty and originality, eh?"

"Exactly," cried the eager Coates. "For instance, an actor should be—" and he left the rest to the imagination of his hearer.

"Verisimilitude," suggested Hook, very alert and scenting sport. "I am no old-fashioned adherent to tradition. Now in Romeo and Juliet there is a duel. You would have it no child's play."

"They ought to fight like Tom Cribb," announced Coates.

"And your crowd?" pursued Hook.

"The crowd ought to come on like a mob. Pushing, yelling, fighting. I'm going to see how a crowd carries on." He pondered a moment then threw out his hands rather helplessly. "I'm weak about that. On the island we never had crowds, you know. Can't we get a crowd together somehow? Throw money into the street and let 'em scramble."

"Something of the kind might be done," said Hook, with perfect gravity. "I'll think over the matter, for art's sake."

Out of that conversation grew the Berners street affair, when half of a city was distracted while Hook and his friends sat at a window and watched the tumult they had raised, and Coates of Antigua observed the doings of an excited crowd to the end that dramatic illusion might be achieved. For the manner of the experiment made by Hook, the virtuoso in mischief, was this. To more than a thousand London tradesmen letters were sent, bidding them send or bring this, that and the other of their wares to number 34 Berners street at a specified hour. As consequence, all of one morning, there passed into the narrow thoroughfare a procession; pastry cooks with trays of confections, butchers with meat, grocers with vegetables, milliners and hatters with hats, undertakers with coffins, wagons with furniture, boys with cats and dogs and rats, vinters with wine; porters, errand boys, tailors, dressmakers, doctors, clergymen, tapsters, watermen and even high dignitaries. Nor were those who sat in exalted places spared, for the Lord Mayor of London drove there on a fool's errand, also the Chairman of the East India Company and the very dignified Duke of Gloucester, were there. Hour by hour the crowd increased, coming into the street presently by both ends so that there was congestion, and nearby streets swarmed with people pushing their way in or fighting their way out. Everywhere was din indescribable, angry voices and the noises of animals, things flung about, vehicles blundering into one another, a torrent of bewildered humanity, rough-and-tumble arguments—and all to please a practical joker with a romantic egotist who could hardly refrain from shouting from the window that he was responsible for the whole delectable entertainment.

One of the most grotesque spectacles ever seen on a stage.

At one time when the confusion in the street bade fair to become a riot, for things grew so threatening that it seemed as if it would be necessary to call the soldiery, one of the party at the window suggested flight for safety's sake. But Coates, with characteristic lack of balance flung himself into a heroic fit, and, taking a sword that hung on the wall, became a fiery Richard, leaping to the window sill and shouting:

"Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law,
March on; join bravely; let us to't pell-mell,
If not to Heaven, then hand in hand to hell."

At last came the epic hour Coates had dreamed of, and his first appearance as Romeo was announced.

No sooner had the curtain gone up than there was an audience howling with a kind of anguish at the very appearance of the man, for, in spite of all directions, he insisted on being on the stage all the time. "His garments," writes Grenhow, "were too tight for him and his movements (Concluded on page 31)

Completing the House That Jack Built

(*Continued from page 2*)

after his shower the Japanese boy dressed him for the most part, and Jack went on reading or educating the boy, or talking to me if I were about.

"At nine, he was at his big writing table, which he did not leave, as a rule, until he had covered ten letter-size sheets with his large, flowing handwriting, his 'enormous hand,' as Mr. H. G. Wells said to me last winter in London. Those ten sheets contained, by half-past eleven or noon, one thousand words. He would not stop in the middle of a sentence; but he would lay down his stylograph midmost of a scene or movement. He had carefully figured it out, apparently, that more than one thousand finished words a day would fag his freshness, and he preferred to start afresh the next day. You see, he made a business of writing; mastered his tools so that he practically never, after he got his long swing, rewrote. His manuscripts, save for the first page or two of a story or novel, show almost no corrections. I was going over them with the curator of a great museum the other day, and he was astonished at the almost perfect condition of the entire collection.

"No, he always wrote by hand. Yes, I was his typist for a dozen years. I usually had his day's thousand words typed and laid on his desk from day to day. It did not bother him if I went in and out of the room unless I spoke to him, and I could type letters or do anything I wanted. He loved to have me practice on the Steinway during his writing-time, but did not want songs—any thing with words, which might take his attention from his composing. But very often he would call to me as I went by: 'Come, Mate—see how this is going along!' And he would read me as far as he had gone.

"The mail came about noon, and Jack liked me to get our guests seated promptly at twelve-thirty, when he would come in and join us, bright and smiling and sometimes so interested in something he had just read in the paper or a letter, that he would plunge right into his 'sharing' and often neglect his food. I do not think anyone who sat at that long, hospitable board can ever forget his entrance from the porch. He had what I call a 'merry walk,' very light-stepping, and with a slight swing of his broad shoulders that was reminiscent of the sea. He had sailor eyes; large and full and blue, dark-blue or blue-gray, with very long brown lashes and beautiful sea-bird-wing brows. His smile was irresistible.

"The afternoon was given over to play. Perhaps it would be the four-horse team that was ordered, while those who preferred the saddle flocked along behind or before the bells on the leaders as Jack tooled the quartet down or up valley, happy as a boy, under his 'Baden-Powell' hat. Or we would all ride over our mountain trails —there are miles of them, up-ravine and down-ravine and across mountain meadows.

"Dinner, or supper—we had our dinner at midday—was at six-thirty; and afterward perhaps the 'fellows' would play poker or 'red dog' or pedro. He and George Sterling played pedro for hours upon hours. The women played cards or talked, and the piano was welcomed by everyone. Usually we all went to bed in good season, for that morning's work had to be done. But there were occasional all-night sessions at poker. Jack loved a game. He did not gamble for large stakes; but he liked to play for something, if it were only a cent.

"Seldom were we at home more than a few months at a stretch, but would pack up and go on one wild goose chase or another. The morning's work was accomplished almost as regularly as at home, in Pullman drawing-room, or yacht-deck or little cabin, or on steamer or windjammer, or in little country hotels when we were out for months horseback or driving.

View of Sonoma Mountain from London home. Jack London's ashes lie buried on a spur of Sonoma.

"His great agricultural scheme on the ranch, on which he was so keen, never kept him at home. He gave orders to those who were to do his bidding, and left at short notice for the ends of the earth. He would not let things tie him down.

"There were from five to twenty-five guests in the house all the time. It was anything but a dull life. But even if there had been fewer guests or none, we should never have been bored. People with plenty of work are seldom dull. We played hard, as we worked hard.

"There is something in the rumored proposal to sell the ranch—part of it," Charmian declared. "The newspapers of course promptly instituted a sort of fire sale, indicating that I was parting from my '1,400-acre ranch.' I am considering parting with a portion of it, the object being a tremendous memorial to Jack London in the shape of a country club, with all the perquisites of golf links, polo field, swimming pool, *alfresco* theater and the like. This scheme suits me much better than selling portions to private individuals, because it will be in the nature of a widespread, universal benefit, a mecca for people from far lands. This disposition of some of the land, which is very dear to me for its association and for its intrinsic beauty, is congenial because I shall still have the run of it in a way, which I would not if it were privately controlled. My connection with it will be active.

"I am planning a European travel book from the exhaustive diary kept on my European trip. It was a joyous year, from the moment I set sail from California on a Swedish freighter, the motorship *San Francisco*, the only passenger for France, until I arrived back in New York on the *Leviathan*. The greatest joy was familiarizing myself with a very few countries—gaining a sense of neighborliness. This was made especially wonderful by the warm feeling of the visited countries toward Jack London, namely, England, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and France. These peoples were marvelously good to me, and the press most generous. Jack's 'Iron Heel,' with a preface by Anatole France, has just come out in Paris in a 10,000 edition. My 'Book of Jack Lon-

don' is prepared for serialization in the *Revue de Paris*."

Charmian's "Log of the Snark," her best work so far, although in its ninth year, still sells in all countries in which it has been published. "Our Hawaii," renamed "Jack London and Hawaii" in England, has gone into several editions.

"I came of a writing family," Charmian replied to the usual bromide about ancestral literary tendencies. "My mother, Daisy Wiley Kittredge, was a poet and story writer. In her day—and she died very young—she contributed stories and poems more especially to the old Godey's Lady's Book. The Sacramento *Union* and newspapers in Southern California published her work. She was on the road to real success, but was cut off so early. I was then brought up by her sister, Mrs. Ninetta Eames, now Mrs. Edward B. Payne. She was also a writer, her stories, articles, and poems appearing in both eastern and western magazines. It was considered rather as a matter of course that I should write. But I wrote little—I was so much interested in music, drawing, and everything else that helped my essential joy of living. The joy of living superseded ambition, and that norm has practically always determined my life. My associations as I grew up were for the most part with writers, artists, and musicians. Of course, that meant much reading. Robert Louis Stevenson, Dickens, and Thackeray were among my favorites, and always I read much poetry. I was taught at home, and my only outside schooling was a little more than a year at Mills College, a special course that included music and drawing. There, I wrote only my expected essays, which seemed to go well. I was for a year in the old *Overland Monthly* office. I met Jack some time after I had left."

Asked what Jack London meant in her development, Charmian replied: "Jack London meant to me a tremendous development of myself in every respect. Which makes life infinitely more worth living now, without him, than it could otherwise have been. This development had little of the academic about it—it was more or less unconscious, because it was come at by means of sharing from moment to moment. Jack was a prince of sharers of everything he thought and did, from moment to moment.

"You want to know how I came to undertake the finishing of Jack's last novel? I am rather puzzled about it myself. When he died, the broken thing lay untouched for months where he had left it on his big writing table. Untouched, I mean, except when after many days I took up the still uncopied last day's work—ten pages, his inexorable daily thousand words. Then, for the last time in my life, I copied my own daily stint of his written manuscript. He had read it to me, as usual.

"The day his ashes went into the ground, and I was quite alone—more alone, it seemed to me, than I ever had been—I remember rising suddenly from my chair and going to the table with a momentary bright feeling that there was so much to do for him still—so many interrupted things to carry on; a lifetime would not be long enough. Even, perhaps, to the completing of his story as he had planned it. It hasn't worn off either, that feeling of much still to do for him. Jack was so essentially alive always, and everything he left seemed to share his aliveness. Well, in that hour I felt strongly impelled to attempt this work. There were his notes, fragmentary to be sure, but they contained a hint of his intended conclusion. Besides I had the clear memory of our many talks

The original of this cartoon of Jack London hangs in Charmian London's workshop at Glen Ellen.

about the romance of 'Cherry,' his little Japanese heroine with her extraordinary problem to work out. He intended calling his novel 'Cherry' after discarding several titles. But meantime somebody else published a 'Cherry,' and 'Eyes of Asia' is a very good name for the book.

"Yes, it all seemed quite logical then that I should go on with the weaving. But as time passed, I practically gave up the idea of doing it myself, or allowing anyone else to do it. Why? Mainly, I suppose, because I was and am so beyond-everything busy. I had published my 'Log of the Snark' before Jack died in 1916, and the next year wrote 'Our Hawaii'—from the same diary of that *Snark* adventure. After a winter in New York, resting for what was ahead of me, I began on the two-volume biography, 'The Book of Jack London.' That took me about eighteen months—with a trip to Hawaii in between. I suppose I simply got into my own work and weaned from the idea of going on with another's. Too, I believe I lost confidence.

"Now, eight years after my first intention, it came to me that the book really ought to see the light. I took the manuscript out of the safe and reread it and Jack's little note leaves, and some I had made for him. In the evening I carried the material to his table once more, snapped on his light, filled a pen or two and when I came to I found myself swinging along in short chapters, chapter by chapter.

"Oh, no—I've no notion in the world that I was being influenced by anything outside of my own brain. But my own mind is a storehouse of experiences, memories of Jack, of his work, of his methods. I didn't try to imitate his style—I merely wrote on, guided by his notes, but filling the gaps as easily as if the story were my own. One thing helped, started me off well; his last written page contained some suggested description I had given Jack at his asking, of his Japanese hero who 'plays opposite' the little Japanese heroine. And there was something else—it occurs to me at this late day that this novel is not as clearly Jack's usual style as one might expect.

"At first I tried to follow Jack's system producing a thousand words a day, but I soon found I had neither the brains nor the equipment to do it. I write when the urge comes, temperamentally if you will, quite as though I were a genius!

"Inspired? I? Oh, no. What is inspiration, anyway? Just the coming to the surface, or the correlation, of a mass of things known and laid aside—an accumulation of knowledge, much of it forgotten, that suddenly from some impetus ranges itself in some sort of order. I haven't any idea whether my work on this thing is of any particular merit—not in its abridged form in the magazine at any rate. I said I thought it seemed alive. I only hope I am right.

"I sent in my rough material to indicate what I was 'after doing.' But the editor had already made up his mind to condense Jack's manuscript into one issue and my half into the next. So I was given a limit of 5,000 words, begged for 6,000, got it, and in the end they cut out about 500, very graciously paying me for 6,500 words. Yes, they gave me, for his work and mine, the rate in Jack's five-year contract he had with them when he died, a year before it expired.

"The work of such drastic condensing was good practice, I know," Charmian laughed. "I got it into 4,800 words before I received the wire granting 6,000. It was great fun. I felt, oh, somewhat as if I were playing a sort of literary accordion!

"You asked me about book publication of this collaboration. I am expanding my half into chapters as I originally meant it should be and shall publish the result later, serially in England and in book form in all countries interested. After that I plan to write a novel of my own, which shall be semi-autobiographical."

As the Other Half Lives

By THOMAS F. LEE

Home of the lower class in the hot country, made by planting four slim posts at each corner of what is to be the one room. Small saplings join the tops.

THE Indian of the Guatemala upland is the most interesting, bizarre, colorful personage in Central America. His costume is distinctive, his home life is of unusual interest, his food, customs, superstitions, and play are peculiar to him. The whole story of the upland Indian and his "hot country" brother is the kind of human tale that is seldom written, because few visit him in his own "*pueblo.*"

The Indians are descendants of that great race which covered these countries several centuries ago and which left behind it ruins to speak of a high civilization and culture. Four hundred years of domination by the Spaniards have reduced them to a level of servility—to a social status below anything seen in our own country and yet, this is the mass of the Gautemala people.

Their homes—"*jacales*"—little huts, are crudely fashioned from small poles, sticks, palm leaves, vines and mud. The birds build more substantial and more beautiful nesting places.

The home of this lower class in the "hot country" is made by planting four slim posts at each corner of what is to be the one room. Small saplings join the tops of these posts, to which they are lashed with vines. A crude roof-tree of small poles is then set upon this framework and the roof itself is made of palm leaves overlapping, much as we construct a shingle roof. It should be stated that such roofs are waterproof and that they turn the sun while admitting the air, and that they make comfortable nesting places for scorpions, tarantulas, and centipedes.

The sides of these huts are filled in with slender poles or even cornstalks, placed horizontally and bound with vines to upright stakes. An opening is left for entrance but there is little need for windows, since the occupant of the hut may look out through any chink in the wall. Air enters freely from without and the smoke from the fire, which is generally built between stones on the dirt floor, or on a crude cooking place built up of mud and stone, finds its way out through sides or roof.

This home contains but one room in which the family eats, cooks, and sleeps and which they generously share with chickens, dogs, pigs, and ducks. The enterprising head of a family may build a thatched portico in front of his hut—a sort of antechamber or sun-parlor, as it were—and those who are well inoculated with the germ of progress will build a great mud oven outside the living room under a thatched shed of its own.

These huts, which shelter most of the poor people of these countries, are furnished with the barest necessities—one or two crude chairs or stools, a rough table set upon stilts which makes it difficult for a person seated on an ordinary chair to eat from it. The family generally sleeps on "*petates*" or mats on the floor, or in hammocks, although sometimes one finds a rude bed or litter somewhat raised from the dirt floor. Cooking utensils are limited to a few blackened earthenware bowls or "*ollas,*" but in every home is the "*metate*"—a stone slab, somewhat resembling a washboard, on which the softened corn is ground into "*masa*" with a stone rolling pin, preparatory to making the universal "*tortilla.*"

In every hut there is a little shrine with a Christ on the Cross, or with a picture of the Holy Virgin and with half-burned or burning candles set up in front of it, for in these people is a deep religious instinct, although after four hundred years they have never fully accepted the religion that Spain brought to them.

The walls of each "*jacal*" will be decorated with garish prints and discarded calendars—gifts of the local "*comerciante*" and cherished as priceless art treasures. More often than not, wild flowers will be planted about the hut, and orchids, carried from the jungle, will be hung above the door.

The item of clothing is not important. Neither custom nor climate demands much. The woman will be dressed in two garments, one a white sleeveless chemise, with a cheap cotton "*enagua*" wrapped about the waist for a skirt. She wears no shoes and when she goes to mass, a long gray "*rebosa*" is worn over the head.

In the market place, vegetables, fruits and all little articles used by the common people will be found.

The Indian market woman squats in the market place, surrounded by baskets of fruits, vegetables, pottery and woven work.

The man wears a suit of cotton pajamas, occasionally sandals and perhaps a rough straw hat. Always there is a blanket, to be used as a shawl in the cool morning and evening and as a coverlet at night. When the children are not naked, they are dressed precisely like the father or mother.

In the uplands or "*la tierra templada*," the native home is somewhat more pretentious. Many times mud is plastered in between the slats or poles, to be smoothed on the outside surface and calcimined pink, blue, or some other bright color. When this is done a window space is generally provided.

The upland Indians raise sheep, card, spin and weave the wool into blankets and heavier clothing, for the "*tierra templada*" is cool. But generally the food and home life of the hot and temperate country people are much the same. Their principal articles of diet are corn and beans. The kernels of corn are soaked in lye water over night, to soften them and to loosen the skin of the kernel. When the grain is soft, the corn is thoroughly washed to remove the skin and the lye. Then the woman of the house, taking a handful of kernels, grinds them on the "*metate*," using pretty much the same motion with a stone rolling pin that the washerwoman uses in scouring a shirt on the washboard. It is a slow, laborious task.

In Guatemala alone, probably two million pounds of corn are eaten by the people each day and the grinding of this thousand tons is mostly done on the "*metate*" by the Indian woman. When the kernels are ground to a paste called the "*masa*," the "*tortillera*" pats them into thin cakes and places them on a piece of sheet iron over a wood or charcoal fire to cook. The cakes contain nothing but corn—not even salt is added.

The other staple is black beans. These are cooked for hours, then mashed and fried with lard. The result is far more palatable than it sounds. The poor people consume quantities of lard, because it is practically their only source of fat. Add to this diet an occasional brew of coffee, an infrequent ration of eggs or meat, an occasional dish of rice, plenty of chili at all times, and as a dainty tidbit, "*tortillas*" rolled into cylinders and filled with chopped meat, grated cheese and chilis, and fruit on rare occasions (for there is a widespread notion among the lower classes that fruit is not healthful) and you have the fare which sustains at least 80 per cent of the people of these countries.

At sunup, one sees the farm laborers trooping to the fields, after a meager "*desayuno*." Some two hours later, the "*mujer*" will follow them with a basket of "*tortillas*" and "*frijoles*." In the field each woman seeks out her man, perhaps the children will have followed the mother and the family breakfast is eaten "*al fresco*." The black beans will be spread on the soft, soggy "*tortillas*," the whole mass is then rolled into a cigar shape and eaten. A workman will consume a dozen "*tortillas*" at a meal. The diet is nourishing and sustaining, for an incredible amount of exertion is put forth by these farm laborers and Indian carriers, but despite hard physical exercise one can readily understand the prevalence of sickness among a people who so persistently limit their diet to corn, beans, and lard.

Two or three days of the week, perhaps, the woman of the family may carry a few eggs, mangoes, "*aguacates*," homemade pottery or baskets, hand-woven "*huipiles*," some little article of food or wear, to some village market. All of her wares will be heaped into a wide flat basket carried on the head. The infant of the family will be swung about her shoulders in a "*rebosa*" and in her hands she may carry a half stem of bananas, a "*papaya*," or a chicken.

Left—There is much carrying of water and always on some woman's head and in a huge "*olla*," or jar. Right—Indian woman fashioning one of the large "*ollas*" which every woman uses for carrying water. Below—The Indian woman goes to market with a large flat basket on her head and usually with the baby swung about her shoulders in a shawl.

The market place is the social center of the village and the countryside. Each day it is the meeting place of the masses. Those who come to sell and those who come to buy chaffer over their trifling transactions and wring from the bargaining the last drop of enjoyment.

It seems to me that the women of this lower caste are never idle. They are always grinding corn, washing clothes, or carrying "*ollas*" of water on their heads from some distant stream.

The public wash place, whether it be the "*pila*" or the bank of some nearby stream, is another social gathering place. Here the womenfolk bring their soiled "*ropa*" and children. The washing extends from the clothing to the children, after which the women themselves take a shampoo, pour gourdfuls of water over themselves, wring out their black tresses, don dry "*blusas*" and "*enaguas*," pile the wet wash in a tray which they carry on their heads, swing the baby about their shoulders and start for home and "*tortilla*" making.

There is much carrying of water and always on some woman's head and in a huge "*olla*" or jar. Drinking water, cooking water, water for all purposes, comes from the same source and without too much regard for sanitary conditions.

The exercise of "*tortilla*" making, washing clothing, and carrying heavy jars of water on a head that must be

held erect, give the younger women of these countries a fine physical development and good carriage, but, like the women of all hot countries, they develop young and fade early. A woman may be married at twelve and a grandmother at thirty.

The market place and the wash place are the social centers and the feast day is the time of diversion. The feast day is due at least once every two weeks and in addition there is the saint's day of each individual and the saint's day should be, and generally is, fittingly celebrated. "*Aguardiente*"—the fiery rum of these countries—plays an important part in the feast-day program. The "*baile*" or dance is another invariable diversion of the holiday crowd, the "*gente*" dancing on the bare ground to the music of an accordion or cheap violin—sometimes, to the music of a marimba.

Pagan Worship of Their Ancestors

On "*El Dia de Todas Santos*—All Saints Day"—every poor family is arrayed in its best and carries at least one candle to be burned at the resting place of some relative in "*el campo santo.*" On St. John's Day, everyone bathes, probably in commemoration of the baptismal rites performed by "*San Juan Bautista.*" On feast days, one frequently meets companies of these rural people, both men and women, carrying in their midst a *papier-mache* image of the Virgin or of one of the saints, and chanting queer minor songs that have never been approved by the Vatican. Theirs is essentially the pagan worship of their ancestors, except that they have taken from the Catholic service such rites as appeal to them.

One of the surprising things in these little homes is the kindly consideration toward one another, especially the attitude of parents to children. These children may have nothing more to eat than corn and beans. They may be naked or clothed only in a tattered shirt, but they are given their full share of parent love and care. One seldom hears them cry and I have never seen one of these parents strike a child or shout at it angrily.

A Cure for the Headache

These fathers and mothers are seldom married and their offspring are listed as "natural" children. A large per cent of such offspring is, therefore, illegitimate according to our standard. The parents, however, are generally faithful to each other. The church is blamed for these unmarried unions, since it places the cost of marriage beyond the means of these people. Then, too, the woman, strangely enough, is opposed to permanent unions since the responsibility for the children's maintenance generally falls upon her and in event of the "husband's" failure to provide, she wishes to be free to discard him for one who will more adequately supply her needs.

The Indian is born, lives, and dies in the midst of superstition. His crop is planted, cultivated and harvested with many mysterious rites. When the Indian from the upland visits "*la tierra caliente,*" he places a carefully marked stone in a certain position known only to him. If the stone is undisturbed upon his return it indicates that his wife has been wholly faithful during his absence. One frequently sees the Indian or *Ladino* in the street or on the trail with a large black patch on the temple. This is a piece of dark-colored leaf and it is pasted on the forehead, to cure or prevent headache. It is a common sight to see the favorite dog of the family adorned with a necklace of dried lemons, designed to protect him from such ills as beset dog-kind. The Indian hesitates to wash hands and face in hot water.

Picturesque and Interesting

When asked why, he invariably answers, "*me hace dano*"—"to me it does harm." The moon also plays an important part in the lives of these people—planting, harvesting, nearly all farming operations are influenced by various phases of the moon. No native would think of sleeping where the moonlight could shine in his face—"*se pone loco*"—"it makes one foolish," he will tell you.

No real picture of the home life of these people can be written without speaking of their hospitality. The Indian or *Ladino* in his little "*jacal*" welcomes a traveler, divides with him the beans and "*tortillas*" and gives up his own sleeping place that the traveler may rest. This is not an act of servility—it is an impulse that I have often admired and which the centuries of subservience to his Spanish master has not crushed out.

In time, education and the things that go with it will rob Central America of the colorful life lived by 80 per cent of her present people. As transportation—highways and railways—make it possible to carry the products of these people to markets and as foreign capital comes in to unlock the unmeasured riches, higher living standards will be observed, there will be better health conditions and the ability to earn somewhat more than the day's need; but this change, much to be desired from our standpoint, will take from the country and the people much of that picture quality and human interest that now make them so fascinating.

Ambergris; Sea Treasure

AMBERGRIS is a gum-like substance obtained from the intestinal canal of the sperm whale, *Physeter macrocephalus.* This whale belongs to the toothed whales and but one species is known. When full-grown the male reaches a length of sixty or sixty-five feet, the female being much smaller. The head is shaped like an elongated wedge with the base uppermost. Its teeth fit into pits in the upper jaw when the mouth is closed. There are no teeth in the upper jaw. This whale feeds upon large cuttlefish, which its great strength and powerful under teeth enable it to dislodge from their rocky retreats at the sea bottom.

The ambergris is a fatty secretion formed in the intestines of the whale. It is taken either from certain dead whale or found floating in pieces of various sizes on the surface of the sea or washed ashore. Not long ago a man walking along a Jersey beach came upon a large lump of gray, waxy substance from which emanated a peculiarly pleasing fragrance. It proved to be ambergris and valued highly.

One prominent authority on the subject informs us that ambergris is "an essence found in the inglorious bowels of a sick whale." When the sick whale dies and his carcass decays, the ambergris is liberated and, being light enough to float, it drifts about in the ocean, or now and then washes ashore to make some finder happy. Every sperm whale does not have ambergris, only those that become ill. When first taken from the whale it has the feeling and consistency of thick grease. After exposure to the air it hardens and acquires its characteristic sweet odor.

Chemically ambergris is soluble in oils but resists acids. It dissolves readily in hot alcohol, yielding a substance termed "ambrein." As the ambrein is closely related chemically to known biliary secretions, it is further evidence that ambergris is of this nature, perhaps induced by the squids or cuttlefish, upon which the sperm whale largely feeds.

Ambergris has a high commercial value as a material for the manufacture of various perfumes, and the price is prohibitive, owing to the increasing rarity of the sperm whale and the growing demand. It is being adulterated and imitated to a great extent. A fair test of its genuineness is described as "its solubility in hot alcohol, its fragrant odor, and its uniform fatty consistence on being penetrated by a hot wire."

The sperm whale is a valuable creature, for in its head is found a chamber filled with pure, fragrant spermaceti, often barrels of it, rich with the odor of spring violets, another evidence of Nature's wonders.

The School Problem of Montreal

(*Continued from page 4*)

Montreal Jews live in the central part of the city. In this area, in September, 1924, there were 9,661 Jewish and 2,725 Protestant pupils. In the largest Protestant school in the area, the Mount Royal School, there were 43 Protestants and 1,628 Jews.

In Devonshire School there were 32 Protestants and 1,285 Jewish pupils.

In the Baron Byng High School there are at present 20 Protestants and 905 Jewish pupils.

So that it can easily be seen what an upset there is in the curriculum of the schools in this area when Jewish *fetes d'obligation* are observed.

In contrast to these figures in the French district to the east there are 44 Jewish pupils to 3,266 Protestants, while in the southwest the numbers are 48 Jews to 2,917 Protestants, and in the west 254 Jewish pupils to 2,343 Protestants.

In the Protestant schools, while every class opens with the Lord's Prayer, usually followed by a hymn and fifteen minutes' Scripture lesson, the Jewish children are not required to study or pass examinations in the Christian Scriptures. In Catholic schools no exceptions are made for Jewish pupils and all pupils must take the full Scripture course—hence none but Catholics attend them and they are free of a Jewish problem.

There were no Jewish school-teachers in the Protestant schools until 1915, when the departure of many of the teachers on Red Cross, nursing, and other war work, caused a dearth. During the absence of these teachers in the service of their country, seventy Jewish teachers were given appointments in Protestant schools and were placed in schools where the classes were almost entirely Jewish, but in the last four years this number has not been increased.

A Commission and Its Findings

The crisis that arose last year came as a result of Jewish agitation for school rights, and the Provincial government appointed a special commission on education July 31, 1924, to study the question of the education of Jewish children. This commission comprised E. W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston; Sir Arthur Currie, commander of the Canadian troops in the Great War and now principal of McGill University; the Honorable W. C. Mitchell, former Provincial treasurer, representing the Protestants, and Samuel W. Cohen, Michael Hirsch, and Joseph Schubert, representing the Jews. Their investigation resulted in three reports being submitted to the legislature, early in January—one Protestant report and two Jewish reports. The Protestants maintained that the British North America Act provided for only two school systems, one under the control of the Catholics and the other under the control of the Protestants, and that no provision has been made for any other school system.

The commission found that the cost of educating Jewish children was considerably in excess of the revenue received from the Jewish school taxes. Legal advice given the commission was that the law passed in 1903 was *ultra vires* insofar as it confers on the Jews equal rights with Protestants, depriving the Protestants of their undivided control in the administration of their schools and insofar as it compels the Protestant board of school commissioners to recognize the qualifications of Jewish teachers. Further the opinion was given that the appointment of Jews on the Protestant committee of public instruction, or advisory members of the Protestant school board would be unconstitutional.

Seeking a Way Out of It

The commission came to the conclusion that it was advisable that the 1903 act should be repealed, that the dual or separate school systems created at Confederation should be maintained and that it was not advisable to create an additional school panel. They maintained that questions of Jewish holidays, Jewish teachers, and segregation were questions of administration and as such must remain subject to the discretion and control of the Protestant board of school commissioners, and be dealt with in a spirit of equity, fairness, and toleration. They thought that some means should be provided so that non-Protestants and non-Catholics could make representations to school boards and suggested the formation of a non-denominational committee for this purpose. The two Jewish commissioners, in their report, maintained that in 1831 the Jews were given "full rights and privileges with all other subjects of His Majesty . . . and were held capable of taking, having, and enjoying any office or place of trust whatsoever within the Province." This law was not repealed at the time of Confederation, and that, as there were only two systems of education and all who differed in religious faith from the majority (Catholics) were classed as "dissentients," they therefore formed part of the Protestant school system, and were entitled to equal rights for their children with regard to school matters. They maintained that the law of 1903 was constitutional, that it was wide enough to cover the appointment of Jews to the Protestant board, and to have Jewish teachers appointed and that Jews could lawfully be appointed on the council of public instruction or as advisory members to the Protestant school board.

Alderman Schubert in his report suggested the annulment of the 1903 act, the division of the existing Protestant panel into two sections, the Protestant section to have jurisdiction over the schools where the majority of children are Christians, and the Jewish section over the schools where the majority of children are Jews, such jurisdiction to be adjusted yearly by the joint boards. He suggested the formation of a central financial board with a Jewish member, uniform taxation for school purposes, complete autonomy for every section regarding the appointment of teachers, with no discrimination or segregation, and finally that there should be no religious subjects taught in the schools before 3 p.m. but that after that hour teachers from outside could come in and give such instruction, no child to be given or lose marks on religious subjects. He recommended also that the board of education should be elected on the New Zealand plan and that there should be government subsidies for scholarships.

Faced with such divergent views the Provincial government decided to prepare a case for submission to the Court of Appeals of five judges, for a ruling on the constitutionality of the 1903 law and matters arising therefrom. On March 11, the Court of Appeals gave judgment that the 1903 law was unconstitutional, in that it permitted the appointment of Jews to the Protestant school commission, in contravention of the British North America Act, and that the latter were not bound to appoint Jewish teachers; that the legislature had no power to pass a law providing that Jews should be commissioners of the Protestant schools, members of the Protestant committee of the council of public instruction, or advisory members of those boards or similar offices.

Matter Is Left "in the Air"

The court further held that the legislature could not pass a law compelling the Protestant school board to accept Jewish teachers, but that the Protestants as a favor could permit Jewish children to attend their schools but could not be compelled so to do.

The decision of the Court of Appeals has left the matter "up in the air" so far as the Jewish population is concerned, and at the present session of the legislature a special law was passed enabling the question of Jewish rights to be carried forthwith to the Supreme Court of Canada, and to the Privy Council if desired.

As matters stand at present 13,954 Jews are being educated at the favor of the Protestant school board and subject to whatever rules and regulations they may make, while the cost of such education is being borne to a very large extent by taxes from non-Jewish sources.

Further Ideas About Intellectuals

Some of the Great Men Who Did Not Belong to This Class of People

By THOMAS L. MASSON

I COULD give here a tentative list of American intellectuals, with intelligence percentages such as they use in business concerns and colleges to determine such things. If a man were one hundred per cent intellectual, without any reservations, that would classify him as hopeless. Reservations would have to be made, and, even with this handicap, there is always a chance that a pure intellectual will reform, and become human and a useful member of society. I could give such a list, I say, but I refrain. It is not yet, as we low people say who indulge in clichés, "The psychological moment." When such a list is compiled, however, it ought to be done by a committee of two—one supreme intellectual, and one ordinary human being, who can, however, read and write. He ought to be fairly strong, able to beat up his fellow member, if necessary, but restrained enough to let his fellow member have due justice in his judgment.

At present, we know some of the "plain folks" who are not intellectuals. George Washington was not. Abraham Lincoln was not. Thomas Edison is not. Only last year Mr. Edison was put out of the intellectual class by a lot of college graduates for trying to find out whether they knew anything or not.

Only Asset of the Intellectual

I have no intention of disparaging the intellect too much. To write real words that hang together, or to do things which are worth while over a period of time, one must have some intellect to make a go. And besides, we cannot really say that the intellectuals are, after all, much worse than the rest of us. They may be much like many Congressmen, who, having tried everything else, are obliged to be Congressmen. So an intellectual has to fall back on the only asset he has—his intellect—and grub along as best he can. It is certainly unfair to stick at him too hard. He has to make a living. His pose is his purse. It is just as necessary for Mr. Mencken to poke fun at Methodists and Main Street strollers, as it is that every presidential candidate, as soon as he is nominated, should be reported as attending church services, and holding up babies at railway stations and publicly kissing them.

Some years ago I was in need of a secretary, and a young woman applied for the position. She was a graduate of one of our leading colleges. She had traveled extensively abroad both in Europe and the Orient, and spoke German, French, and, I think, Italian. I know that she was able to translate any of these three languages. She had also studied stenography and typewriting. Her father, once wealthy, had spared no expense on her education, and she came to me well recommended from a prominent man for whom she had worked. I was at first so abashed by her overpowering superiority that when I escaped from her presence at night, I was quite overcome. At the end of a short time, however, I discovered, that although she could sail all around any of us in academic knowledge, she didn't get on. She resented the office manager, whom she considered an uncultured person, and I never could count on her getting her work done. I told her finally to go, but she suddenly broke down and pleaded so hard that I suggested that perhaps a little rough treatment might do her good. In a year she became a remarkably efficient woman.

Shakespeare Was a Business Man

What was her trouble? It was quite simple. She had never learned how to work.

And that, I believe, is the trouble with so many intellectuals. Many of them are so smart that it's painful. They generally have some trick of talent, which carries them along until they finally acquire a positively uncanny skill in evading work. Along with this they get a fictitious reputation for judgment on all sorts of things of which they know nothing. Stockbrokers, if they have any sense at all, and some of them do have, will never advise a customer. "You know as much about the market as we do," they say. But a dramatic critic, who knows even less about the drama than a stockbroker does about finance, for he knows less about life, will venture an opinion about any play he sees. Practically all of the dramatic critics in New York so damned "Abie's Irish Rose" that they actually succeeded in hounding it off the stage. The fact that it is the most profitable play ever written makes no difference. They declare now that they are still right about it. This attitude might seem in itself to be quite above any material or financial consideration, were it not for the fact that the principal private conversation of a large proportion of intellectuals is taken up with how much money they are making, or hope to make. We must not blame them for that. Shakespeare was a business man, looking to the pounds, shillings, and pence.

The big men are all commonplace. When you meet a man who is abnormally bright, who has a flow of wonderful words, who is very interesting and very clever, it is generally safe to distrust him. His gift may be largely a substitute for work. It is true that many intellectuals work very hard and accomplish much, but if they succeed in the right sense, it will be found that in proportion to their success do they tone down their cleverness and rely more upon their capacity for work.

The fault does not lie with the young intellectuals themselves, with so many of them who have, since the war, come out of college and joined the intelligentsia. The fault lies with the fact that they have never been taught how to work. They, therefore, naturally fall back on what talents they have, make as much noise as possible, and hope to "get by" with it. They never get by. But many of them wake up in time to settle down to hard work.

Yes, the conversation of all intellectuals, in private life, is much the same as yours and mine. It is how to pay one's bills and how to live with one's family without committing murder or any little thing like that; of how much the doctor is charging, and how many miles one is getting to the gallon. Not so long ago I was talking with one whom I think on all counts would be considered one of our most prominent intellectuals, a friend whom I admire greatly for his superior talents and certainly his capacity for work. I asked him about his boy and he said, "He is living with some other people; he seems to like them just now." One must certainly not criticize the way others bring up their children, but somehow when I hear that intellectuals are marrying among themselves, I whisper to myself: "God help the offspring—if any."

Classics and American History

Just as we have been taking some pains to save for posterity that pure American type of animal, namely the buffalo, so we ought to start a reservation, where pure American authors can be trained. They would be permitted nothing but the classics and American history, and when traveling about seeing America they would be placed on their honor not to read anything from Paris or Petrograd. They would be asked to marry home-grown folks and permit themselves to be subjected only to American influences. Among other things, I should insist upon their learning the Constitution of the United States by heart. If they could really do this, I should consider it the right kind of a test.

Of course, such an experiment never could be tried. Mr. Munsey, Mr. Ochs, Mr. Mencken, or Mr. Patterson, of Chicago, would never approve of it.

"I Read in the Papers—"

I read in the papers that a number f writers and reviewers have been hecking up the literature of the day. ome of them have come to the conlusion that, with the exception of a few ooks, modern literature is mostly dross. 'heir diagnosis is that modern books ot only lack the power to elevate but ıe power to entertain, and that is the eason why so comparatively few read ıem. But we have still the *Bible*, and ıe *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Shakespeare*. 'here is good sound philosophy and ndless mental nutriment in each and very one of them. But neither the ompilers of the Bible, nor Bunyan, or Shakespeare got much for their ains. There afterward came the rubb Street period of English literaıre when Oliver Goldsmith thought e was doing well to get a few pounds ır the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Then Scot nd Dickens demonstrated that forıes were to be made in writing, and) there arose a class of writers who ecame the slaves, not the masters, of ıe public taste. That is largely how matters stand today. But I have mentioned some books that never grow old.

I read in the papers that Mr. Coolidge does office work in the morning and receives people; then naps and thinks and studies in the afternoon. A sane regimen. Edward Everett Hale attributed his old age to his habit of doing no work after two in the afternoon. Beecher always napped at noonday. Emerson was through with his desk at noon, and off to the woods. We have often wondered when Presidents did their thinking, or whether they were like snap-decision business men who are eternally settling matters of which they are ignorant. Taking a subordinate's opinion, looking over a mass of stuff collated from books and reports, is not knowing anything about a subject. Knowing it is thinking over it, napping over it, walking round it, as Mr. Coolidge appears to do. Bless heaven for the disappearance of "pep" stuff from the White House, for a man who takes time to study his job.

I read in the papers that "a grave warning against the restoration of the Junker rulers in Germany is sounded by the French press. A war of revenge against France is forecast." Is there not too much talk about "revenge" in this the twentieth century of the Christian Era? But what is a Junker? and why should France or any other country feel perturbed about him? A Junker, pronounced *Yoonker*, is a young German noble or squire, frequently a member of the conservative or aristocratic party in Prussia. But the term is often used in France and England to imply overbearing haughtiness, social exclusiveness, and other things that are not in accordance with democratic ideas. But we are not living in medieval times, and feudalism cannot flourish in the atmosphere of modern enlightenment. But so long as France bares her teeth from her own side of the Rhine, so long will suppressed growls come from the other bank of the river.

Monument at Navarin Farm

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

AT NAVARIN FARM, in Champagne, the men who served with the Rainbow Division of the U. S. rmy of Occupation unveiled a monuıent last autumn.

Unveiling a monument has become ıther an ordinary procedure since the ose of the World War, but there is an nusual sentiment attached to this parcular piece of statuary. Primarily it ɔmmemorates an unforgettable comıdeship-at-arms, and is to stand at a ɔot where the French and American oops stopped the rush of the German my in July, 1918, and then, turning ıe enemy troops, sent them rushing ackward toward ultimate defeat. But) the men of the Rainbow Division, ıat glorious body of American fighters, ıe monument will mean more than ıst the commemoration of an event, ır two of the heroic figures of the ıonument have been inspired from ortraits of much loved comrades, men hose courage blazed high.

One of these much loved men is a renchman, General Gouraud, the other real American boy, Lieutenant Quenn Roosevelt, the youngest son of the te Theodore Roosevelt. It was Gen·al Gouraud who commanded the ɔmbined French and American forces hen the tide of the Champagne offenve was turned from defeat into vicɔry. The men of the Rainbow Divion fought under the leadership of the eneral, and they learned to love him. e was a true soldier, and an empty eeve and a mechanical leg bear mute stimony to his work on the battle front. Many an authority has called General Gouraud the most loved soldier of France, and as the governor-general of Paris he quickly became the idol of the city. A year ago he visited the United States as the guest of the Rainbow Division, and also attended the convention of the American Legion. It was during this visit that the men who fought under Gouraud's leadership informed him that the monument was to be placed at Navarin Farm, and that he, the General, had inspired one of the figures.

A photograph of the monument at Navarin Farm in Champagne. General Gouraud is shown with Maxime Real del Sarte, the sculptor. General Gouraud inspired the figure of the veteran Frenchman about to throw a grenade, while the figure of the "doughboy" was inspired by Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, son of the immortal "Teddy." Quentin, it will be remembered, died in service.

The choosing of the figure of Quentin Roosevelt to represent the young American infantryman, was partly due to the regard with which General Gouraud regarded young Roosevelt, and partly because Maxime Real del Sarte, the sculptor, felt that Quentin Roosevelt was what might be termed a "typical American soldier." Those who knew Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt in the days before his heroic death for his country have spoken of him as having all the courage that made his father famous as the leader of the Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War. When General Gouraud was in the United States he went to Oyster Bay to call on Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Quentin's mother, and together they chose the photographs that were used by the sculptor.

The monument as it is finished represents a veteran French soldier with a bag and hands filled with grenades, flanked by a young French infantryman, determination carved in every line, and an American, eager for the fray, the youthful zeal, courage and curiosity of the American troops personified in his attitude. General Gouraud inspired the figure of the veteran Frenchman, and Lieutenant Roosevelt the American.

Regarding Philosophy

(*Continued from page 7*)

Diogenes came into Plato's school in the midst of a lecture. Plato was at the moment using the terms "tableness" and "cupness," in dealing, probably, with objects as figments of consciousness.

"I see a table and a cup," Diogenes interrupted the author of the "Republic," "but I see no tableness or cupness."

"That is natural enough," Plato replied, "for you have eyes, by which a table or a cup may be seen; but you have not intellect, by which tableness and cupness are perceived."

Undoubtedly the students applauded, but, if the writer has his say, we shall not echo their applause. For here is illustrated perfectly Plato's tendency to carry philosophy into a world inhabited by the ghosts of words, and Diogenes' determination to retain it as an active force in the world of living men. This "intellectual" perception of qualities, apart from the objects which they characterize, is at the root of philosophy's remoteness from life at the present day.

Plato defined man as "a two-footed, featherless animal," and was much praised for the definition. But Diogenes removed the feathers from a cock and brought it into Plato's school, saying, as he displayed it, "Here is Plato's man."

Diogenes Goes to School

Plato then added to the definition the words, "with broad, flat nails."

Diogenes was a native of Sinope, from which city he was banished, it is said, for adulterating the coinage. He came to Athens and attached himself to a sage named Antisthenes. The latter tried at first to drive him away with a stick; but when Diogenes told him that no stick was hard enough to discourage him as long as Antisthenes retained his power of speech, the sage allowed him to remain as a pupil.

"Being an exile," says Diogenes Laertius, "he naturally betook himself to a simple mode of life." He carried his food about in a wallet, and ate it wherever he happened to become hungry. Sometimes he slept in a cask which he found in the Temple of Cybele, at other times in the Colonnade of Jupiter or the Public Magazine. He used to point to these latter places, saying that the Athenians had gone to great lengths in providing him with places in which to live. And because he could not regulate the temperature of his dwellings according to the season, he trained himself to endure all temperatures, rolling himself in the sand during hot weather, and in winter embracing statues covered with snow. It is said that he learned his mode of living from a stray mouse.

Diogenes used to say that when he beheld pilots, physicians, and philosophers, he thought man the wisest of all animals; but that when he observed interpreters of dreams, and soothsayers, and those who listened to them, and men puffed up with glory and riches, he thought that there was not in the whole world a more foolish animal than man.

He used to express astonishment at the grammarians for being anxious to learn all about the misfortunes of Ulysses, while remaining ignorant of their own, and he marveled that musicians should be so careful in stringing their lyres, while leaving all the habits of their souls ill-arranged.

There Were Good Boys in Sparta

When some fat citizen asked him where one could find virtuous men in Greece, Diogenes answered, "Nowhere, but there are good boys in Sparta."

Alexander the Great once visited him and told him: "Ask any favor you choose of me."

Diogenes answered: "Cease to shade me from the sun."

One day a noisy fellow was reading an interminable manuscript in Diogenes' presence. At last he came to the final paragraph; the blank space beneath showed that the tale must soon be finished. "Be of good cheer, my friends," Diogenes called to the assemblage; "I see land!"

On one occasion a disciple of Zeno was proving to him that there was no such thing as motion. Diogenes walked away.

While he was eating, some mice crept up to his table. "See," said Diogenes, "even Diogenes maintains his favorites."

He was a great traveler. While passing through a certain province, he saw some sheep carefully covered with skins, while the children ran about naked. Afterward he commented on this: "It is better at Megara to be a man's ram than his son."

He had no great faith in the virtue of politicians. One day he saw some parliamentary secretaries leading to prison a steward who had stolen a cup. "The great thieves are carrying off the little thief," said Diogenes.

The Man Who Played the Harp

When he was well along in years, some people said to him: "You are an old man, and should rest for the remainder of your days."

"Why so?" Diogenes asked in reply. "Suppose I had run a long distance; ought I to stop when I was near the end, and not rather press on?"

One day, at a concert, all the people present were deriding an indifferent harp-player. Diogenes alone praised him.

"He plays wretchedly!" someone exclaimed to the philosopher. "Why do you praise him?"

"Because, though he is such as he is," Diogenes replied, "he plays the harp and does not steal."

Chancing to meet on the street a vocal artist who should have known better, Diogenes greeted him: "Good morning, cock."

"Why do you call me that?" the incorrigible tenor inquired curiously.

"Because when you sing," Diogenes informed him, "you make everybody get up."

Of people who were alarmed at dreams, Diogenes said that they did not regard the acts of their waking hours as important, but made a great deal of fuss about the fanciful things they saw in their sleep.

Once he came upon a man who was washing, not for physical reasons, but in accordance with some religious prescription, and said to him: "Do not you know that, as you cannot wash away blunders in grammar by purification, neither can you by that means efface the errors of a life?"

A superstitious man once said to him: "With one blow I will break your head."

Eating and Bathing

"And with one sneeze I will make you tremble," replied Diogenes.

He used to ridicule those who sacrificed to the gods to procure good health and at the sacrificial feast ate in a manner injurious to health.

At a bath which was not in a very sanitary condition, he mused: "I wonder where those who bathe here cleanse themselves?"

Some soiled loaves were set before him during a meal in a temple; and Diogenes carried them to the door and threw them out, saying that nothing unclean should be allowed to enter the temple.

Journeying on foot—as he always did—from Sparta to Athens, he was met by an Athenian, who asked him where he was going, and whence he came.

"I am going from the men's apartments to the women's," answered Diogenes.

Someone sneered at him for having been banished—"The people of Sinope condemned you to banishment."

"And I condemned them to remain where they were," Diogenes answered.

"You were banished for tampering with the coinage," he was told by some good nosey gossip.

"There was a time when I was such a man as you are now," Diogenes enlightened his accuser, "but there never was a time when you were such as I am now, and never will be."

In his travels he came to a city which was very small, but whose gates were very large. "O men of

yndus," Diogenes cried, "shut your ates, lest your city should steal out!"

And in general it was his delight o put pretense and miserliness to ame, wherever he found them, and y whatever means he could at the oment devise. When the Athenians egan, because of his eating in public, r wherever he happened to be hungry, o call him a dog, he accepted the title nd made use of it in rebuking the ults of his fellows.

Once he observed two young beowdered sheiks giving him a wide erth. "Have no fear, my boys," he ssured them; "a dog does not eat beet-oot."

While he was on his way to Aegina, iogenes was captured by pirates and ken to a port to be sold as a slave. he auctioneer had no idea of what iogenes' attainments might be, and sked the philosopher what he could do.

Diogenes answered: "Govern men."

And to the auctioneer's astonishent, he continued: "If there is a man ere who needs a master, tell him that ere is one here for him."

"Stand up!" shouted the auctioneer.

"Tush!" Diogenes jeered, "fish are old, be where they may."

At this juncture, Xeniades, a wealthy orinthian, who may have recognized Diogenes, bought him cheaply, at whatever price. During the whole journey to the home f Xeniades, Diogenes expatiated to is owner on the reasons why the tter should obey him. Physicians, ilots, and philosophers, Diogenes exlained, should always be obeyed, for ny other arrangement would be ridiculous. Xeniades listened in respectful ood humor, and no doubt often lessed the chance that had carried iogenes into his possession.

Everything to Be Topsy-Turvy

At Corinth, Xeniades made Diognes the tutor of his two sons. Acording to Diogenes Laertius, the phiosopher taught the sons of Xeniades implicity of life and clarity of thought, nd went personally with them to versee their exercises in the gymasium. He would allow them none f the violent practices of the athletes, ut saw that they exerted themselves o as to insure a balanced development f their muscles and good health. Ie went also with them into the woods nd fields, instructing them in the arts hat serve men in hunting and war. nd in the course of this activity he o endeared himself to the sons of eniades that, at his death, they inisted that they be allowed to bury im with their own hands.

The writer cannot remember the ause of Diogenes' death. However, hen it became known that he would oon die, Xeniades, to whom the hilosopher had become as dear as is sons, asked Diogenes how he would ke to be buried.

"On my face," Diogenes replied.

And being asked why he wished to lie in this strange position, he explained: "Everything will soon be topsy-turvy anyway."

His saying was remembered when, not long after his death, the armies of Alexander descended on the rest of the Grecian world and did indeed turn things upside down.

A Monument to the Wise Diogenes

He requested, according to one story, that he should not be buried, but that his body should be thrown into a ditch, and some dust sprinkled on it. But most accounts say that the people of Corinth fought over his body, for everyone wished to have a part in burying it, and that finally the sons of Xeniades were allowed the honor, as having the best right. So the rest of the citizens had to content themselves with erecting on the grave the image of a noble dog in Parian marble, and with other monuments inscribed with expressions of their admiration and love for "the wise Diogenes."

It may be that these notes, especially those regarding Diogenes, are already over-familiar to the reader. The writer cannot say as much on his part. Out of a ten months' Ancient History course he remembers no word concerning Diogenes. Somewhere or other he has seen a picture of Alexander standing before Diogenes' tub in Corinth—or perhaps his cask in Athens. And of course the cartoonists never allow us to forget Diogenes' search for the honest man.

But, say these remarks *are* familiar; it is surely a good time to repeat them; for recognized philosophers are today pursuing, with renewed determination, the course on which Plato lost his way.

Yesterday the writer picked up a newly translated work by Benedetto Croce, the Italian thinker. The jacket declared this book to be a discussion of the problems which arise in the daily life of men—a philosophical work in the literal sense of the word. Yet, reading it, one felt that the author was viewing life from a library window on which the frost had gathered. One found none of the wit, the low-down comprehension, the directness, which one finds in the words of Diogenes. Our painters are said to be acquiring these qualities; our writers are surely acquiring them, even though the process is painful and slow; it remains for the philosophers to turn and follow them . . . Or does it? On second thought, it is doubtful. Only, let's remember Diogenes and expect to find our philosophy, not among those who are professionally known as philosophers, but among the cobblers and tailors, the comedians and satirists, the Charlie Chaplins, the Ring Lardners, the Finley Peter Dunnes. For these are the *real* philosophers of our day, even as the wise Diogenes was the real philosopher of that time when philosophy was young.

Should Not Congress Stop Wasting?

(*Concluded from page 3*)

other than the president of a corporation dealing in builders' materials. They called it patriotism—civic pride. What was it? Mostly a brazen attempt to connect their own bank accounts with the public treasury. These same gentlemen, however, cry out against high taxation.

Put the government upon a proper basis and there need be no income tax.

If you want taxation reduced, you must stop wasting before you can begin saving. You must watch how your Congressmen vote and regulate your own vote accordingly. Give the air to gentlemen who squander public money right and left and then tell you to pay the bill. Haul them home.

Shout Aloud Your Grievances

A good way to begin is to form the habit of writing letters to your local newspapers. Tell your editor what is on your mind. Base each letter upon some specific act of Congress or of your Representative in Congress. Bawl them out. Let your editor know that you are wise to the workings of the income tax. Make it plain that your employer would have more money with which to pay you for your work if he did not have to dump so much into the Treasury at Washington. Say that it hurts everybody, including yourself, to have hundreds of millions annually withdrawn from industry and sent down to Washington to be wasted.

You may not think such letters count. You are wrong. Go down to Washington and look into the offices of Representatives and Senators. In each of these offices you will find files of their home papers. They watch these papers like hawks. So long as these papers contain nothing much except routine local news and social gossip they know that whatever murder they are getting away with is going unnoticed. In other words, they know that you are asleep. But when you begin to howl, they begin to prick up their ears. And when you howl they multiply your voice by at least fifty. They figure that one man who rushes into print means the existence of at least forty-nine others who feel the same way, but are too indolent to write. You get great action on your ink when you use it to write to your local editor about the shortcomings of your Congressman. If a few others begin spattering him from the same kind of an inkpot it will not be long before he will be gravely telling Congress that "my constituents are unalterably opposed" to whatever you and our fellow townsmen have been panning in the local press.

Do not rest until you have ended the income tax.

It has done nothing that its advocates said it would do.

Land of the Vikings in Summer

Norway, Where the Sun Shines at Midnight, and Peer Gynt Played His Pranks

By JULIUS MORITZEN

MUCH has been made of Norway as a country of winter sports, with the ski-runner displaying a proficiency in daring that has won the admiration of all lovers of out-of-doors. But to see this land of mountains and fjords and interspersed lowland, with its frugal people, at its best you must perforce make the visit a matter of the summer months. Then there will be revealed a picture well-nigh unapproachable in its silent majesty. Seldom do Nature's beauties blend more fittingly than along the coast of Norway when the summer sun casts its glow on sky and land and water.

It matters little where you turn your steps in this country of grand proportions, for everywhere outside the cities it is Nature at her best that meets the gaze. Take the Laeredal Valley, for instance. Notice the raging torrent seeking its way to the open sea, a slender bridge from rock to rock proving the only means for negotiating the distance between. How bleak, and yet how impressive is this picture; in the distance the pine-clad mountains furnishing relief to the eye, while still further back imagination can feed on legends such as made this the country where Ibsen's Peer Gynt played his pranks among the simple folk of the land.

Or again, we have a scene where on the shore of the fjord, where it touches the mainland, two women are standing in quiet contemplation. May it not be that here they are waiting the return of their sturdy breadwinners, out on the open sea where the teeming denizens of the deep are their only sustenance when caught?

And then again, observe in another place along that matchless shore, with the snow-capped mountains in the far distance, the lone fisherman dragging his boat on land, his day's work apparently at an end, while just back from the water perhaps his helpmate awaits his coming, all prepared with the evening meal that is his reward for a day of heavy toil. How calm and peaceful it seems, while, just beyond, the sea may at the very instant roar angrily as the waves dash against the rocks.

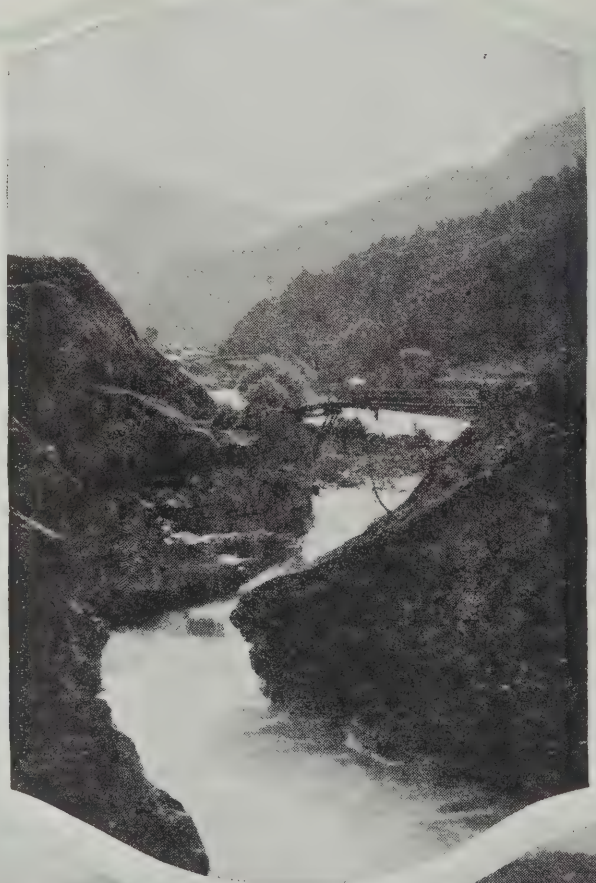
The attachment of the Norwegian to the land in which he was born is one of the most noticeable national characteristics. If a family become impoverished and are compelled to sell their homestead, they have three years' grace to buy it back, and if a man should die without a will his landed estate is not cut up into small parcels or sold to strangers. The eldest son, the recognized head of the family, is permitted to retain it intact by offering equitable compensation to the other heirs.

Norway has the same flowers that we have in the northern part of the United States, only they appear larger, fuller and more brilliant in color. Botanists say this is accounted for by the long days. The flower season is short but luxuriant. Twenty hours of sunshine makes a difference. The fields are crimson with sweet-smelling clover. The great stone fences are covered with the wild roses which climb and spread farther each year.

In the numerous gorges, streams, waterfalls, forests, and roadways of Norway, one sees many striking resemblances to our own American Rockies. The ice age in this country lasted millions of years, during which time the glaciers were carving the rocky crust into mountain peaks, lakes, and fjords. The fjords are extremely deep and the largest steamers afloat may tie up directly to the rocks if they so desire. There are hundreds of lakes, the largest being sixty miles in length and the highest 4,800 feet above the sea.

It is the variableness of the Norwegian landscape which is one of its greatest charms. In the present instance the eye has caught but the gentler moods of that Northland nature, but when contrasted to what obtains when snow and ice abound, in later months, it leaves an impression on the mind that is lasting in its calm beauty.

"Waiting the return of their sturdy breadwinners."



"The raging torrent seeking its way to the open sea."

"Variableness of Norwegian landscape."

When Bugs Sit for Their Portraits

Miss Esther Hastings Hart Unites Her Art to Science

By S. R. WINTERS

THE *Ditropinotus aureovirilis* has been put down on paper in black and white! Another animal or dinosaur, which inhabited the earth thousands of years ago, you inquire. No, this formidable name represents a bug or insect, and contrary to most bugs, it is useful to mankind. That is, it preys upon the Hessian fly, which is so injurious to our wheat crop. For this reason, it is classified as a beneficial parasite.

Useful insects, as well as destructive bugs, have to be placed on record and means devised for identifying them at any time. Or, in the slang of the street, it is necessary to "get their number." It fell to the lot of Miss Esther Hastings Hart, insect delineator of the Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, to make pen and ink drawings of the *Ditropinotus aureovirilis*. That is to say, she has faithfully sketched this beneficial parasite for reproduction in a bulletin or other form of publication for identification in making a scientific study of this foe to the Hessian fly.

(C) Harris & Ewing

MISS ESTHER HASTINGS HART,
Insect delineator.

This is only one of the hundreds of bugs which Miss Hart has made drawings of during her twelve years of continuous service with the Bureau of Entomology. She sketches insects ranging in size from a speck of dirt, not visible to the naked eye, to bugs measuring several inches in length. These figured representations not only include beneficial parasites but members of the insect family, which exact a toll of millions of dollars annually of forage and staple crops in the United States. The importance of drawing these bugs true to their respective characteristics is obvious, since they are to be identified and combated through their representations in sketch and text.

For instance, two species of insects may be distinguished only by the slight variations in the lines representing the bodies of the bugs. If they are not brought out faithfully with pen and ink, insects of different habits and varying degrees of crop-ravaging tendencies may be confused. Such an error, it is not difficult to see, may be costly to the farmers whose wheat, corn or other crops are being invaded by a bug whose identity is not readily determined. For instance, the Bureau of Entomology has imported a beneficial parasite from Europe for the purpose of arresting the depredations of the corn borer, a pest that is proving so damaging to this important crop in certain sections. Clearly, it would be a grievous mistake for farmers to destroy the imported useful insect. Knowledge, through drawings and descriptive text, makes it possible to avoid such an error.

The task of an insect delineator requires infinite patience, and even then the precision demanded must be nerve-racking, indeed. Miss Hart, for example, is seated at a table for hours, and with intermissions, weeks, and even years. With pen and ink at hand, and peering through a microscope, she may be engaged in sketching an insect so small that it can rest comfortably on the head of a pin. A period of two weeks may be necessary for drawing one insect. So exacting is this work, that the hairs on the wings of different bugs may vary and this variation must be shown on the sketch. Moreover, the spines on the legs of a parasite must be revealed, and thousands of dots may be made in a small space in representing the wing of an insect.

Esther Hastings Hart is a native of Elmira, New York. She was graduated from Elmira College and later pursued studies at the Cooper Institute of New York City. A dozen years is a long time to follow the fortunes of bugs, figuratively speaking, but the value of this work is not to be discounted. The significance attached to the title of insect delineator (and Miss Hart is the oldest in point of service in the Bureau of Entomology) is suggested by the fact that the head of this section of the Bureau of Entomology, W. R. Walton, began his service in this very capacity.

The lesson that the writer learned from observing this woman insect delineator at work is the patience involved and how well Miss Hart meets these exacting requirements. Persons who are prone to complain that their jobs are so confining and burdened with so many details, when they may be comparatively easy, should visit the room in which this government worker toils day after day. For a time, at least, their duties would be relieved of some of their drudgery and they would doubtless renew their task with fresh inspiration and a high resolve to dedicate themselves anew to the work at hand.

Menace of Gold Standard in Britain

(*Concluded from page 8*)

ment boom in Wall Street had gone too far, or because of a sudden change of fashions toward foreign bond issues, or because the banks in the Middle West had got tied up with their farmers, or because manufacturers of motor cars or wireless sets suddenly realized that people were over-supplied with those useful articles."

It is generally recognized that the group scheming for the restoration of the gold standard here is a unit on the conviction that without such restoration it is hopeless for Britain to hope to regain its long held position of the world's great creditor nation and to make Lombard Street once again the world's financial center, able to dictate terms in peace or war to the rest of the earth. By the reinstitution of the gold currency and the actual circulation of golden sovereigns and half-sovereigns, it is pointed out, British banks—meaning the Bank of England—would be in a position to profit at the expense of other countries by calling in such coins should an emergency arise as in 1914.

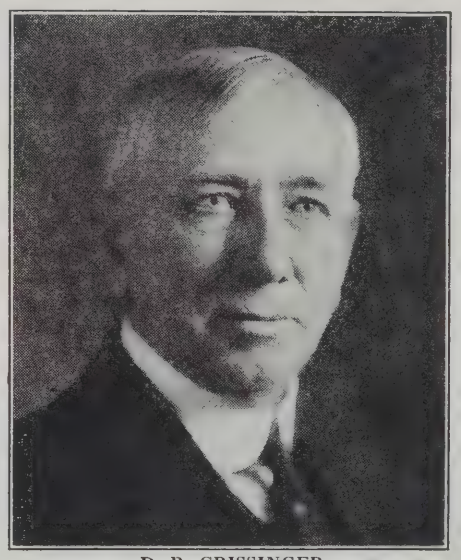
Logic goes by the board in much of the argument, as for instance when the *Daily Express*, which is making a vigorous show of opposing the return to the gold standard in the interest of British trade, declares: "America is naturally anxious that the gold standard should be restored in Great Britain. Before the war America had £300,000,000 of gold. Now she has nearly £1,000,000,000. It is therefore to America's advantage to *make gold more valuable*. That object would be achieved by restoring the gold standard in Great Britain. The interests of British industry would then be dragged at the heels of the American banks."

It is yet too early to speak of actual results of the bank rate increase. There was the natural and foreseen advance in gilt-edged securities, but it has been plain during the past week that a 5 per cent bank rate is not sufficiently stiff to check speculative activities, so long as monetary accommodation is forthcoming. As a matter of fact, money has been available in liberal quantity at the joint-stock banks at from 3½ to 4½ per cent on good mercantile notes.

The Richest Country in the World

So far, the Bank's action seems to be regarded as of a merely precautionary character designed to check withdrawals of money from England for American account. It is suggested also by apologists for the Bank's policy that a 5 per cent bank rate should not necessitate any undue restriction on credit nor retard recovery in trade, so long as monetary accommodation is available. What traders and manufacturers are worrying about is not so much an extra charge of one per cent for loans, but the possibility of being refused assistance at any price.

It is curious to find spokesmen of every party stressing the aspect of the situation that subordinates England's financial dominance to that of America—and despite all the "hands across the sea" business, much anti-American feeling of a nasty sort crops out.



D. R. CRISSINGER,
New Controller of Currency.

Bonds That Cannot Be Collected

(*Concluded from page 15*)

The plea, made long after their proceeds were either spent or dissipated, that many of the repudiated state bonds issued before the Civil War had technical flaws, is what the courts term a stale case. The time to protest such bonds was when they were issued. The state courts were then open to any taxpayers who thought there was something wrong.

However, the purpose of this article is to indicate the singular position in which the country has been placed through the ability of the states to repudiate their bonds without submitting to the decencies of a judicial inquiry. We proudly declare that this is a government of laws and not of men. Unfortunately the owners of state bonds must look for their security, during the coming years, to the whims of politicians because the Eleventh Amendment closes the doors of the courts to them.

The facts presented in this article constitute additional, compelling reasons for a scientific overhauling of the whole present system of public financing. Every additional bond issue upon the present basis means just that much more trouble for the future.

We have, for instance, Emil Davies an Alderman of the London County Council and regarded in Socialis circles as a financial expert of hig authority, telling the Fabian Society in a lecture on "America Revisited," that "the recent presidential electio represented the triumph of materia ism, big business having concentrate on the defeat of the one candidate wh was hostile to it." He went on "The United States is now the riches country in the world, but this i due not so much to any merit of it inhabitants as to the vastness of it resources, which these same inhabit ants are gutting a fast as they car The war has turne America from debtor to a creditc nation, and in the last year American have taken over £250,000,000 worth European loans.

Vassals of Wall Street

"Whether we like it or not," h said, "Europe is becoming pawned t America!"

Sir Josiah Stamp, an able econ mist and Liberal member of Parliamen is out in *The Times* in a letter of stron protest against the policy indicate by the rise in the bank rate of di count. In the *New Leader*, a brig Socialist weekly edited by H. N Brailsford, it is pointed out that "t monetary policy which every comp tent economist should advocate is, course, to regulate the price a volume of credit in such a way as keep the general level of prices stead As there is no evidence of any su boom in business as would necessari call for a contraction of loans, the reas for the rise is based solely on our r lations with America, and on *the wish bankers* to return without delay to t gold standard. The effect will i evitably be to push industry back su denly into the valley of depression o of which it was slowly groping its wa This must mean, if not an increase unemployment, at least a check to a hope of improvement. Bankers a autocrats, but are these autocrats th own masters? They act like vassals Wall Street."

Europe is in pawn, not to Ameri or Americans, but to the same int national banking ring that today closing on the whole world's financ machinery and resources, and wi that on its industries, its commer its politics and its whole social fabr Wall Street controls the banks of N York, the banks of New York dor nate the banks of the whole coun through Paul Warburg's Federal R serve Board, while the agricultural a the manufacturing industries of te country are dependent on the lo banks.

(*Concluding installment follows n next issue.*)

Your Friend the Toad

(*Concluded from page 5*)

a toad. Young toads have a smooth skin, but as they grow older the warts begin to appear. Even today the country boy will tell you that you will get warts if you pick up a toad. As a matter of fact that toad has poison glands from which a poison is secreted, but this poison is not harmful to man. It is really an acid, which irritates the membranes of the mouth of any animal trying to eat a toad. A dog will never touch a toad but once in his life, because he remembers the bitter taste of the creature. Skunks eat toads, but it is said that they roll the toad over and over before eating it so that the poison will have been rubbed off in the grass. Large birds of prey and snakes eat toads, apparently without minding the bitterness of the "poison." Ducks, chickens, and guinea fowls eat the young hop-toads they encounter, but these young toads are naturally not endowed with the same protective powers as are the adults.

Toads live for many years. There have been frequent examples of toads living in a garden for more than thirty years, and so great is the homing instinct that if one is picked up and carried away from its place of regular habitation it will, unless the distance is too great, promptly hop back when released. No cat nor carrier pigeon has a greater homing instinct. It is believed by scientists who have studied the habits of the toad that it always returns to the pond where it was hatched to mate, and that it also returns year after year to the same shelter and the same feeding ground.

While the toad is chiefly terrestrial, it is often found near, and even in, shallow pools or streams. When it comes to eating, the toad is distinctly a creature of prey. Dead or motionless food holds no interest, but if the object of attack is moving the toad will eat any insect it can swallow. The tongue is its instrument of attack, and this tongue is attached to the front of the mouth, and free behind. In this way it is flung forward, and the object of the attack is quickly carried back into the mouth, practically into the very throat. The tongue of the toad is covered with a sticky coating, and this coating holds the insect fast. Sometimes when the insect is too large to be swallowed comfortably the toad will use the front feet as an aid to pushing it down its throat.

The Toad's Fine Flytrap

Another peculiarity of the toad is the fact that it sheds its coat several times a year. When it is time for the old coat to split the toad goes off by itself, and if the skin does not peel off easily, it uses its front legs to hasten the operation. When the skin is off the toad frequently eats it.

Unfortunately the helpful and interesting toad is not so common in the fields and gardens as formerly. Today, in some sections, toads are becoming very rare. Droughts in summer and severe cold winters kill them off, this being caused by the fact that young toads do not burrow deep enough. The enemies of the toad make their presence felt at every stage of the animal's career. A water beetle will eat a couple of thousand toad eggs in a single day, and newts, salamanders, and fishes also eat the eggs. The sudden drying up of a pond will kill hundreds of tadpoles. When Johnny hop-toad is ready to leave the pond for dry land he finds plenty of enemies. Along the country roads the toads are killed by passing vehicles. The barnyard fowls eat young toads, and hawks, owls, snakes, crows, and skunks eat the older ones. The burning over of a field or patch of woodland always kills off a great number.

No More Maligned Creature

Then, too, it is unfortunately true that small boys, and even adults, kill toads with a sense of performing a necessary duty. There is probably no more maligned creature on earth. Being unattractive, the toad has become the object of curious beliefs that have had their foundation only in man's imagination. For ages the story that a toad produced warts, if the creature was handled, has been firmly believed. Small boys will tell you that if you kill a toad and turn it on its back it will rain before night. The country woman will say that a toad can poison an infant with its breath. Other prevalent superstitions are that if a cow steps on a toad while returning from pasture, the cow will go dry; it brings good fortune to a new house if a toad is found in the cellar; a child can be cured of stammering if a toad is rubbed on the back of the child's neck. These are general superstitions. There are others more local in character.

However, in spite of natural enemies and man's imaginings, there is small likelihood of the toad disappearing from the woods and fields of this country. Agriculturists and students of conservation and economics are fully aware of the value of the toad, and know that toads must be kept in abundance. While the adult toad will hop away from a strange locality, the young toad emerging from the pond in which he was hatched soon makes the locality his own, and stays there as long as he lives. In Europe the farmers have been buying toad eggs and bringing toads to their locality. The plan will doubtless be adopted in this country.

The friendly toad! It seems a misnomer to those who do not realize the fact that they err in making that toad an object of aversion; who do not realize that the toad should be classed as a friend to man.

Romantic Rascals, No. 2

(*Concluded from page 17*)

appeared so incongruous that every time he raised an arm or moved a limb it was impossible to refrain from laughter. . . His dress was *outre* in the extreme; whether Spanish, Italian or English, no one could say; it was like nothing ever worn. In a cloak of sky-blue silk, profusely spangled, red pantaloons, a vest of white muslin, surmounted by an enormously thick cravat, and a wig *a la* Charles II, capped by an opera hat, he produced one of the most grotesque spectacles ever seen on the stage."

As for the acting, it was claptrap and boisterous energy, with "Romeo" Coates vulgarizing every scene, offering Juliet his snuffbox, yet going through it all without the least comedic intention; mouthing his lines with peculiar mechanical cadence, racketing and swaggering, bounding about the stage in an extravagance of caricature, collapsing tragically at every pathetic utterance of Juliet, capering and urging the actors in the duel scene like a man at a cockpit, talking of the Capulet-Montague feud in terms of the prize ring. In the tomb of the Capulets he conducted himself so uproariously that the audience encored ironically, and three times in succession he enacted the death scene, until the dead Juliet rose up and put an end to the affair by advancing to the footlights and saying:

"Dying is such sweet sorrow,
That he will die again tomorrow,"

while the house roared again with diabolically boisterous laughter.

Next day his name was all over London and "Romeo" Coates, quite unconscious of the ludicrous figure he had cut, but believing all to have been effective and ingenious, arrayed himself in silk and diamonds and betook himself in a sedan chair to wait upon the king at Carlton House, to find, on his arrival there, that the invitation was a forgery concocted by Theodore Hook.

The Sad End of "Romeo" Coates

For a time London accepted "Romeo" Coates as a tremendous joke and paid its good coin to deride, but soon tired of and forgot its clown. There was a brief acceptance of him in Boulogne, then he dropped out of sight. Nor was he heard of until the year 1848 when he was moved to receive the admiration and applause of men by seeking leadership in the Chartist cause which was to spread serenity over the world. But while crossing a London street near Covent Garden, he was crushed between his own carriage and another, and died at his home in Montague street.

Half-Timbered Houses of France

Quaint and Curious Structures That Have Defied the Ravages of Time

By BRANDER DE RENNES

THE half-timbered house originated in France, and the Elizabethans copied it for their English manor houses. This French system of framework was called *pau de bois*, and was a definite new note in architecture five hundred years ago. In *pau de bois* the constructional timbers were left exposed and the interstices filled in with plaster, and the imagination of the early builders ran riot in novelty, resulting in a wide variety of styles in this type of house or building, many wonderful examples of which are to be found scattered about France and showing beauty in their age.

In England, however, this flexibility of the imagination was not allowed to express itself, the half-timbered houses revealing a certain monotony and sameness because of the stricter architectural conventions and lost a great deal of charm thereby.

Until the twelfth century wood entered but little into the structure of houses in either France or England, stone being the chief material, but in that century France led the way to charming houses of wood, or part wood, and with the increasing prosperity of the middle class, wood houses became frequent. Wood was found to be much cheaper and houses of it were more quickly constructed. Merchants built house and shop in one, according to the needs of their business, and the size of their families. These old builders evidently took great pride in what they built for they put much thought and money into their homes. They loved to ornament their homes with carvings. Filled with the desire to establish a manor house, as it were, a place to be passed on from generation to generation, a mark of their family prosperity, and a home that descendants might be proud of, they spared no pains and expense. So one finds coats of arms, insignia and mottoes, and so on, relative to the standing and the religion of the owner, carved on the door, in the walls, at the gates, and over the fireplaces.

French Shop and Home Houses

To enter and examine one of these ancient wood houses of France is an educational experience, the workmanship is so fine. One is impressed by the great hand-hewn beams. In Switzerland one also finds hand-hewn beams piled one upon the other, crossed and fitted into each other at the angles. In this form of blockhan, or log house, all have support equally, so no picturesque bracing was needed. This "stacking-up" system is perhaps the oldest method of building, but the old Swiss chalets were isolated, not elbow to elbow as the French town houses were, and were far from art movements, so that they also lack the marked individuality of the French shop-and-home houses. The Swiss, in those old days, built with fir mainly, but throughout Normandy oak was the favored wood, and the old oak structures have withstood centuries, and are still sturdy and full of beauty.

Some Fine Gothic Carvings

In old French half-timbered houses the timber served in turn as braces or support or building courses, and the spaces left were "plugged" or filled in with plaster or brick. The plaster played no part at all as support, being used merely to fill the skeleton of timber. Timber, as builders know, keeps better when exposed to the open air than when coated over with plaster. The plaster, preventing the action of air, keeps the wood damp, which induces decay. This old *pau de bois* system of exposed timbers accounts for the long life of these old buildings of France. Some of them, between three and four hundred years old, are still in excellent condition, and would last as precious mementoes for several more centuries to come if as well cared for as they are today, or if some devastating war does not raze them, as was the case of some of the wonderful old half-timbered houses that stood in the path of the late war.

A few architectural critics venture to declare that, though fanciful and full of a certain charm of their own, these old French houses are lacking in breadth of treatment, that their surface ornamentation was but a mood of fashion, and represented no genuine phase of architecture. "To cut up surfaces," these critics say, "into compartments of many pilasters and entablatures is a commonplace and unprofitable motive."

But happily all critics are not of one mind, and some acknowledge that the charm and the individuality of these same cut-up surfaces are sufficient to give them a place in art, and one is apt to agree with the latter in looking over these photographs of the old houses, so full of a fine beauty and unique versatility of construction, that many of them could well be copied today and cause something of a sensation by their charm.

The photographs show houses from various parts of France, although most of them are from Normandy, where the idea of the half-timbered house had its birth. In some of them the parallel beams extend from one story to another. Some are in the form of diagonal laths, others are like a huge lattice, and still others show an independent mixture of any and every form that entered into the mind of the imaginative builder of those old days. Occasionally huge corner timbers are beautifully carved. There is one at Rennes with pillars carved after the fashion of those in old Continental cathedrals. Quite in keeping with the Gothic pillars are the carvings over the windows, at each side and beneath the overhang of the second story. The timber construction being less erratic than in some of the other old French houses, it is therefore quite in keeping with the style of the Gothic carvings.

At Alencon there is another beautiful old carved house, elaborately half-timbered. It has a high single gable and very symmetrical timbering. It is a genuine work of art, as one can see who notes even in a photograph the beautiful finish of the entrance and balcony doors and the fine placing and form of the windows. The loving care for detail of the old builders is plainly in evidence in each detail of this house. It is more beautiful today then when it was built long ago.

At Fongeres there is a fascinating old wood and plaster house, one of the store-and-home kind, and as it is rich in carving and much intricate work, we can easily imagine that its builder was rich. It has a charming roof and gables and must have been considered a sort of skyscraper of those early times, as it towers six stories tall. The builder certainly had ideas, for in his wonderful old home we find a series of shallow bay windows and a round turret effect on the corner jutting over the pavement. There is exquisite carving on the pillars and the finials and every carving so distinctly different in design revealing again the versatility of the mind that conceived the house. He certainly loved ornament for it touched everything, even the corners and supports of the roof receiving the minutest attention.

Those Quaint Houses at Horfleur

At Horfleur there is a whole street of quaint half-timbered houses, a very ancient business block that evidently was built by people of medium means, as there is no carving or elaboration, but a serviceable sort of art. These old houses had shops below and homes above. One of the houses shows genuine novelty in its gable-like outline of the timbers on the façade, with fascinating rounded-top windows tucked in between the bracing timbers just below the eaves.

(To be concluded

Above—At Nantes.

Above, right—Old house at Alencon.

Center—At Rouen.

At Fougeres.

At St Brieux.

Success is the enemy. It is the only enemy that can overcome men who are invincible to failure. Men who cannot be beaten, though they fail a score of times, men who cannot be discouraged by an army of difficulties, sometimes go tumbling down as a result of a little success. More men are failures on account of success, than on account of failure. A man wants recognition and reward; we say these are natural desires, and so they are. But when a man gains recognition, the temptation is very great to stop and enjoy the recognition. And when he gains reward the temptation is to think that he has "arrived." Make your program so hard and so long that the people who praise you will always seem to you to be talking about something very trivial in comparison with what you are really trying to do.

DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Uncle Sam Starts Marching

By HARRY H. DUNN

Can You Think on Your Feet?

Britain and the Lost Tribes of Israel

By PAUL TYNER

Debt That America Acknowledges

Responsibility of Being Led

By MARGARET ROBINSON

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BRIEFLY TOLD

A Chinese who has not paid his debt on New Year's Day must go about all day with a lighted lantern until he has done so. For him the new year has not dawned—it is still midnight of the old year.

So great is the increase in tragedies due to the Jewish money-lenders of England that the matter has come before Parliament. Lord Darling, the famous jurist, proposed that the law should compel disclosure of "the real name" of the money-lender. "You might think from their names that the ancestors of these money-lenders took part in the Battle of Hastings, whereas the only military operation in which they had assisted was the passage of the Red Sea."

Apollo butterflies haunt the passes of Tibet up to a height of 17,000 feet where the wind sweeps furiously across the range.

Sales of Christmas seals for tuberculosis eradication last year exceeded $4,500,000.

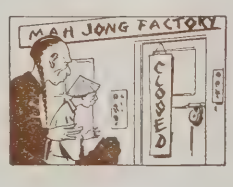
A man-and-bull team hitched to a two-wheeled vehicle, pulling a load of wood, coal, or other material, is a common sight in Japan.

Rabbits and snakes, acting as native hosts, have been found to be largely responsible for the spread of the chigre.

The shortest light waves known to man are the Gauma rays of radium.

A wilt-resisting flax which liberates an enzyme to attack the outrages of the fungus is saving the flax industry of the Northwest.

The world used approximately 200,000,000 pounds more wool in 1924 than it produced.



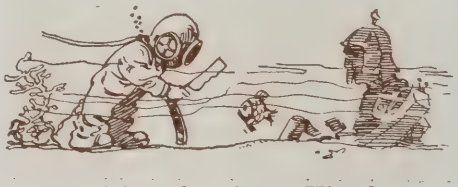
The cross-word puzzle craze has driven into bankruptcy the Fung Chow Company, Incorporated, formerly one of the largest domestic manufacturers of Mah Jong sets.

Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, London, of great fame and antiquity, was destroyed by fire with a total loss of priceless relics.

By charting the tremors resulting from an explosion of 182 tons of dynamite near Pasadena, California, it is now thought that the source of future earth tremors may be detected.

Though numerous livestock fatalities, due to potato poisoning, have been reported, human loss of life from this cause is very rare, two members of a Vandalia, Illinois, family having recently died, however, from eating green potatoes.

What an African diver thought was the ghost of an ancient warrier off the coast of Tunis, is believed to be the bronze prow figure of a galley containing treasure, sunk presumably some 2,000 years ago.



A rich ruler from Himalayan India, after being fêted and shown all the glories of England, was asked what most impressed him. "The green grass," he said.

John Todd, dangerous structure surveyor of London, the man who served notice of the condition of St. Paul's Cathedral, has resigned on account of criticism.

Cracks, along which 20-foot displacements occurred at the time of the San Francisco earthquake, could be traced for 190 miles.

More than 4,000 eggs, of varying degrees of freshness, were hurled in a University of Wisconsin student war, recently indulged in by the lawyers and engineers.

Bentonite, used as a base in the preparation of face creams and occurring in Western United States and over the prairie provinces of Canada, has the curious property of swelling from five to thirteen times the dry bulk with the addition of water.

In South Africa, where locust plagues are common, they have found that the arsenically killed insects can still be safely fed to horses and cattle.

The General Steam Navigation Company claims to be the oldest seagoing steamship company in existence, having started in 1824 with two steam packets, establishing a service on the Thames between London, Margate, and Ransgate.

The use of various waters in the prevention and cure of disease is one of the oldest therapeutic measures known to medical science.

London traffic constables now wear white rubber sleeves as far as their elbows to make their signals more easily seen.

The doctor's oath has an ancient origin, possible allusion to it occurring as early as 400 B. C., with certain reference occurring in the reign of Claudius.

Seaweed grown on limbs of trees set up in the bottom of shallow pools of water form an appreciable amount of foodstuff for the Chinese.

Two new genera of earthworms recently discovered in India strengthens the evidence of a faunistic relationship between India and East Africa.

The standard of value in China is the Mexican dollar.

Chello berries and living pigs are still offered by natives of Hawaii as a sacrifice to appease the wrath of Madame Pele, the goddess of the volcano.

Builders of the Pyramids ate onions, garlic, and lentils only.

No comprehensive census has ever been taken in China.

An instrument perfected for the long-range spotting of icebergs is so sensitive that the heat from the funnels of an approaching vessel will affect it at a distance of six miles.

There is no part of the world in which it does not some time rain.

Due to the white ant pest, all railroad ties, telegraph poles, and bridges of Rhodesia must be of iron.

About 2,000,000 miles of cloth is bleached annually in Great Britain.

This Issue

Mr. Ford's Page reverts to the matter of efficiency. This time it discusses the subject in relation to the Shop, and the things that come out of Shops. (p. 11)

It may seem strange that this country is not already credited with a music of its own. But it is still in the transition stage. Charles Wakefield Cadman tells us, however, that it is slowly and surely developing a national music that is neither "classical" nor jazz. (p. 2)

Margaret C. Robinson delivers an inspiring message to organized women on "The Responsibility of Being Led." Club women as a rule do not give sufficient thought as to who are their leaders or whether these leaders are leading them in the right direction. (p. 3)

Perhaps there is no subject more worthy of attention at the present day than that of home-building. America leads the world in the variety and beauty of its homes. It is interesting to hear what an architect and home-designer has to say about the ideal dwelling. (p. 5)

Soldiers are not always fighting these days, for which the world has cause to be thankful. Nevertheless, in times of peace their activities are manifold. It is a popular illusion that in peace time the "doughboy" has little to do besides drawing his rations and swaggering in his fine uniform. (p. 6)

The Israelites were "God's Chosen People." Where are they today? An influential world organization claims that they are to be found in the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic races now scattered over the British Empire and the American Republic. (p. 12)

A delightful nature study is to be found in Robert Sparks Walker's "Record of a May Day." Here there is communion with wild things. It is the psychology of the open spaces. (p. 14)

"Can you think on your feet?" asks Thomas L. Masson. He has heard a great number of our public speakers, and he gives us piquant pen portraits of their peculiarities. (p. 16)

There is a debt to France which America acknowledges, but has not yet fully paid. It is one of the most extraordinary war debts with which a nation was ever saddled. The circumstances attending the imposition of this obligation are clearly given. (p. 22)

Where is the Land of Enchantment? Where are those scenes that exercise a peculiar fascination over men of all races and creeds? (p. 24)

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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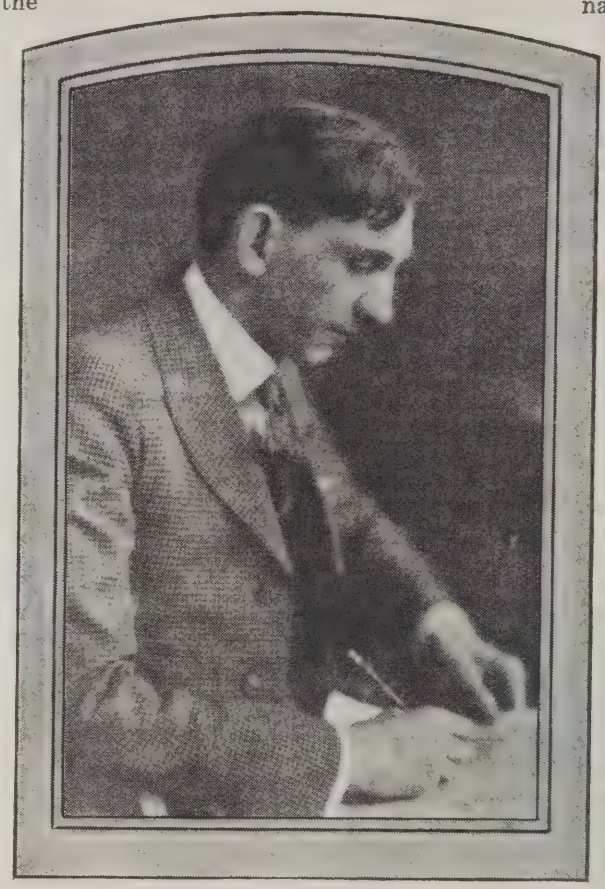
Uncle Sam Moves to His Own Music

America Forcing Its Way Through "the Muck of Jazz" to National Compositions

By HARRY H. DUNN

AMERICAN music, born around Indian camp fires, in the covered wagons of the pioneers, and in the homes and churches of real Americans, is in the transitional stage, but, in spite of the curb put upon it by foreigners, by alien impresarios and directors, the United States is slowly but surely developing a national music, a music which is neither "classical" nor jazz, a music which voices the ideas and ideals, the spirit and the spirituality of the best there is in America.

This is the message of the New World's foremost living composer, Charles Wakefield Cadman, who has lived to see two of his own American operas win success against the flood of alien-born music, and who is now at work on a third similar opera, which seems likely to be as successful as the other two. Hundreds of thousands of copies of his truly American songs are being sung throughout this country today, and he, more than any other composer and director—for he is both—stands at the head of the new American school of music.



CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

"We Americans—and by that I mean those of us who live in the United States—are beginning to develop a national music, just as years ago, Germany, France, Italy, and other Continental countries developed an individual music, each of its own kind," said Mr. Cadman. Working on the music of his third and latest American opera, "The Witch of Salem," he laid down his pencil and leaned back from the piano long enough to tell me just how a music of and from America is starting to force its way through the muck of jazz and the shell of outlander control which foreign hands have forced upon us.

"American music, which had its birth in the traditional and religious songs of the Indians, and which has accumulated much from the pioneers, the trail-blazers, the home-builders and the home-makers of this country, is now in the greatest stage of transition—the blossoming out into a national school of music which is of international importance. Understand me, I am not referring to patriotic music, to national airs, anthems, or other expressions of love of country; I mean that the people of the United States are developing operatic music, song music, dance music, all of its own kind, expressive of the history, the achievements, the developments, the real life, even the industrial advancement of this nation. This music always has existed; it sings from the pines of New England; it resounds in the storms on the Great Lakes; it whispers over the prairies as an echo of the red man's tribal lays and the thunder of the buffalo herds, and it roars from the sky-pointing redwoods of California. It always has been here, but never before have the musicians, the composers, the directors of America been able to express it.

"And it is going the right way, this music, traveling toward a goal of equality with, and probably superiority to, the greater part of the alien music with which we have been fed so long. The work of the American composer today is largely one of experimentation in rhythms and forms. The idea of indigenous musical themes, once held by many Americans, has been abandoned. Do not misunderstand from this statement that the whole background of the United States and its history does not furnish as inspired and as inspiring themes as the history of Europe has furnished for the older operas. But no school of music is being built, or can be built, solely on Indian themes. They are merely ingredients in the musical development American composers and musicians are preparing.

"Operas can be written around the native American themes, just as Puccini did for Japan in 'Madame Butterfly.' The musical world waits for an opera based on the Spanish Conquest of America; the revolutionary period in Mexico furnishes another desirable subject; the 'cachet girls' in Louisiana, a third; the discovery of gold in California still another, and so on for a list of at least a dozen matters of American history. There is today a greater interest in American operas than ever before. The American people are turning to American music to a degree they have not shown since the Civil War. An American composer today is assured not only of a hearing, but of the utmost consideration in the production of his musical work. Companies are being formed to take American operas on the road, and the response to such of these companies as have gone out has been great, a sure indication that the people want and will respond to productions written around American themes. My own American opera, 'Shanewis,' the story of a modern Indian girl in which the leading rôle was sung by Tsianina, herself a modern Indian girl, was presented at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1920-21, and given the best possible production.

"Where, heretofore, the American composer and librettist have been unable to get hearings, their works are now in demand. The reason for this is that the United States is rapidly becoming re-Americanized. Foreigners will not remain in control of our musical life, and, furthermore, will not remain in control of operatic productions in this country except possibly in New York. These foreigners in the past have graciously 'allowed' American operas to be produced, but have not permitted them to live, because they knew what we Americans have just discovered, that, once given the opportunity, American music lovers would prefer American productions to those of foreign composers and librettists. Take, for example, 'The Sunset Trail,' a tale of Indian life and pioneer days, the libretto for which was written by Gilbert Moyle, and the music by myself. This opera was given its world *premiere*, not in New York, but in Denver, in the middle of the continent, last December, and attracted an audience of more than 20,000 persons. Written, composed, acted, sung, di-

(Continued on page 26)

The Responsibility of Being Led

A Friendly Message to Organized Women, by One of Them

By MARGARET C. ROBINSON

ALL thinking people realize that the responsibilities of leadership are great. Most of us, however, are not born to be leaders, and such responsibilities do not fall in large measure upon the average woman. But equally great with leadership is the responsibility of being led. This is not so generally recognized, but it is a responsibility that rests upon everyone who follows the leadership of others, as we all do to a greater or lesser extent. It is *our* duty to make sure that those who aspire to lead us are worthy to be followed, and that they are leading us in the right direction.

Organizations of every kind urge their leadership upon us. Never in the world's history has propaganda of all kinds been so rife. Every shade of opinion and every school of thought is organized and asks our support. The American woman is a marvel to women of other lands in her capacity for and enjoyment of organized activities. One result of this situation is that it is comparatively easy for a few ambitious women, eager to push some political measure in which they are interested, to reach with their propaganda hundreds of thousands of other women quickly and with little expense, through the organizations which they control.

A Powerful Lobby Within a Lobbying City

There is at Washington an organization known as the Women's Joint Congressional Committee which has one of the most powerful lobbies in that lobby-infested city. It claims to represent 12,000,000 American women, and, with this claim, undertakes to bring enormous pressure on Congress. The organizations which this committee is said to represent are the American Association of University Women; American Federation of Teachers; American Home Economics Association; General Federation of Women's Clubs; Girls' Friendly Society of America; National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Association; National Consumers' League; National Council of Jewish Women; National Council of Women; National Educational Association; National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs; National League of Women Voters; National Women's Christian Temperance Union; National Board of Young Women's Christian Associations; Service Star Legion.

Many of these groups have interlocking directorates, and a number of them interlock with some of the most radical and subversive organizations in the country. Florence Kelley, said to be the most influential woman in this combine, stated at a hearing in Washington: "We are now organized with a thousand ramifications. We have more interlocking directorates than business has." (Meatpacker hearing, May, 1921, p. 58.) Mrs. Kelley is a Socialist, ex-president of the Intercollegiate Socialist League, a former lecturer at the Rand School of Socialism, secretary of the National Consumers' League, is a prominent member of that very radical organization, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and belongs to several other of the associations mentioned above.

State Measures Favored by Communists

The three most important measures which this Joint Congressional Committee has backed are the Maternity Bill, the Education Bill, and the so-called "Child Labor Amendment." All three are measures for which a sentimental appeal can easily be made, of a kind warranted to have great effect. *All three are measures which have the enthusiastic support of practically all Socialists and Communists in the country.*

The reply is made to this charge that the fact that Socialists and Communists favor a measure does not discredit it, and that they are praiseworthy for supporting such legislation. This view is held by those who do not know that one of the strictest tenets of Socialists and Communists is that they shall strongly and consistently oppose what they consider "reform" measures. What they demand is the *destruction*, not the *improvement* of our present system. To improve the present system is to preserve it—therefore they oppose improvement. They have a term of contempt for those who desire to improve existing conditions—they call them "meliorists."

The official booklet, "Programs of the Young Communist International," issued by the executive committee of the Young Communist International, February 20, 1923, affirms:

"The militant program of the Young Communist International, however, cannot respect the exigencies of the capitalist economic system, nor be merely a means to eliminate the worst instances of the exploitation of the working-class youth. It must proclaim . . . the complete transformation of the conditions of juvenile labor, and its socialistic reorganization."

One Should Ask the Reason Why

When, therefore, we find the Communists supporting a given measure, we have a right to ask whether they are doing so *because it fits definitely into their own program.* For instance, when we learn from the *Daily Worker* (Communist) of March 11, 1925, that the executive committee of the Workers' party (Communist) has sent out instructions to "all the party's district organizers, foreign-language federation secretaries and the Communist and labor press to begin immediately intensive action to save the amendment" we can be certain that their primary object is not to "ameliorate" the evils of Child Labor but to work toward government control of the *labor, education, and maintenance of youth, which is a vital part of the Communist program.*

Communists confidently count on the support of women's organizations. On December 5, 1924, the *Daily Worker* (Communist) stated its "program" as follows:

"State legislatures must be compelled to ratify immediately the Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution; Capitalism's Congress and State legislatures must be compelled to pass laws providing full government maintenance of all school children of workers and poor farmers, without which, the Workers' party declares, a child labor law is useless."

Giving a Bill a Good Name

On the same page it stated its "policy," which includes "intensive agitation in women's organizations."

There is an old adage "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him." There should be a modern version, "Give a bill a good name and thousands will indorse it without investigation." The Maternity Bill is a case in point. This bill received the indorsement of the Executive Board of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The first year it came before the Women's Clubs of Massachusetts, the sentiment in its favor seemed practically unanimous. It did not go through that year, so the next season it came before them again.

A popular club woman, ex-president of a large club, one of the women who does not choose to be led unless she knows where she is going, had taken the trouble to study this bill, and found much in it to disapprove. She therefore took every opportunity which offered to go before women's clubs to oppose it. As a rule her procedure was *merely to read the bill to her audiences.*

She said the faces of many of the women were a study. They would come to her afterward and say, "But surely *that* wasn't the Maternity Bill which you read to us; *why, it didn't even mention mothers and babies!*"

"Oh, no," she answered, "*it doesn't mention mothers and babies;* it just tells how much of our tax money shall be taken from the Treasury, and how many political jobs shall be created at Washington—*but that is the Maternity Bill.*"

This experience was very salutary, and so many women, after informing themselves of the real nature of the bill, opposed it, that it was defeated in Massachusetts. *These women had been accepting leadership without investigation,* and without realizing their own responsibility in the matter.

During the summer of 1924, a woman greatly interested in good government spoke in a country church in New England on "Practical Patriotism." In the course of her talk she stated her conviction that the so-called Child Labor Amendment was fraught with danger to childhood and to our country. Several members of the local Women's Club were so amazed to hear her oppose this amendment that they invited her to speak to their club and explain her opposition more fully. In opening her talk at the club she said: "I understand that those of you who heard me speak at the church were very much surprised that I should oppose the Child Labor Amendment. I am going to ask all of you who have read this amendment to raise your hands."

Not a hand was raised! These good, conscientious women, supposing that *of course* a measure called "The Child Labor Amendment" must be a good thing, especially as it was indorsed by organizations to which they look for leadership, had not taken the trouble to read it!

So canny are clever propagandists in giving appealing names to their socialistic, bureaucratic measures, that it is a tolerably safe rule *to beware of a bill or an amendment with a sentimental name.* A good bill doesn't need a pretty name —it can stand on its own merits; a bad bill does need a good name, to impose upon the public —and it frequently gets it!

The Trouble of Being Ignorant

Women in general have shown themselves very easily influenced to support Federal bureaucratic measures if the appeal comes to them in a humanitarian guise. This fact gives special point to the remark of a noted Englishman who was asked to address a convention of a women's political organization in Washington soon after the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment. So little accustomed are American women to plain speaking by the opposite sex, that his audience was astounded when he said to them: "The trouble with you is that you are so ignorant. Unless you inform yourselves, you will be a menace to your country."

It is, I am convinced, because women have *not* informed themselves on vital questions of government but have followed blindly the path their radical leaders have chosen, that we see them today, as a well-known club woman has expressed it, "busily and gaily doing what they can to destroy their own and their fellow citizens' constitutional freedom, doing all that they can, through the multiplying of bureaus and the strengthening of bureaucracy, to change our government into a democratic autocracy, to impose its will upon the states and the people." In so doing, they are working to transform themselves and the rest of us from *citizens* into *subjects.*

How shall we define bureaucracy? It is the substitution of government by political appointees for government by elected representatives. It is, therefore, the enemy of self-government, which is the cornerstone of our Republic. George Washington warned his countrymen that it is "the ordinary weapon by which free governments are destroyed."

The Menace of the Communist

A very serious reason why every patriotic person, man or woman, should combat the trend toward bureaucracy and paternalism is that the resulting interference in the personal affairs of the people tends to encourage hatred of our government. This is a curse from which our country has happily been free, because until recently our government at Washington has interfered very little with the right of the people to govern themselves. The enemies of our country who desire to see our government overthrown encourage every tendency toward centralization, *because* it will arouse the antagonism of the people. The Communist party of America, which is the open enemy of our government, is on record as saying: "The American Government . . . has grown into a mammoth monster of centralization, similar to that of the old European governments . . . A centralized government which interferes in the daily affairs of the working class, is the basic condition . . . the fundamental condition for the formation of a nation-wide political mass party—the birth of a (Communist) Labor party."

How can any true American contemplate without dismay the substitution of a Socialist bureaucracy in place of our great Republic? The change is, however, taking place before our eyes, and nothing can stop it but an awakening of the people to its dangers.

A great modern statesman says of this destruction of self-government in the United States: "The most distressing thing about it is that no one seems to care." To me, the most distressing thing about it is the part women's organizations are playing in hastening the destruction.

A distinguished author who is also a prominent club woman, Mrs. George Madden Martin of Louisville, Kentucky, is so alive to the dangers of women's unthinking acceptance of the leadership which is working to replace self-government with bureaucracy that she has written an open letter to her State Federation in which she says: "We organized club women, with our eyes centered through the eyes of our national leaders upon Washington and functioning through this highly efficient lobby which we are helping to maintain, have, in less than four years, gotten behind twelve measures . . . all twelve asking for Federal control as opposed to State control; all twelve straight measures of centralization of power; and all out-and-out pleas for paternalism."

In an illuminating article on "American Woman and Representative Government" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1925, Mrs. Martin says:

"Now it may be that the majority of us women here in the United States are really convinced that our political institutions as now existing are unfitted longer to carry on government as desired by the people. It may be that the majority of us women are ready to abandon that 'dispensation of individual liberty which the Constitution of the United States offers them,' though myself I do not believe it.

"What we women cannot do, however, is make the Constitution a working agent of another, even if a desired system. To have the one, we must first abandon or destroy the other. . . .

"Let us women be as frank here as we are about our lobbying and our group coercion. If the majority of us are agreed against our present system in government, let us say so and get about the next step, which is to declare as frankly what we do want. But at once to ratify a system through a voluntary acceptance of citizenship under the system, and the while be boring from within to destroy what we are ratifying —this would seem to be the part of the witless, the tool, or the enemy."

Reason Why Some Units Unite

A distinguished historian, Professor Wilbur C. Abbott, of Harvard University, in his remarkable book, "The New Barbarians," says:

"Apropos of the entrance of women into political life, it has been urged that one reason for the demand for creation of so many new bureaus is that the leaders of this latest addition to our electorate, finding it impossible to secure as many positions as they require from the present holders of office, seek to create new ones which they may enjoy. This, if it is true, explains many things in our present situation." It does, indeed—it explains, for instance, why the bureaus which they plan and work for are such as women obviously seem fitted to manage—the Women's Bureau, the Children's Bureau, an Education Bureau, et cetera.

The radicals—the out-and-out proletarians—want bureaucracy because it tends to destroy our form of government. Political women want it because it offers jobs for women in politics. The two forces are not yet openly allied, but, as Professor Abbott points out, their combination is inevitable and is rapidly approaching. The Socialists, Communists, and the Women's Joint Congressional Committee were a unit in working for the Twentieth Amendment. They were a unit in working for the Maternity Bill. They were a unit in working for the Education Bill. When the schools of our country, the

(Continued on page 19)

Home, Sweet Home

By ALBERT WOOD, A. I. A.

A modern shingle-sided home designed with spirit and inspiration.

A modern "Colonial" house—built of wood, with wide cypress siding; should stand two hundred years.

"Home, Sweet Home," East Hampton, Long Island, New York.

NO NATION in the world's history has ever been engaged in such a tremendous home building program as we are at the present time. Assets of building and loan associations have increased from $1,100,000,000 in 1912, to nearly $4,000,000,000 in 1924. Out of 116,000 permits issued in sixty-eight cities of more than 100,000 population, during the first half of 1924, more than 84,000 were for one-family buildings, and more than 23,000 were for two-family buildings, and, according to Department of Labor reports, the one and two family houses represented more than 51 per cent of new construction. We find the city of Oakland, California, building, during 1924, on an average of 600 homes a month, and the building of individual homes, particularly in the newer parts of the country, has been breaking all records.

There are a number of reasons for this rush toward home ownership. We are catching up with the normal demands which, during the period of the World War, we were unable to meet. Through the propaganda of the "Better Homes in America" movement, people are learning a great deal about the advantages of home ownership. The many ingenious devices for making housework agreeable and easy, as well as the development of the radio and the other types of entertainment which may be best enjoyed at home, make "Home, Sweet Home" appeal to a greater degree than ever before to every member of the family.

The automobile is playing a big part in developing a desire to enjoy the freedom and comforts of home life, and, by providing individual means of transportation, is opening up large areas that were previously inaccessible. The modern city may be compared to a wheel, the hub containing the huge buildings with all of the facilities for shopping, theatergoing, and the intensive business activities of our modern life, and connected by avenues or spokes to a vast residential area around the rim, which is the borderland between the city and the country.

More than thirteen hundred communities are organizing campaigns to give further impetus to the Home Building movement. As Herbert Hoover, president of this movement, says, "We want the economic and above all the spiritual values of owned homes." The national headquarters of "Better Homes in America," located in Washington, works to coördinate the activities of national, state, and local organizations, which deal with any phase of home life.

Every household magazine of today carries articles on almost every feature of home building, from the illustrations of model plans to articles on every detail of furniture, decorations, and equipment. We find the furniture manufacturers making splendid copies of period furniture, as well as fine examples of modern designs, at prices which make them available to almost everyone. The manufacturers of wall paper, fabrics, and special finishes for walls, offer an infinite variety of very fine things.

The electrical appliances that lighten the housework are almost without number—automatic electric stoves, electrical cooking devices of all kinds, vacuum cleaners, washing machines for both clothes and dishes, being the best known and most commonly used.

The modern living room, which has taken the place of the old-fashioned parlor, becomes the ideal place for the installation of the radio, phonograph or other instruments that supply entertainment and amusement far beyond anything that could have been imagined by our forefathers.

This great interest in everything pertaining to the home is developing, or rather recreating, a type of architecture distinctly American, and our illustrations show some of the most modern homes compared with the home of the Colonial days of more than a hundred and fifty years ago. Then the home was the center of the social life and interest and we always think of that great period as symbolizing all that is fine in home life. It appears that in this day we are rapidly moving toward a period that will even surpass those great Colonial days of the past.

With its cosmopolitan population, it is natural that America should show an internationalism in design unknown in other countries. The vast area of the United States, containing, as it does, all varieties of landscape, topography, and climate, and with an almost unlimited choice of building materials, encourages the development of every style of architecture and every combination of materials. It is perhaps for this reason that American domestic architecture of today leads the world.

The early colonists, bringing fine traditions, ideals, education, and a cultured consciousness to this virgin land, planted the seed that flowered into our most distinctive style of architecture—the Colonial. These early settlers worked with the inspiration that came with developing the first uncivilized country since Southern Italy was settled by the Dorians. How well these craftsmen and carpenter-architects builded is evidenced by the many fine examples still standing, which, although built almost entirely of wood, are even today in a wonderful state of preservation. The shingle-sided house, immortalized by John Howard Payne in his song, "Home, Sweet Home," and built in 1660, is still standing in Easthampton, Long Island, New York. The Mulford House, also built in 1660 at Easthampton, and similar in design and materials, remains today in an excellent state of preservation. There are many fine wooden homes still in existence, more than a hundred and fifty years old, whose details and construction have inspired our best architects and builders to a further development and adaptation of this heritage of architecture.

It is not surprising that with the great volume of building we are doing today, many perfectly atrocious designs appear. It is difficult (Concluded on page 51)

What Does Our Army Do When Not Fighting?

By THOMAS A. WADDEN

WHAT does our Army do during peace times? The average citizen has a fairly good knowledge of the war history of the Army, but he is quite ignorant of its activities in times of peace. For the year ending June 30, 1925, Congress voted the War Department an appropriation of $334,553,786.13. Of that amount, $256,515, 279.13 was appropriated for purely military and departmental activities. Can the War Department justify the expenditure of such a vast sum of money?

Properly to appreciate the present activities of the Army, let us briefly review only a few of its splendid achievements of a non-military character. The Army has been a powerful factor in the development of the nation. The necessary size, efficiency, and resource of its organization enabled it to accomplish many things which were too large, or the commercial value of which was too remote, for private enterprise.

The Army is virtually the pioneer of the pioneers. The Government made the Louisiana Purchase in 1802. All that was known of the territory acquired was that it was a land of rugged mountains, limitless plains, impenetrable forests, and rushing rivers; the home of hostile Indians. Captain Lewis and Lieutenant Clark, with four sergeants, twenty-three privates, and a number of Indian guides, set out in 1803 to explore this vast region and to learn something of its resources. Two years were spent in traversing this unknown land to the Pacific and back. They made surveys, hewed trails, and gained much information of great value to the early pioneers.

The Army conducted most of the preliminary explorations in the early history of our country. It blazed trails; and it alone was able to make surveys and maps which are so essential in the opening up of a new country. When the pioneers moved westward, it was over roads built by the Army, and protected by military posts. They settled on land which had been surveyed by the Army, and their title was valid only by virtue of those surveys. The Army surveyed and marked practically every boundary of the United States, and most of the state boundaries. The Army surveyed the Great Lakes; it built lighthouses to make navigation more safe, and it has spent millions of dollars to increase the depth and width of the channels in the important harbors in this country.

The achievements of the Army are a bright page in the history of early transportation of this country. Up to 1855, there was scarcely a railroad that was not planned, built, and operated largely by Army engineers. They projected, built, and operated for a time such well-known roads as the Baltimore and Ohio; the Erie; the Boston and Providence; the New York, New Haven and Hartford; and the Boston and Albany. Later on, they helped build some of the transcontinental lines. The Army helped dig the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the Erie Canal. The old Cumberland Pike, extending from Cumberland, Maryland, to St. Louis, traversed by many a pioneer on his westward journey, was built by the Army.

To the Army must go much credit for the early development of our steel industry. The Army furnished the original market for steel products and led the entire industry in specifications for design. In 1880, the requirements for high carbon steel in making guns was 50 per cent more severe than were the general industrial specifications. Army ordnance officers introduced alloy steels in the manufacture of army materials and prescribed the use of nickel steel before it had been used for industrial purposes.

Military experimentation in the design of tanks and artillery tractors has greatly accelerated the development of the tractor industry. The tractor has proved a boon to agriculture, because for certain classes of work it is more efficient and more economical than the horse.

Aircraft is now acknowledged as one of the most important instruments in aggressive and defensive warfare. The technique of this industry has shown great advancement during the last few years, due primarily to improvements made by the Army and Navy in competition with other nations. The Army is vitally interested in the development of commercial aircraft not only because of the improvements in design and construction which might result, but also because in time of war it would have immediately available experienced aviators.

The Army was an important factor in improving methods of rapid communication. As late as 1877, it was operating 3,000 miles of telegraph lines in the South which provided the framework of the present systems in that region. The invention of an Army officer, revolutionary in character, permits the transmitting, simultaneously over the same line, of a number of telegraphic messages and at the same time to carry on several telephone conversations. The Signal Corps now operates about 400 telephone systems, half of which are owned by the Government.

The French were compelled to abandon the construction of the Panama Canal because of the terrific loss of

Medical bacteriological laboratory.

life among their laborers as a result of yellow fever. In 1901, medical officers, under the leadership of Major Walter Reed, definitely established the fact that yellow fever germs are transmitted by mosquitoes. Within a few months from the time of the discovery, this pestiferous district was converted into a healthful region. Through the efforts of medical officers, tropical anemia, or hookworm disease, has been practically eliminated. This discovery has reduced the death rate in Porto Rico by a number exceeding the total number of men killed during the Spanish-American War, and the efficiency of the natives has been increased 60 per cent. The sanitation methods adopted by the Army in the Philippines has eliminated beriberi, and malaria has been brought under control.

The progress made by our Army medical officers in their battle against disease is an eloquent tribute to their skill and eternal vigilance. While 7,000 soldiers died during the Civil War as a result of smallpox, and 258 in the Spanish-American War and Philippine Insurrection, only 14 of our soldiers were lost from this disease in the World War, although more than 4,000,000 men were in service. Malaria caused the death of 15,000 in the Civil War, and only 25 in the World War. Twenty thousand of our soldiers, or 12 per cent of the total, suffered from typhoid fever during the Spanish-American War. Vaccination was made compulsory in the Army in 1911, and as a result there were only 2,000 cases of typhoid during the World War, or one-twentieth of one per cent.

At the beginning of the World War, American relief for the stricken people of Europe was effected largely by personnel drawn from our Army. The American Expeditionary Forces provided convoys for American relief, furnished courier service, and helped distribute supplies. The Army preserved order and rendered effective aid during the San Francisco earthquake and fire, the Galveston disaster, and the Ohio and Mississippi floods in 1912.

Space will not permit a recital of all of the non-military achievements of the Army. Enough has been said to show that it played an important rôle in opening up vast regions to our early settlers, in the development of some of our essential industries, and in improving the health of this country, our dependencies, and, indeed, of the entire world. It should be borne in mind that while the Army has been carrying on its non-military activities, it has been called to active service more than 100 times. It is true that a great number of these engagements were only Indian uprisings, but they were of a sufficiently serious nature to call out the Army, and had the latter not dealt with them promptly and decisively they would have undoubtedly developed to alarming proportions.

Baking bread at an Army cooks' school.

What is the Army doing today? What has it done since the close of the World War?

The primary purpose of all the work of the War Department is to provide for national defense. All other activities are merely by-products of its primary purpose. What then is the Army doing in the way of national defense?

Prior to 1916, the War Department was without the legislative basis for a progressive military program for defense. Under the new defense act, it is charged with the responsibility of so organizing the Regular Army that it will serve as a nucleus for a great National Army for use in a time of emergency. Plans for the raising of a great army by the War Department contemplate the expansion of existing units rather than the creation of new ones. To meet adequately this responsibility, it must so organize the Regular Army—composed of 12,000 officers, and 125,000 enlisted men—that the national resources, both men and materials, may be used with the greatest speed, economy, and effectiveness. It must provide an adequate, efficient, and mobile force that is at all times ready and available for any emergency within this country or elsewhere. It must patrol 1,500 miles of Mexican border, and provide adequate defense for our oversea possessions. To protect the latter, we have garrisons stationed in Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Panama, and Porto Rico.

The difficulty of maintaining the Army at a high state of efficiency is increased because of the changing personnel. Under the three-year term of enlistment now in vogue, an average of about 60,000 men leave the Army each year. The new recruits who take their places must be developed into efficient soldiers, and so assimilated into the Army that its efficiency is maintained at a high level. This requires an intensive training, both speedy and thorough. An effort is made to instill in each soldier a self-discipline and skill in the performance of those functions needed in the Army so that he will react speedily and effectively in time of stress or emergency.

Particular emphasis is given physical training by the Army. No soldier can effectively discharge his duties unless he is in first-class physical condition. The physical development of our youth will in itself justify our investment in national defense. Why do Americans need this physical and sanitary training? Records of the World War reveal that 50 per cent of the drafted men had physical defects, many of which would in time prove disabling, but most of which could be remedied with the proper physical training and instruction. The majority of our recruits were awkward, narrow-chested, underweight, and in a subnormal physical condition. With a few months of physical training, with regular hours, and plenty of wholesome food, they became broad-chested, square-shouldered specimens of American manhood. Sixty thousand men, in first-class physical condition as a result of three years' training in the Army, returning annually to private occupations, are a potent factor in the development of the social and industrial life of our nation.

Soldiers learning practical mechanics in an Army school.

Soldiers are instructed in such matters as drill regulations, signaling, marching, care of equipment, tent pitching, first aid, and the customs and

courtesies of the service. They are taught to do teamwork and must learn to think and act for themselves when separated from their commands. Modern warfare is fought not with brute strength, but with science. Nearly half the enlisted men require technical skill to perform their functions in the organization. To provide the necessary training, schools are maintained, presided over by a commandant, assisted by a staff of competent officers.

The following are some of the many types of skilled workers used in the Army: Tractor drivers, chauffeurs, auto mechanics, battery repairmen, tire repairers, ignition and carburetion experts, teamsters, wagon masters, shoemakers, saddlers, blacksmiths, horseshoers, highway and construction men, bridge builders, firemen, sheet metal workers, concrete workers, brickmakers, stonemasons, painters, carpenters, plumbers, welders, wiremen, radio, telephone, and telegraph electricians, linemen, switchboard operators, stenographers, bookkeepers, draftsmen, photographers, motion picture operators, printers, surveyors, pharmacists' assistants, bakers, cooks, tailors, and so on.

Soldier students at Army horseshoers' school.

Approximately 30,000 men annually returning to private life have received training in a trade which will permit them to earn a comfortable living. This function of the Army is not only a great benefit to the individual, but is an important contribution to the commercial and industrial life of the country.

The process of making a successful officer requires years of training. Some of the officers come up through the ranks of the Regular Army, some from the National Guard, some from the reserve officers who served in the late war, some from West Point, and others from the Citizens' Military Training Camps. The education of the young officer is continued at an army post or garrison by practical training and experience in the training of troops, and in other military duties; or he may be sent to one of the schools which specialize in the instruction in the special duties of a particular branch of the Army. Graduates of these special service schools, showing particular aptitude, are sent to the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth. Upon completion of their course there, if they show proper fitness, they may be placed on the eligible list for general staff duty. The Army War College at Washington completes the course of instructions for officers, and those who show unusual ability may be selected for duty in the War Department General Staff.

Reserve Officers' Training Corps are maintained at more than 200 civilian colleges, and some 600 Regular Army officers are detailed annually to conduct this training. In any of these colleges, a student may secure a commission while pursuing his studies. During the last year, 110,000 students were enlisted in the R. O. T. C. In addition, the War Department conducts the Citizen's Training Camps, with an enrollment of 34,000 in 1924, which afford opportunities for able-bodied young men to obtain a commission by taking the necessary training and proving themselves worthy of the honor.

The War Department exercises certain supervisory power over the National Guard in time of peace. In the event of a national emergency, the National Guard becomes a part of our National Army. There are now approximately 10,000 officers and 150,000 enlisted men in the National Guard, and some $25,000,000 is annually spent by the War Department for its training, equipment, and summer camps.

The training of officers and enlisted men is only one function of the Army. They must be supplied with equipment, ammunition, arms, horse equipment, tools, machinery, food, clothing, hospital supplies, housing, and countless other things. As conditions change, many kinds of equipment become obsolete, thus making it necessary for army experts to be constantly at work studying, investigating, and experimenting that the Army may keep abreast of the advances made in the science and art of warfare.

In modern warfare, mobilization of industries is imperative. In the late war, the Army was unable to gather up quickly the great multitude of necessary war materials. Industrial plants were hastily converted into factories for war supplies, often at a loss to the owners; in other cases, people whose greed exceeded their patriotism made unconscionable profits at the expense of the Government. To eliminate as far as possible the confusion, loss of time and money in any future emergency, the present plans provide for a mobilization of our industries by a committee of experts, composed of civilians and Army officers. A comprehensive survey is being made as to the location and size of plants, the kinds of work they are best equipped to do, and the cost of their product.

Fortifications are necessary at strategic points to protect our naval stations, harbor facilities, and important cities from bombardment, and to provide safe anchorage for our fleets. To offset recent improvements in aircraft, and long-range guns, these forts must be continually improved, and their batteries modernized. There are 25 of these forts which protect such important harbors as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and San Francisco.

One often hears criticisms of the "red tape" of the Army. These critics fail to take into consideration that in such a vast organization, open to criticism, as it is, by any citizen of this country, it must have certain recognized rules of procedure in performing its functions. To grasp the magnitude of the administrative details of the Army, consider that in the files of the Adjutant General's office alone there are records of 30,000,000 individuals, nearly 10,000,000 of which have had military service. In 1919, that one office received more than 80,000,000 pieces of mail.

In addition to all the functions incidental to the maintenance of the "War Machine," the War Department is charged by statute with the administration of the civil government of the island possessions of the United States. The Bureau of Insular Affairs handles all the business of the Philippines and of Porto Rico amounting to more than $78,000,000 annually. (Concluded on page 20)

EDITORIAL

MR. Dawes, the Vice-President, is making what he undoubtedly feels to be a popular campaign for the revision of Senate rules. If he were protesting against a condition which suppresses and tricks, he could probably raise, even in this off political year, some public interest. The public is always against the gag and the shrewd legal twist. But a set of rules which gives everyone free speech for as long as he likes spells freedom and frankness, and it will be rather difficult even for a Vice-President to present those qualities in an undesirable light.

Mr. Dawes Not Very Impressive

If Mr. Dawes replies that he does this to expedite legislation, the answer is that if Senatorial talk delays legislation, let us have more talk that we may have less legislation. We have too much legislation now that was born of too little threshing out of the subject. Let the mere orators be corrected by the fact-finders, and then let both wrestle together until it is too late to add to our mountain of laws.

Imagine that happy time when legislation shall be superseded by conversation. Then, it may be, we shall get somewhere.

RARELY does success greet the great church financial drives, the probable reasons being that they originate at the top and then try to force themselves down upon the people, and that they represent a method of procedure which the people have not learned to associate with religious projects. Most of the large denominations have the failure or wreckage of drives to deal with at present. A happy exception, however, is that of the Episcopal church in its effort to make reasonable and decent provision for its aged ministers. This drive, it is announced, actually exceeded the figure set. As it is not an effort at denominational aggrandizement but a human and Christian act in behalf of men whose good works are seldom even partially rewarded in this world, its success is pleasant to contemplate.

A Church Drive That Made Good

IT IS an old and honored maxim that advises us, "Play your part; make the best of your life among the circumstances in which your lot has been cast."

That is probably good advice. But it is honored too exclusively. Monopolies invariably lead to an abuse of power, and the swing allowed this maxim gives it something in the way of a monopoly.

Regarding the Reign of Circumstance

If it be true that all truths are of Dionysus or of Apollo, this is an Apollonian truth. What, then, is the Dionysian truth in this matter?

Merely this: that there is no such thing as a "lot," that in fact "circumstances" are a vulgar superstition—a miserable left-over from feudal days, when the serf was told his slavery should be kept unsullied by the desire for freedom; the desire for freedom being an insult to God, who had ordained that the serf should be a bondsman all his so-called life.

A survey of the universe, whether scientific or philosophic, finds no "lots" cast, and no "circumstances" possessing in actuality the stability allowed them in the word. There is one thing constant under the sky, and that is change. The circumstance that today presents an unyielding front, and with others forms a wall that forces one to shape one's course to conform with it, will tomorrow be qualified, transformed or undermined so that to circumvent it or trample it needs only wit and will. But *tomorrow*? A day is not always wanted. Even an instant may serve the turn!

IN one column of the papers we are told how the Japanese representatives at Geneva and the American representatives kidded themselves with liberal doses of this international friendship stuff. In another column we read how scores of swift Japanese power boats, "ostensibly out fishing," the responsible correspondent says, scurried through the length and breadth of the American fleet in naval practice at Hawaii, and how they visited the ammunition stores and the repair facilities. It is this discrepancy between what gentlemen say at banquet tables and what governments do as matters of daily routine, that adds to the skepticism of nations and leaves unchallenged the statement that between nations there never has been and cannot be such a relation as friendship. Even our own gentlemen, while expressing, as they say, the Americans' undying admiration for this nation or that, are holding out financial threats which are today the most formidable of armaments and offering to crack anybody's head who fails to meet certain demands.

Saying Is Not Always Doing

IF all the tales are true that come out of the dry navy, the United States is on the job and will act against the rum smugglers as against any other injurious invaders of this country. The almost intolerable fact is that the situation has been allowed to continue so long. There is probably an understanding with the Government of Great Britain as to this action of force against men who are for the most number British nationals. This supposition is grounded on the fact that genuine British sentiment is against the attempt to break a friendly nation's laws. The smugglers have been warned by sentiment in Britain and have defied it; they have been warned by sentiment in America, and have defied that; the next and logical resort is to force, and to force of such a character as leaves no doubt about it.

The Dry Navy May Shoot

WHEN George the Second was king, there was an old admiral named Vernon who wore a cloak of coarse green cloth called grogram. From this circumstance he was nicknamed "Old Grog" by the sailors of the fleet. "Old Grog" decided that the rum ration of the sailors would be improved by dilution, and the mixture was thenceforth known as "grog."

What Is Grog?

No doubt "Old Grog" was commended by the government for his economy, although he was reviled by the old salts. But they little thought that nearly two hundred years afterward some of the sailors would be willing to do without the rum ration in its entirety, for the few extra pence added to their pay.

During the World War, Winston Churchill encouraged the men of the navy to do without the rum ration, and gave them the option of receiving an equivalent in money. Many took advantage of this, and so much has the taste for liquor declined in the British Navy that the authorities are seriously discussing the total abolition of the grog allowance.

In these days of increased cost of living, the extra amount of cash which the sailors will receive in lieu money is a consideration.

But the British are only following the example of Josephus Daniels, who banned alcoholic berevages when he was Secretary of the Navy. But "Old Grog" started it.

"DEFLATION in over-optimism" is new, euphonious, and strictly accurate as applied to the present situation in the speculative markets, where confidence in unwarranted boasts of prosperity "just around the corner" led many to indulge in a gamble on the continued rise in quotations failed to get out before the market collapsed.

"Deflation in Over-Optimism"

"Deflation in over-optimism," as nearly as can be learned, is a phrase coined by William F. Knox president of the American Bankers Association, and he sprang it at their meeting at Atlanta in April.

The gist of the address by President Knox is that real business conditions were but slightly, if at all, affected by the fluctuations of the stock and grain markets. And he spoke truly—as far as he went.

Could the losses in market gambling be confined to those who prefer to win a dollar rather than earn it, the over-optimism and its deflation might be passed over as an amusing incident. There is a tragic sequel which brought loss to thousands of innocent investors who had no thought of gambling. During the presidential campaign they pointed to the improved business as based on a permanent demand, and predicted even greater prosperity if the President should be chosen to succeed himself, although they know, and Mr. Knox now admits, that speculative and business trading have no relationship. The election went as desired and an inflation of stock process began. The bankers knew there was every reason for conservatism, but were so busy sounding their hallelujah chorus of "four years more" they failed to note even the diminishing aggregate of deposits until those who relied on their predictions had lost their money.

Didn't you hear how agriculture had come back? And didn't you know better?

Government reports of visible supply, acreage condition, etc., were bullish from the time of marketing the 1924 crop. Spring wheat growers were led to excessive sowing by prediction of grain shortage. Basic conditions of business, while fair to good, did not warrant a boom, and the Federal Reserve stood back with hand ready to close the throttle of the power if expansion became too great.

All this was known to Mr. Knox and his associates, but not generally, and no warning was given of the coming storm, save by investment papers of the better class and a few publicists who write as they see and not as they are told.

Aside from this, legitimate trade has expanded in more orderly fashion, and the real boom is still up the street.

CONSIDERING their enterprise in other directions, it is rather strange that newspapers have not considered and adopted the idea of Exchange Reporterships. Maybe it is a new idea, and this may be its first mention to them; as to that we cannot say. But it is apparent from contact with newspapers that such a system would add greatly to the efficiency of the daily press.

Why Not Exchange Reporterships?

No city now is self-contained. We have motor centers and pickle centers and steel centers and textile centers and agricultural centers and financial centers and political centers and propaganda centers, knowledge of which outside them is dependent on what comes over the wire. Rumors that fly abroad and that arrive at newspaper offices by every kind of channel are impossible of judgment, there seldom being on the staff a man of first-hand knowledge of the probabilities. If newspapers in the pickle center could exchange, say, two of their best young men with newspapers in the motor centers, and permit them to undergo an intensive process of getting acquainted with industries and conditions away from home—acquainted, not as hurried travelers looking for a story, but as guest reporters working along the regular lines—it would make for a broadening view of our country as a whole. As it is, newspapermen get a semblance of this by becoming something very like tramp reporters.

The Press of the country needs more of research and less of reporting just now. Very much of what it reports is not true, but it does not know that. It knows that it gives a true report of what it receives, but it has no standard by which to judge the truth or completeness of what it receives. There are industrial organizations in this country that no longer rely on the press, because the press will no longer dig to the basic strata of the facts with which it deals. The newspaper is so vital to the country, and instant confidence in it may become so necessary in a moment of emergency, that no means should be spared to bring it to a higher degree of service and reliability than it has ever attained.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT may be one reason for the antipathy of professional reformers against the method called Efficiency, that it came out of the Shop. The Shop is not the scholar's library, nor the literary forum, nor yet the porch of philosophy, but it has gained a larger place than these in the life of the people, and will be judged as sharing largely in the glory of humanity's rise. Only futile minds, tugging vainly against the onmarch of development, will indulge a feeling of superiority to the Shop.

From a Carpenter Shop came the sublimest teaching known to man. From a Cobbler's shop came the most successful scheme of world conquest. From a print shop came America's profoundest practical philosopher, "B. Franklin, Printer." From a potter's shop came the enameled ware that furnished our tables. From the poor shop of a lonely experimenter, down to his last desperate expedient, came the discovery of vulcanizing rubber, which allowed children and women to go safely through storm and cold, and led the way to the tire on which the whole world rides. The list is interminable. Take every article of use—no, limit the list; take every article that spells the difference in the waste of time and strength and life between the last generation and this, trace it to its source, and you find a Shop.

People who like a "nice" life, with utilities and conveniences and even luxuries of quality and taste, often profess to dislike the Shop because it seems to spoil their vista of a "nice" life; yet without the Shop their life would not only be primitive but sordid in the extreme. It is a strange pass of disordered if not dishonest thinking to which our unemployed visionaries have come.

The Factory, the Works, the Shop—by whatever name you know it—is too close to be fully known but the future will name it more nobly than we of today can dare to think. Mass action like the Crusaders is not disdained today.

From one point of view it would seem that what the world suffers from is not the Factory but the Forum. Industry is based on principles which cannot be violated; they are imbedded in the nature of things. Consequently industry presents a unity of practice and a breadth of service that can scarcely be compared with any other activity of men. Philosophers are all free lances on an ocean of guesses. Religions present a mass of differences and antipathies. Theorists in every field run hither and thither, each a law unto himself, and satisfying himself his only service. But industry, day in and day out, feeds, clothes, comforts, houses, yes educates and churches and intellectualizes the world, and without it none of these services could be fulfilled, nor even our present moderate standard of civilization maintained.

But those facts are not alone. There is also the fact of Efficiency. If service to humanity on equal terms to all will not remove from industry the undeserved stigma of "materialism," it cannot fail to be removed by this fact of Efficiency. For this is but an expression of reverence—it comes to that—for the values of humanity, materials and time. It is the application of the law of the conservation of energy to the human task. It is, to use the homely old saying, using the head to save the heel. In mechanics, it is lifting the burden off persons and putting it on steel. In motion study, it is finding the most direct way to the objective, saving steps, saving wear on the human organism. Efficiency is first intelligent, and being that it follows that it must be humane.

But that is not the whole of its value. Efficiency has not finished its work as a system imposed from without. Unless it is a principle adopted from within, approved by the intelligence and self-certified by experience, it remains exterior and artificial.

Work that is not intelligently directed effort—that is, work that is not pushed forward and directed by the man, instead of the man being pushed by the work—is drudgery and is the stuff of slavery. The old system which false reformers plead for had in it the making of slaves, men being pushed by the work and directed by the boss. The new system of efficiency brings the intelligence and direction of the individual into play, and, by placing him in contact with the fruits of intelligent mastery, tends to develop the element of mastery within him.

And this result in any mind, in any life, is not to be called "materialistic." It is the emergence in a man of that faculty which makes him master of matter.

All men are not voluntarily intelligent; they must be taught. All men do not see the high escape from drudgery in work by putting intelligence into work; they must be taught. All men do not see the wisdom of fitting means to ends, of conserving material (which is sacred as the result of others' labors), of saving that most precious commodity Time; they must be taught. And many men resent being taught. Progress is irksome to them. Here is the origin of the grudge against Efficiency. But even among tens of thousands of such men the benefits of it are apparent.

FROM the time that the sublimest teaching known to man came out of a Carpenter Shop, the Shop has played a leading part in the betterment of humanity. From honest industry arises that unity of practice and breadth of service that feeds, clothes, educates and intellectualizes the world. The system of efficiency that enables men to put intelligence into their work develops the elements of mastery within them, and makes them better and happier men. But all men are not voluntarily intelligent, they must be taught the best means to every end.

The Record of a May Day

Observing and Communing With the Creatures of the Lawns and Woodlands

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

THE robin and the cardinal have set the exercises of this May day in motion when the world is filled with their cheerful melodies at 3:30 o'clock in the morning. The wood thrush is nearby and has added his musical contribution to the beginning of the day's exercises. The robins and blackbirds are the first to be seen out on the lawn. The blackbirds walk in a sort of military style probing the ground for worms and turning over every leaf in search of pill bugs. The poor earthworm has little chance of escaping to prevent a tragedy in its life on this May morning. If the blackbird gets a good grip and the worm is somewhat reluctant to release its hold, the bird breaks it in two and is satisfied with its trophy. The joy of the May morning for the blackbird is a tragedy in the life of the little earthworm.

But does it make any difference what becomes of the insignificant little earthworm? Does it amount to little, and is it fit for anything save food for birds and fishes? Not so. This denizen of the soil has added a mighty contribution to our boasted civilization. It has helped us build our cities, establish libraries, schools, churches, good roads, and, moreover, it is largely responsible for feeding and clothing the human race.

Soils must be replenished, else the
food crops fail to grow;
Grave as it may seem, bare
Tragedy has ruled it so;
In the soul's enjoyment of the
things that are good to see,
Silently stern Tragedy brings blessings rich to thee!

Agriculture lies at the basis of all prosperity, at least with us in the United States. To make it a success, the relics of tragedies in the form of dead organic bodies of both animal and plant life must be thoroughly incorporated with the organic earth. The elements must be well distributed. The earthworm is the one chemist who has for centuries worked day and night mixing the soil with the subsoil, the organic matter with the inorganic, that the earth may bring forth her crops in greater abundance. All hats off then to this humble little denizen to which, blind as it is, and even though it is born a worm and dies a worm, we owe much.

Hauls out a white grub.

As the robins and blackbirds on this May morning turn over bits of paper and old leaves, the pill bug with its shell like an armadillo, rolls up into a perfect ball. The birds long ago discovered this little creature's means of protection, and though it may look as round and lifeless as an unsavory pebble, yet they are willing to risk gulping it down even though they are likely to swallow a few real pebbles.

The triple-trunked persimmon tree in my front yard is almost constantly being visited by blue jays, mockers, cardinals, and English sparrows. Seeing these birds alight on the ground or in the tree, the sparrows fly insolently at them in an effort to frighten them away. The blue jays and blackbirds seem to be the only birds that are able to stand their ground this morning.

Watch the punishment.

Down near the trunk of the tree, I have left a pool of pure drinking water, and the birds are going there to quench their thirst and for their morning baths. The mocking bird flies down on the ground and drinks gracefully, taking precautions at each dip to see that no cat or other enemy is near. The other birds fly down one by one, and the pesky sparrows tantalize them by surrounding them. Their contemptuous acts cause the other birds, except the jays and blackbirds, to postpone their baths.

With all his undesirable reputation as an avian citizen, I take my hat off to the blue jay for his courage and true birdliness. He is no coward, and, as far as I have observed, is not a bully. As he wades in the water to enjoy the cool bath, the sparrows surround him. Does he take flight like some other birds? You can see that he has a temper and a sense of right and wrong. The feathers on his head stand erect denoting mental provocation! He does not pause to reason with the sparrows. He dashes at them and gives the hardest peck his strength can afford. I give the manly jay a hearty applause.

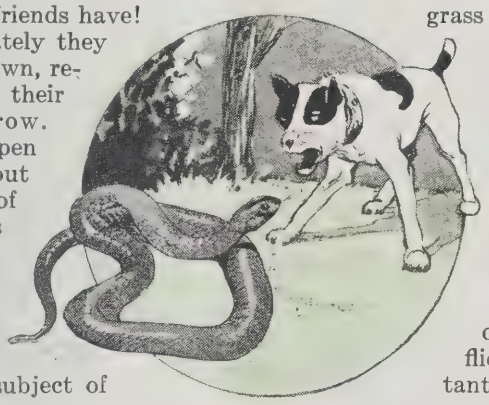
A robin is observed to walk across the lawn with head erect. His beak is pointing at an angle of scarcely forty-five degrees. He travels over the grass by taking a series of quick hops and these little races seem to come in spurts. No other bird has a better trained eye for objects on the ground or for living things in the soil. See how quickly he can turn over a piece of paper, a scrap of old leather or a dead leaf. He catches his game humanely and gracefully. For locating white grubs that lie beneath the surface of the soil the robin should certainly be given the silver cup. How quickly he hops to a clump of blue grass. It may seem absurd to the non-observer that it is possible for any creature to kill or to capture insects in a dignified manner, but there is grace in the robin's every movement.

He pecks down at the base of a tuft of grass that lies so near that I am sure that he can almost here me breathing. He seals a scrutinizing eye on me as well as on the evidence of his breakfast. Spying some signs of a white grub he strikes the soil at the base of the tuft of grass with a heavy blow and drives his pointed beak into the ground. Then quick as a flash of lightning he hits a second blow, throwing his head to the right, then to the left, and so on. These quick plunges throw the dirt out, and then he reaches in and hauls out the white grub. Succeeding with the first attempt at locating the grub, I watch him to ascertain the percentage of his efficiency. He moves speedily up to another tuft, pauses a moment to see that no danger is imminent, and then proceeds to locate signs of another grub. Quick as a flash he has sent the dirt flying on both sides, and behold, he has scored a second prize, and I wonder if his judgment is a hundred per cent accurate!

At this moment his plans are somewhat upset by three sparrows that fly down and harass him in a rude and insolent manner. They have almost

gained my extreme hatred this May morning, for a righteous mind detests a bully and a glutton! The robin pecks at one of the sparrows but does not rush at it with the determination that the jay did. In a few minutes the sparrows have disappeared, probably to look for another visiting bird to tantalize.

Robin keeps up his game, and behold, there come three blackbirds to join him in the grub chase. Such keen eyes these friends have! See how deliberately they walk over the lawn, reminding one of their relative, the crow. They keep an open eye for enemies, but display no signs of fear or uneasiness as the robins do. In fact, their behavior would indicate that their minds are much at ease on the subject of enemies.



The dog grins grotesquely.

But I must keep my eyes on the robin a while longer, for I am to mark his grade this morning as to the degree of his efficiency. Thirty minutes and he is ready to remove to my neighbor's lawn and when I have checked over my record I find that he has made 75 per cent. What a wonderful bird that can make such a high percentage in locating invisible white grubs that lie beneath the sod! When I take my mattock I cannot average more than 25 per cent!

Scarcely has my robin flown when the English sparrows return to harass the blackbirds. They hop around the blackbirds and one slips up and calls one of them all the ugly names known in the avian tongue. There is no word in the English language that will adequately describe the degree of insolence with which the sparrows treat the mocking birds this May morning. As I watch the disgusting behavior of the sparrows, I find it somewhat difficult to repress my anger. But presently I see a female sparrow hop near a blackbird and take the offensive. I am near enough to see the anger flame up in the blackbird's eyes. He makes a quick jump and surprises me by alighting on the sparrow's back, and begins to peck the back of her head. The sparrow spreads her wings out on the ground and while the blackbird hammers away she cries for pity and assistance. The blackbird continues to hammer her on the top of the head, pulling out a mouthful of feathers each time and spitting them out on the ground.

The other sparrows alight on the grass and watch the punishment that is being meted out to their sister, but the blackbird is not touched by the pitiful cries of its victim. The other birds tiptoe around the blackbird but make no effort to secure the release of their sister. Their behavior indicates that they are anxious to help, but they know not how to begin. They fly away, but as the cries of the victim become louder they return and walk close by its side. The blackbird shows no signs of nervousness, but deliberately pauses long enough to look at each sparrow, one at a time, with a mouth full of feathers, as if to say, "Will you now take heed?"

Again he pecks and hammers and finally removes the brains of his victim and throws them out on the grass in the presence of the members of its family. At this moment, the other sparrows take flight. The once noisy crowd of sparrows has become funereally silent. The blackbird steps from his victim, walks around, dips his beak in the soil to clear it of the gore. He then flies away leaving his tantalizer dead on the grass.

For twelve years cardinals, mocking birds, and vesper sparrows have been roosting in the unpruned Amoor River privet hedge in my backyard, alongside my bedroom. I have grown accustomed to their awakening calls as well as their happy good-night messages.

Two catbirds came in yesterday and took up their residence in the same hedge but they are the exclusive occupants this May morning. Their coming has added a tragedy in the lives of the other birds. The catbird is a beautiful singer. His voice is soft and much more mellow than the mocker's. As I slip under the hedge, he frisks about not more than five feet above my head and sings away in a tone so soft and low that were I not so near him, I could scarcely hear his voice. His concert is worth it all.

The catbird with all its sweet strains descends to the undignified mimicking of the cat. His calls cause many birds to give up their haunts to him. The happy home of the cat bird this May morning means tragedy in the lives of other birds.

Humped against huge roots.

Down at my feet, as I write these lines, are hundreds of young plants just making their first leaves on this beautiful May morning. When they burst the old seed husks a few days ago and basked in the sunshine life was full of promise. This morning scores of snails are nipping their tender leaflets.

But the snails will not get them all. Some will be left. When the zinnias, marigolds, the pinks, and petunias blossom, will the tragedies of their early lives be forgotten? Then will come the Devil's Riding Horse who will take his stand by the side of a flower and will so conceal himself that when an insect comes from afar to seek nectar it will be easy for him to grab it up in his strong legs. Suppose that the Devil's Riding Horse lets one pass him by. Down in the flower there sits a spider whose color so matches that of his surroundings that the insect rushes into his arms before it is scarcely aware of what has happened. The joy of the spider means a tragedy in the life of the captured insect.

I go to the grapevines whose fruit is now set. On the tender twigs and leaves appear thousands of plant lice busily engaged in sucking the juice from stems and leaves. The bodies of the plant lice swell with the juice and the two ducts on the back of each insect exude a surplus of honeydew. Over their tiny bodies ants are continually romping, stopping here and there to eat some of the sweetness. The ants are as industriously engaged in attending to their herds as the dairyman out in the country is to his.

Witnessing one tragedy for almost every joy this May morning, I decide to visit the tall timbers far away from the noisy streets. Five miles and a half and I find myself on the banks of the Chickamauga in the midst of a thickly settled agricultural section, where Nature presents peace and rest.

Scarcely do I reach the wooded land before my ears are met with the shrieking cries of a toad in distress. The dog which is pioneering my way rushes to the center of the scene. A blacksnake has a toad halfway in its mouth, but when it sees the dog, releases its victim and the toad leaps joyfully. Its long leaps soon take it safely into a patch of briars. The dog grins grotesquely. The snake is a shiny, ebony-hued reptile, lying near a bed of Indian pinks, sweet Williams, golden ragworts, Venus' looking-glass, and cinquefoil. All is quiet, but the dog again grins grotesquely and rushes madly at the serpent.

A blacksnake is a fast skimmer, but this one halts in the presence of the dog. So far as I know, this is the dog's first experience in tackling a snake. Then how does he know which is the best way to handle a serpent? Why does he show hatred in his eyes and manners? He wastes no time in grabbing the snake near the middle of its body and shakes it so vigorously that he whips the life out of it against the ground. When the dog lets go its hold the snake is dead.

I continue to seek (*Concluded on page 28*)

Where Are Israel's Lost Tribes?

History and Tradition Say the Anglo-Celtic Races of Britain and America

By PAUL TYNER

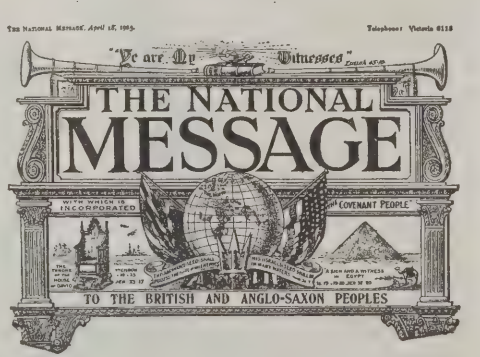
—London.

OVER against the claim of the Jews to be the "Chosen People," to whom dominion over the whole earth is supposed to be promised by the Scriptures of the Old Testament, stands the militant challenge of the British-Israel World Federation. How many readers may know of the beliefs of this international body, it is impossible, of course, to tell, but among those who know, a portion probably regards them as fantastic in the extreme. I frankly confess that they seemed so to me, until recent study and investigation. The age-long problem of what has become of the "Lost Ten Tribes of Israel" is boldly solved by identifying the Anglo-Celtic-Saxon peoples of Britain, America, and Australasia with the House of Israel. This is in itself a startlingly interesting declaration, opening up enormous possibilities. Taking the whole matter out of the dry and dusty realm of antiquarian or ethnological research, it brings it into the realm of practical politics.

> ARE the Jews God's Chosen People? The Bible says that Israel occupies this place.
>
> Who is Israel? The British-Israel World Federation says that Israel comprises the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic peoples of Britain, America, and Australasia.
>
> The Chosen People, therefore, are composed mostly of the Northern White Race—their principal political divisions being Great Britain and the United States.

In 1844, the Rev. F. R. A. Glover began the study of Irish history which led him to the conclusion, first published in 1860, that the Royal House of Britain is descended from King David of Israel. The royal pedigree was first traced to Tea-Tephi, a Hebrew Princess and heiress to the throne of her father, Zedekiah, last of the Hebrew kings. She was brought to Ireland by the Prophet Jeremiah soon after the sacking of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar in 586 B. C., and married Eochaid, the Paramount King of Ireland. Lest the ever-blessed and ever-victorious Irish should become too puffed up by this news, let me add that descent of the present British dynasty is also traced from King David by several collateral lines to a certain Anna who was a daughter of Joseph of Arimathea who was uncle of the Virgin Mary, and from Anna to King Arthur by one line and to King Owen of Wales, founder of the house of Tudor, by another.

Other rather curious ancillary incidents, put forward by writers on "British-Israel Truth" as the result of long and careful search, concern the Coronation Stone now in Westminster Abbey and sometimes called the "Scone" and "The Stone of Destiny." On this Stone, every monarch of the United Kingdom since James I of England and James VI of Scotland has been crowned, and every King of Scotland before that dates back to the first King of Ireland, who was also King of Scotland and who moved his seat from Tara to Edinburgh. It is said to be not only the veritable stone on which Eochaide and Tea-Tephi were crowned at Tara King and Queen of "Israel in the West," but also the stone on which the head of Jacob rested at Beth-El when he dreamed of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven and the ascending and descending angels. One writer, an Irish clergyman who for years lived in view of Tara's Hill, goes so far as to advance arguments to the effect that Jeremiah and the Princess brought to Ireland also with their stone of Beth-El the Ark of the Covenant and the Tables of the Law given to Moses and that these were, by the prophet's direction, hidden in a carefully concealed vault in that historic hill which Moore made famous by his song, "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls."



Facsimile of the title on *The National Message*, the organ of British-Israel World Federation.

If we accept this pedigree of the British Royal House, the Kings of Britain have all really been Kings of Israel and the people of Britain and their over-sea descendants form the Nation of Israel—the real "Chosen People." It is also claimed that the great historic admixtures with the Britons due to the invasions of Saxon, Norman and Dane do not alter the main fact, these peoples also belonging to the Ten Tribes, being indeed various individual tribes coming all unknowingly to join the Nation.

Fundamental in the position of British-Israel is the idea that the Bible is a true revelation of the divine will and purpose in history, presenting from Genesis to Revelation the historical development, redemption, and restoration of mankind. This plan hinges on the training, building and development through age-long experience of a great *nation*, even a "Company of Nations," destined, in an ever-expanding empire and with growth to world-wide influence and power, to reap fulfillment of ancient promises and to prepare the way of the Lord and the establishment of the kingdom of justice on earth.

At the headquarters of the British-Israel World Federation, 6 Buckingham Gate, almost opposite Buckingham Palace, I found the editorial and publication as well as the administrative offices of the Federation domiciled in a spacious building, once the town-house of a nobleman, and during the war serving as offices for a special branch of the United States Educational and Publicity Bureau. There Herbert Garrison, F. R. G. S., the Secretary General, received me most courteously and furnished me with much of the information already given. A large room on the ground floor is devoted to the sale of the Federation's numerous publications and I was amazed to discover that the literature of the movement was exceedingly voluminous and various, consisting not only of works on the Bible prophecies and their exposition, but also on history, ethnology, geography, travel, anthropology, and antiquarian lore bearing directly or indirectly on the great theme of Israel's present-day identity and rapidly unfolding destiny. Mr. Garrison, who has himself written much on the subject and who addresses weekly, at the Central Hall, Westminster, large and keenly interested audiences, is an enthusiast with a logical and scientific mind.

He stated:

"This British-Israel teaching will unite and consolidate the English-speaking world as nothing else can. It gives a solid basis for Anglo-Ameri-

can solidarity and places in the hands of these two great peoples (really one in Israel) the mightiest regenerating agency of the age. It proves the inspiration of the Scriptures, silencing infidelity and shaming the scorner, clearing up mysteries and bringing order out of seeming chaos by proving the divine design. In establishing the identity of our race with Israel (not Judah or the Jews, for we differentiate clearly between Israel and Judah) it makes the Bible a new book and one of paramount contemporaneous human interest. With this, the teaching gives the world a new and hopeful outlook on life generally and kills out the deadly pessimism that has so long been rampant.

"We have reached a momentous epoch in human history. Amid much unrest, bewilderment and confusion of thought, people are crying out for light and guidance. This teaching offers today a rock-foundation whereon the doubting and the puzzled can find certainty and stability, for we perceive the Divine Plan running through history, and we recognize it in actual present operation.

"British-Israel is not a sect nor denomination and we hold no Sunday services; but we accept the fundamental truths of the Christian religion and provide a common platform for all denominations. As a matter of fact, our membership includes adherents of all the churches whether of the Anglican or the Non-Conformist communions. Our president is the Right Honorable Lord Gisborough and among our patrons are Her Royal Highness the Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, granddaughter of Queen Victoria and wife of the present Governor-General of the Union of South Africa; the Earl of Dysart, Lord St. John of Bletsoe, the Bishop of the Falkland Islands, the Right Honorable W. F. Massey, Prime Minister of New Zealand and Major-General C. A. Hadfield. Our congress, held last October in Central Hall, Westminster, brought speakers and adherents from all parts of the world, for you understand the Federation is not merely local but one of all the British-Israel councils, associations and believers everywhere and Americans have large part in it. Addresses were made, among others, by Rev. Dr. Dinsdale T. Young, pastor of the great Central Hall Congregational body, Bishop Vaughan, General Coventry Williams, C. B.; Colonel A. B. Prowse, Dr. Philip Young, Dr. W. Gornold, F. R. A. S.; Commander Roberts, R. N.; the Rev. Merton Smith, the Rev. William Pascoe Goard, F. R. G. S.; Cannon J. C. Hollis, M. A.; Doctor James Mountain, H. A. Marchant, Professor La Grange of the Belgian Royal Academy and Director of the Royal Observatory at Brussels; T. W. Plant, the Honorable Miss Akers Douglas and the Rev. G. H. Lancaster, M. A. Among those accepting our teaching may be named Queen Mary's mother, the Duchess of Teck; the Marchioness of Waterford, Earl Roberts, Admirals, Lords Fisher, Roberts, and Beresford."

Before leaving the British-Israel headquarters I was further privileged to have an extremely interesting talk with a leading personality in its world-wide work. This was the Rev. William Pasco Goard, chief missioner of the movement and editor of its international organ, the *National Message*, a bright and interesting weekly. He was introduced to me by Mr. Garrison as one thoroughly conversant with all the ins and outs of the movements and particularly well qualified to speak on its bases and beginnings. In the course of the interview, Mr. Goard said:

"The beginnings of Israelitish occupation of Britain go back to seven-

REV. WILLIAM PASCOE GOARD, F. R. G. S., Chief Missioner of the British-Israel World Federation.

teen hundred years before Christ. This is established by ancient British records recently unearthed by scholars and shows that the larger branch of the House of Israel was established in these Islands before Joshua led the smaller branch into Palestine. The records had long been buried out of sight by alien influences who even tried to obstruct efforts made to uncover the beginnings of British history which disclosed the truth. Israel is distinctly a *NATION* and the Bible is, first and foremost, a record of *the national history of a race* which during 4,000 years of its now authenticated history only occupied Palestine one thousand years, entering that land in the year 1400 B. C., and coming out of it in the year 400 B. C. Even during this occupation, there was a constant stream of immigration into Palestine from other races and a flood of refugees from Babylon and Assyria and Egypt. The larger proportion of the Israelites sailed to Britain and settled in Ireland. They formed also the original stock of the populations of Britanny, Spain, Normandy, Gascony, Scandinavia, and Cornwall.

"The throne of David was established in Jerusalem in the year 1100 B. C., and continued there until 588 B. C. It was then uprooted, ten of the tribes taking the name of 'Israel' and the remaining two that of 'Judah.' After this separation the Jews never again became citizens of the Nation of Israel. So for more than 2,500 years they have been strangers without the pale of Israel—*Goyim*, as they erroneously term the Christians of British-Israel's race."

"There is an impression that this movement identifies the Anglo-Saxon race with only two of the ten tribes, with Ephraim and Manasseh," I remarked. "Would not that leave eight tribes to be accounted for?"

"The ancient British," Mr. Goard replied, "were made up of fragments of all the ten tribes and as late as Our Lord's time they had established a populous and thriving colony in these Isles. The Jews then were but a 'remnant' of the House of Judah and the bulk of the ten tribes were still 'beyond the Euphrates.' That is, they were scattered through Armenia and other parts of Asia Minor and along the shores of the Black Sea. So the British Isles were left to bear the brunt of the Roman attack. Later the Saxons came into this country and as they were also of the Ten Tribes, they advanced civilization in this country by about a thousand years. The Tribe of Benjamin became separated from the Jews on the Fall of Jerusalem, the Romans under Titus allowing them to pass from the captured city through the opened ranks of the legionaries. Another great section of the tribes came to Britain when the Normans joined their kindred here under Rolla, and still another with the invasion of the Danes under Hengist and Horsa.

"Britain is the Israel of the prophecies and not only heir to the possessions promised by God to Israel, but in actual present possession. The Jews for many generations have been mistakenly convinced that the British were Gentiles and that therefore they were justified by the Law of Moses in taking from them by any indirection, as in 'spoiling the Egyptians.' The next great war—the real Armageddon—will be fought on that issue. To tell the average commercial Jew that the British are Israel drives him mad. Why? Because he realizes that—again according to his ancient and unchanging law—if Britain and the United States are Israel he must make restitution of all that he has robbed and cheated the 'Goyim' out of, *with an addition of twenty per cent!* That is his own law and he knows it. This judgment and operation of the Law is what the Jew fears more than anything else that could happen to him. Instead of applying the 'Law of the Brother' in his dealings with British and American Christians, he has applied the 'Law of the Stranger.' It should be noted that the *(Concluded on page 27)*

Can You Think on Your Feet?

Some Essentials of Good Oratory and Some Peculiarities of Good Orators

By THOMAS L. MASSON

I HAVE heard a great number of our public speakers, not only of today but of the last generation, and in general they can be divided into two classes: those who appeal to the emotions and those who appeal to the mind. The latter class can be summed up in the remark made by a woman admirer of Henry James, after she had heard him talk: "I didn't understand a word he said but wasn't it wonderful?"

I think on all counts that Bob Ingersoll, whom I knew personally, was the best speaker I ever heard, for he united both methods. I once heard him give his lecture on Shakespeare in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and although I sat way back in the gallery in a crowded house I heard easily every word he said. There was something intimate and human about his appearance that is indescribable. He was quite tall, well-proportioned, with a round, bald head. His phrasing and his humor were both inimitable. I do not suppose his lecture on Shakespeare would pass current among the highbrows, yet he gave me a much better idea of the immortal bard than I got from any book I had ever read; especially where he said Shakespeare's immortal phrase, "there is no darkness but ignorance," was put into the mouth of a clown, so prodigal was Shakespeare of ideas.

A friend of mine told me an interesting incident about Joseph Conrad, who visited America a few months before his death. They were in an automobile touring through New England, when the car took fire, and they were obliged to wait for several hours on the road for repairs. Conrad brought forth a copy of Macaulay's speeches on the reform bill, and read them aloud with great delight. This interested me so that I got down Macaulay's speeches to see why Conrad liked them so well. It is recorded that Macaulay's delivery was poor. But he had an astonishing memory, and was able to present his entire speech practically as he had written it.

Among moderns, Chauncey Depew has always been notable for his memory. Melville Stone told me he once heard Depew deliver a speech which he had dictated a few hours before, and which he had barely time to read over once in the typewritten manuscript, which he gave to Stone. Stone said the speech lasted nearly if not quite an hour and it was word for word as Depew dictated it.

Among all our Presidents I suppose that Woodrow Wilson—with, of course, the exception of Lincoln—would rank the highest, as our presidency has developed very few orators. Wilson made few gestures. He displayed no passion. Yet he evidently paid great attention to the form of his address, and I have always thought he modeled his talks on the method laid down by Cicero. He arranged his ideas beforehand in sequence, and took pains with his peroration. He came to my house once before he delivered a political speech, and, after telling me how nervous he always felt before speaking, was as eloquent as I ever heard him, especially where in the end he drew a picture of the American flag which greatly moved the audience, so much so that when he sat down people came up to him with tears in their eyes.

Within the past few years there has been a great revival of public speaking in this country. In many towns classes have been formed, and a widespread desire shown among both men and women, to be able to think on one's feet. There are various reasons for this. One is due to the development of the art of salesmanship, and the general attention paid to the business value of self-expression. Another reason is the spread of the get-together idea, as externalized by the Rotary and the Lions clubs, and many others. Furthermore, woman suffrage brought with it a host of woman orators. This, together with the profits made by lecturers, has stimulated the ambition of the American people to express themselves individually. The whole movement is very significant and interesting. Also, on the part of what may be termed the audience-mass as a whole, has come a great curiosity to be informed upon various matters by those who are experts. Thus a man who has acquired the reputation for knowing any particular thing is almost certain to be urged to talk about it.

Is there any short cut to oratory? I do not think so. One of the great difficulties to the novice is the inability beforehand to understand just what facing an audience really means. It is only when the final moment comes, when one steps out on the platform, that the horrible doubt, the narcotic speech-robbing effect

It is only when the final moment comes that the narcotic speech-robbing effect sweeps over one.

sweeps over one. In that swift moment, like a flash, comes the hideous feeling of remorse over one's silly confidence and lack of preparation. Yet it is a well-known rule among trained public speakers that learning one's speech beforehand word for word is a very risky business. Mark Twain, early in his career, learned this bitter lesson when he memorized a speech before a select group of literary men, including Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet Longfellow, Emerson, and others. His speech was too flippant for such a dignified crowd, and yet he had no other and was obliged to deliver it to the tragic end. This oratorical debacle, however, was due to the fact that he had only one speech. Later, as he became more experienced, he acquired—as most speakers acquire—a number of different openings, which enabled him to fit his talk to the atmosphere of his audience. He generally learned his talk beforehand, and then resorted to table articles to recall the order of his ideas; for instance, a saltcellar standing for the beginning, a cup and saucer for another, and so forth. Broadly speaking, this was the method advocated by Cicero, who, as I recall his observations, used architecture for his scheme. In an oration he would assume that the various parts were like a building.

The effect of oratory is very much overestimated.

Those who have listened to humorous speeches no doubt think they are offhand. The truth is that all the successful humorous speakers I know take infinite pains beforehand and generally memorize. I heard Mark Twain on his seventieth birthday dinner in New York. His speech sounded as if it were offhand, but he had been practicing it for weeks. The same thing was true of Simeon Ford, who was at one time by far the best after-dinner speaker in America. He was always able to "size up" his audience beforehand, as it was generally a collection of men engaged in the hotel business, he himself being the proprietor of a large hotel in New York. But where the audience was in another business as, for instance, in his talk to booksellers, he adapted himself to their ideas and, because of his solemn manner, invariably brought down the house. Irvin Cobb, at present one of our most successful humorous speakers, takes great care beforehand. He is one of the few humorous speakers who tell really good stories, his Negro dialect character sketches—for they are really more than mere anecdotes—being genuine works of art.

I have always thought that the universal American habit among public speakers of telling stories was due to our national self-consciousness, which compels our speakers to fall back on props. Nothing is more effective in a talk than a good story in the right place, and nothing is more disheartening than a bad story in the wrong place. Beginners in oratory should avoid telling stories until they are able to do so without depending upon them. Novices are apt to think that if they can open with some bright saying or anecdote they will have gone a long way toward success. The truth is almost always otherwise.

If a talker begins well, unless he keeps up to this level throughout, the effect is bad. But if he begins haltingly and then slowly gets better as he goes along, the audience rises immediately to his thought and this restores the confidence necessary for him to sustain himself. It is very difficult to explain this growing confidence. It can never be relied upon in advance. Also, audiences differ so much in their atmosphere that what will "go over" big with one audience will be received coldly by another. I once spoke impromptu to a New York audience that was in a gay mood, and although my talk was inconsequential and delivered on the spur of the moment, it caught them and was such a success that I determined to repeat it on a later occasion in the country. Just before I began, however, an elderly gentleman came forward and said: "I heard you in New York last week, and like you so much that here I am again." I was so disconcerted that I made a complete failure, and for weeks after could not think of that evening without a sense of horror.

Any person of ordinary intelligence and education may become a good speaker.

Charles Dickens was a great talker, and owing to his fine dramatic ability in addition, his reading from his own books was an event in anyone's life who heard him. When he visited this country in 1842, a great banquet was tendered to him, and Washington Irving was asked to preside. Irving, who was no speaker, looked forward with dread to the evening and kept saying, "I shall certainly break down." Forster, Dickens' biographer, thus describes what occurred:

"Mr. Irving rose; and the deafening and long continued applause by no means lessened his apprehension. He began in his pleasant voice; got through two or three sentences pretty easily, but in the next hesitated; and after one or two attempts to go on, gave it up, with a graceful allusion to the tournament and the troop of knights all armed and eager for the fray; and ended with the toast, Charles Dickens, the guest of the Nation. 'There,' he said, as he resumed his seat amid applause as great as had greeted his rising, 'There! I told you I should break down, and I've done it!' "

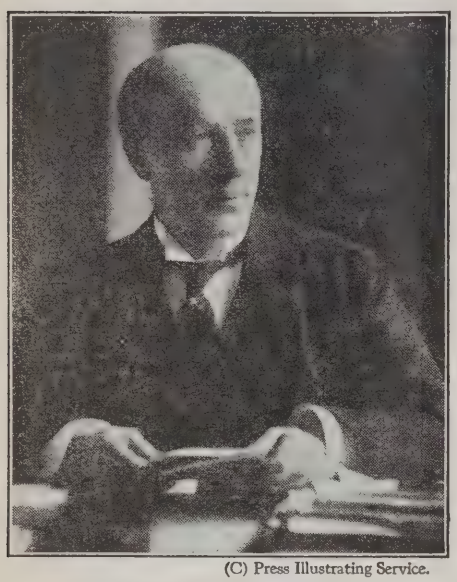
When Matthew Arnold visited this country in 1886, he made a poor impression and after his first lecture had to be coached. The dean of one of our most prominent universities told me that they engaged Matthew Arnold to lecture at the university. Before he began his lecture he insisted upon being paid in cash; he would not accept a check and they had to scurry around and get the money.

When Mrs. Herbert (Margot) Asquith came to this country a few years ago, her first lecture was in Carnegie Hall, New York. The curtain rose and Mrs. Asquith was discovered sitting in a chair at a table. She began telling a story about a horse that had thrown her. Her voice wasn't good, and someone cried "louder." A little later a woman in the gallery leaned over and said in a loud voice that she was going home. Mrs. Asquith replied from the stage that she didn't blame her. I heard her a few weeks later, however, and she was very much better. She held a manuscript in her hand and referred to it con-

(Continued on page 29)

Gold or Paper—Which Is Better?

How Wall Street Wiles Affect Bank of England Bullion



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REGINALD M'KENNA,
Who has been elected chairman of the London City and Midland Bank.

By MAURICE MANNING

This is the second and concluding article on the subject of the Gold Standard.

WALL Street controls the banks of New York, the banks of New York dominate the banks of the whole country through Paul Warburg's Federal Reserve Board, while the agriculture and the manufacturing industries of the country are dependent on the local banks.

A "Currency Expert" rises up in London at this juncture to explain the popular idea that a "return to the gold standard" means a resumption of the use of gold sovereigns and half-sovereigns is all wrong. All this gold coin was called in at the outset of the war in 1914, and a restored gold standard has no necessary connection with its reissue to take the place of the government paper currency which has proved so satisfactory and popular. All that such restoration means, he says, is that we should be ready to pay our foreign indebtedness as it normally occurs in the course of commerce in hard gold —a thing England has not done since 1914. It means that any foreign firm in any part of the world who has an admitted claim on any British firm in Great Britain, whether it takes the form of a bond, or a bill of acceptance, could collect it through the usual channels, and, in the ultimate resort, in the form of gold; or that any one buying British currency could exchange it anywhere in the world for gold. Since 1914, such a creditor could not do this, because the law then forbade the export of British gold, which lay, as it lies now, to the tune of 120-odd millions sterling, locked up in English bank vaults.

The gold standard can be restored quite effectually without affecting the internal currency of Britain, and if the people prefer the use of the Treasury notes they can do so. The public simply holds and uses the paper money while the banks keep the gold!

It is said, however, that the banks intend to make the abolition of the Treasury notes part of the new scheme. This for several reasons: First, these notes offer too convincing an object lesson of the fact that a gold or gold-based currency is as unnecessary as it is expensive and that it is peculiarly subject to monopoly manipulation. Second, properly regulated paper currency menaces the banks' monopoly of the mechanism of exchange. Third, there is put out an idea that the banks really want to unload the gold in their vaults, because holding gold is an expensive process, for which the public instead of the banks will pay if the gold can be put into circulation. Gold basis or no gold basis for the currency issued by the government, no question arises as to the "gold reserve" of the Bank of England, or of the standing of the Bank of England notes issued against it. This generally accepted form of currency long preceded the war, continued during the war and has survived it. If the Bank can substitute its circulating notes for the present Treasury notes, its "Earnings" will be multiplied several times.

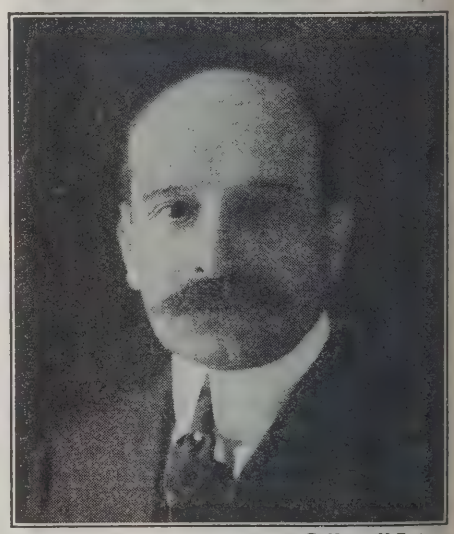
One serious objection to the imposition of a gold instead of a paper currency on the people of England at this time is the cost to the taxpayers of any such transaction. The Treasury notes now in circulation amount to £281,000,000, while the gold in the banks amounts to £123,000,000. To restore the gold currency, it would be necessary to buy abroad—that is, in the United States—£155,000,000 of gold bullion. That means the taxpayer would have to pay something like ten million pounds a year for the privilege of exchanging his Treasury notes for sovereigns in no way more valuable.

Certain by-products of the raising of the bank rate are attracting distinct attention. There is a government floating debt of nearly £800,000,000. With the rise in the Bank of England's rate, the rate of interest on this debt must also be raised one per cent—at a cost to the nation of eight million pounds. This is hardly a good showing for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to whom the nation is turning at this time for relief from crushing public burdens of taxation.

Another thing, as the joint-stock and private banks generally lend money at a rate of one per cent higher than that asked by the Bank of England, the tax on British industry increases accordingly. British industry is borrowing from the joint-stock banks about one thousand million pounds a year. One per cent advance on this amount means a fine to the business community of an extra ten million pounds ($50,000,000) yearly. As a writer in the *Daily Express* puts it, the bank rate advance "costs the nation eighteen million a year as the price of being dragged at the tail of American finance."

Much of the attack on the action of the Bank is really leveled at Winston Churchill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has many enemies in all parties. His assertion that the Bank's action was purely a matter of its own domestic policy with which he had nothing to do and could not properly interfere is questioned. It is said that the governor and company of the Bank of England, being a body elected by no one and responsible to no one, the real master of the Bank, and so of the rates of interest in England, is the Chancellor of the Exchequer who has under his hand $800,000,000 of floating debt on which he has power to fix the rates of interest, so fixing the rate for all loans. Besides, the Chancellor controls a managed currency, so that he can inflate or deflate the volume of money and with it the values of securities as he chooses.

This is plainly *ex parte* pleading. It leaves out of account the power of



(C) Harris & Ewing
PAUL WARBURG.

the lender not the borrower to fix the rate of interest, even when government is the borrower. And it ignores the fact that the real master and dictator in the world's loan markets today is the House of Rothschild, of which the Bank of England is simply an appanage.

Housing authorities throughout the country complain that the rise in the bank rate will have the effect of increas-

ing the rent of houses which are built while the present rate is maintained, as many small builders carry on largely with borrowed money. One housing expert estimates that the increased charge for money will be equivalent to an increase of 25 per cent in the labor cost and will involve a corresponding increase in the rentals of houses, so crossing the narrow margin of profit that makes the building of small houses for the workers possible.

In a debate on the rent restriction bill in the House of Commons, Mr. Wheatley, minister of health in the late Labor government, declared that the increase in the bank rate meant an increase of about £3 a year in the rents of small houses. He put the increased costs occasioned by one per cent dearer money as equivalent to an increase of 50 per cent in the wages of builders.

Reginald M'Kenna, chairman of the Midland Bank and a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, seems to wobble a bit. Addressing the commercial committee of the House of Commons recently, he dealt with the pros and cons of the question of the restoration of the gold standard and showed that he has not been entirely in agreement with the action of the Bank of England; but he expressed the belief that on balance gold will come into Britain without any obligation on Britain's part to attract it by high money rates.

This belief he based on the assertion that America will be a willing seller rather than a willing buyer of gold and that the output of the metal is more than sufficient to meet all the world's demands. Every purchase of this gold by the Bank of England, he said, will lead to *an expansion of credit.* "But," Mr. M'Kenna went on, "the effect of our past policy in attempting to force the appreciation of our currency, whether by restricting credit or by charging higher rates for money than are current in the United States, or by discountenancing the issue of foreign loans on our market, has been to create a situation which may have a serious reaction when we first get back to gold." He declared himself of the opinion that these were only matters of temporary importance and that "reversion to the gold standard will eventually be attended by an influx of gold and an improvement in trade."

But Mr. M'Kenna, like Mr. Montagu Collet Norman, favors a reversion to the gold standard with a string to it. The gold must be kept in the banks and the raw material of money in which the banks deal must, on the Federal Reserve plan, be controlled while increased in volume to a tremendous extent at the will of the banks. The "gold basis," in fact, is simply to figure as the fictitious measure of a fictitious unit of value while the banks are to buy and sell the mercantile credits supplied by the borrowers! "If with the reversion to the gold standard," Mr. M'Kenna concluded, "the gold sovereign were allowed to pass into circulation, it would be disastrous to our trade prospects." Plainly, credit has displaced *cash* as the world's medium of exchange!

Bankers and economists generally in England are agreed that the restoration of the gold standard in the world can only be achieved by England, and that England, in this matter, is absolutely dependent on the assistance of the United States, which means the action of the Federal Reserve Board, now indisputably the most powerful financial organization in the world.

What is the attitude of the Coolidge Administration on this point? In an address at the farewell dinner given to him by the Pilgrims on the eve of his return to America to take up the duties of Secretary of State, Frank B. Kellogg said:

> "I look forward with hope to the day when there will be a free gold market in England and in all Europe. In answer to a distinguished London banker who recently asked me what we were going to do with our gold, I answered, 'Bring the pound sterling to a gold basis and restore the currencies of Europe and the gold question will settle itself.'"

The Responsibility of Being Led

(*Continued from page 4*)

youth of our country, and the care of maternity are all directed by bureaus at Washington, we shall have arrived at the condition concerning which our great historian, John Fiske, warned us in his "Critical Period of American History":

"If the day should ever arrive (which God forbid) when the people of the different parts of our country should allow their local affairs to be administered from Washington—on that day the progressive political career of the American people will have come to an end, and the hopes that have been built upon it for the future happiness and prosperity of mankind will be wrecked forever."

Bureaucracy is, besides, the most expensive form of government. Under it taxes can be and are raised indefinitely and this, too, will tend to increase ill-will and hatred toward our government.

A bureau, once formed, seems to be immortal. Its principal aim is to perpetuate itself. As President Coolidge has pertinently said: "It is a difficult task to separate people from the Federal service." A less dignified commentator says: "It is easier for 10 camels, 25 elephants, and 16 giraffes, all marching abreast, to pass through the eye of a needle than for a Federal officeholder to give up his job." Should not American women, then, be a little less ready to follow their leaders in indorsing measures which would enormously and permanently increase the size, cost, and menace of bureaucracy?

I have said to various members of the League of Women Voters: "Do you really want to change our American form of government into a bureaucracy, after the object lessons which Germany and Russia have given us of the evils of that form of government?" Some of them do not know enough of government to understand what I mean, but others have said indignantly: "Of course not. I don't believe in these bureaucratic measures." "Then," I say, "do you think it is honest to allow your leaders to count you as indorsing them, and to hold you as a threat before Congressmen as one of the 12,000,000 whom they represent?" I have never yet found one who had an answer to this question.

For our own self-respect, we women should rejoice in every evidence that not all organized women can be led like sheep, but that some do their own thinking.

During the campaign in Massachusetts for and against the Child Labor Amendment, a debate was held at the Y. W. C. A. rooms in one of the large cities. Before an audience of more than 150 women, speakers stated the arguments for and against the amendment. At the close of the debate the presiding officer, herself an advocate of the amendment, said: "Now we will take a vote on the question. All those in favor please raise their hands." To her great amazement, evidently, only a dozen hands were raised. Without concealing her annoyance she said sharply: "Vote! Vote! Why don't you vote?" Thus urged a few more hands were slowly raised, but not enough to please her. "Well, then," she said, "*I'll* vote!" Raising her hand high, she kept it up while still urging her hearers to "vote." At last, when the situation was rapidly becoming ludicrous, she counted the raised hands, which numbered 23. Then she called for the negative votes, and when she saw their overwhelming majority, she said crossly: "It's no use counting them." It probably took some courage for these women to vote against the indorsement of their association, and against the attempted coercion of their president, but they stood by their convictions and did it.

As women begin to understand more clearly the real nature of the legislation which the women's lobby at Washington is demanding, many of them are rebelling against such leadership. There has been a veritable "Declaration of Independence" on the part of certain club women of New Hampshire, which is truly refreshing. In New Hampshire, as in other states, women have been

divided into two camps over the Child Labor Amendment. The legislative chairman of the New Hampshire Federation of Clubs happens to be a member of the New Hampshire legislature, and also a bitter partisan for the amendment. The impression was given, either intentionally or unintentionally, that she represented the State Federation in advocating the measure, and she constantly gave out to the press extraordinary propaganda. One of her statements was that 89,000 children were working in the cotton mills in Georgia. Statistics show that the Georgia mills employ only 45,000 workers, including men, women, and children! Her statements, many of them easily disproved, reacted to the discredit of the State Federation and protests were voiced by club members.

The Citizens' Committee which opposed the amendment in New Hampshire included in its membership some well-known club women who refused to allow the public to be misled as to their views on the subject. They issued two leaflets in protest. The first said: "The Women's Committee is bringing pressure to bear on state legislatures and the general public for ratification. They claim a backing of twelve million women. Whence comes the authority for this claim? We women at home know that little if any effort has ever been made to ascertain our convictions on the subject. But we women, the rank and file of the membership, alone hold the authority for such backing. We have not given it. In New Hampshire we cannot find that any state organization has taken action in favor of the amendment. In view of these facts, the claims of the Women's Committee are absurd if not actually dishonest."

The second leaflet takes up the local issue in vigorous fashion. It says:

"Has the Legislative Committee of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs authority to state that 12,000 club women of N. H. endorse ratification of the 20th Amendment?

NO

"The question of ratification has never been presented at a Federation meeting. Neither has there been any general referendum on the question among the 12,000 club women.

"The only official indorsement of the 20th Amendment, in the name of the Federation, has been by vote of the Executive Board, at a meeting in November, 1924. The Executive Board consists of 28 members (5 members constituting a quorum). This vote of indorsement was in nature of a recommendation only; it had no authority to commit the 12,000 club women of the State to this legislative measure. The method of obtaining such authority for influence with the Legislature is fully provided for.

"At the annual meeting of the Federation in Milford, May, 1923, the duly elected delegates of the federated clubs voted as follows:

"That all legislation pertaining to those matters which have engaged the attention of the N. H. State Federation be presented at the Presidents' Conference to be held early in January the year of the biennial session of the Legislature.

"Endorsement of any measure at this meeting shall direct the future action of the Legislative Committee of the N. H. State Federation."

(Secretary's Record)

"In an editorial in the December Federation Bulletin, each club president was reminded of this ruling and requested to conduct a full discussion of legislative measures (including the Amendment).

"A vote of endorsement of the club will instruct the officials who attend the Presidents' Conference to vote for them (i. e. legislative measures) as Federation measures."

(Federation Bulletin, December, 1924, p. 6.)

"On January 28, 1925, the Presidents' Conference was held in Concord.

THE EXPECTED VOTE WAS NOT TAKEN

"There was, however, evidence of decided opposition to the Amendment on the part of club presidents in attendance.

"According to the Federation ruling above quoted an endorsement at the Presidents' Conference directs the (*Concluded on page 23*)

What Does Our Army Do When Not Fighting?

(*Continued from page 8*)

Although the Republic of San Domingo and Haiti are not United States possessions, the Army has supervision and control of the customs' receivership, involving the annual expenditure of more than $22,000,000. The history of the Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Panama is the story of the conflict between civilized forces and those of reaction and decadence. That the civilized forces have emerged victorious is largely due to the intelligent administration and constructive talent of our Army.

Gas warfare is a development of the late war. The Chemical Warfare Service is not only experimenting to develop the use of gas for war purposes, but is endeavoring to make its discoveries of great commercial and medical value. Mustard gas is being employed experimentally with great hope that it may prove a valuable retardant in the treatment of tuberculosis. Because the employes of gas factories during the war appeared to be immune from the ravages of influenza, it is expected that a gas treatment will be developed as a cure to that disease. One of the greatest problems of sanitation is that of effective and safe fumigation. Tear gas, with a concentration of only one-eighth the strength which would injure human life, has been found by the Chemical Warfare Service to furnish effective fumigation. This branch of the service is also coöperating with the Department of Agriculture and the Air Service, in an effort to exterminate the boll weevil and other insects which annually destroy millions of dollars' worth of property. The Chemical Warfare Service is coöperating with the Navy Department in search of a compound that will prevent the collection of barnacles on ship bottoms; experiments are being conducted to prevent the destructive action of the teredo and limnoria on piling and other wooden construction in sea water.

One of the most important functions of the War Department is the improvement of waterways for the interstate and foreign commerce in the United States and her possessions. Since the inauguration of this work in 1824, the initial cost of the improvements, with their maintenance and operation, exceeds more than $1,000,000,000. Nearly three-quarters of this amount has been expended on the improvement of thirty of our principal ports.

Frequently, we hear the complaint that our Army costs too much money. In a year, we spend for candy and chewing gum three times the cost of our Army; our tobacco bill is four times as great; theaters, cabarets, and similar amusements cost us three times as much. If we followed the average policy of the world, we would have a standing Army of one million men, with a proportionate increase in cost.

The expense of maintaining our Army should be looked upon as the premium we pay for insurance against war, and the threats of war. When we consider the protection the Army affords this country and its possessions; how as pioneer it expedited the early exploitation of our great natural resources; its important rôle in the development of some of our essential industries; and its contributions to science and the health of the nation—then we must realize that the benefits derived fully justify the cost.

Toil and Trouble at Washington

Some Pickings From the Political Pot, Palatable and Otherwise

By M'KEE BARCLAY

THE political pot has ceased to bubble.

The Senators and Congressmen have scattered to the far-away home bailiwicks, the Republican elephant dozes at Washington and the leaderless Democratic donkey almost hopelessly waits for the call of "His Master's Voice." Since the passing of Woodrow Wilson no man has arisen from the *hoi polloi* or from the ranks of the lesser leaders whose personality or whose policies could give the assurance of attracting the sort of following that would make its chief stand out from his fellows. The Kilkenny fight staged in Madison Square Garden started so many private feuds that the Democratic party has a plethora of factional captains but no real leaders. The much-talked-of "Conference of Leaders" would at this time mean only the gathering together of hatchet-carrying and gun-toting factionists. The healing balm of elapsed time has not yet done its work. There are at the present no compelling incentives to action by the demoralized leaders of the feudists. No immediate rewards are in sight. The paralysis that resulted from the stroke of last November must more completely disappear before it is advisable to make an attempt at peace pipe smoking.

The politicians of the Democratic party should understand that no project to *manufacture* harmony will succeed. Any effort to concoct the synthetic sort will be wasted.

The business world is wondering just what tax-reducing agencies will be set in motion between now and next December when our national lawmakers assemble again.

No one denies that Mr. Coolidge has an able adviser in the person of his Secretary of the Treasury, but Mr. Mellon's influence for good as the maker of Treasury policies has several handicaps attached to it. Unfortunately for him, great publicity has been given the charge, made by the Federal Trade Commission and backed by his fellow Cabinet member, Attorney-General Stone, that his Aluminum Company of America has been guilty of iniquitous practices in restraint of trade. This and other accusations have prevented Mr. Mellon from standing as a purely disinterested adjuster of taxes. Whatever Mr. Coolidge attempts to do to relieve the tax situation must, to be successful, have the backing of a united public opinion. The President would probably be better off had he a man of ordinary attainments and moderate wealth as titular head of the Treasury, with the great Pittsburgh expert standing by as unofficial adviser.

We are now becalmed in the political doldrums, latitude unknown, longitude uncertain. The barometer shows no signs of weather disturbances in the way of election typhoons or congressional session thunderstorms.

As these quiet *ad interim* days glide smoothly by, with no turbulent and unsettled election conditions for Business to rail at, we should be in a position to congratulate ourselves on the gratifying progress which the nation is making in its way along the "readjustment" route to prosperity. But just now there are little evidences of occasional uneasiness among careful business men at the frequency of the optimistic statements of business conditions by financial leaders and captains of industry which are finding their way into print. Those who have had to buy with increasing care and tighten up on overhead are beginning to become slightly suspicious of the over-cheery prognostications of general prosperity. While they are not trying to tune in on the song of the crêpe-hanger they do not enjoy the creepy sensation produced by the shrill whistling of the fellow who is passing a graveyard. Some of them are hoping that Congress will meet early in the autumn for a readjustment of taxes and that this or something else, as yet undefined, will do the work that persistent propaganda has failed to do.

Who has the President's ear?

"Ear, Ear, Who's Got the Ear?" seems to be the popular indoor game in Washington just now. Everybody knows that Senator Butler has had the Coolidge ear since 'way back in days of yore; Mr. Stearns, the President's fatherly adviser, has also had the President's ear; if we may believe the newspapers, Mr. Hoover has his ear, and in days past Mr. Mellon was credited with being its custodian.

However carelessly the distribution of ears may have been handled, the most significant feature of the matter is that when the time comes for pondering over presidential policies the ear into which Sponsor Butler talks listens best. While Mr. Hoover seems to concern himself only with matters that affect Herbert Hoover, Mr. Butler is consumed with an all-enveloping zeal for the welfare of Mr. Coolidge, the President, while Mr. Stearns is only concerned with the comfort and well-being of Coolidge, the Man. While Hoover has been raking men, bureaus, commissions, and departments into his maw, Butler has not been letting the clover grow under his feet. Hoover goes at his machine-building job shod with thick-soled, hobnailed brogans and when he essays to tiptoe, as he does at times, he is about as noiseless as a wooden-legged man dancing a jig on a tin roof. Butler wears shoes with sponge-rubber soles. He confines himself to the business of warwicking and mentoring—with results of dubious advantage to the mentored.

Caesar had his Brutus, McKinley his Hanna and Coolidge *may* profit by their example.

No one who knows Messrs. Mellon, Hoover, and Butler doubts for a moment that whatever of liberal declaration or action has emanated from the White House (Concluded on page 30)

The Leaderless Party: "I don't hear a thing but silence."

America's Unpaid Debt to France

Obligation Assumed After French Pirates Had Robbed American Ships

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

"FRENCH Spoliations Claims" is little more than a phrase in the average mind, but to Calvin Coolidge, Warren G. Harding, Woodrow Wilson, William Howard Taft, and the United States Court of Claims it stands for debts that the government has owed for 125 years but which it still fails to pay. President Coolidge reminded the recent Congress of this debt in his first message to it and asked that it provide for the payment of these claims. It has gone into history without action to that end.

The persons to whom the money is due are the great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren of American citizens whose ships were unlawfully seized by French privateers during that four years of near-war, 1796-1800, which existed between this country and France. The French admitted the obligation, but it was assumed by the United States as part of the bargain of settlement between the two nations. Half of it was paid after a delay of a hundred years. The rest still stands.

The story of these spoliations, a chapter in American history that is so embarrassing that it is usually avoided, is a strange one, quite difficult to understand. It is the story of an infant nation that had not yet found itself, dazed by the struggle for independence through which it had just passed, floundering in a maze of difficulties, threatened by the great powers of the earth, torn by factionism at home, humiliated. It is the story of acts on its part that seem indefensible, yet acts but for which the United States would today, in all probability, be bounded on the west by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

The Struggles of an Infant Nation

The United States wrote her first treaty with any nation in 1778, two years after the Declaration of Independence. The treaty was with France and gained the support of that nation in the war for independence. In return, the United States pledged to support France in any future war she might have with Great Britain, to defend her possessions on this side of the Atlantic. She agreed to make no similar treaty with any other nation.

Yet, in 1794, under pressure that she seemed not able to resist, she signed a similar treaty with the other party to the triangle, Great Britain. Britain would have come down on her from the north if she had not. She would have been in great danger of having her western territory taken from her.

In 1796, after the French had chopped off the head of Louis XVI, and France, like America, had become a republic, she precipitated a war with England. She expected the United States to come to her support, but that country failed to act. She expected her specifically to defend the French possessions in the West Indies but she made no move to do so. France broke off relations. Then she sent out her privateers, instructed them to seize all American merchantmen, on whatever pretext they chose. These privateers were already preying on English shipping. With the addition of American ships the hunting became rich. Privateering became rare sport for French adventurers.

French Seized Many American Ships

For four years the French took American ships where they found them. They placed technical charges against them, charges that had no standing in prize courts. They were charged with having touched at British ports, a thing which, under international law, they had a perfect right to do. They were charged with having violated some French-made regulation of which they had never heard, with having defective crew, with any sort of trumped-up offense. They were taken into French ports, the majority of them to the Island of Guadeloupe, out there beyond Porto Rico, which was privateer headquarters. The judges usually shared in the spoils. The vessels and cargoes were condemned and sold.

In those four years 1,500 ships were seized. Despite this, American merchants kept sending them out. The government protested. The French hid behind technicalities. They flaunted the broken treaty. Congress acted. It authorized the arming of American merchantmen, retaliation by the ships of the Navy. Then, in 1798, it repudiated the treaty it had not kept.

Owners did arm their ships. A typical result may be cited in the case of the ship *Rose*, out of Newburyport, Massachusetts. She sailed, March, 1799, under Captain William Chase, with a crew of 22 men. She carried a cargo of fish, hardware, gin, and dry goods worth $100,000. Likewise she had on deck eight carriage guns. At sea she encountered a French privateer of 14 guns and 125 men. A fight ensued in which the American gave a good account of herself, severely damaged the hull of the adversary, killed 25 men, and wounded as many more, while suffering a loss of but 2 dead and 15 wounded. The privateer finally boarded her, however, and, by force of numbers, overcame her, appropriated the ship and threw the crew into a French prison.

Case of the Rose of Newburyport

Many such engagements resulted, but the American merchantman was rarely of sufficient strength to defend itself against the privateer whose business was not commerce but spoliation. The merchantman which resisted, also, had no recourse to the courts. No merchantman which resisted is among the claimants of the present day. The French, under international law, did have the right to search for contraband. They had no right, however, to interfere with a peaceful journey like that of the ship *Amazon*, for instance, sailing from Baltimore to Spain, with a cargo of merchandise, which was captured and taken into Bordeaux.

Much more shocking was the encounter of the schooner *Nautilus*, in the territorial waters of the Dutch Island of Curaçoa, off the north coast of South America. She was armed and resisted a privateer that flew the skull and crossbones, but was forced to surrender. The captors came aboard, cutlasses in hand, killed the captain, his first and second mates and two seamen, seizing the ship and cargo. It was carried into the Dutch port but the officials there referred its agents to Guadeloupe, the French center of privateer activity.

United States Did Not Declare War

So bold were the French privateers that they lay off American coasts waiting for their prey. They even came into American waters. One of them had the audacity to sail up the Delaware River and seize an American ship almost at the docks of Philadelphia.

In the face of all these outrages the United States failed to declare war against France. Perhaps the consciousness of her broken treaty stayed such action. This seeming timidity, however, was not reflected on the part of the developing merchant marine. Ships were built faster than they were lost and the merchant marine grew steadily. This was the beginning of the era of America's greatest prowess at sea. It was but a little more than a decade later that the young nation went to war with Great Britain for outrages on her ships that in no way compared with those that had been perpetrated by the French.

In 1798 Congress authorized the President to instruct the commanders of public armed vessels to capture any French armed vessels they encountered. He was authorized to commission private armed vessels and give them the same authority. Yet even this was not

construed as war. No declaration of war was promulgated.

Here enters Commodore Truxton and the U. S. S. *Constellation*, most historic ship of her time. She had been but recently commissioned. Early in 1799 she was sent into the very stronghold of the French privateers, for a cruise in West Indian waters. Off Porto Rico, one February morning, she met, not a mere privateer, but the French warship *L'Insurgente*. Despite the fact that no recognized war existed between these two nations, these ships of their respective navies no sooner sighted each other than they began to clear for action.

Frenchmen Suffer Heavy Loss

The vessels were of about equal armament, but the Frenchman had 400 men as against 300 on the American. The record of the battle seems to indicate that the American outmaneuvered her adversary and that her guns were better served. She succeeded in passing her, back and forth, and raking her with a deadly fire. The Frenchman suffered a loss of 29 killed and 40 wounded while the American lost but two killed and three wounded. The Frenchman then surrendered to the American.

It was nearly a year later that the *Constellation*, again cruising in West Indian waters, encountered the French frigate *La Vengeance*, with 52 guns and 350 men, the American then carrying 50 guns and 310 men. The French vessel tried to take flight but the *Constellation*, having much speed, overhauled her. Truxton closed in, ordering his men not to fire until they were within pistol shot and to discharge their broadsides into the hull of the enemy. *La Vengeance* played a different game. She sought not to win but to escape. Her shells were so fired as to cut the rigging of her rival to pieces. The battle continued throughout the early tropical night and up to midnight. By that time every gun on the French vessel was silenced. She had been hit by 186 round shot and had 50 killed and 110 wounded. The *Constellation*, on the contrary, had but 4 killed and 25 wounded. Her rigging was so disabled, however, that the Frenchman was able to escape in the darkness.

This Was Not a Perfect War

And yet, despite all this fighting between ships of the rival navies, these baby republics never officially declared themselves at war. Years later a lawsuit, which questioned whether the period of French Spoliations was a war period, was carried to the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court ruled that, while certain acts of war had been authorized by the government, this was not a "perfect war." It was, however, a "partial war." So, while it is customary to state that France and the United States have always been at peace, while histories are prone to belittle this early difference, there was active fighting for some four years.

During all the time that the spoliations had been going on there had been negotiations between the two countries. The United States had protested. France had maintained that there were reasons for the seizures, that she would make reparation where there was shown to be no justification. Many of the cases did actually come up in French courts and were decided in favor of the American shipowners.

Finally, in 1800, a settlement was reached between the two countries. Under the terms of that settlement France agreed to release the United States from her obligations under that baby treaty of 1778, and, in recompense, the United States agreed to assume responsibility for the claims that American citizens might have against France for unlawful seizure of vessels.

Having by treaty assumed this payment, the Government of the United States took no further action for 85 years. Then, in 1885 Congress passed an act authorizing its own Court of Claims to "examine and determine the validity and amount of all the claims . . . together with their present ownership."

Still the Years Drag on

This the court did. It passed on all claims that held in law and with relation to which proof could be established. Four appropriations were made between 1890 and 1905 for the payment of about $4,000,000 of these claims. There remains unpaid about $3,500,000. The Court of Claims long ago passed a unanimous finding on these claims. Congress waited 25 years and asked the same court, then presided over by new judges, to review the former findings. Again the court unanimously approved. But the years drag on and Congress fails to make the necessary appropriations.

Such is the record of the obligation that the government assumed, after many embarrassments, 125 years ago, which it has always admitted, but which it does not meet.

The Responsibility of Being Led

(*Concluded from page 20*)

action of the Legislative Committee; in the absence of such endorsement, the Legislative Committee has no authority under the Constitution of the Federation, to pledge 12,000 members in favor of any legislation, even with the approval of the Executive Board.

"This statement is made in the interests of fair play to the members of the Legislature, and of fair play to the 12,000 club women of N. H. who are entitled, through instructed representatives, to express their majority opinion, and thus to govern the activities of the Legislative Committee of the N. H. Federation of Women's Clubs."

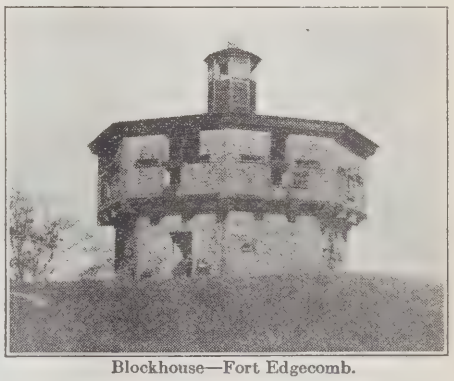
These women realize *the responsibility of being led;* they refuse to be led in what they believe to be the wrong direction, and, what makes them a real power, they hold those who assume to speak for them strictly to account for their leadership.

It is to the growth of this spirit among organized women that we must look for a check on the attempt by their radical leaders to undermine the principles on which our great Republic is founded.

Old Fort Edgecomb

FORT Edgecomb is one of eight old forts purchased from the United States Government by the State of Maine. The historical and sentimental value of their ruined blockhouses and grass-grown ramparts cannot be overestimated. Particularly is this true of old Fort Edgecomb on the Damariscotta River in southern Lincoln County, Maine.

Moses Davis deeded the site of the fort to the United States Government June 13, 1808. Here a fort was built for the protection of the Maine coast. Here were built extensive earthworks and a magazine of brick and stone. The Edgecomb blockhouse is a heavy, square-timbered structure of two stories with a basement. The first story, twenty-seven feet wide, is pierced for musketry, commanding all approaches. Octagonal in shape, it still stands, showing to visitors the methods of construction of that day'



Blockhouse—Fort Edgecomb.

the thickness of the walls, the wooden peg construction, the size of the hinges bolted to the massive doors, and the loopholes. The second story is thirty feet in width, twelve-foot posted and pierced with heavy portholes like the gun deck of a man-of-war, having an overhang of about two feet, the whole being surmounted with a wooden tower, outlook or watch-box, with an extensive view of the river, harbor and surrounding country.

Land of Enchantment

Algeria Grows in Interest With Succeeding Visits

By HAL WALKER

EACH time I return to Algiers as the entering port of Algeria the thrill returns. As the African continent rises out of the blue Mediterranean, one sees the high peaks of the Atlas, miles out at sea, and then the dazzling white of Algiers itself as the steamer slowly makes her way to anchorage behind the breakwater. The call of the unknown, of ancient civilizations too little known to most of us, is as strong in me as it was the day I saw Fujiyama on the horizon many years ago on the first trip to Japan.

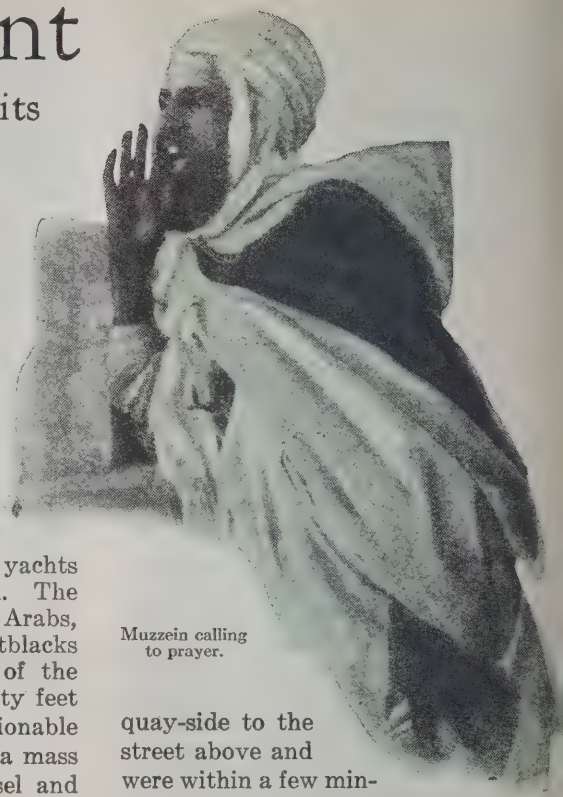
Japan, however, and the coast cities of China, could easily be termed provincial in comparison with Algiers. In Algiers there is a greater degree of picturesqueness both in the city itself and among its inhabitants than in any city of the Far East. The juxtaposition of an Arab and a French civilization in Algiers has no counterpart in any other city in the world, while in the hinterland this contrast is more marked than in any other section of the globe, not even omitting Damascus, that wonder city of Syria.

Three of us—a famous artist of Boston, an American art student of Paris, and I—stood at the rail of the steamer as Algiers for the first time unfolded before their eyes. They had come over from Marseilles for a week of painting something new, and I was there just to breathe again the never-to-be-forgotten aroma (stench the unimaginative call it) of the East. Somehow that smell of the East, impossible to describe adequately in words, once in the nostrils of the world wanderer, he is never quite satisfied until he smells it again and he will travel many a league and even undergo hardships to find it.

This smell was wafted to us on the deck of the liner as she made her way to dock through anchored vessels of many nationalities lying in the harbor and through scooting yachts out for a Sunday afternoon sail. The quays were lined with waiting Arabs, stevedores, hotel runners, bootblacks and newsies, while the railing of the Boulevard de la Republique, fifty feet above the bay and the fashionable promenade for all Algiers, held a mass of humanity watching the vessel and her passengers.

Customs examination in Algiers is a mere formality. Arab porters come aboard as soon at the gangplank is out, shoulder your baggage and take it to the customs shed where it is seldom opened, the guardians contenting themselves with asking if you carry any tobacco or alcohol. With an answer in the negative, a chalk mark is made on the baggage and you are free to go to your hotel, either downtown or on the heights of Mustapha Superior.

Taking a porter each, the three of us went to one of the elevators which save the walk of many steps from the quay-side to the street above and were within a few minutes installed in an up-to-date hotel. The notable difference in this hotel from those of the Continent and America is that its floors are all of cool tiles, spotlessly clean, instead of bare wood or carpets.



Muzzein calling to prayer.

Then out for a wandering walk down to the Place de Gouvernement where the East and West meet, and through it to Arab town along narrower streets lined with coffee shops where silent Arabs sit cross-legged on benches around the walls sipping their coffee from small cups, playing cards or listening to the music of native instruments. At the end of the wandering it is time for dinner and we hunt a native restaurant for cous-couss, the native dish, which resembles nothing so much as the famed Valenciana of the Spaniards but without much of its heat supplied by peppers, both red and green.

Next to Marseilles, Algiers is the busiest port under the French flag in number of vessels entering and clearing. It must be admitted, however, that much of this shipping calls merely for coal, as the port, sticking out as it does into the Mediterranean, is on almost a direct line from Gibraltar to Port Said and so gets the coaling of vessels bound to and from the Orient from Europe and the United States. The French in building Algiers combined the French architecture with the Moorish so that the modern city has a touch of the old as well. The Arab section of the city hundreds of years old, has not been changed since it was inhabited mostly by those pirates who terrorized the Mediterranean coasts and into whose activities the Unites States Navy looked with dispatch on one memorable occasion.

The Arab population of Algiers

Touggourt, the market place.

numbers 203,000 persons and is said to represent 40,000 tribes, most of whom trace their origin to the days long before the Christian Era. The Algiers of the Arabs is built, tier upon tier, of dazzling white houses on the western side of the bay and facing the east, Mecca, as do all Moslem cities. Bootblacks, regular "street Arabs" we call them at home, swarm in the downtown section of Algiers and importune customers, if not for a shine then for a brush.

The architectural and civic beauty of Algiers is greatly enhanced by the rich verdure of the mountains. This gives a beautiful background against which the dazzling white of the city, triangular in shape, gleams like a gem. Over all towers the Moorish citadel or kasbah, more than 400 feet above the sea.

As mentioned previously, Algiers is divided into two parts. The lower part, the modern city, has been built by the French and in no way differs from a well-appointed European city. It has wide, well-shaded streets, spacious squares with statues and parks, and five municipal buildings. The city is lighted by gas, and water is supplied by four aqueducts, built in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

In marked contrast to this modern Algiers is the old Moorish city, which remains in all essentials as it was in the reign of the Turkish deys. The streets are narrow and crooked and often impassable for vehicles. The whitewashed stone houses present bare walls to the street, but their interiors bear the marks of splendor and beauty characteristic of Moorish architecture. The flat roofs of these houses in the evenings become centers of gayety and are sometimes used for social functions.

The quaint charm and picturesqueness of this section is accentuated by the motley crowds found on its streets. Here elegantly dressed Frenchman, splendidly arrayed Moor and scantily clad native from the interior mingle in a great pageant.

The citadel or kasbah was begun in 1516, and it served as the palace of the deys until the French conquest. At present it is used as the French barracks and it has lost many of its historical features.

Whereas before the French occupation there were 100 mosques, only four are at present in use. In the modern city, however, there are several splendid churches.

Algiers is supposed to have been founded A. D. 944, and fell into the hands of the French, July 5, 1830.

Algiers itself, however, is only the gateway to Algeria, but it is all of the country the passing tourist sees when his steamer stays only a day in port. It is the hinterland which is so rich, from the mountain tribes to those of the desert, most appalling of which are the glass-eaters to be found in Biskra.

There is a general belief that the French are not successful as colonial administrators—that they govern too much for the sake of the native inhabitants and the glory of France, and not enough for the financial advantage of the mother country. Algeria proves the contrary to this hypothesis for, since the French troops landed at Sidi-Ferruch in 1830, a fertile country, which had, under Arab rule, or misrule, lapsed for centuries from cultivation into swamp and jungle has been reclaimed to cultivation, huge farms equipped, vineyards planted. Vast wheat fields are under cultivation and Algeria with each passing year is rapidly becoming the granary of Europe which place the country held in the days of Ancient Rome. The wheat crop of Algeria last year supplied the greater part of France's imports and kept her from buying abroad at ruinous rates of exchange.

Arab chivalry.

Railroads and motor roads have opened up the country—the motor roads are held to be as excellent as the famed roads which connected outlying parts with the centers of the Roman Empire. Some of the engineering feats of the French in the Atlas Mountains are nothing short of marvelous, and the roads are built to last. So good are these roads throughout Algeria that a motorist can travel almost anywhere without worry and amid scenes not to be duplicated in any part of the world.

Naturally the relics of ancient Roman civilization are the most interesting features of the country. There are many small towns along the coast of Roman origin. Tipsa, west of Algiers, was founded as a Roman colony in A. D. 40, then became a city which embraced Christianity in the fourth century. Nearby is Cherchell, formerly Julia Ceserea, and dozens of other small places of Roman origin.

It is eastward and then southward from Algiers that the most famous ruins of Roman cities are to be found, and all may be reached by motor. Of these Timgad is the most overpowering. Founded by Trajan as Thamugadi in A. D. 100, sacked by the Vandals in 439 and finally destroyed by the Berbers in the seventh century, Timgad, because of its wonderful monuments in ruined temples and buildings, is styled the African Pompeii.

Only a short distance from Timgad on the road to Batna is Lambeza built over an old Roman city which equaled Timgad in importance. This city was occupied by the Third Legion and traces of the Roman camp can be seen in the excavation work already done.

One of the most picturesque cities in all Algeria, and it must be remembered in visualizing this colony that it is as large as all France, having a length east and west of 620 miles and a depth north and south from the sea to the desert of 250 miles, is Constantine, the Cirta of old. Constantine is a natural fortress located at a bend of the River Rummel which borders it on three sides. During countless centuries the Rummel has hollowed for itself a gorge of great beauty, although it may not have the overpowering sense for the beholder as does the Grand Canyon in the United States.

The sides of this gorge around Constantine are nearly perpendicular and at the time of its conquest its inhabitants enjoyed saying that they, who could spit on the wings of crows in their flight, had no fear of any assault. According to tradition, the Bey of Constantine used to have thrown into the river from the top of the precipice such wives as he no longer desired. The unhappy victim was tied in a sack, placed on a plank extending over the ravine and a jerk of the plank, as a springboard, threw the body into the ravine where it struck 600 feet below.

The first view of the desert from the gorge of El Kantara has nothing to equal it in the world, according to travelers who have seen almost everything, and then beyond lies Biskra, the Pearl of the Desert, made famous by Robert Hichens in "The Garden of Allah."

Uncle Sam Moves to His Own Music

(*Continued from page 2*)

rected, and staged exclusively by Americans, it was attended by Americans from forty of the forty-eight states. I do not say this with any idea of boasting, but merely as the most recent example of the reception accorded an American opera, particularly when produced elsewhere than in New York.

"In my opinion, the Metropolitan Opera Company should produce at least one American opera every year. It is untrue to say that such operas cannot be obtained, and if the management of the Metropolitan could or would see the handwriting on the wall, it would begin such productions immediately and continue them. It must be remembered, however, in considering the development of an American national music, that time is required to produce a large musical work such as an opera, an operatic cantata, or the orchestration for a chorus. At least two years, and often three, are needed to produce the music and book of a three-act opera. I have been working for two years on 'The Witch of Salem,' another American opera, and with this, my other compositions and my concerts, though I spend long days at the piano, my full time has been occupied. I have found abundant themes for my music in pioneer, Indian, and Negro tales. Though these tales are largely evolved from the folklore of early Americans, red men and black men, I have not found it necessary to use their folk songs, or their folklore, except as a basis for the development of ideas. It is difficult to make this connection between the sources of musical themes and the music itself quite clear, but it is in this manner that American national music is being formed.

"What we are developing today is a composite American music, drawn from and acknowledging all American sources, yet blending the products of each of these sources so well that the result gives us intimations of all of them, but identifies no single one. When you hear certain music you say, 'That is French,' 'That is Italian,' 'That is German,' and so on through all the national schools of music. Up to now we never have been able to say truly that any music is American. Syncopation, jazz, certainly is not American music, though it has been touted as an American production by those aliens who created it, yet it has a place in American musical history, and parts of it are useful in the molding of American music.

"But we are moving away from such false standards and beginning to make a music—somewhat as the red man 'made medicine' to insure his good fortune in battle or the chase—which reflects the characteristics of American history and of America's development. Later will come, and already there are glimpses of it, the reflection of the industrial and commercial life of this country, for we are today pioneering in commerce and industry no less brilliantly, no less wonderfully, than we pioneered in New World history, settlement, agriculture, and transportation. Thus, industry and commerce, American in every phase, are equally fitting as the subjects for American music. Our American composers are surely awaking to this truth, just as they have waked to the sources of American music in American history."

Finale of "The Sunset Trail," one of Cadman's operas.

The composer leaned over to the keyboard and played a few bars from his "To a Comedian," a light composition which expresses life in Hollywood—"a phase of the lighter side of life," he said. This led him to the interesting expression that "it is not necessary to have national music to have good music. We can have in this great country local music within national music, sectional themes, worked out by composers familiar with them. Themes of the North, the South, the East, the West, just as in early England they had sectional ballads, topical songs from every part of the British Isles, all of which were truly British, yet which never were welded into what might be called a national music.

"If American composers and musicians strive consciously and consistently to express themselves, as Americans, they will express the spirit of the United States. Just as it is impossible to 'create' a music center or an art center, unless that center naturally grows by the coming together of musicians and artists minded to make it grow, so a national music must grow, it cannot be forced as one would force a strawberry or a watermelon in January in a hothouse. National music must be inspired music; American music must be the product of Americanism, of love for the United States, adherence to its ideas and ideals, and knowledge of its past, filled with confidence in its future. Composers, and, to some degree, librettists, must write as they feel, if their music is to endure, or if it is to express anything worthy of expression. An American music cannot be produced to order, like a piece of jazz or a 'penny-dreadful' story, written last night to be sold today, to be played or read today, and then lost forever.

"But, to revert to the condition of American opera: Operatic history in the United States is being changed entirely from what it has been since—let us say as a roughly accurate date—the Civil War. In five years more we shall have several first-class opera companies presenting American operas both in our larger cities and on the road. This year 'Al Gala,' by an Ohio composer, is being brought out with success. In Europe, opera companies do not expect more than five per cent of the operas produced to live. So we should not expect all American operas to be successful. Hundreds of operas are given in Milan, for example, yet less than five per cent of them are even moderately successful. But the foreigners who have been in control of American musical productions, when they rarely did produce an American work, immediately shouted, 'See, it is no good,' and, with this as an excuse, declared that the American people did not want American music, operatic or otherwise. Now all this is changing, and the American people have come to realize that, to find the good American operas, a large number of American operas must be produced, just as a large number of European works are produced each year, of which less than one in twenty ever is heard of again.

"We are coming to (*Concluded on page 28*)

Where Are Israel's Lost Tribes?

(*Concluded from page 15*)

rabbis are to be excepted from this fear. I mean not the Jewish lecturers or teachers or preachers merely but those entitled to conduct the services of the synagogue, a privilege confined strictly to the Levites. These are not allowed to engage in commercial business. They are really a tribe apart from the Jews.

Who Are the Jews?

"This pivotal question of Who are the Jews? was stressed recently during a remarkable speech in the House of Commons by Lieutenant Colonel Williams. He said, among other things:

"'My case rests upon this—that the Jews outside Palestine are not a Palestinian race . . . the boasted purity of the descent of the Jews is a myth . . . historically and generally, all the evidence goes to show that the Jews outside Palestine are not the descendants of people who ever came out of Palestine. Are the Jews a race exiled from Palestine? If they are not, I submit that the whole case for Zionism falls to the ground . . . Being convinced that the Jews are the descendants of proselytes, when you come to examine the position of Jews in the world you find that *nine-tenths* of them outside Palestine are in Russia and Central Europe. You naturally ask how they came there. Again history gives an indication. It is a known historical fact that there was a very large empire in Southern Russia, the Empire of Khazar, which was converted wholly to Judaism. The Emperor of the Khazar, the grandees, and the various large masses of the population were converted to Judaism. The Khazar Empire stretched through Bulgaria to the Caspian, from the Black Sea right up into Russia. I will give a small extract from a Jewish encyclopedia on this point: *"It was probably about that time that the Emperor of the Khazar and his grandees, together with a large number of his heathen people, embraced the Jewish religion."* '

"Returning to evidences of our descent from Israel in early Britain," resumed Mr. Goard, "it is interesting to note that King Alfred's Code, which for many years was known to all the people, began with the command: 'Ye shall not oppress the stranger nor the newcomer within thy gates.' And it is the ancient law of Israel that remains the basis of British and American Law and Jurisprudence, despite the efforts through centuries to displace it by the Roman Law. Christ abolished the *ceremonial* law and its animal sacrifices, but he confirmed the *national* law and declared that he came to fulfill it in every jot and tittle; every dotting of the *i* and every crossing of the *t*. The carrying into effect at this time of the famous law of the seventh year when all debts were forgiven would alone do much to restore normal conditions and prosperous trade in Europe and America. Students of the policy of the Puritan Commonwealth in New England will remember that their laws were founded on the laws of Moses. Indeed, on sailing for America the Puritans declared that they purposed 'extending the borders of Zion.'

"There is room on the planet for the rule and dominion of the Company of Nations called Israel, as foretold in the prophecies of the Bible. There is room for the rule and dominion of the Commonwealth of Nations called the British Empire and for the American Union. But there is not room enough for both Israel and Anglo-Saxondom, if these are two separate conceptions. It must be one or the other. Simple corroboration of the truth that the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic peoples are one with the Nation of Israel is furnished by laying a map of the domains of the Prophetical Israel over a map of the actual landed domain of the British Empire and the United States of America. It will be found that they are coterminous. In the light of modern Bible scholarship, of history and ethnology, there is no resisting the conviction that we of the British and American states constitute a nation created by God, as told in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus and were there given a constitution and laws which it is up to us to uphold and obey and carry into practice. Before that can be perfectly done we shall have to pass through a last great struggle; to stand at Armageddon and do battle for the Lord."

"Then you do not feel that the League of Nations or the International Court of Arbitration will be able to avert another big war?" I asked.

"The League of Nations is a gathering of idle talkers," answered Mr. Goard promptly. "Its whole character is divisive rather than unifying. There is no coherent principle uniting the fifty-five 'nations' comprising that body. It is held together by no common interest or understanding and it is bound to give birth to many misunderstandings. It reckons without its host in reckoning without God's Plan for his people. Besides, evidences of preparation for Armageddon multiply daily. The Red army controlled by the Jewish Junta at Moscow is the strongest army in the world today. Agents of the Soviet Executive are buying horses in Canada, Texas, and other parts of the world and they are buying and building airplanes. What is more, in view of the fact that the next war will undoubtedly be a bacterial war, that is, a war waged mainly by the dissemination of the bacteria of deadly diseases scattered among both combatants and noncombatants by means of explosive bombs dropped from airplanes, the Bolshevists are enlisting in their service a strong force of bacteriologists from the laboratories of Germany and Austria. I know personally of several leading men in universities in the United States and Canada who have been approached by these Moscow agents with tremendously tempting offers, so far as money is concerned. To their honor, be it said that these offers were turned down flatly.

Armageddon Already Under Way

"As to when the struggle will begin and its duration, one must be chary about venturing exact dates. In a sense, Armageddon is already under way, in-so-far as the ramifications of the International Plot outlined in the Protocols are concerned. Some of the best interpreters of biblical prophecy put the date of the visible beginning of Armageddon as near as 1928. They think it will probably last for seven years, unless the time is mercifully shortened. This hope rests largely on the extent to which Britain and America rally to the banner of the Lord during the next year or so. There are now about one million persons throughout the world who are adherents to the British-Israel cause. The International Banking Ring and its power is solidly organized and steadily, as well as stealthily, active on the other side. But right is on our side and right makes might!"

The Shearers and the Shorn

Talleyrand's philosophy is said to have been summed up as follows: Society is divided into two classes—the shearers and the shorn. Wise men join the former and avoid being caught with the latter."

Senator Shipstead, of Minnesota, in a comprehensive article which appears in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT next week, tells how such shearing is done in the field of commerce.

The principal shearing places are the Chicago wheat pit and the New York Stock Exchange.

The fleecing of the "lambs" by the bulls and the bears has become a reproach to the nation, and may become a national disgrace.

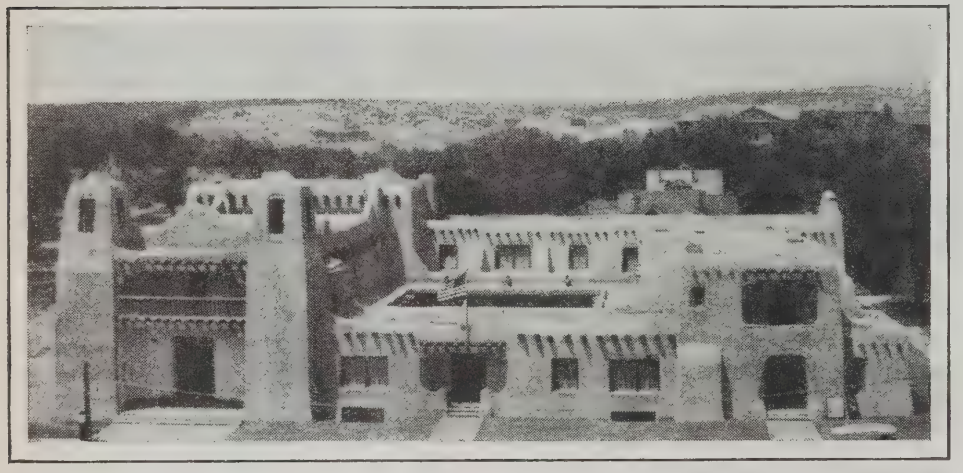
The True "American" Architecture

NEW MEXICO is called a land of mud houses. It is. This is one of them, called "The Temple of St. Francis and the Martyrs," and considered the gem of the Santa Fe-Pueblo type of architecture. It is also the State Museum's most recent addition, housing, especially, the finest paintings of the world-famous Taos and Santa Fe artists' colonies.

I have called this the true "American" architecture. This is why: Of all architectural styles and types developed in America this is the only one not based upon some European or Asiatic model. The origin of this style is to be found in the terraced pueblos of the Indians and their prehistoric ancestors, the cliff dwellers. Its development has been through the Franciscan missions built by the Pueblo Indians at the instruction of the early Spanish Friars. This specimen has for its façades replicas of various old missions, those showing prominently being replicas of San Felipe and of Acoma.

The materials are native clay with hewn beams, unpainted, and hand-carved portals and corbels. The beauty of this type of building lies especially in its fluent, graceful lines and in its absence of exact balance and sharp corners. It is also fascinating to watch the changing play of lights and shadows on its beams and abutments. There is a patio or inner court, and the left wing is the auditorium of the School of American Research. It is an exact replica of an ancient Franciscan mission church room.

There are dozens of residences, business houses, curio shops, garages, and so on, in Santa Fe built in this style. Even the city's best hotel and the Federal post office building are both Santa Fe-Pueblo—or, to be exact, true "American" in their architectural construction.



Uncle Sam Moves to His Own Music

(*Concluded from page 26*)

realize, too, that a musical work, whether it be merely a song, or an entire operatic score, cannot be done on paper. It must be produced, it must be given a hearing, presented by competent, well-selected singers, surrounded by the best and most appropriate methods of production. These things are being demanded for American musical works, and, as they are obtained, American musical works are proving the equals of any produced anywhere in the world. The Chicago Opera Company is taking the lead in presenting both American works and American artists. At least 60 per cent of this company is American, as compared with 10 per cent in the Metropolitan Opera Company, controlled as it is by foreigners. The Chicago Opera Company gives three American conductors an opportunity every year. Frankly, I expect the Chicago Opera Company to put over the first really big American operatic success within the next few years.

"America today is not the product of the fusing of foreign ideals, nationalities, religions, politics, or other alien factors; it is the survival of early Americanism despite these foreign influences. If we are to develop to its fullest extent an American national music, we must apply to it the original dauntless, indestructible spirit of America, voiced through the compositions of men and women thoroughly imbued with that spirit, and uninfluenced by the themes or methods of other countries. We must make our music as American as the Stars and Stripes, as true as the Declaration of Independence, and as enduring as the Constitution. We have sources for such music as profound and as thrilling as those of any other land; we have the composers capable of translating our history and our national development into music, and we are beginning to obtain presentation of the productions of these artists—a school of music constructed on American foundations, for the American people."

The Record of a May Day

(*Concluded from page 13*)

Nature. Tragedy! again it comes in sight, and now for a certainty I see its personification humped up against the huge roots of a red oak tree with rifle cocked, and eyes firmly fixed on the top of a branching white oak tree, one hundred yards away. I move on toward this human being who has his eyes fixed on the nest of a red-shouldered hawk. The mother comes to her nest, while the man with the gun doubts. He fears the young are still in the eggs and he dislikes to waste ammunition. He wishes one shot to kill the mother and young!

I asked him why. The hawk carried away a fowl or two each year from his barnyard. "They are vicious birds," he muttered. "All of 'em deserve death."

"How many fowls do you kill each season?" I ventured to inquire.

"Oh, a hundred or so, I guess."

"Who is seeking your scalp for such tragedies?" I asked half-smiling, hoping to bring him into a sympathetic relation with the mother hawk. He dropped his head, let the hammer down on the gun and said:

"The birds themselves might do it, if they could understand, but you know that man is a superior being and master of all he sees."

I was standing near the banks of the Chickamauga, a stream that looked so peaceful this May day that if I did not know history, I would not suspect that thousands of Indians had met death on its banks, and who became so enraged at the United States Government in its younger days that they made a number of formal declarations of war against it. If I did not have the printed historical facts I could not learn from this placid stream this May day that along its sides the Blue and the Gray had once been mowed down by musket and cannon.

"You see," he went on, "I might kill more fowls each year but this creek furnishes me a number of fish in the course of a year."

The man moved on toward his home, leaving the mother hawk and her young unharmed.

It was time for me to return to the city.

The sun was bidding farewell to the day, and in the gathering twilight the creatures of fur and feather were retiring to their resting places.

Can You Think on Your Feet?

(*Concluded from page 17*)

stantly, occasionally getting mixed. She told a number of stories that were very old.

It is but fair to state, that during the past few years English lecturers on tours in this country have vastly improved in their oratory. Hugh Walpole and John Drinkwater are among the best. John Swinnerton I did not care for so much.

The effect of oratory is very much overestimated, but there have been, of course, historical occasions where it has been very great—for instance, some of Webster's great speeches on the Constitution. Patrick Henry's speech in which occurred the words, "Give me Liberty or give me death!" did not have the effect attributed to them in the schoolbooks. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address fell flat at the time; not until later was it estimated rightly as being one of the world's greatest oratorical masterpieces.

When LaFollette Was Undone

A speech that undoubtedly caused the undoing of a presidential candidate was that delivered by Robert LaFollette at a meeting of the Publishers Association at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on the evening of February 2, 1912. I was present at that affair. Mr. LaFollette had made a long journey to get there, and his daughter was quite ill. His speech, as I recall it, lasted two hours and twenty minutes. He read from manuscript, and appeared to read the same thing over and over again. He did not confine himself to the manuscript. His audience consisted of a body of the most intelligent men in the country. He had been preceded by distinguished speakers, one of them Woodrow Wilson. One by one the listeners departed, until when he finished there was only a remnant of the former audience. This was one of the few instances in my recollection where a man's fortunes were altered by his public utterance.

Have Something to Say and Say It

The most potent kind of oratory is that which comes under the head of *the appeal to common sense*. Representatives of this oratory who stand out in my recollection are Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard, and General Leonard Wood. President Eliot talked in the simplest manner, his words carrying conviction. General Wood was homelier in his expressions and told stories to illustrate his points. This so-called common-sense method is, of course, the highest kind of oratory, which at bottom can be expressed by the formula, *Have something to say and then say it.* Neither of these speakers had the kind of humor which is so effective in some forms of oratory, and which at the same time is so difficult to describe. William Jennings Bryan has humor of this sort; it is not the humor of men like Mark Twain and Simeon Ford; it is done in apt phrases applied to a particular situation. It is really stage business, in that it consists in visualizing some object in the minds of the audience. This is precisely what Bryan did in his famous speech in Chicago where he brought in the Cross of Gold. Bryan thus uses the commonest objects or at least those objects which are familiar and is thus able to get over his idea. This method is the foundation of humorous oratory, only in the latter the speaker proceeds to give a string of visualizations, the listener being convulsed by the contrast between objects. For instance, Simeon Ford's talk, "At a Turkish Bath," contains these phrases:

"I flung myself with an affectation of easy grace upon a marble divan, but immediately arose therefrom with a vivid blush and a large blister. I then sat upon a seething chair until I came to a boil, when I rose up and endeavored to alleviate my sufferings by restlessly pacing the room. A few towels were scattered about, and as the nimble chamois leaps from crag to crag, so I leaped from towel to towel in my efforts to keep my feet off the red-hot floor." Elsewhere he mentions the fact in referring to a brush and comb, that the comb was chained to the wall but the brush was allowed to roam at will.

Stephen Leacock Really a Great Humorist

Almost all of the humorous speakers use their own personalities as a kind of foil, but for a beginner this is very dangerous; a man must first have a personality.

Stephen Leacock, who is really a great humorist, is also a most effective humorous speaker, but is very uneven. I once heard him deliver a humorous speech on whiskers, which he dilated upon, ringing the changes, so to speak, on them at great length.

I thought his talk very dull, but afterward when I reflected upon it, the humor of it grew. It is not always possible to judge the effect of a humorous talk on an audience. I have been frequently conscious of great failure, only, years later, to have something I said referred to as having been remembered from that particular evening. I once had an engagement to lecture at a remote university, it being understood beforehand that I was to select my own subject. I did not arrive until just before the lecture. The president of the university greeted me by remarking that he had just got up out of a sick bed and was going right back after I got through. We compared fatal diseases for a few moments before the lecture began. He then advanced to the front of the platform, and said in a sepulchral voice:

"Our lecturers are chosen more for their reputations as men than for their speaking ability. I have been talking with the speaker of the evening, and although I see by this"—he thereupon waved a newspaper clipping in his hand—"he is the author of some thousands of jokes, he impresses me as being very serious. I cannot believe that all of these jokes are good, but maybe some of them are." It was a very melancholy affair, and I was glad to sneak away later, secretly hoping in my wicked heart that that tactful gentleman would crawl back into bed and stick there until the undertaker came.

The Man With the Flowing Whiskers

If you live in any kind of a home town that you can call your own, you are likely to be called upon at any time to preside at some banquet. This requires a special sort of ability. It consists essentially of knowing just when to stop. I recall once living in a certain town to which there came a magnificent man with flowing side whiskers, who had a wonderful flow of language and who was immediately asked to preside at all the functions that took place. He was a perfect toastmaster; his voice, loud and resonant, completely filling all the spaces. Everything he said about everyone was exactly right. Yet, after he had been with us a year, he became a kind of village pest. He did it all too well. This recalls an occasion where I presided at a dinner given to Woodrow Wilson. I made a terrible introductory speech, stammered out a few words and sat down, greatly discomfited. A year later a man called on me and asked me to preside at another meeting in the vicinity.

"No, thank you," I answered, still shuddering. I then told him my experience at the Wilson meeting. "Yes," he replied, "I was there and liked what you did. You were so brief."

C. Dana Gibson as a Speaker

The best presiding officer I know in this country is Charles Dana Gibson, whom I have known for so many years that I cannot now recall when our friendship began. When Gibson first began he was very diffident, but in the course of a year or so he got all over this, and it was always a delight for anyone privileged to hear him. He was, during the war, at the head of the artists' committee, and he kept these gentlemen full of enthusiasm for their poster work. Gibson is a natural *raconteur*. He never resorts to recalled stories—in fact, as often as I have heard him, I never knew him

to tell one—but relies always upon his own inimitable sense of humor. He has charm, a kind of boyish intimacy which immediately puts everyone at his ease. At a dinner where he presides, he is never at loss. In the beginning—where there are a number of speakers to come—he will intimate beforehand not only who the speakers are but what is in store, thus awakening the curiosity of the audience so that when the speaker is finally announced the way has been prepared for him. This is very nice psychology, for what the audience expects makes a great difference. To show my meaning, an incident was told to me by W. A. Rogers, the cartoonist. During the latter part of the war he was asked to speak to some returned soldier boys. He was somewhat nervous about his ability to make an effective talk, until it was suggested that he meet the boys first individually. He did this, becoming personally acquainted with each one. When he got up to make his talk, the fact that he knew them all and they knew him made it quite easy.

When M. P. Wilder Visited Our Town

No matter what the speech is, definite preparation must precede it, and this preparation must be complete, that is to say, no detail is too trivial to overlook.

I recall quite vividly the visit years ago of Marshall P. Wilder to our town. Wilder was a very amusing hunchback. He had a bright face, a keen sense of humor of a sort, and he was fairly well educated. He came to the church, and the committee that engaged him was particularly anxious that he should say nothing which would be considered either indelicate or irreverent, as this was in those days when there were indelicacies. Wilder promised to comply. His talk was divided into two sections. During the first section he told things which were highly dignified and remote. At the conclusion the chairman of the committee was plainly worried.

"This thing doesn't seem to be going just right," he said to Wilder.

Wilder suggested that they would better let him loose. The second section was a riot. He made a great reputation as a humorous talker, and the fact that he was a hunchback distinctly helped him. Lincoln was at first very awkward, and when during his campaign for the presidency he came on to New York to talk he wore a new suit and was obviously ill at ease. But it was what he said that counted.

It is generally agreed among successful speakers that stage fright is always a good sign; it almost invariably precedes effective speaking, where speakers have had any ordinary experience. Where men speak constantly day after day and say the same things, as in a campaign, naturally stage fright disappears. What it really means is a sense of inferiority which attacks a speaker and puts him on the low level. It is from this low level that he comes up when he begins to speak and this gives him a gathering confidence.

The best authorities agree on the whole, that memorizing a speech beforehand is not only unnecessary, but may easily be a handicap. But the subject must be thoroughly thought out, every word visualized, and whole phrases memorized, even if they are not used in the heat of speaking. The best method seems to be to write out beforehand, at great length, all that is in the speaker's mind on the subject. After this is done, it should then be read over and over, and, if necessary, rewritten. This process completed, the manuscript should be thrown away and the main points of the discourse thoroughly fixed in the mind.

The most experienced speakers then generally make a skeleton of the entire speech, by the use of key words. If the subject has been thoroughly thought out beforehand, key words are all that are necessary to recall the thread. Lord Stanhope, who was one of England's greatest orators, gave as instances "his only written preparation for two of his most remarkable harangues." He had undoubtedly, however, thoroughly committed to memory what he wanted to say. He made a speech in 1803 on the renewal of the war, and his notes consisted of a series of key words like Elba, Etruria, Louisiana, Black Sea, Piedmont, Switzerland, cases which may arise, Portugal, press, system of Foreign connection, and so on.

This was the speech of which Fox said that, "If Demosthenes had been present he must have admired and might have envied."

Two Things Are Necessary

To become a first-class speaker it is, of course, necessary not only to know a great deal, but to have a well-assorted vocabulary, and in addition to have special talent which in itself is quite indefinable. But any person of ordinary education and intelligence, no matter how poorly he thinks of his own personality, can become a good enough speaker for practical purposes if he is willing to give up his time. Allowing for the necessary practice, only two things are absolutely necessary. The first is the voice, which must carry, and the second is the ability to think on one's feet. When I first began speaking my voice was very poor and I despaired of making it any better. A friend of mine who was a good public speaker told me to speak to the last row in the hall, and usually to select some man in it and talk to him. I found this was a great help, but my voice was weak and the effort to keep it up to a proper pitch was too much for me, so that I failed completely. I then began practicing by myself by reading aloud and going off in the woods and talking to the trees. Eventually I took voice lessons which I found were an enormous help. It must be remembered that it is the ability to throw the voice, and the right pitch, that count much more than the volume. But, unless a man or woman has a natural speaking voice, some voice training will be found necessary.

The Genesis of Good Oratory

As for thinking on one's feet, that is all contained in the preparation. I defy anyone to think out any subject thoroughly and not be able to talk about it. But still, there is a little trick that one learns in thinking on one's feet which I have found very valuable, and that is the ability to keep one thought ahead. I can illustrate this best by common rule in driving an automobile. In traffic, we not only look at the car immediately ahead of us, but the car ahead of that one. Our own movements in managing our own car are automatic, but by preserving this rule of looking ahead two cars, we can control our car and keep out of accidents. It is much like this in speaking The thought you are now holding and speaking, and which the audience is getting even as you speak it, is under complete control. But if, at this instant, you have a kind of double sense, and are looking ahead and know what the next two thoughts are—why this is all that thinking on one's feet means.

It seems difficult, but it is very easy when one has learned the trick. You will find that in ordinary talk, where, perfectly at ease, you are driving home some thought to a friend, you do this automatically. As soon as you acquire the habit of doing it before an audience, your control over yourself has begun. After that, your progress and development as an orator will depend on your general mental equipment.

Trouble at Washington

(*Concluded from page 21*)

developed in spite of and not because of the influence of the three advisers. The Secretary of the Treasury has shown no itch to become a political organizer. He has confined himself pretty sharply to the absorbing financial problems that go with his job. While this automatically takes him out of the Hoover-Butler class he nevertheless adds to the sum total of the pro-monopoly and purely materialistic influences about the President. He himself is the principal owner of one of the tightest and most far-reaching monopolies in existence. No argument will be needed to show that Mr. Coolidge will have to run counter to the wishes and advice of this powerful trio if he proposes to extend any olive branches to those liberals who hold that there is such a thing as *Bad* Business which needs watching and regulating.

Home, Sweet Home

(*Concluded from page 5*)

for some of us to keep in the straight and narrow path of simplicity. Many small homes are restless and worried looking because we endeavor to incorporate in one small structure all the little details and fancies we admire. We see roofs like Jacob's coat of many colors, and laid to resemble nothing so much as ocean waves. We see houses built of brick, half-timber, stucco, siding and shingles, all skillfully blended into one dazzling combination of materials and color that certainly must cause the Puritan fathers to roll over on their faces. But even these weird creations help in educating our taste—in showing us what to avoid. We are learning that even in a shingled roof ostentation may lead us away from the harmony, rest and repose we should earnestly strive to build into our homes.

There are no "latest spring styles" in domestic architecture. That which is built without undue ostentation, without "stunts," and with a thoughtful and judicious use of materials and a measure of common sense and good taste, will always be pleasant to the eye and will be easy for both our neighbors and ourselves to live with for all our days.

Mrs. John D. Sherman, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, says: "Ownership of homes should be preached enthusiastically over the whole country in the interests of better children and better America." And we would add that any one who builds a home has the greatest opportunity for the expression of all that is best and most worth preserving in our present civilization. Indeed, the building of a home is the greatest romance and the greatest adventure we may enjoy. It stimulates the best that is in us into expression. No matter how clever an architect we may employ, the principal obligation lies in our own hands, because an architect only gives expression in a concrete and material way, to that which exists in the spirit of the people.

When we find a great public interest in religious or spiritual affairs, then we find architects and builders building great cathedrals; when we find industry operating on a high standard of service, we find a glorified industrial architecture; and so, when we see, as we do today, a great nation making heroic strides toward "Home, Sweet Home," we find the architects and builders responding with the finest homes and more of them than the world has ever seen before.

"I Read *in the* Papers"

I read in the papers that in Los Angeles the spring crop of Boobs and Lollops is bigger than ever. Messrs. Hibbs and Hennessey—Harry and Tom, as they are called by their affectionate victims —having talked of

(1) a $100,000,000 deal for control of the Bank of Italy

(2) the construction of a $50,000,000 corn products factory at San Diego

(3) a $6,000,000,000 rail merger

had to form 'em into a line, they came on so thick and fast. The earnest and industrious pair had taken in a scant $300,000 from motion picture directors and employes, county clerics and what are laughingly called business men, when the authorities stepped in and spoiled the fun. It is now discovered they had already taken in $1,000,000 in Cleveland. They are held for $150,000 bail, but the contributors to the fund are still at large. The summer, judging by the spring, promises to be the biggest yet. Already those left out of the deal are phoning for reservations on the next. Do your summer lolloping in Los Angeles.

I read in the papers that the State of Maryland, a political unit that is not so big as some western counties, has been persecuting hundreds of homeward bound northbound automobile tourists from Florida. Scores of bewildered people slept in their cars while endeavoring to satisfy the vindicators of the dignity of the State of Maryland. Fines had to be paid and Maryland tags bought or the travelers had to wait until tags could be received from home states. It is this sort of thing that is keeping Europe in a state of hatred and poverty. Hordes of customs authorities and boundary guards who should be at productive labor are harrying honest people who merely want to make legitimate journeys across frontiers. Both the Maryland and European politicians can find volumes of laws to justify their antics; but common sense is lacking.

I read in the papers that the non-reigning Manchu Emperor, learning that plans for his extinction were on foot, fled from Pekin to Tientsin in a singular manner for the Son of Heaven. Attired in a brown tweed suit, and entirely alone, he boarded the night train and sat wedged between two common soldiers who would have instantly arrested their traveling companion had they known his identity. The Emperor described himself on the train as a student at the American Boxer Indemnity College. It was his first railway journey. Louis Phillipe started in this inglorious style of quitting the royal job. He clapped a derby hat on the anointed head, climbed in an ordinary cab and told the driver to take "Mr. Smith" to the station.

I read in the papers that the Channel Islands, Jersey and Guernsey, the homes of the famous dairy cattle, have agreed to consider the request that the islands make a contribution to the general government of England. At present the happy islands only pay local government expenses and escape the frightful income taxes of the rest of England. An English citizen can avoid income taxes by taking up residence in one of these islands. If Nantucket and Catalina islands enjoyed the same freedom from Federal income taxation as Jersey and Guernsey there would not be standing room for the prosperous colonists from the mainland.

I read in the papers that the Boston & Albany Railway has just put into service fifty steel coaches that carry one hundred passengers and weigh but one thousand pounds for each passenger. Standard steel cars weigh from fifty to one hundred per cent more per passenger. Several years ago all of the old school railway executives were making faces at anyone who dared to suggest that cars were too heavy and that the engines were hauling more junk than necessary weight. Under the pressure of economic necessity the same carping executives are now doing what they sought to discredit others for proposing.

I read in the papers that Count Herman Keyserling conducts his school of philosophy after the manner of the old philosophers of Athens. The Count's first books, translated for the American market, come a pair in a box, priced at ten dollars. Surely this is asking a bit too much of barbarians, however high their respect for knowledge, intelligence, wisdom.

While the iron is hot—a good many books, by no means of the enduring type, either in contents or binding, are put on the market in America at two dollars and a half. That is too much. Often these books are by our own writers, and often these writers are comparatively unknown. The publishers are anxious to get a wide reading for these books, supposedly. Yet they cannot see their way clear to marketing them at, say, a dollar and a half—which is, one would wager, a reasonable price. Who would become acquainted with America's literary trend must pay high toll.

A Sojourn With the Butterflies

Picturing a World of Vapery Draperies and Rainbow Colorings

By E. R. GAMMAGE

WEARY and listless with the cares and grind of the dirty, noisy city, I sauntered forth to lose myself.

Out into the fields I turned, not knowing or caring much where my wandering might lead, when, lo, something tiny and beautiful brushed me on the shoulder and darted yonder. Was it a challenge, I pondered? If so, then I would rally to its call and join in its onward flight. But make haste, or I would lose the glorious prospects that were mine to unfold!

Before me in rich profusion, scattered ever and anon, were God's own colorings! Flowers with velvety petals and deep, intoxicating odors! Springing up in bare and hidden places, yet gracing earth with their unfeigned gayety. Winking and nodding, smiling and laughing, they tumbled one over the other in earnest competition to reflect the most joy. O celestial bliss that earthly woes can ne'er reveal!

And this was to be my Palestine, and I the honored guest!

But behold, my hostess! Oh, the dreamy, filmy creature! And her friends gathered here and there and everywhere to give to me a gala day! Such costumes! Such vapory draperies! Such rainbow colorings! And the spidery lacings of their bodices! And how they disported themselves with that graciousness of the rising sun! And the lightning of their movements! And the ever-present consciousness—the life of Life! Their life! Dwelling here so beautiful among the beautiful!

One by one, was I bidden their acquaintance.

First, there was my hostess!

"Papilio Zolicaon"—America's largest butterfly!

Then quickly followed many of Papilio's most intimate friends. As I recall their various names they were surely very different from those of my friends back home.

"Danais Strigosa" (upper) and Danais Plexippus (lower) were the next to be introduced. They were regular riots of color! In fact, the most gorgeously colored of all American butterflies!

"Melitaea Charcedon" (upper two) and "Melitaea Sierra" (lower two) were also richly colored, but of a smaller variety.

"Argynnis Callippe," also elegantly adorned with colors and another small species of butterfly.

"Neophasia Menapia" (lower two) and "Neophasia Telooi" (upper two) were lovely, distinctive looking creatures who live in Arizona and were very difficult of acquaintance because of their unusualness and rareness. The male is pure white with black markings, while the female is brick-red and orange with black markings. They are given here more for comparison, and for the benefit of those who have never known this beautiful insect.

"Callidryas Eubule" is a symbol of wondrous purity in her immaculate whiteness.

"Pieris Sisymbri" (upper two) and "Pieris Protodice" (lower two) were another rare and select variety of my beautiful butterfly friends.

"Anthocharis Cethura" (upper two) and "Anthocharis Deserti" (lower two) were very petite and dainty little creatures.

"Terias Nicippe" was an adorable little male with his queen-wife.

"Colias Eurytheme"—a native child of California!

After roaming about in this dainty exquisiteness I was awarded the supreme honor of being permitted to carry home with me a lovely picture of each of my butterfly friends. But because they are such wonders of color, it was very difficult to get a setting in black and white which would do them justice; however, this was accomplished by using ray filters, which enabled me to obtain remarkable photographs. These have all been carefully numbered and named for your convenience.

During my conversation with them, they often referred to their closely allied cousin, the "moth." In fact, so closely are they related that they should be considered of the same family.

If one were so fortunate as to claim an intimate association with them, as I have had, he will find that the fine dust that clings to his fingers after handling them, when examined under the microscope, consists of minute scales. This is the sort of scales with which the wings are covered, and this coincidence gives them the name of the "scaly-winged" Lepidoptera.

As dusk lazily descended and the moths began preparing their toilet for their evening's gay festivities, I learned that it is very unjust to suppose that the moths are all plain and somber in color, while only the butterflies are brilliant. I found, quite to the contrary, that many moths are lavishly adorned with color, and are, also, some of the largest of the order. The moth flies mostly at night, of course, and has antennae of various forms. Their wings are seldom elevated when in repose.

Butterflies, or "day flies"—as they are sometimes called because of their preference for natural light—have antennae knobbed at the ends and they fold their wings vertically over their backs when at rest.

If one could become sufficiently heartless to kill these beautiful creatures they would make an attractive cabinet. A collection could be started with very little trouble. The requirements are a net spread over a hoop attached to a cane or pole, killing fluid, such as chloroform or benzine, a board for spreading the wings until they are dried, and a tight-covered box in which the specimens may be permanently kept.

As is well known, the ancestors of these lovely things are the caterpillar and various other larvae forms. The eggs are laid by full-grown insects, but from them is hatched worm-like larvae instead of insects. After feeding and moulting, the larvae, in turn, form cocoons or cases about themselves, from which they emerge as butterflies or moths, as the case may be.

And now in the afterglow of that unique friendship, again and again the vision returns flooding out all thought but that strange analogy—the *ugly, loathsome worm* transformed into such triumphant splendor! Was ever victory so resplendent?

Then piercing and unalterable down the ages comes that positive challenge:

Gen. 1:26. And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

Oh, *when*, I implore, will frail mortal burst asunder his earthly chains and step forth crowned with that glorious inheritance?

Left—Upper two species, *Neophasia telooi;* lower, *Neophasia menapia. Neophasia telooi* comes from Arizona. The male is pure white with black markings, the females brick-red and orange with black markings. Right—Upper, *Danais strigosa;* lower, *Danais plexippus.* Center, left—Upper two, *Melitaea charcedon;* lower, *Melitaea sierra.* Circle—*Papilio zolicaon.* Center, right—*Argynnis callippe.* Oval, left—*Callidryas eubule.* Center—Upper two, *Pieris sisymbri;* lower, *Pieris protodice.* Oval, right—*Colias eurytheme.*

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NATIONAL SERVICE is not restricted to men in office. Much of the valuable service rendered the nation, aside from purely executive decision, has been rendered by men out of office. There is a sense in which a man out of office is freer to get at the truth than the man in office. If anything is being "put over" on the American people it is being done under cover of darkness, and the darkness is nothing but lack of knowledge, which is lack of Facts. The only light needed to drive conspirators against the people into oblivion is the light of Facts. Merely to have a thing *known*, to have the method *exposed*, to have the *Fact itself exploited*, is to accomplish what courts and investigations and threats could hardly do. The exploiters of the people fear the Facts. Facts would put the public in control of the situation. The main shortage is a shortage, not so much of necessities, but of Facts.

DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

JUN 12 1925

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HIS FIGHTING DAYS ARE O'ER, BUT MEMORIES REMAIN.

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

In a closed room or near the ground the speed of ball lightning averages about two yards a second.

The Southern States imported only 13 pounds of butter in 1924.

Hen feathers were grown on a rooster fed a diet containing thyroid extract by the genetics department of the University of Wisconsin.

There are between 100,000 and 125,000 habitual vagrants in the United States who are able to work but refuse to do so.

The oldest Chinese newspaper was printed on yellow silk.

Early English newspapers were most frequently named Mercury with some qualifying appelation.

In Chinese waters, junks or boats are parked in double rows with an alley of water between them in much the same way we park cars in America.

Many wild ducks die of lead poisoning from swallowing shots of lead dug up from the bottom of lakes and streams.

Fish fed on raw meat, after the fiftieth day of their existence, gain considerably faster than fish fed on cooked meat.

The umbrella was known in China as early as 1100 B. C.

The first recorded idea of the typewriter is set forth in an English patent of 1714.

A mission church in Broken Hill, Rhodesia, is plastered with red clay from the abandoned homes of white ants.

Dentistry was known to the ancients of British Honduras where a skeleton was found showing five upper teeth inlaid with circular fillings of iron pyrites.

A new glass of organic origin, which is said to permit the passage of ultra-violet rays, has been perfected by two Austrian scientists.

There are at least twenty-three government bureaus and commissions in Washington which do not come under the head of the ten regular departments.

The oldest Norwegian singing association in America is the Normanna Sangerkor, founded on June 1, 1869, at La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Cha-ma-lung-mo, meaning "the place where it is so high that even a bird goes blind when he gets there," is the Tibetan name for Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world.

Animal products furnish 40 per cent of the human food consumed in the United States.

The population of Europe, during the past 125 years, has increased from 200 million to more than 450 million.

The white race possesses 70 per cent of the cultivated land of the world, although it comprises only 40 per cent of the world's population.

Twenty years ago it took nearly ten yards of gingham to make a woman a dress, whereas she now manages to be thoroughly in fashion on three and one-half yards.

The northernmost point of wheat production in North America is found at Fort Yukon (latitude 66° 20′), Alaska.

Bee stings have been recommended as a control in cases of doubtful death because bee stings determine a skin reaction upon living people.

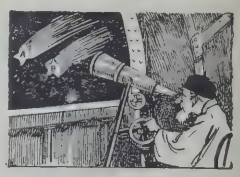
Each step taken at a 28,000-foot level on mountains is equal to the exertion required for a 100-yard dash at sea level.

An area, 100 by 250 miles, in Texas, supports 400,000,000 prairie dogs that eat enough to maintain 1,500,000 head of cattle.

In the making of an ordinary shoe today, there are 174 machine operations, performed upon 154 different machines, and 36 hand operations, altogether 210 processes.

Originally the word Buccaneer meant one who dried and smoked meat on a "boucan." A boucan was a hurdle made of sticks on which strips of beef newly salted were smoked in the West Indies by whites who were, for the most part, pirates.

Comet seekers of the skies have discovered two new comets which they have named 1925a and 1925b.



Both Whistler, the American etcher and artist, and Poe the poet, were dropped from the military academy at West Point.

Two native baseball teams at Buenos Aires have been organized.

Salt placed on snow forms a salt solution with a lower freezing point than snow, causing the snow to melt.

In ancient Rome it was unlawful for women, or indeed, for young men below the age of thirty, to drink wine, except at sacrifices.

After being exempt from "all taxes and assessments whatsoever" since 1767, land near Blackfriars Bridge in London, that was originally reclaimed to aid navigation, is now being valued for rating.

Originally the raffle stood for any event in which the winner was chosen by chance.

Charles Carroll, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, nearly a century ago, laid the stone that marked the beginning of the Baltimore and Ohio, America's first railroad.

Dogs in Great Britain have no right on the road. Horses, pigs and fowls have road rights on the public highway.

Cat-call has nothing to do with cats but is the call for the cat (catastrophe or conclusion) of a Greek drama.

MAY 30, 1925
* * *
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Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

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Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page discusses the title habit, and the false glamour that is created by the indiscriminate use of high-sounding designations. (p. 11)

Nearly every successful writer of fiction selects a prototype from which he draws his principal characters. "Cappy" Ricks, the shrewd old shipowner of the Pacific seaboard, is one of the most delightful of these. Pierce Cumings gives us the story of the man who inspired the novel. (p. 5)

Each year a large number of "lambs" are shorn in the marts of speculation. The "shearing" is done in the course of the marketing of agricultural commodities. Senator Shipstead, of Minnesota, has made a study of this matter and gives us his conclusions. (p. 2)

How the upper classes in Central America are actually "homeless" is the story told by Thomas F. Lee, an authority on Latin America and its people. (p. 24)

Just how Japan feels toward America, after the differences of opinion that have taken place between the two nations, forms the subject of an enlightening article by William E. Barton, the distinguished biographer of Abraham Lincoln. (p. 6)

Boys and girls of America are doing good work in reforestation. (p. 20)

Max Bentley gives us a thrilling contribution in the story of "The Still-Hunt," in which man, the panther, and the doe are the principal actors. (p. 12)

The Count of St. Germain is the "Romantic Rascal" of whom Charles J. Finger writes this week. It is a story of the days before George Washington was born, and it introduces much interesting history which the history books have neglected. (p. 16)

In our childhood's years we sang: "Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the beauteous land," but the land would not be beauteous at all were it not for the drops of water. (p. 15)

The story of the Greely Arctic expedition is an epic of heroic struggle and achievement. Brigadier General Brainard, one of the two survivors of the expedition, gives us his experiences. (p. 18)

The popular conception of how famous athletes make their records is completely shattered by what G. C. Allen tells us. (p. 22)

The great majority of people accept the calendar, like lots of other things, as a matter of course; but it took thousands of years to bring the calendar to its present shape and perfection. (p. 8)

Much romance will be found in the relation of what our forefathers had to put up with in the old coaching days. (p. 31)

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HENRIK SHIPSTEAD,
U. S. Senator for Minnesota.

The Shearers and the Shorn,

Or Lambs That Find the Wind Untempered

By HENRIK SHIPSTEAD
U. S. Senator for Minnesota

TALLEYRAND, the reputed founder of modern European diplomacy and political intrigue, is said to have boiled down his philosophy, in substance, to the following: "Society is divided into two classes—the shearers and the shorn. Wise men join the former and avoid being caught with the latter!"

The ranks of American statesmen, even of the present time—if we may judge by the Talleyrand standard of political efficiency—are not without "wise men." In the field of commerce and finance, however, we behold the epitome of the Talleyrand philosophy carried out on a magnificent scale, as we watch the flying shears of the Chicago wheat pit and New York Stock Exchange engaged in their springtime industry of "fleecing the lambs."

Spring the Season For Shearing

Spring seems to be the scientifically appropriate and popular season for shearing the flock in the marts of speculation—at least, that is notably the case in the marketing of agricultural commodities, such as wheat. Consult recent history—the wheat market of 1925, of 1922, and of 1921. After the bulk of the wheat leaves the farm, during the autumn months, the price begins to soar. The "bull" movement reaches its peak somewhere between the end of January and the first of March. Then the "wise men" of high finance take their profits, the market collapses, the "public" shoulders the wreck, and we have the "fleecing of the lambs."

During the past four years, the country has gone through that shearing process three seasons, as follows:

Market Year	*Peak Price Month*		*Low-Price Shearing Time*	
1925	January 28,	$2.06	April 3,	$1.36
1922	March	$1.72	July	$1.05
1921	February	$2.02½	April	$1.23½

Intrinsically, or in accord with the law of supply and demand, the wheat was more valuable in the spring, when the price was at the lowest ebb, than in the peak-price winter months. Both the carrying costs and the diminished supply should normally have added to the value. But what has the question of cost or value to do with the gambling game of the bulls and bears?

Here we have it, in three years out of four, the market price on the grain exchanges drops an average of 70 cents a bushel in the brief period of 60 or 90 days. The volume of the loss no man can compute. If the loss were confined to the actual wheat handled, the shrinkage on the American wheat crop would amount to hundreds of millions of dollars *per annum*. But the gambling is by no means restricted to actual wheat. For every bushel of actual wheat, there may be scores of bushels represented by "futures."

What Happened on the "Black Friday"

On "Black Friday," March 13, last, Chicago alone sold 149,000,000 bushels of wheat "*futures*." During the week ending March 14, Chicago sold 527,000,000 bushels of wheat "*futures*"—or, double the "world visible supply." In the month of February, the Chicago sales of wheat "*futures*" reached 1,581,000,000 bushels—or, one-half the entire world production in the Northern and Southern hemispheres during the crop-year 1924-25. Indeed, the Chicago sale of "futures" has no parallel unless it is the post-war inflation of rubles, francs, and marks. The ultimate result of this American "future" inflation finds a parallel again in European rubles, francs, and marks—as witness the inevitable collapse and the shearing of the victims.

The defenders of this national gambling game tell the farmer: "You do not suffer by the transaction, because when the market collapses only 15 to 20 per cent of the crop is in farm hands." That is true, both as to the peak-price month and the date of the collapse; and yet the wheat-raiser suffers irreparable damage in three ways:

1. The up-and-down market cuts down the normal mill consumption by making the milling, baking, and other cereal industries a dangerous hazard; while the artificial "bull" price reduces final consumption.

2. The inflated "bull" market inspires overproduction of wheat in every wheat section of the globe. The Department of Agriculture estimates that the effect of the recent "bull corner" is to increase the wheat acreage of the spring wheat section 14 per cent for the crop now being sown.

3. Market inflation and collapse makes the wheat-raising industry a hazardous gamble in itself. The main staff of life for 112,000,000 persons becomes a counter in a gambling game, and the producers have about as much chance for honest marketing of their crop as the followers of *rouge-et-noir* at Monte Carlo have for an honest fortune.

One of the most unpleasant features of the situation is that the government itself—whether with the mistaken notion of helping the farmer, or for political reasons of its own—too often is a party to developing the inflated price bubble, which is the inevitable cause of the ultimate collapse. Early last season, the Department of Agriculture aided the "bull propaganda" by estimating the American crop as *below normal* and less than 700,000,000 bushels; whereas, we had a bumper crop of 872,000,000 bushels.

When the Wheat Soared

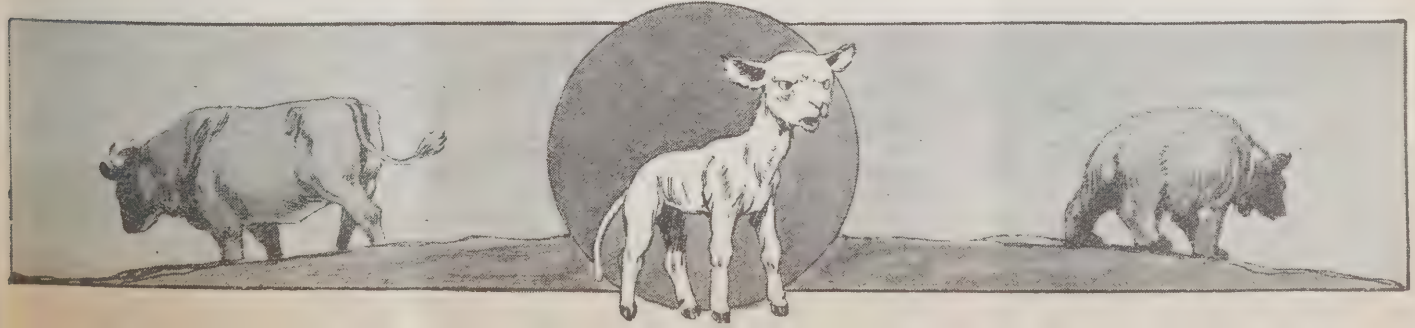
Then the "world scarcity" theory was heralded far and wide. Now it appears that the world crop of around 3,100,000,000 bushels, though less than the record crop of 1923, is above the average crop since the World War and above the normal world requirement for consumption. The British estimate of exportable surplus and requirements—now generally accepted as shown by the market—for the crop year ending July 1 is as follows:

Surplus of exporting countries, 824,000,000 bushels

Requirements of importing countries, 784,000,000 bushels

Thus the collapse of a fictitious and artifically inflated "bull" market brings with it a world-wide advertisement that our government official estimates are discounted and discredited in the markets of the world. Moreover

THE BUBBLE BLOWERS



our Department of Agriculture, charged by Federal statute with the administration of the Grain Futures Act, is in the position of aiding the false "bull" movement in grain "futures" which is the cause of the financial collapse and all of its attendant evils—including the effects upon the price of bread to 25,000,000 families, the disastrous effect upon milling and other cereal industries, the hazard to the wheat-growing industry, and the commercial and financial failures following in the train of a broken-down market.

The wheat skyrocket started from its Chicago foundation early in the late political campaign at $1.03, soared to around $2.06 at the end of January, kept up its high flight for about 30 days to $2.02 on March 3, and finally fell to earth below $1.40 by April 3. That was the route of the "May future." The "July future" which is timed to catch the incoming winter wheat crop ranged 10 cents or more lower still; while the "September option," staged to meet the autumn spring wheat crop, is around 15 cents below "May." The average farm price will naturally net about 15 cents below the Chicago "future"; so the growers of the largely increased 1925 acreage may look forward to a farm price between $1 and $1.25. As this is not a political campaign year, they must not expect rainbow "prosperity."

The companion "prosperity" show to that staged in the Chicago wheat pit was the stock market "picture" thrown on the New York screen. The Chicago "bull" show had the Department of Agriculture for advance agent. The New York Stock Exchange dramatic exhibition was fortunate in securing the able and inspiring coöperation of the Treasury and Federal Reserve Board.

The Federal Reserve System

The Federal Reserve System, as originally conceived, was intended to check the tide of the country's bank reserves to Wall Street for stock speculation. For years the bank reserves of the entire nation would flood into Wall Street, and when the stock market boom eventually collapsed, as balloons and bubbles do, the country had a "panic"; and even a school-teacher out in the Far West could not draw her small savings from the local bank, for the bank reserves were in the stock-gambling wreckage.

So, twelve years ago, Congress established the Twelve-District Reserve System to prevent the Wall Street bank reserve concentration. More than that, a check was placed on Stock Exchange gambling by establishing a high rate on "call loans." The average "call rate" on stock exchange loans for five years prior to the autumn of 1924 was 6 per cent.

What was the "call rate" for the 1924-25 "prosperity" picture? The lid was taken off by the Federal Reserve Board, and the "call rate" cut down to 2 per cent. "Call" loans got an interest rate, *not only less than half the current commercial rate* on gilt-edged paper, *but half that named by Secretary Mellon on his new issues of Government bonds!*

Besides the 2 per cent "call rate," the Stock Exchange speculators were inspired by a tide of loanable funds—released by the kindly offices of the Treasury and Federal Reserve Board. Financial editors estimated that at least $1,000,000,000 of the loanable funds was due to governmental beneficence. But the total of Stock Market loans, estimated by officials of the "Street," is placed at more than $2,000,000,000.

This tide of Stock Market loans, at the low "call" rate of 2 per cent to 3 per cent, was the yeast of the "prosperity" boom. In the short period of 90 days the level of leading stocks was lifted 25 points and added $6,000,000,000 to their "picture" valuation.

The public is familiar—perhaps unhappily too familiar—with the history of that melodramatic scenario. In a brief article one can only touch a few high spots. Let us see what happened, for example, to the leading iron and steel shares.

STOCK MARKET PERIOD OF "PROSPERITY" INFLATION

Company	*Amount of Listed Stock on N. Y. Exchange*	*Price Gain Over 1924 "Low"*	*Amount of Paper Inflation*
U. S. Steel	$508,495,200	35 pts.	$175,000,000
Bethlehem Steel	180,151,000	15¾	28,350,000
American Car and Foundry	30,000,000	78	23,400,000
American Can	41,233,000	89	36,720,000

The common stock listed on the exchange for these four iron and tin companies aggregates approximately $760,000,000. The aggregate inflation of value for the January-March high point above the 1924 "low" is $263,000,000, or an average "prosperity" margin of about 35 per cent of par value.

Then what happened? It was not until February that the public got the full data of the calendar year production. During the four months beginning with the November election down to February, the press had been flooded with "prosperity" news issued not only from the "Street" but from government departments. It had been taken for granted that the industrial production for the full calendar year 1924 was the basis of the stock market boom.

Swindled by "Bull" Propaganda

Then came the February "Survey of Current Business" by the U. S. Department of Commerce and the calendar year summary by industrial journals. Official industrial facts now loomed up behind the camouflage. This is what the amazed investors in iron and steel stocks then saw—as an industrial basis of production for the skyrocketing of their shares:

Iron and Steel Production	*Calendar Year 1924 Tonnage*	*Previous Year Tonnage*	*Shrinkage 1924*
Iron ore, tons	42,452,000	59,200,000	16,748,000
Pig iron, tons	31,088,000	40,039,000	8,951,000
Steel ingots, tons	36,645,000	43,486,000	6,841,000

The investor had been swindled by "bull" propaganda in the case of industrial stocks, as in the case of grain. The whole thing was camouflage.

However, the hopeful investor—at least, the "public," that is, the "lambs"—hung on yet awhile, thinking that when the U. S. Steel Corporation annual report came out there would certainly come forth some encouragement.

Finally, in March came the "Steel" annual report; and when the screen had been removed, this is what the startled investors in "Steel" common saw:

U. S. STEEL CORPORATION PRODUCTION AND EARNINGS

	1924 Decrease per cent
Iron ore mined, tons	20
Blast furnace product	24
Steel ingot product	19
Finished steel product	20
Steel rail product	15
Average number employes	20
Net earnings	18

The "Steel" report was the final icy blast that blew away the "prosperity" bubble. Thereafter, the New York Stock Exchange boom followed the collapse of its companion show in the Chicago wheat pit. They were twin shams worthy of Barnum's palmy days, but without the Barnum frankness and humor.

What Happened to the Stock Market

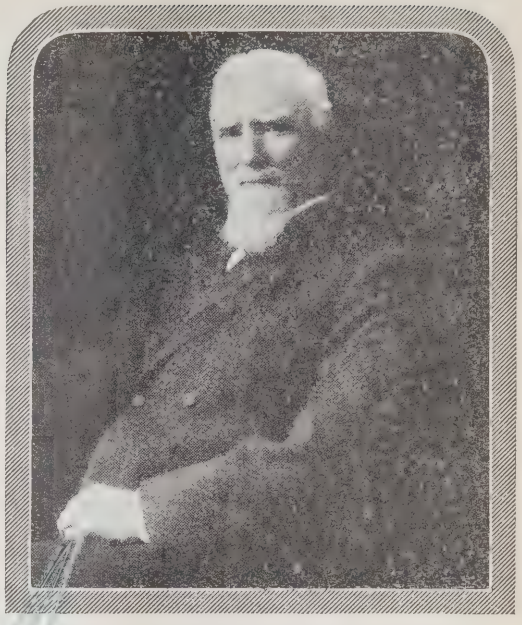
What happened to that "prosperity" stock market? No one likes to look at that shrinking and collapsing picture. Bursting bubbles are not much to look at. Who cares for the detail of such things as these: American Woolen dropping from 64 to 36; Baldwin Locomotive falling 36 points in 30 days; Chicago, Minneapolis & St. Paul Railway dropping from 16 down to 5 and a receivership; General Electric, an industrial leader, falling 92 points in six weeks; and even the conservative Steel Corporation losing 15 points on its half-billion of listed common.

This is the world's leading nation—a republic of 112,000,000 citizens, endowed, in the main, with freedom, common sense, and common honesty. This is the world's leading nation in industrial production, and at present so advanced in banking power as to be heralded as the creditor nation of the world. It is to be hoped that the time may come—under a free and intelligent ballot and under a free and some time independent press—when such a national sham as that which we have just witnessed in the Chicago wheat pit and New York Stock Exchange shall not prosper under the government and become a national disgrace.

The Real 'Cappy' Ricks

Captain Robert Dollar, Original of Kyne's Genial Hero

By PIERCE CUMINGS



CAPTAIN ROBERT DOLLAR.

A FEW years ago an American startled the calm tranquillity of Chinese officialdom with the announcement, "I am going to operate a line of steamers up the Yangtze River to Chungking."

Now the Yangtze-kiang is no ordinary river, nor was this an ordinary statement. It took the officials some time to regain their composure, but when they did they merely shrugged their shoulders in the placid Oriental fashion.

"Why," they said in effect and in unison, "it can't be done."

And so indeed it seemed.

Chungking is on the very "Roof of the World," in the heart of the Dragon Kingdom, fourteen hundred miles inland from Shanghai. For ages primitive Chinese junks in their tedious, haphazard manner had traveled certain parts of the great waterway, but for steamers, and under the American flag—oh, impossible!

There were miles of treacherous rapids to negotiate, deep gorges and cañons, sharp twists and turns. There was Ichang Gorge, a sheer cliff hewed in solid rock fifteen miles long; there was Yao Tsan Ho, a long stretch of dangerous rapids; there were the Gorges of the Yellow Flower and the Brass Gong.

There was Washan Gorge, twenty-two miles in length, with its towering, threatening cliffs rising sometimes to a height of five thousand feet, and shutting out the sun.

And there were the bandits!

"It can't be done," the Wise Men of the East reiterated.

But the American did it.

He designed and built special steamers to battle through the rapids. He brought brave men, and skilled, from his own country to man the ships.

When the steamers were first fired upon by the bandits he had the pilot houses incased in armor, and he mounted guns on the forward decks. And the ships continued to sail!

That American was Robert Dollar.

Not very long ago, as time is rated, he was a penniless chore boy, a cook in a shanty, a roustabout logger. Today he is hailed as probably the greatest figure in shipping that the United States has produced in the century.

He was a failure at twenty-eight. And yet a few months back he amazed traders of all the world by starting a line of ships around the globe that operates on railroad schedule, fourteen days apart—an accomplishment unheard of before in all the history of commerce.

Where others have dreamed of worlds to conquer Robert Dollar has conquered them; where others have prophesied he has produced; where others have hesitated he has plunged in and won. The storms of the sea have not stopped him, nor have the obstacles on land.

Does all this sound like fiction? Possibly it does, and with reason, for Robert Dollar is known to thousands of Americans not as the flesh-and-blood sailor of ships and master of men, but as "Cappy" Ricks, the genial, hard-headed, astute hero of Peter B. Kyne's popular stories.

From the abundant wealth of Robert Dollar's life has been drawn much of the material for these famous tales of the sea. The names have been changed in their translation into fiction, and some of the circumstances, but the yarns told as fiction are no more interesting, no more engrossing than the incidents in Robert Dollar's life on which they are founded.

The Dollar ships weave their way ceaselessly over the seven seas. In Boston Harbor they are familiar sights, or in Penang, which is on the tip of Malay, in Marseilles, or in Port Said.

Robert Dollar would be better known to the men of his own country were it not for his own modest disposition. The blatant publicity-seeking methods of certain other prominent men in this country are extremely distasteful to him.

But to the people of other nations, to the men, say, of China or of Scotland or of Siam, he is not only recognized as the able business man that he is, but he is honored as one of the greatest of all Americans.

"Robert Dollar," said one authority on the Orient recently, "is regarded by high Chinese officials as the godfather of their country. He probably has more influence there than any other American who ever lived, possibly than any other Occidental. He is largely instrumental, through his own personal efforts, for the wide spread of Christianity in China in recent years."

Not long ago Captain and Mrs. Dollar celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Hundreds upon hundreds of messages and gifts poured in from all parts of the world, from monarchs and from peasants, from prime ministers and from storekeepers, from leaders and from laborers, all of whom call Robert Dollar "friend."

Captain Dollar is extremely reticent about giving advice. He has no cut-and-dried formula for success. He is not one to say: "Do as I have done and you will be great!"

But he would be thoroughly justified should he ever feel tempted o say this, and those who are about to start on the highroad of life might do well to follow certain rules he has laid down for his own conduct.

Captain Dollar does not smoke, nor do those close to him. He does not use intoxicating liquor. All his life he has been a hard worker. He has cut for himself tremendous tasks, and he has done them.

He has conserved his strength by using it. Now, when he is more than eighty years old, he is still possessed of a powerful physique and he has more stamina and endurance than many men half his age.

He is an inveter- (Continued on page 28)

How Japan Feels Toward America

Anxious to Secure the Good Will of This Country and Deserve It

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

William E. Barton, the distinguished biographer of Abraham Lincoln, is making personal observation of public opinion around the world. In this article he gives his impressions of Japanese opinion.

IT HAS often been remarked by European writers on America's foreign policy that while the United States has pursued a very conservative method in her dealings with European nations, she has opened a method almost wholly the reverse in dealing with affairs in Asiatic countries bordering on the Pacific. Washington's farewell address has never restrained the great American Republic in its dealings with trans-Pacific peoples. The United States liberated Cuba, and set her up in business for herself. In the same war, she liberated the Philippines, and kept them. Of course, the two situations are not parallel, but it is hardly thinkable that the United States would have taken over Madeira or Malta as she took over the Philippines.

Delivering a Letter to the Shogun

The classic illustration of America's assertion of her paramount interest in the Pacific is, of course, her dealings with Japan. On July 8, 1853, Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry anchored his four United States warships in Uraga Bay and delivered to the Shogun a letter from President Fillmore intimating, as politely as a Western nation knew how to intimate by means of warships well armed, that the United States would like to open commercial and diplomatic relations with the then hermit empire of Japan. This resulted in the famous treaty of Kanagawa, the first treaty which Japan made with any outside nation looking toward commercial and diplomatic relations. This treaty was not signed until the following year, and its negotiation was preceded by an interchange of presents.

Among the presents of the United States, made to the Government of Japan, was a half-size locomotive, tender and car, with a track leading from a convenient point on the shore up near Yokohama toward the palace. I once heard a description of this little railway train by an officer who accompanied the expedition, and he said that the front of the engine had the form of a dragon, and that the smoke and steam exhaust was through the dragon's mouth. When the Japanese saw this monster coming up from the beach with Americans riding in the car, they were in a state of mind that will not require description.

Among the presents, as reported by Admiral Perry in Volume I, page 357, of his official account, there was also a telegraph, with three miles of wire. He also listed a good number of books and official reports of the United States, with maps and telescope. He mentions also a barrel of whisky, five Hall's rifles, three Maynard's muskets, twelve cavalry swords and an assortment of agricultural implements. There were certain cases of wine and champagne. There were fine broadcloths and brocades and an assortment of perfumery.

He also lists among the presents made by the President of the United States to the Shogun of Japan, "Three ten-cent boxes of fine tea." If ever owls were carried to Athens or coals to Newcastle, it would appear to have been in the boxes of tea given not only to the Shogun, but to other high officials of Japan. I cite the volume and page above so that any one who is curious may look it up in the original report.

All of which is by way of saying that the United States, intent on preserving the Open Door policy in the East, pushed that door open in the beginning, and set a firm foot across the threshold as soon as Japan furtively opened a crack to discover who was there and what in the Orient was wanted.

Everybody knows that Japan has looked to America as her nearest and best friend; that she is one of our best customers and we are her very best, and that in tradition and history Japan and the United States have much to unite them. Also every one knows that relations have become somewhat strained of late. President Wilson came to a direct issue with the representatives of Japan at Versailles over the Shantung matter, and was compelled to assert his faith that Japan would keep her agreement and get out of Shantung in fifteen years, which promise the American people were not inclined to believe, and which Wilson was reluctant to accept in lieu of frank abandonment, but which Japan appears to be keeping in good faith with a margin to her credit. And everybody knows of the Japanese Exclusion Act, grafted upon the emigration law, reluctantly signed by President Coolidge.

Probing the Opinion of Japan

That this exclusion law profoundly shocked the Japanese people is undoubted, and there has been much talk to the effect that American tourists are insulted in Japan, and that Japan is ready to retaliate and even to find an excuse for war in consequence. Although my visit was a short and hurried one, it took me to the great centers —religious, political and commercial— Yokohama, Tokio, Nikko, Kobe, Osaka, Kyoto, and Nara, and in every one of these places I found some opportunity to discuss matters with Japanese people and with Americans resident in Japan. I talked with high representatives of the Japanese Government, with Honorable E. A. Bancroft, with the Ambassador of the United States, with American business men and missionaries, and with Japanese business and professional men, many of them educated in American universities. I had no means of conversing with the laboring men, but I encountered thousands of them as I passed through the streets, and had more or less restricted conversation with guides, chauffeurs, and ricksha men. I also have been during these few days a diligent reader of Japanese newspapers, and I have accompanied groups of ladies to the shops and stores. This experience is the basis of such information as has come to me, and I give it for whatever it is worth.

Friendly But Bewildered

First, I am satisfied that this group of people, very small, of course, in proportion to the whole population, but representative of the life of the cities if not of the nation, all cherish a deep feeling of friendship for the people of the United States. I attended a reception given to the people of our ship by the Japan Woman's Peace Association, tendered in the home of Baron Okura at Tokio. The women who, in addition to Mrs. Okura, acted as our hostesses were some of them Japanese and some American. I attended in the same city the annual banquet of the Rotary Club, held in the Banker's Club. Let no man suppose that in Japan the members of Rotary slap each other on the back and call each other by nicknames or sing "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" or "I'm a Little Prairie Flower." It is a most serious and dignified body, trying painfully hard to be a trifle frivolous for our sake. At my right sat a baron of high distinction and at my left the head of one of the largest business concerns in Japan, and across the table was the American Ambassador.

In Osaka I attended a banquet of church leaders. I think three Americans were present besides myself, the rest being Japanese preachers and laymen. Among the latter were two editors and a number of prominent business and professional men. I suppose that the church in which this banquet was served may have cost $150,000,

and it was about as complete a plant for all kinds of religious and educational and social work as can be found in an American city. I ate more slippery things that night than I have ever eaten at any one meal—raw fish, and fishes' eyes, and bamboo sprouts and boiled mushrooms and many things I did not recognize. I began with chopsticks, but after the meal was about one-third finished, a fork and spoon were surreptitiously slipped to me, a delicate intimation that I was not getting on very well with the sticks. It was no ordinary meal, and the men who sat with me were no ordinary men.

Now, all these people, and all these groups of people and other and experienced groups of American teachers and professors in the Doshisha and in Kobe College and other schools, tell me that, whatever may be said in the yellow press of Japan, the Japanese people have the friendliest feeling toward America, but that they are somewhat bewildered by the exclusion law, and exceedingly sensitive at what seems to them a blow from the hand of a friend.

But when I attempted something in the way of explanation, as once or twice I did, I was courteously but promptly reminded that this was unnecessary. The men to whom I talked knew perfectly well that the so-called "gentlemen's agreement" was not a treaty, and that the United States had good right to control its own immigration policy, and that Congress does not control the Legislature of California nor the President interfere in the courts. They understood as well as I did the distinction between the local and the national aspects of the matter. What hurt them was the feeling that they had been discriminated against as supposed inferiors.

A Clever Way to Give an Affront

I found a few Americans who told me of having heard discourteous words or having suffered discourtesy at the hands of some officials soon after the exclusion act was passed. One American who has been in Japan for about two years told me of a number of such instances, all of them having occurred immediately after the exclusion bill and some of them his own experiences. I have no doubt he told me the truth. One missionary told of a polite insult which he received at the time. He entered a street car, and a Japanese gentleman of repute rose and offered him his seat, saying, "You are an American; I give you my seat." This missionary said that this act of irony was intended as an insult, and was so understood by the people in the car. But he had the good sense not to resent it; and, indeed, it was a very clever way of offering an affront and no one admired the skill of its administration more than did the missionary.

But if there were any such acts immediately after the exclusion bill, they were not violent, in any case of which I heard, and they did not last long. At the present time, Japan is doing her utmost to show courtesy to every American who visits the island empire. Some of my friends in America told me it would hardly be safe for an American to visit Japan. Nothing could be further from the truth. I am confident that never has Japan been more determined to seek the good will of the United States than just now.

I visited one of the common schools, a large one. The children were expecting an American deputation. They had flags, all of them made by the children themselves. Half of them were the Stars and Stripes and half of them were the flag of Japan with its red sun on a field of white. The children waved them and intertwined them as they sang to us. They could not speak our language, but they sang songs that we could not fail to understand.

As we passed along the streets, the workmen on the highways and the people who stood aside for us, and who greeted us from their doorways, all showed us courtesy, and none of them were seen to turn after we had passed to sneer at our appearance, though some of the Japanese women were visibly amused at some of the headgear of the American women, and no wonder.

Why Foreigners Own No Land in Japan

Some reader will say, "These affairs were staged for the benefit of American visitors, and the Japanese may have been dissembling their real feelings for commercial reasons."

Some of the events were staged, as the banquets and formal receptions and school exhibitions, but that does not prove them insincere. But the hearty salutations of the common people as we passed them, and the smiling greetings of women and children, were not staged, and could not all of them have been insincere. I think none of them were hypocritical.

I write this the day of my departure, while there is still pending a bill introduced in the Imperial Diet a few days ago making it possible for foreigners to own land in Japan. Men who are in position to judge, tell me that the bill is likely to pass. If so, it will have become a law by the time this is printed. If the bill passes, it will begin a new era for American investors in business and philanthropic work. If not, it will be of interest to relate what is the present situation. (The Japanese Embassy at Washington advises that the Imperial Diet passed the law permitting foreigners to own land in Japan.—Ed.)

The unit of land in Japanese measurements is the *tsubo*, being a square of six feet, containing an area of thirty-six square feet. All Japanese land measurements are in *tsubos*. Land under the old law could be owned in fee simple by the Japanese but not by foreigners. As the law has been, an American could not buy the land for his factory. He would have to lease it for a period perhaps of 999 years, and have it held in the name of a *zaidan*, or quasi-corporation. The buildings of the Y.M.C.A. in Japanese cities, and the hospitals and colleges of American origin were all so held. The *zaidan*, or juridical persons, had to meet once a year, on a definite day, and at a stated hour and minute, and report to the government as so meeting.

This answered very well for a corporation, but the American resident in Japan, the secretary of the Y.M.C.A., the manager of the plant, the surgeon at the hospital, and the teacher in the school, who would like to own their own homes, could not do so. There was much discussion of the proposed new law, and I think an editorial which appeared recently in the Osaka *Mainichi* is fairly typical of the feeling that has been expressed to me. The editorial was placed in my hand by its writer, Naoshi Kato, assistant editor-in-chief, and principal editorial writer in the *Mainichi*, which also is issued in a Japanese edition as the *Nichi-Nichi*. It is a paper owned, edited, and controlled entirely by Japanese. Mr. Kato said to me in conversation that his editorial, as he believed, expressed the judgment of the paper's constituency in saying:

> "We are in full accord with the fundamental spirit of the present bill, not only because it is most timely so to alter a law promulgated over 50 years ago as to meet the demand of the new age, but because there is no possible harm whatsoever in allowing foreigners to own Japanese land and absolutely no danger of our land's being occupied by foreign landowners, due chiefly to the fact that the value of land in our Empire is by far the highest priced in the whole world.

Japan Desires Confidence of United States

> "Supposing that many foreigners and their corporations buy our land, such an event must be welcomed by us Japanese, because of the consequent investment of more foreign capital in this country. The full ownership of land will surely stimulate foreign business men to reside longer and put up permanent enterprises in the land.
>
> "It is our earnest wish that this magnanimous law be enacted as soon as possible, and be so applied as to show the world the true spirit of Japan, who so ardently claims indiscriminative treatment of all peoples irrespective of race, creed, or birth."

There is a militaristic party and a yellow-journal group in Japan as in the United States. Japan is harder hit by the earthquake than the world knows, and is poorer in purse and soberer in judgment than she was at the end of the World War. She greatly desires the confidence of the United States, and I think is earnestly desirous of deserving it.

How We Got Our Present Calendar

Babylon and Egypt Began the Job and Julius Caesar and Pope Gregory Finished It

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE close contact of modern man with civilization of the past is really made every day and every hour with the clock and with the calendar. Why do we have twenty-four hours in the day, and whence come the sixty minutes in an hour, and the seven days of the week? The answers to these questions carry us back to Babylon of old, to Egypt, and to Greece, and to Rome.

Whenever you tell the time of day you pay an unconscious tribute to the Babylonians who divided the day into twelve double-hours and the hour into sixty minutes. Whenever you give the day of the week you connect again with Babylon. When you give the month of the year you touch the hand of Julius and Augustus Caesar whose names are reflected in July and August. The year itself connects with Christ and the civilization of Palestine. In this way the hand of time points not only forward but also backward.

The sun is the most striking object which the heavens offer to the gaze of earth dwellers. The time from sun to sun—whether from sunrise to sunrise with the Arabs or from sunset to sunset with the Hebrews or from high noon of the astronomers to high noon is the most natural division of time, the solar day. How far back into the history of primitive man this day appears is not a matter of record. Certain refinements in the day could not be made by the early primitive men, requiring too great care in observation over a long period of time.

The sidereal or star day is the unit of time of the astronomers. This is the time from the passage of some star across the meridian to the next passage of the same star. However, as the earth moves about the sun, an apparent movement of the sun takes place as viewed from the earth. The result is that when 365 solar days have passed the earth has completed about 366 complete revolutions about its axis. Again the earth does not move with the same speed at every point in its path about the sun, moving faster when nearer the sun, and also the path of the earth in its elliptical orbit about the sun is inclined to the plane of the Equator. These peculiarities cause trouble when you begin to inquire too closely into the length of the solar day by which we live our lives.

Undoubtedly the moon next claimed the attention of primitive man and the period of its passage about the earth is termed a month. The time between two successive full moons, the so-called synodical period, is 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, 2.8 seconds. Quite certainly the seasons, particularly summer and winter, made a vivid impression upon primitive man, particularly when suffering from a combination of hunger and cold. The necessity of planning for food, to plant and care for grains, undoubtedly made the savage take note of days and seasons and finally to form some sort of calendar.

Rustic calendar of the Romans.

In Babylon and in Egypt the sky is much clearer than it is here. In consequence the stars and the planets are much more brilliant. Then, too, the primitive people spent much time, "abiding by their flocks by night" and out in the open spaces. The passage of the earth about the sun, with the varying position of the sun in the heavens, combined with the four seasons, impressed the year upon man. Unfortunately for the calendar the earth takes 365 days, 5 hours, 41 minutes, and 46 seconds (365.24220 days) to complete its course about the sun, and these extra hours and minutes and seconds have caused endless calculations and computations from the time of Julius Caesar to the present. Neither with the month nor with the day does the year harmonize and this has given astronomers a great deal of business.

The Egyptians first enjoyed a single year of twelve months or twelve-moons, but the seasons becoming dislocated the Egyptians introduced five extra holidays at the end of the year. Christmas vacation probably dates from this Egyptian custom, but not certainly. Christmas itself appears first in the first Christian Calendar, that by Pope Liberius, made in A. D. 354. However, in 228 B. C., the Egyptian knowledge of the heavenly bodies had progressed to a leap year and to the Egyptians the ladies owe a special vote of thanks. Julius Caesar, with the aid of an Egyptian named Sosigenes, placed leap year on the map in Europe, and our modern calendar definitely begins with the Julian Calendar of Caesar.

Our months come to us largely from Rome. Particularly in the words September, October, November, and December, we have the Latin words for seven, eight, nine, and ten or *septem*, *octo*, *novem*, and *decem*. In the old Roman calendar the months began with March, making these months the seventh to the tenth. Originally July was Quintilis but Julius Caesar honored the month (or himself) by renaming the month July. The Romans numbered the days backward from the beginning of the next month; December 25 would be the seventh before the Kalends of January (our New Year). The word *calendar* comes from Kalends.

Caesar rearranged the calendar in 45 B. C., with every other month having thirty days:

> January 31, February 29, March 31, April 30, May 31, June 30, July 31, Sextilis 30, September 31, October 30, November 31, December 30.

When Augustus Caesar became sufficiently powerful he persuaded the senate to change Sextilis to August and not to have a short month, less than that of Julius, and also to have the luck of odd numbers August took another day from February. Probably at this time, in order not to have a succession of long months, September and November (*Concluded on page 23*)

EDITORIALS

Australian State Shipping Failure

THE recent decision of the Australian Government to invite tenders for the purchase of the Commonwealth Shipping Line as a going concern is a matter of special interest to the American people. The experiences of Australia and the United States in regard to this experiment in nationalization are very similar. Both enterprises originated during the war, and both are designed to meet an unprecedented condition.

In the summer of 1917 shipping became a tremendous concern to the Allies, and Australia's peculiarly isolated position demanded that she should provide for her own needs. Now shipbuilding is not an industry that can be created overnight, but the Australian authorities determined that it should be established as quickly as possible.

The war came to an end before any results were forthcoming, but the work was carried steadily forward, and the first Australian-built ship, the *Delunga*, was launched in 1919. Two years later, the Federal Minister of works and railways made a statement to the effect that the Commonwealth Government Line was then operating forty-seven vessels. He further declared that every effort would be made to carry on the shipbuilding industry, which he insisted was "essential to the trade and commerce and producing interests of the Commonwealth." In spite of this, the enterprise was a financial failure from the start. When the Australian shipping board made its decision to sell, no fewer than twenty-one of the remaining thirty-two vessels under the board's control were laid up in idleness, while the remainder were merely incurring losses.

The report attributes the failure of the line to high running costs as compared with competing lines; to labor troubles, and to the unsuitability of the character of the tonnage. No doubt all these were contributing factors, but the decisive cause of failure in Australia, as in America, seems to have been one that is inherent in nationalization. In the shipping industry, perhaps, more than in any other, individual enterprise and cumulative experience play a decisive part. The way of the sea is one that cannot be mastered overnight. Although there was a strong desire in Australia to maintain its Merchantile Marine for patriotic reasons, there is now a growing consensus of opinion that the government is right in its determination to cut the loss of some eleven million pounds, which the enterprise has involved, and to transfer the ships to private owners.

Watchman, What of the Night?

ONE of the most important questions of the hour is—What is really happening in Japan? The sudden extension of manhood suffrage to a people almost entirely unaccustomed to any exercise of political power has created a situation well-nigh unprecedented in history.

Writing from Tokio to a representative of this paper, quite recently, a well-known authority on the Far East puts the matter in a nutshell. "The air is full," he says, "of new political projects, organizations, clubs, factions, castles, and bubbles. It is something like the preparation for the rush upon some new territory to be opened by a government for free settlement upon the firing of a gun. In this case the gun will be the signature of the Prince Regent." Intellectual Japan, he insists, regards the new measure as tantamount to "distributing rifles, razors and bombs as playthings among lunatics and children."

The fact is, of course, that intellectual Japan is reaping the whirlwind of a tragic paternalism. When the country began to recover from the disaster of September, 1923, it was to emerge into a new and bewildered life. For a time, the old intellectuals still held the reins; for a time the propaganda of optimism desperately fostered by the government had its effect, but gradually the deferred hope made the heart sick, and the Japanese peasant and artisan became an easy prey to a "liberty" crying press. The result is manhood suffrage and a condition of uncertainty, the like of which has hardly ever obtained among a great people before. The momentous question—What of the Night in Japan?—the future alone can answer.

Crime and the Daily Press

A WELL-KNOWN daily journal declares itself unable to become excited over the perennial dispute as to the proper place for crime stories in a newspaper. It quotes, as best expressing its viewpoint in the matter, the remark of a New York columnist: "A well-known sociologist says the newspapers print too much crime news. The criminals agree with him."

This, we think, is typical. By treating the question as though it were one of substance, instead of form, the average daily can always manage a plausible "answer" and avoid at the same time coming to grips with the problem at all.

Assuredly crime stories have a place in the daily news. Just as certainly they should be given the space, emphasis and detailed exposition their importance to society deserves. This is precisely what a number of newspapers fail to do. They not only emphasize a crime story disproportionately; they emphasize details which have properly no place in the story at all; and over and above this, they place tragic and romantic halos and auras round the persons and scenes concerned.

Usually the persons concerned are not noticeably more tragic or romantic than the rest of us. Many of them are poorly organized, some of them brutish, most of them downright dumb. As for the scenes—were the atmospheric and light effects introduced by the news writer removed, the ordinary observer would see them as phases of an unhappy, despairing struggle on the part of persons with mental strabismus to get wealth without working for it.

More newspapers could see this if the journalistic world were less favorable to the logic of Pecksniff and the temperament of Bertha Clay.

On the Fall of Civilizations

A RECENT *Atlantic Monthly* article warns us of an impending peril. It's the same peril that has been impending since 1905 or so. Our civilization is in danger. Why? Because we are coming culturally to the same condition that Rome came to, before she dived off with a low but heartfelt sob into a glorious oblivion.

The way of it is this. Even as Rome, we are increasing our margin of leisure by letting our slaves work for us. Our slaves are not human but mechanical. However, that makes no difference: we have the leisure. The question is, what for? For movies, jazz, and other feverish activities. Thus we are disintegrating rapidly. Soon we shall be material for history. Soon we shall be merely inspiration for the Marlowes, Jonsons and Shakespeares of the future. Depressing thought!

What is the remedy? For no prophet ever lets a nation go to its destined doom without intensifying its despair by pointing out what might have been, provided things were what they were not, which seems hardly possible.

The remedy lies in our beginning at once to show the nation what to do with the leisure it does not at present know what to do with. "Come with me," we must say to the fellow amusing himself by braining his family, "escape from boredom in a game of pachisi; here are the macaroons, there the tea." "Follow us," to the lad drowsily slugging the passing citizenry for their cash, "we shall blow bubbles, scanning the while the pleasantries of Agnes Repplier." And so on, through the devotees of less stupid pastimes, until the nation is all occupied with taking correspondence harmonica lessons, coloring photographs and collecting stamps.

Rome fell, our prophets tell us, because she became fat and soft. She became fat and soft because she let others do her work for her. Thus were the social body's muscles vitiated. Are they being so weakened here, now?

Which of Them Knows Least?

MR. CLARENCE DARROW offers to face Mr. William Jennings Bryan on the theory of Evolution, the battle to occur in Tennessee. It is in such exhibitions that one may learn what is wrong with Evolution and why both proponents and opponents can produce such good reasons for their separate stands. For if there is anything that has harmed the theory known as Evolution, it is that every country school-teacher in the land has attempted to teach it from scrappy textbooks; and if there is anything that has harmed the position of the anti-Evolutionists it is their assumption that thinking can be prevented by law.

In the battle of Darrow vs. Bryan there will be a flood of evidence on both sides, but as in the Leopold-Loeb case, it will narrow down to a battle of the "experts."

Losses in the World of Art

SINCE the beginning of 1925 Americans have had cause to mourn the death of two great artists, George Bellows, who died on January 8, and John Singer Sargent, on April 16. But in the midst of our regret that they have died, there exists a heartfelt thankfulness that they have lived. For many of us the image that usually appeared to our inward eye when we heard the words "artist" or "poet" was the figure of a long-haired, Windsor tie-d, effeminate, indolent person, whom men regarded as insufferable, and even the ladies didn't admire, although, apparently, they felt that there might be some occult and superior virtue in, now and then, giving some evidence of having a taste for that sort of person and his works.

It is to all of us who had such experiences in our search for acquaintanceship with artists and poets that the knowledge of Sargent and Bellows came like a clear breeze from the great ocean. They looked like workers, hard, earnest workers, with their hands and with their brains. They have left with us, in the case of Sargent, the frieze of the "Prophets" in the Boston Public Library, numbers of exquisite watercolors, and many penetrating portraits; in the case of George Bellows, a man scarcely forty years old, portraits, sparkling landscapes, and somber, strong lithographs.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

A MAN is just what he makes himself and no title can make him anything else; but there is a glamour about a title which gives a man a false value. There was once an English operatic satirist who wrote about a king who in a fit of excessive benevolence wished all his subjects to be his equals. So he distributed all kinds of titles with a lavish hand, with the result that "Bishops in their shovel hats were plentiful as tabby cats, while viscounts sat at every door and dukes were three a penny."

There is a danger that if certain titles go on multiplying at the present rate an untitled person will soon become a rarity and the absence of any handle to his name a distinction. Americans are amused at the extensive crop of counts, grand dukes, and princelings that Europe has been able to furnish through many centuries of history. We laugh at the huge quantities of medals, ribbons, and other "decorations" worn by these alleged supermen; but do we ever think of the vast collection of "colonels," "professors," and "presidents" which exists in this country—colonels who never commanded a regiment or smelled gunpowder, professors who never saw the inside of a college or occupied a university chair, presidents who never presided over anything.

There seems to be no sense of perspective in such matters, no idea that colonels should command something, that leaders should lead, that teachers should teach. Many of those who seek or who assume such titles forget that they fool themselves more than they do their friends.

In this mad desire for superiority there are many who try to borrow reflected glory from someone who has long since passed away. They will tell you that their forefathers came over with somebody who is supposed to have made history. Perhaps, if the records of some of these alleged ancestors were fully known, there would be an end of the desire to stress this descent too much. After all, what does it matter whether ancestors were saints or sinners, great or insignificant, it is the man of the moment who does things that counts. It is not the past we are living; we live in the present, preparing for the future.

A man is known by the service he performs, not by the title which he assumes. Titles do not beget greater efficiency in employes or increase their value to the corporation by whom they are employed.

"THE rank is but the guinea's stamp, the Man's the gowd for a' that," are words written long ago by a poet who was also a philosopher. Precious metal is not improved in its quality by the impress of the mint, any more than a man is made more useful by giving him a title. On the other hand, a count or a duke may make a very good navvy or sweeper, none the less efficient because he bears a title. In these days of dynastic upheavals some of them are doing such work, and doing it well.

This craze for appearing big by using a title is widespread. A man puts up a shack and collects within it a few groceries. Instead of calling it a grocery store, as his father or grandfather would have done, he calls it a provision company or something of that sort, of which he elects himself the "president." His assistant is the "manager," and the office boy is the "secretary." He gets imposing letterheads printed, and strangers are given the impression that here is a firm of considerable standing. It is not an uncommon thing nowadays for one man to assume the title of "company." He is, of course, the "president" as well as everything else.

These titles, whether military, scholastic, industrial, or professional, exercise a fascination difficult to explain. Even if a man legitimately assumes such designations it shows a lack of good taste to be continually flourishing them in the face of the public. But when he has not the shadow of a right to them the offense is greater.

There are sometimes in the same establishment a number of men performing almost the same kind of work, but who have got the title mania to such an extent that they are jealous of the least infringement of their supposed dignity.

There is a story told of George Washington. It may be as great a myth as that legend of the cherry tree, but it illustrates the point. When in command of the Revolutionary Army Washington was taking a stroll round the camp one day when he came upon a squad of soldiers, under a corporal, who were trying to hoist a heavy beam into position. The general, who was not in uniform, was unknown to the men.

The corporal was shouting orders while the men toiled and sweated at the rope. But it was rather too much for their strength and the beam hung in the air. "Why don't you lend a hand yourself?" said Washington to the petty officer. "Sir, I am a corporal," exclaimed the man indignantly. The general then seized the rope and the beam was soon in position. He turned to the big little man with the words: "Next time you require assistance, send for your commander-in-chief."

Distinctions of title lead to lack of coöperation and detract from efficiency. It does not make a sweeper handle his broom any better because he calls himself a cleansing commissioner, or a gardener more skillful in growing plants if he calls himself a horticulturist. A spade, although a horticultural implement, is first and foremost a spade.

The Still-Hunt

Man, the Panther and the Doe

By MAX BENTLEY

He stood for a contemplative moment.

A FICTIONAL element has been woven into the true account which follows of a hunt for panther by the Reynolds boys and the writer, on the X Ranch in Culberson and Jeff Davis counties of Texas. The movements of the animals prior to the dogs running upon the injured doe have been assumed, and likewise the conclusion of this drama of the lower world has been assumed; but justly assumed.

The character of the doe's wounds, the fact that she was bearing young, and the discovery, several days after the hunt, that her resting place had been discovered and her flesh devoured, suggested the following reconstruction, in fictional form, of an episode that was true, so far as the writer's own connection with it carried.

Dawn was a full hour away when the panther rose from his bed on the ledge halfway up the mountain. The cats are the lightest of sleepers, and through that short summer night the panther's instinct to watch and guard had not been relaxed for an instant, although no creature of the wilderness was safer than he, in the protecting gray-brown blend of the rocks with the gray-brown dusk of his own coat.

After another fashion of his kind he preened himself for the day. Very deliberately he stretched full length. Digging his claws into the shaly surface of the ledge he drew his legs together until his long body, arching beautifully upward, seemed to twang response from rippling muscles and hair-trigger nerves. He yawned prodigiously. There was the luxury of ease in his movements as, with curled paw, he rubbed his whiskers smartly. Then he advanced to the edge of his lair where, with nostrils twitching, he stood for a contemplative moment sounding the cold, thin, wind-washed air.

The light had not commenced to sift through. The black mantle of night still covered the wilderness world, and the depths of the cañon below seemed impenetrably dark; but the panther read their secrets. The pupils of his cold green eyes contracted to a slit, and, under their marvelous focus, the mantle fell apart to reveal every ridge and rock, every flower and fern, that seemed for his purpose to be worth more than a glance.

He saw about him a tumble of ridges and peaks, marking (though he knew it not) the disappearance of the Rocky Mountains on the Western Texas plain. Here and there they were nearly as high as the parent mountains, and clothed in a variety of trees and shrubs showing a curious mingling of the forest growths of East, West, North, and the dry Southwest. Southward, beyond his vision, was an intervening space of flat semi-desert land which he had but lately crossed, inclining in growth to shadeless cacti and other rigidly brittle plant life, with the Sierra Madres of Mexico rising in hazy outline and the Rio Grande curling around their feet.

The panther was a newcomer to the mountain country, and an unwilling visitor. If his wishes had been considered the cañons of the Davis range would not have resounded, the night before, to his half-challenging, half-querulous, calling. His preference was not for the mountain but for the level grassy sward beside living waters, or beneath the shelter of the deep forest. Only his instinct for sanctuary had driven him and his kind from pleasant retreats across the desert into a country of sparse rainfall and insufficient covering. His instinct had not been to migrate, but to flee. Now he was restive, suspicious, unable to adjust himself to the order of his interrupted life.

His toilet accomplished, he leaped from the ledge to a limb of a stately manzanita whose top came level with the floor of his lair, thence lightly to the ground. Soundlessly he made off, following a route of his own—unmarked and yet well recognized from frequent use—leading down the mountain to a spring. His impulse was to eat and drink. He had in mind the carcass of his last victim. Although he had feasted on it for some days there were succulent morsels not too ripe still clinging to the bones which he had dragged to a hollow near the spring and covered with dirt and leaves. A few days earlier the ranch ponies had come to that spring to drink, and among them a mare with a spindly colt at her heels. The panther had hastily sheltered himself in an oak tree; a brief minute's wait and the colt ambled beneath. A leap, a scissor-like rending of soft meat, and the cat's needs were well supplied for a week to come. The slaughter of the colt was the third act of its kind in a month, and it marked the panther himself for destruction at the hands of the Reynolds boys, owners of the ranch. Indeed, he had been unsuccessfully hunted for a week, up and down the cañon, and even now another hunt was forming at the ranch house some five miles away.

His route to the spring led past a sentinel elm guarding a wildwood tangle from which, yesterday, after a moveless wait of hours, he had catapulted himself upon a passing doe and then lost her through the untimely appearance of Will Reynolds' red hounds. The panther had barely saved himself. Hurling himself backward in a lightning bound he had gained his ambush and thence jumped to a ledge

safely above the dogs, from which—screeching and spitting and fanning the air with aimless sweeps of his claws—he had defied the calls for help. He might have torn them to ribbons, but his was the inherited cowardice of the felines which alone denied him kingship of the wilds. Although a determined and fearless hunter his veins ran water before the pursuit of man or dog. Once hemmed by them, he would have died miserably without a fight.

Passing the scene of yesterday's encounter with the doe, he stopped suddenly as the memory of it smote him. The hair rose along his back, his long tail twitched, and he shrank against a juniper bush while his nose made an appraisal of the place. His nervousness increased as he picked up the deer scent still clinging faintly in the tops of the short dewy grass. Abandoning the impulse to eat and drink at the spring he turned upward again, and by a new route cautiously returned to the safety of his ledge.

In that inky blackness only an eye trained to the wilderness might have singled the hiding doe. Not the faintest movement revealed her—no fatal glint in the soft brown eyes such as betrays the hiding places of cats. Her breathing was as light as the air itself, and her flanks rose and fell with a motion all but indistinguishable. Yesterday fear had dwelt in her eyes; today they were soft and questioning.

She was desperately hurt, but the agony of her fright had passed. She had no recollection of yesterday's peril; of the paralyzing shock of the panther's attack which had borne her down and defeated her mad attempts to rise; of the wild screeching accompanying the attack; of the air filled with raking claws that had sent blood spurting from her sides; of the sudden clamor of dogs at hand; of her own flight. She had run blindly, with loud blowings and an ungovernable terror in her heart. The dogs, had they not been diverted from pursuit by the cat, would have run her down quickly, for she carried a mangled hindquarter.

What had happened yesterday had passed from the doe's memory. There remained a bearing down within her—a living weight whose heartbeats kept time with her own. Only that and an awareness of thirst burning her throat not to assuage which, something told her, meant a lingering death to her and hers.

Though it was autumn, the brown doe was near her time. In a land such as is Texas, where the mourning dove goes mating in September, where the bear does not hibernate, it is not uncommon for the wild quadrupeds to bear young either in midsummer or midwinter. More than any other cause, a contrary climate will turn topsy-turvy the usually regular processes of nature.

Resting quietly in her shelter, the doe took note of the passage of the night. A sleepy chirrup overhead was followed by a flutter of wings as a flock of sparrows accommodated their tiny bodies to a wandering wind puff. A hawk took wing nearby and sailed heavily away. Along the path came a cottontail—another alien in the hills—hopping in leisurely fashion. The doe sensed the coming of morning. Her impulse was to rise, and she obeyed it. She came to her feet with an effort, stood for a moment on trembling legs, and presently moved off down the mountain, toward the spring.

The hunters, in two automobiles, turned off the main ranch road. With lights out they coasted down the hillside through the spectral darkness to the corral where waited the ponies. Will Reynolds, master of the hunt, took that precaution because (as he explained with a sly smile), to arrive noisily might alarm the ponies, and they, unused to lights, might bolt through the high but none-too-secure corral fence. They never had, but they might, and they were always threatening.

The mountain pony is the most phlegmatic of creatures. He steps into dangerous trails with a nonchalance that has been bred in him down a long line of trail-developed ancestors. He proves his trustworthiness in a hundred thrilling emergencies, but at the same time reserves the traditional privilege of a burst of temperament now and then, especially on being approached unexpectedly and at unseasonable hours. He is altogether harmless at such times,

Only an eye trained to the wilderness might have singled the hiding doe.

he is content to occupy the stage but briefly, and the master who indulges him has come to learn something of the horseflesh complex.

Roping the mounts that morning amounted to a rite. The Reynolds brothers, Will and Nathan, entered the corral. The next instant the air was full of whistling lariats, fast-revolving bodies, dust clouds and snorts. Peaceful Henry, for eighteen years a trusted saddle pony on that ranch, led the herd of equine prima donnas. Round and round the corral he dashed, snorting, bucking, with mane flying and tail stiffly behind him, dodging the ropes with a *sang froid* born of long experience. The footmen patiently followed him until, presently, a noose slid along Peaceful Henry's back. It was in nowise a catch, but honor was satisfied. The pony plowed to a stop with forefeet braced, tamely submitted to bridle and blanket and saddle, and, head down, followed his master to the gate. The other fugitives managed to get themselves caught, too, but without seeming to be surrendering too precipitately.

Single-file the party entered the head of the cañon. Will Reynolds led while Nathan, afoot, acted as trail finder and dog tender. The two hounds strained on their leashes, Little Red being inclined to advertise his youth and inexperience in a series of short and muffled barks, and subsiding to rebellious whines only under the fierce half-whispers of his master.

Light was now indistinctly breaking over the mountain. A saffron glow came faintly through the hanging mist, seeming to stain the air in transparent pink and orange tints. To unaccustomed ears not a sound arose to mar the solitude, yet the cañon thronged with life stirring to the day. The wild things of Nature only seemed to be sleeping—the progress of the hunters, cautious though they tried to make it, was spied on from bush and bough and bend, and word of their going preceded them.

Panther Spring the Only Waterhole

Panther Spring was the only waterhole in the cañon. Thither Will Reynolds was leading the way, but not a direct way. Though a seasoned hunter, putting proud store by his collection of mounted deer horns, he had that half-unintelligible but sincere love for the helpless folk that peopled the wilderness thereabout, and he chose a wandering route over steeply mounting trails, the recompense for whose rough going was, for him, the variety of fresh sights to be seen in the coming day; fleeting glimpses of the smaller four-footed things stealing from cover to cover and deeming themselves to be hunted; dewdrops glistening on the ends of piñon and juniper and cedar needles like pendants of jewels, and the feel of the fog on face and hands.

Thus, by a roundabout route, the hunters at length came to the top of the ridge at about the same time that the panther leaped from the manzanita to the safety of his rocky lair and the wounded doe responded to the burning in her throat by beginning her labored descent to the waterhole.

The Flight of the Sonora Doves

On the instant of their arrival, so nearly it seemed to be timed, the fog definitely broke. The curtain rolled away to reveal a dripping-wet concourse of trees over whose tops, rising and dipping and sounding their sweetly sad notes, volleyed a little flock of band-tailed Sonora doves. They were of a genus closely akin to the passenger pigeon which once shadowed the earth with his migration as he passed, in stupendous numbers, across the heavens in spring and autumn, and their tender calling—*koo-eet, koo-eet*—seemed to bear something of the lament of that vanished other species.

It was Big Red that picked up the trail. The dogs had been released on the mountain top and had sped away, casting about in ever-widening circles. Little Red announced himself noisily as usual, but Big Red made a beautiful picture as, with nose down and body extended, he hunted relentlessly and without voice. But finally, far down the mountain, came the singing deep-toned notes that brought the hunters clattering forth. It meant panther.

From now on it was hard and fast work. The hunters arrived before a tangle of juniper and oak and trumpet vine tendrils to find both dogs dashing in and out in a state of frenzy, so hot was the scent. Their frantic circles invariably ended at the foot of a sentinel elm into which the big dog was attempting to leap.

Nathan rushed in plying his quirt.

"Nothing here!" he shouted. "Go on, go on!"

Little Red picked up a trail and followed it madly down the mountain. The hunters did not see the dogs overrun the doe, but her labored flight and the catch were in plain view. Little Red made a clumsy stab at her trailing hindquarter, while Big Red leaped straight for the throat. She fell to her knees.

"It's a doe!" Will Reynolds called. He flung himself from his horse. A dozen leaps brought him to the struggle. A hasty kick sent Little Red yelping away, but to cool the big dog's ardor required sterner measures with the quirt. The dogs retreated, then returned to throw themselves at the hunters' feet, tongues dripping and eyes full of wonder. The flight of the doe died away to a faint crashing.

"That doe is hurt," said Will Reynolds. "We'll take her alive."

And so the pursuit was renewed. The hounds were again leashed and the party divided, Nathan and the dogs following the trail downward and Will and the main party taking a straight line. After a time came Will's voice, faintly, from around a shoulder in the cañon.

"I've got her!"

The fugitive had blundered into a trap—in trembling silhouette for all to see she stood on a dizzy brink of a ledge from which there was no escape save to plunge to death on the rocks thirty feet below. Will Reynolds lassoed her, cautiously drew her forward, then tripped her with an expert flirt of the rope. She fell heavily, and lay with heaving flanks, but turning her head from side to side in utter helplessness as her captors clambered down to release the noose.

Her day was plainly done. Besides the torn hindquarter there were cruel gashes along her body—the light brown of her coat was stained deep black. Will Reynolds bent down to examine her more closely.

"The panther got her. And *that's* not all," he said, startled. "There's a fawn, too. We'll have to kill her, boys."

When Tragedy Came to the Doe

Although to slay a doe at any season is an illegal act, dispatching this stricken creature was an act of simple mercy. Will Reynolds called for his rifle. The doe staggered to her feet.

The roar of the gun echoed from crag to crag. Anxiety, and questioning, faded forever from the deep brown eyes as the doe toppled stiffly from the ledge and crashed through the branches of a stately manzanita to the rocks below. The hunters covered the body with boughs and twigs and grass, and soberly departed. The day's sport was ruined.

As the timid wild things emerged from their coverts to resume their simple occupations, there was a stirring just above the ledge. A lean form appeared from a shelter of rocks and bushes—and the panther looked down upon the scene. He had seen it all, with tense body and softly lashing tail. The fierce light in his eyes was not of gratitude, but of hunger—it was no concern of his that the doe had been brought straight to his lair, that a bounty of sweet meat, only yesterday denied his own prowess, had been so suddenly laid before him by that most implacable of all his enemies, man. After a prudent wait he alighted upon the ledge, and then slipped nimbly down the face of the cliff to his feast. One contemptuous sweep of his paw, and the doe's frail covering was scattered to the winds.

The great crouching beast looked up challengingly. Far overhead, in the tide of the mid-morning heat, floated a vagrant pair of hawks. A blot down the cañon was the departing hunters and the dogs trailing listlessly behind. As the quietude closed down the panther sank his fangs into unresisting flesh.

Rain Is the Great Benefactor

An Element Without Which the Earth Would Be a Barren Desert

HARRIET GEITHMANN

IN ATHENS, in days of old, many an earnest prayer was offered up to Zeus: "Rain, rain, O dear Zeus, down on the plowed fields of the Athenians and on the plains."

In China, in days of old, when the Celestial Empire was at its height of glory, the august Emperor in behalf of his 400,000,000 children journeyed out to the Altar of Heaven, that magnificent marble tabernacle of Pekin, and offered up his august prayers to the benign gods of sun and rain and snow. In America, on Thanksgiving Day, the President of these United States offers up a prayer of thanksgiving to the Father of Light for a bountiful harvest, the gift of sun and rain and snow.

Rain, rain the benefactor, gentle, life-giving, rejuvenating rain of springtime, the tempestuous rain of summer, the refreshing rain of autumn and the deliberate rain of winter, thou art acknowledged to be the Eve of all physical life on the smiling face of the earth. "Sunshine is delicious; rain is refreshing; wind braces up; snow is exhilarating," said John Ruskin. "There is really no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather."

When the Clouds March Across the Sky

Go to Hawaii for liquid sunshine, a fine mist of rain shot through and through with golden sunlight, one of the joys of the Hawaiian climate. Go South or East for torrential showers drenching the earth with vehement energy and go to the Northwest for all varieties of rain, the benefactor. "The Sound region," said John Muir, "has a fine, fresh, clean climate well washed both winter and summer with copious rains and swept with winds and clouds that come from the mountains and the sea." One can have almost any kind of weather he chooses in any bonnie corner of Uncle Sam's 3,000,000 square miles of territory. Almost the entire country revels in rain and snow one-third of the year.

The majority of us have a blind way of taking our blessings for granted and among the greatest of these is rain. When the clouds march across the sky we gasp: "Is it going to rain?" and we dash out with our umbrellas fearful of trifling consequences and unmindful of dusty roads, parched fields, thirsty trees and plants, pleading farmers and weary travelers. We appreciate rain a thousandfold more after experiencing a drought, when the sky turns yellow, the rivers run dry to the sea, the streams shrink into nothing, the "sun sucks the earth's blood like a vampire," the ground under one's feet turns to dust and is slippery as an eel, the parched grass and trees shrivel up and turn white, the fields, no longer fertile, are desert-dry, the smoke from forest fires obscures the vision and the air scorches one's cheek morning, noon and night like the breath of a furnace. 'Tis then that one appreciates the first soft and delicious raindrops full of hope and promise for the future. They are music to the ear, heavenly perfume for the nostrils, joy to the eye, warm, life-giving, "sun-distilled, far-traveling, vapor-born" raindrops, healing, cleansing the air and the earth, refreshing humanity, sponging off leaves of grass, one's rose bushes, as well as Walt Whitman's "slumbering and liquid trees," the mighty cedars and giant firs. Trees are like sponges waiting to be divinely filled.

It is estimated that the whole earth would be covered with a blanket of snow twenty inches thick if all the water vapor floating about in the atmosphere were precipitated in the form of snow. Rain is the product of an ordinary cumulus cloud carried to a certain point of saturation, the condensed vapor of the atmosphere falling to the earth in drops, any one of which would be "as dangerous as a bullet," were it not for the resistance of the air. As the drifting, drenching clouds leave their breeding heights in the West and the Southwest,

All the Thirsty Throats of the Fields

they march forward to their destiny constantly recruiting young and lusty clouds from the atmosphere as they advance.

The earth never smiles with the same gladness or purrs with the same satisfaction when one uses the garden hose or the sprinkling can. All the mysterious "skyey influences," the happy benefaction, the electrical energy, the ozone and the ammonia are absent in such a sprinkling process. But let the dull gray clouds do the sprinkling and the earth opens up her pores that she may drink deeply of the bounty of Nature. All the thirsty throats of all the fields are eager to be quenched and all the tree toads and insects slide out to "wet their jackets." The gentle vernal showers with their quickening spirit, the gift of warm, tropical vapors, charged with the essence of spring, greens the grass, makes robins hark more intently for stirring worms and insects, and coaxes all Nature to don her loveliest frock and her winsome smile for the coming carnival. The spring rain is impulsive and capricious with many a jolly surprise up its sleeve, a dashing spur to action one minute and a leisurely pitter-patter, gentle as the quality of mercy, the next minute. No American poet has more ably expressed the joy of a spring shower than Robert Loveman in his "April Rain":

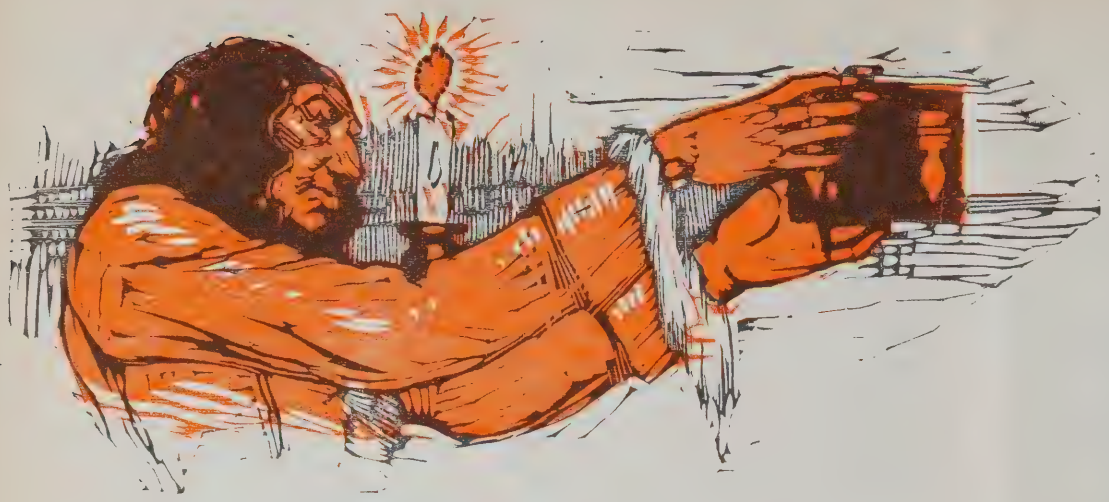
It is not raining rain for me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.
It is not raining rain for me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
Can find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets!
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

Rain as Necessary to Man as to Vegetation

The health of men and women and little children depends upon the life-giving, rejuvenating rain that causes the water to flow under the bridges the year round in the Pacific Northwest. It brings sweet relaxation, relieves intense action, eases taut muscles and tired nerves. A gentle gray sky is full of soothing influences and a good rain delivers those happy influences at the front door of humanity. The tension of all Nature relaxes. "Seven-tenths of man himself is water," said John Burroughs. "Seven-tenths of the human race rained down but yesterday. It is much more probable that Alexander will flow out of a bunghole than that any part of his remains will ever stop one. Our life is indeed a vapor, a breath, a little moisture condensed upon the pane." Rain is just as necessary to the mind of man as it is to vegetation.

What one among us does not cherish the weather saws and revel now and then in signs of the weather? If the smoke clings to the ground, noises become loud, windows and doors stick, the leaves of plants begin to freshen, the leaves of books begin to stick together, odors grow stronger, stones begin to sweat, fiddlestrings lengthen, swallows fly low, sheep lie around in the pasture and refuse to nibble, hogs grow restless and grunt, roosters flap their wings, hens flutter in the dust, bees cling to their hives, 'tis well to keep a weathered eye out for rain, the benefactor.

Even in the inspired Psalms of the Bible, the weather received honorable mention: "He causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth; He maketh lightnings for the rain; He bringeth the wind to come out of His treasuries."



Romantic Rascals—No. 3

The Count of St. Germain

By CHARLES J. FINGER

Author of "Highwaymen," "In Lawless Lands," "Bushrangers," "Tales From Silver Lands," etc.

Wood blocks cut by Paul Honoré

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NEARLY thirty years before George Washington was born, when Anne was England's queen and Louis XIV reigned in France, there was a Portuguese Jew who left his country and settled in Bordeaux, turning a couple of rooms in a dark and narrow street into a money exchange, and lending money at an astonishing rate of interest. In time a son was born to him, but what name was given to the child, or on what date he was born is not known, nor perhaps does it very much matter. What is important to know is that the child grew to be a sharp-witted boy, one full of low cunning, eager to hear and to read, one forever putting questions, and, above all, an inordinate and picturesque liar.

When the lad was nearly twelve years of age, the money mart in Bordeaux experienced a sudden activity due to the drifting into town of certain sailors, deserters from the Spanish ships destroyed by Admiral Byng in the Faro of Messina, and they brought with them treasure of which they could give no very straight account and so were willing to part with on easy terms. Seeing all that, the heart of the boy was aflame with desire, so one night he emptied his father's cash box, pocketed the proceeds and set off for Paris, where dukes, countesses and marquises rubbed shoulders with peasants and chimney sweeps in the narrow Rue de Quincampoix to buy and sell stock. For they were days of financial fever of a dangerous kind, days when, as it seemed, everyone in France might become rich without working, for the Scot, John Law, controller-general, had set everyone mad with his Mississippi Scheme, and the fabric of false credit and inflated money was tottering to a fall. And it seemed to the young financier that it would go hard with him did he find no means to make money when a mere cobbler could, and did, rent his stall for two hundred livres a day to a broker, or when a man could, and did, make a pretty penny by walking the streets with a board on his back, intended for use as a desk. Nor was the young Jew disappointed, for in Paris there were messages to carry, dishonest jobbers to serve, and many little secret commissions to execute for wealthy and careless folk who exercised no rigid or jealous scrutiny. And out of his many experiences grew a belief, daily strengthened and confirmed, that a rich harvest awaited the man who was not afraid to be *menteur a triple etage*, with a credulous and weak-minded public as audience.

One way and another, by pinching and fleecing, by squeezing those in low water and pressing others with a beggarly account of empty boxes, with now and then a doubtful adventure among those who handled base coin and flash notes, the young Jew climbed the financial ladder, until, having attained years, and a manner of easy assurance, he took his place in society as a pawnbroker.

Into his shop one day walked a man with a nervous, intelligent face; one, as it presently transpired, who had but recently been released from the Bastile, and he offered for sale a diamond ring. At once, with curious zeal, the young Jew started to assure his customer that he was altogether mistaken as to its value and that the seemingly precious stone was nothing more than a piece of glass, though, to be sure, he admitted, cleverly manipulated. But when the ex-prisoner found an opening at last to say something, he considerably astonished the pawnbroker by revealing a wealth of knowledge about diamonds, and it came out then that he was a lapidary by trade. So the money-lender cast aside primary impressions and disposed himself to question and to listen, his natural avarice prompting him to grasp the ideas as well as the gold and possessions of others.

What followed is a matter of history. Seated at a little table in the far corner of a wine shop, and being encouraged by cordials and dexterously questioned, the old lapidary told a strange tale of his acquaintance with Sieur Delisle, a fellow prisoner who had been allowed to escape, though as it turned out, the whole affair was nothing more than a trap cleverly set, for no sooner was he on his way than concealed guards shot at him, and, being helpless, his body was searched for the famous philosopher's stone.

At that the pawnbroker interrupted the tale. "Philosopher's stone, you say! What manner of stone is that? I know none of that name." There was a kind of avidity in his manner that did not escape the lapidary.

"It is not what one would call a precious jewel," the old man said. "Nor have I, to my certain knowledge, ever clapped eyes on one. Indeed, whether it be stone, or powder, I know not, but with it, it is said, lead may be turned to gold. Few know the secret. A man here, another there. Many's the time I have heard Sieur Delisle give the names of some. A certain Dr. Dee there was. And Pope John XXII. And Roger Bacon. And Alfarabi the Arabian."

The pawnbroker looked at the lapidary with immense eagerness. His eyes glittered like those of a dog seeing meat. Then he tried to assume an air of unconcern, though without much success. "Doubtless some trick," he said. His mask was transparent and the lapidary saw the dominant anxiety, for more than once he had seen the same light of greed in the eyes of men who had sought to question Delisle in the prison.

"As to that, I think that the gold was all that gold should be," answered the old prisoner. "Indeed, the good Bishop of Senés with his own hand wrote to King Louis that the genuineness of the gold could not be doubted and jewelers of Lyons and of Aix and of Paris testified in its favor."

Now the young Jew was a rogue rather than a fool, except you take it

that all rogues are fools, so he put other questions dexterously, and at last made his own all the queer occultism that had been the delusion of Delisle and it became clear, presently, that the old lapidary had swallowed the most incredible inanities and preposterous delusions about transmutation of metals, universal medicines, elixirs of life and all kinds of odd conceits. But for the pawnbroker there were other visions, and for the next twenty-four hours his mind was full of ideas of new worlds open for exploitation. It was no new notion to him that a rich harvest awaited the man who lied hard enough and long enough to a sensation-seeking public. He had learned that in Paris easily enough. So what could not be done by persistent advertising of the right kind in a gullible world? Could not life waters still be sold? Were there not old men who would part with gold and silver for the promise of rejuvenescence?

Thereafter, the young pawnbroker became a close reader of strange old books. By diligent searching he found out a certain Albert Aluys, the same who had once persuaded the Duke of Richelieu into a belief in his powers as alchemist, and he installed Aluys in his apartments. There was a period then of mystery, of goings and comings, of lights burning through the night, and at the end, the pawnbrokerage business was abandoned, the shop sold, Aluys disappeared from the sight of men and the young Jew left Paris, apparently having business of most urgent nature that called him elsewhere.

Shortly after, there appeared in Germany a strange man who was sometimes dressed in oriental costume, at other times in a sober brown cloak, a brown doublet, a lace collar and a plain hat, like a decent and respectable citizen. He was a man dignified in his bearing, very silent, with an air of great mystery about him. Presently it became known, through what seemed to be the indiscreet talk of his manservant, that he was a philosopher from the Far East. Then it was told about that he spoke every known language. Some said that he was the Wandering Jew. Others held to the belief that he was the son of an Arabian princess, and his Jewish cast of countenance tended to favor both theories. There were reports that he had the strange power of drawing pearls from the sea by his incantations. It was told, and believed, that he could interpret dreams. He was said to be skilled in Katoxtromancy or the art of divination by means of looking-glasses. More wonderful still, while he had the appearance of a man of thirty-five or so, his real age was probably more than five hundred years and he referred, in his conversation, to historical personages long since dead whom he had met. It seemed obvious that such a wonderful fellow must be under the protection of the seven planets, so many great doors were opened to him and his fame grew speedily and reached far, especially when it became known that he sometimes dispensed the water of life, by which old men swiftly grew younger. That story spread like wildfire, not only over Germany, but to France, to Paris, to Italy, and of all in the world who were anxious to see the philosopher, none was more keen than the powerful Maréchal de Belle-Isle.

"The gold was all that gold should be," said the old ex-prisoner.

And the desired meeting came soon. For one afternoon the Maréchal was in ill humor, weary and drowsy, tired of the country, tired of his neighbors, tired of hills and gardens and woods, and even tired of himself. All day the skies had been heavy gray, the hills a smoky purple, and the occasional gusts of wind came from such direction that great volumes of pungent smoke billowed out of the chimney and into the room. Then it began to rain, first a drizzle, later a steady downpour. To make matters worse the roads were well-nigh impassable so that he could not venture out, as he had intended, to play lansquenet with his crony, M. Arnauld. So the Maréchal faced an unhappy evening with himself and stood at the window, a melancholy man, finding nothing better to do than to drum on the glass with his finger tips and watch the raindrops course down the pane. Tiring of that, his eyes wandered to the garden, then beyond, resting idly to mark the rivulets and water pools in the road; then, suddenly, hope came. For at the very moment when one of his footmen lit the candles, he caught sight of a dark speck moving between two clumps of trees, and a concentrated look revealed it as a coach, but not the coach of M. Arnauld, who never traveled with four horses. Something else most strange he saw. For it seemed that in the coach were spots of light which at first he took to be a reflection on the wet coach body. But soon he marked the steadiness of the lights and the number of them. So Maréchal de Belle-Isle bade his servants make preparation for a guest, even though a stranger, then betook himself to his blue room, a place of gilt, and silver vases, and mirrors, and brightly shining ewers, and many dainty wonders, where he arranged himself in the rôle of contented country gentleman in epicurian ease, a copy of "Les Fables de La Fontaine" on a table at his elbow, a blaze of candles illuminating a sunlit landscape of Claude Lorraine that hung on the wall. Yet, for all his elaborate preparation, there was a sidelong glance through the window to see the fine gilt coach illuminated by candles in lanterns draw up at *(Continued on page 29)*

Greely Survivor's Story of Heroism

Says "Shenandoah" Might Succeed in Reaching Pole—An Arctic Epic

By S. R. WINTERS

"TODAY, there is no reason why the *Shenandoah*, famed dirigible of the United States Navy, should not make a flight to the North Pole without the slightest difficulty. From my knowledge of the Arctic region in the summer, an air voyage from Nome, Alaska, to the North Pole and return would be 50 per cent less hazardous than the voyage from New York to San Francisco by aircraft. However, the reaching of the North Pole should not be the object of such a trip but rather the purpose should be the exploration of the large, unknown area surrounding the highest point of the globe."

These words assume unusual significance because they were uttered by Brigadier General David L. Brainard, who for fourteen years maintained the record of having attained the point "farthest north," and is one of the two survivors of the famous Greely expedition of 1881 to 1884. Then, invasions of the polar regions were attended by great hazards and the announcements of such expeditions occasioned world-wide interest. Today, explorations of unknown lands are frequent and human life in taking these ventures is not jeopardized so greatly as in former days. Improved modes of travel, radio communication for keeping in touch with civilization, and better ways for transporting food and clothing have lessened the risks and hardships of adventure.

The ill-fated expedition made by Major General A. W. Greely, 43 years ago, for the purpose of making scientific observations, is an outstanding example of how a band of twenty-five explorers experienced indescribable horrors of starvation and cold that the spirit of discovery and venture might assert itself. This heroism also typifies the fortitude of the old school of army officers. Only seven of the original twenty-five members of this expedition survived, and today there are only two persons living to tell this tale of heroism. Brigadier General Brainard, whose address is the Army and Navy Club, Washington, D. C., in an exclusive interview for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, enables this writer to present a first-hand description of the sacrifices of this expedition in search of knowledge of climatic conditions and information about unknown lands. General Brainard was one of three members of the party that traveled within 400 miles of the North Pole, the most northerly point at that time.

"The expedition was organized in 1880-1881," said General Brainard in beginning his thrilling account, "and was commanded by Lieutenant A. W. Greely (now Major General). We went north in July, 1881, with St. Johns, Newfoundland, as our final starting point. Upon the morning of departure we received advices from the Chief Signal Officer of the War Department, at Washington, that President James A. Garfield, who had been

BRIG. GEN. DAVID L. BRAINARD

assassinated, would live. Another report, which was received three years later, told of his death.

"We reached the place selected for winter quarters in Lady Franklin Bay, Grinnell Land, latitude 81 degrees 44 minutes, about the middle of August. The house in which we were to take abode was built in sections, a departure in those days. This structure was 60 feet long by 22 feet wide. It consisted of double walls, doors and windows, and had a lining of tar paper. It was considered a comfortable habitation for the winter of 1881 and the succeeding year.

"This house was named Fort Conger, in honor of Senator Conger of Michigan, who was largely responsible for enactment of a Congressional bill providing an appropriation of $25,000 for the expedition. This legislation specified that these funds were to be used for scientific observations and for explorations. Fort Conger was one of fourteen stations planned to be established by an Arctic Congress of Nations within the Arctic Circle. Greenwich time had then been adopted that these scientific observations could be made simultaneously, an obvious advantage in formulating laws pertaining to meteorology or weather conditions.

"Members of this expedition were engaged, during the winter of 1881, in establishing provision depots along the coast for conducting explorations the next spring. Sledges were also built and other equipment necessary for field service was constructed. The vessel *Proteus*, which brought the party to Lady Franklin Bay, returned to St. Johns, Newfoundland. Consequently, the only means of conveyance for leaving the Arctic regions were sledges and small boats.

"In the spring of 1881, our house was established on Lady Franklin Bay, Grinnell Land, an area named in honor of Henry Grinnell, who had financed two previous polar expeditions. We crossed from Grinnell Land to Greenland and early in the spring explored 100 miles of the Greenland coast. This was north of the highest point previously attained. Lieutenant Lockwood and myself, together with the Eskimo dog driver, made a journey to within 400 miles or less of the North Pole. This shattered the record which England had established and maintained for nearly three centuries.

"Frequently, I have been requested to write my impressions of when I attained the most northerly point known in those days. Of course, we sensed a feeling of satisfaction but we were too cold and hungry to permit of enjoyable thrills. Rations were nearly exhausted and we loathed the idea of eating dog meat. Consequently, one of the dogs was killed and its carcass fed to the other dogs, thus releasing additional food for human consumption. It was a coarse kind of pemmican and moldy—certainly not palatable." (I asked General Brainard if the party ate any dog meat when in the throes of starvation. He replied to the contrary, but stated that they had left the dogs behind and dog meat was not available when the pangs of hunger were gnawing their very lives.)

"The second year we attempted to reach a point even farther north," stated General Brainard, "but were turned back by open water and the party returned to the station at Fort Conger. However, not wishing to abandon the exploration, Lieutenant Greely sent Lieutenant Lockwood and myself to cross Grinnell Land. We reached a fiord which we named in honor of Lieutenant Greely, and also discovered on this trip that the summit of Grinnell Land was covered by an immense ice cap and that the water which flowed down from all sides into the valleys formed glaciers.

"During that year orders were issued that if no vessel reached us by the first of September the party should retreat along the coast to Littleton Island, 300 miles south of Fort Conger.

No vessel having come to our rescue by August 12, 1883, the explorers embarked on small boats, leaving sledges and dogs behind. We suffered great hardships, ultimately drifting into Buchanan Bay and made our way on ice floes to shore. Jens and Rice, the Eskimos with the party, were detailed overland to Cape Sabine where they received the news that the vessel *Proteus* had been crushed in the ice. This vessel, on which we had embarked on the expedition, had started as a relief ship in 1882. The crew, escaping from the ice floes that wrecked the *Proteus*, retreated to Upernivik, the most northerly Danish colony on the western coast of Grinnell Land. This ship also carried our mail, which was lost.

"The party then moved to the coast near Cape Sabine. Here a makeshift hut was constructed for use during the winter. It was 22 feet long by 18 feet wide, with walls of stone about four feet high, and with an improvised roof made by diverting our boat to this purpose. The oars served as rafters when placed from the edges of the boat to the edges of the wall, and the sails were spread over these rafters to complete the roof. Drifting snow almost hermetically sealed the party within this shelter.

"Forty days' provisions remained for the twenty-five men. Rations were curtailed to thirteen ounces daily and later this allowance was reduced to eight ounces. However, inhabitants of Arctic regions require three times as much food as persons living in temperate zones. Thus, curtailed rations meant great suffering. In fact, I do not know that there is any greater physical suffering in the world than that experienced in the early stages of starvation when the food available is barely sufficient to prolong rather than sustain life. The first death of this party from starvation occurred on January 18, 1885, and then deaths from this cause periodically took place until the rescuing crew arrived on June 22. Then only seven persons remained alive.

"During this period of the so-called 'starvation camp' we actually devoured sealskin clothing, boats and sleeping bags. Shrimps, designated by whale fishers as sea lice, were caught, and these minute things were stewed with the sealskin. It required 200 of them to weigh one ounce. By means of rakes made of barrel hoops, the ocean was raked for kelp and other forms of marine vegetation. This was used in making stews. During that winter several foxes were killed; in the spring a few birds were captured, and a bear and two or three seals were killed. This augmented the scanty food supply and it appeared that the then twelve remaining members of the party would survive. However, the principal hunter, Eskimo Jens, was drowned and thus there was little likelihood of obtaining any more seals. Other members of the crew were too weak to hunt.

"The other Eskimo had died in March, a month before Jens drowned. They were faithful to us to the last, doing what they were told to do, but at the same time having no conception of what it was all about. Jens, who was devoted to Sergeant Long, had refused to turn back in his narrow boat of skin some little while previous to his death, when Sergeant Long, adrift on an ice floe which had broken away, had been threatened with death.

" 'No,' he shouted to Long, who had told him to go back, 'I am your friend and if you go, I go too.' When the fatal accident befell the Eskimo, Sergeant Long was unable to reach him, and Jens, whose boat was thought to have been punctured on the ice, went down to a watery grave without an outcry. The supposition is that he made no sound for fear that Sergeant Long would attempt to rescue him, which effort would have been futile.

"The deaths of the members of the party were due to starvation with the single exception of Private Charles B. Henry, whose real name was Charles Henry Buck. He was executed for stealing rations. His thefts were first discovered one night when the cooks forgot to open the ventilator and we were nearly asphyxiated from fumes of the alcohol lamp. In the confusion, Henry had bolted three pounds of bacon, but the weakened condition of his stomach made it impossible for him to retain the meat. He was thus detected. Some of the men wanted to kill him then, but Lieutenant Greely ordered him made prisoner. No one spoke to him from that time on. Later after being put on parole, he began stealing again. Then Lieutenant Greely ordered that if he was caught again he must be executed. He was detected in the act of stealing the very next day.

"Sergeant Long, Sergeant Frederick and myself were the three selected to perform the duty of executioners, perhaps because we were the strongest. The original plans contemplated that a fourth man should load two of our guns with blank cartridges and the third gun with one ball. But all of our guns were of different caliber, which meant that the fourth person would know who was the executioner. No one of the three wanted to be classified as the executioner. Consequently, it was decided that one of the three should take the heaviest rifle, a Remington .45, and perform the execution, swearing the other two men to secrecy. This was done. The other two of the trio are dead, but I know that they never told. I shall never tell." I asked General Brainard what disposition was made of the body and he stated that it was cast into the sea.

The Greeley Expedition, 1881.

"During that winter of starvation," continued General Brainard, "we talked often of food. In fact, the discussion of imaginary menus constituted the major portion of our conversation. At that time Harvey's Restaurant, at Eleventh street and Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C., was at its height of popularity. It was Harvey, I believe, who originated the idea of steaming oysters, and we would imagine that we were at this restaurant ordering this or that food for breakfast. A poor fellow would go over a great number of items of food, quite unconscious that in the aggregate it amounted to enough to feed ten men. Of course, we could hardly set a limit to the amount of food that we fancied would satisfy our appetites. Lieutenant Lockwood, I remember, entered in his journal that when he returned to Washington he had invited me to have certain dishes with him. When I did return—with Lieutenant Lockwood remaining behind, because he died in March, 1884—his father, General Lockwood, frequently served me with dishes referred to in the journal of his son.

"I forgot to mention that when the crew of the ice-wrecked *Proteus* retreated southward, they left on shore a small amount of food supplies. This was called a 'wreck cache'; things that they could not take with

(Concluded on page 27)

Youth Helps to Save Our Forests

Many Thousands of Trees Planted by American Boys and Girls

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

WITHIN reach of great lumber-using centers like Pittsburgh, Detroit, and Chicago there are millions of acres of land which are producing nothing and which are of no use except for raising trees. The distance of our remaining forests from centers of population, such as the cities named, is what boosts prices through costs of transportation. Dwellers in the cities should know this and realize that the remedy lies in training the youth of the nation to conserve what forests we now have and to create more by planting.

Wild life cannot exist where the scorching rays of the summer sun burns the vegetation or where the fierce blasts of winter sweep over the waste spaces unchecked. The older generation of Americans devastated our forest lands and the damage must be repaired by the younger generation—the boys and girls of today.

Moosalamoo Lodge and two sleeping cabins built by the boys in area thinned out by them at Keewaydin Camp.

Unheralded and unsung there has been sown a seed that, if carefully nurtured and sustained, will grow into influence for good that will be far-reaching in its effects. I refer to the interest the Girl Scouts of America are taking in the reforestation of our waste places. When 497,000 determined young women take it into their heads to do something there is going to be something done.

To begin with, Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, the national director of the Girl Scouts of America, with a troop of Girl Scout assistants, planted thousands of tree seedlings over an old dump at Andree, the national Girl Scout camp at Briarcliff Manor, New York. It has been a back-breaking job, this business of uprooting the tin cans and other debris, but ten years hence Girl Scout Christmas trees will be selling in New York City, and fifty years hence there will be an upstanding forest of thousands of white and red pine, spruce and balsam trees to add to our country's dwindling timber supply.

It is not so much what is being done at Camp Andree—though that should receive every commendation—as it is the splendid example the troop there has set for the other troops throughout America. This is merely the beginning of a reforestation movement whereby the half-million Girl Scouts will help check the devastation of the nation's recreation grounds. It is also a patriotic duty, for in time of war the best timber is at once "drafted" for various uses. During the World War Great Britain depended on her own forests to a large extent for war needs, and the cream of the country's trees was garnered at that time. She did not forget the lesson, and is today rapidly planting vast areas to seedlings as a means of national defense.

It is not a matter of timber supply alone; but trees protect the land from erosion and hold vast quantities of water in storage, like a sponge, after rain and snow fall. Few persons realize that our water supply and the fertility of our farm lands depend on the existence of our forests. The Girl Scouts are being taught all these things, under the able leadership of Mrs. Rippin, and they realize that future generations must be protected.

Aside from the conservation of the forests for the nation's welfare in the future, reforestation of waste lands is a means whereby Girl Scout camps can be made self-supporting. The seedlings and transplants can be obtained at cost of production from the Conservation commissions of nearly all our timber-growing states. Money will begin coming in at the expiration of ten years when the thinnings are sold for Christmas trees.

At Camp Andree they are planting the trees six feet apart, making 1,210 trees to the acre. The Girl Scouts work in crews of two; one makes the holes with a mattock and the other follows up with the seedlings in a pail of soil and water. Great care must be exercised to prevent the roots from becoming dry as the tree will certainly die if the wind or sun dries the tiny fibrous rootlets.

After the trees are planted, little need be done for ten years, except to protect them from forest fires and grazing stock. In 1934 the seedlings now set out will require thinning. Then every other tree will be cut and sold without in any way doing harm to the forest already created. Or the thinning trees may be potted and sold as Christmas trees and later the children may replant the Christmas tree and use it several seasons, replanting it carefully from the tub. The trees left after thinning will have that much more sunlight and room to spread their crowns, but will not be open to the extent that they will grow "limby" and thus make knotty lumber of low value. Instead they will grow tall, slender, and straight, shedding their lower limbs, making clean saw logs, eighty or one hundred years from now.

One of the most important means of

Lake Dunmore, in the Green Mountains of Vermont, where 1,150 acres of woodland

ssuring a continued sentiment in upport of the forestry movement is he mobilization of the young people, nd perhaps the most consistently ctive organization in this direction is he Boy Scouts of America. With oodcraft and forestry, and other utdoor knowledge—a part of the cout's study for which he receives erit badges—this organization has lready accomplished a great deal.

In several states, the forstry and conservation offiials call freely upon the Boy Scouts for assistnce. The Conservation ommissioner of Masschusetts has declared hat he will grant to ny troop a permit to ake camp in a state orest, knowing that he camp will be left in ood order and all fires ut out. The Scouts ave made a name for hemselves in forest firehting, particularly during he war when they were reruited to patrol the trails in the ational forests, replacing the en who had gone to war. On one ccasion they located many black alnut trees needed by the govrnment for airplane construction.

In many states the Boy Scouts are rganized under the state fire warden as orest guides, having official recognition from the state. In New Jersey, Conecticut, or Pennsylvania, for example, is not uncommon to see a diminutive cout directing a gang of husky amteur fire-fighters. The Scouts have ut many miles of trail, making firehting easier. Living as much as they o in the forest, they study the various inds of trees, the diseases that affect hem, and acquire a special interest in hem. They wear their merit badges for fficiency in forestry with great pride nd they constitute an important otential force in carrying out a comrehensive national forest policy.

Mention has been made of the Boy Scouts as a means of enabling he reader to visualize the possibilities f the work of the Girl Scouts when very troop is organized as a forest guard. While it might be impractical for the girls to direct operations in a forest fire, in all other forest activities they would prove invaluable. They would instill in the children to come the love of the forest and the preservation of our recreation grounds.

Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, national director of the Girl Scouts of America, directs the planting of 3,000 trees at Camp Andree, Briarcliff Manor, New York.

Forestry instruction in the public schools is a field as yet only lightly touched as a means of creating a forestry sentiment among those who will feel the pinch of past forest depletion. In a handful of the states real action is being taken in this direction.

With the summer camp taking an increasingly important position as an adjunct to our educational system, and with more than 100,000 boys and girls spending most of the summer in the out-of-doors, practical forestry is becoming a recognized activity. The interest of the country in the forest problem has made this phase of camp work both popular and profitable, and has enlisted the coöperation of public officials and supporters of the forestry movement. Camp Mishike, at Winchester, Wisconsin, may have the distinction of performing the first real activity as a non-professional forestry summer camp. The theory on which the sponsors of this camp are proceeding is thus stated:

"Teaching the youngsters that Nature is neither a tool to be used nor an enemy to be conquered, but rather a friend to be cultivated, is the major objective in this first forestry camp for boys. Not to make foresters of the boys but to inspire in them an appreciation of the out-of-doors is the keynote of every camp activity."

The staff of the camp is made up of trained foresters, who know how to take care of themselves in the woods and teach their young charges the same reliance. Twelve thousand trees were set out in the camp nursery last spring and the goal is to restore on the camp's acreage the forest growth that once made that north country a woodland paradise. Reforestation on the forest property of 1,700 acres will permit the boys to learn the fundamentals of forestry in thinning out less valuable trees and aiding nature in natural regeneration.

At the Keewaydin Camps on Lake Dunmore in the Green Mountains of Vermont, boys in the Senior Wigwam "major in forestry." The camp recently acquired the entire western side of Moosalamoo Mountain, overlooking Lake Dunmore and the camp, within easy distance of the thirty thousand acres of the Middlebury College Preserve, and within sound of a big lumber mill.

The boys built a lodge and three outdoor sleeping cabins. With axes and brush hooks they cleared out the underbrush, swamped out roads, felled the least desirable trees, trimmed up the best ones, and made new views out on to the lake. Nature study, identification of trees, use and care of tools, tree felling, and control of fires went hand in hand with the other work.

A series of talks on forestry and conservation was given on occasional evenings around the outdoor fireplace by different members of the staff, according to their special fields of experience. White pine and Norway spruce were purchased and planted by the boys. None of the work was compulsory, but the boys worked with a will and absorbed a love and knowledge of the woods while working.

A civilization that is becoming more complex and exacting in its requirements carries within itself the seed of its own destruction. Our ancestors were forest or plains dwellers and the call of the wild comes down through the centuries. We must encourage every means undertaken by our youth to preserve and perpetuate our forests.

being brought under forestry management by the boys of Keewaydin Camps.

To Make a Record, Don't Worry

Athletes Do Their Best Work When Entirely at Their Ease

By GILBERT C. ALLEN

ATHLETES never do their best when trying too hard. The man who goes out intent upon making a record, and who throws every ounce of reserve energy into his effort, does not make one. The men who hold the track and field records made them when they least expected to do so. At the time they were creating new marks they were not conscious of it. The fact that they did better than man ever did before came as a keen surprise to them.

The explanation of this statement, absolutely contrary to public opinion, is simple enough. A man does not have the desired control over his muscles when he strains. This control comes only when the muscles are relaxed and "easy." He slows down when he begins straining himself.

Thousands of Americans have now had the opportunity to watch Paavo Nurmi in action. They marveled at the ease and rhythm of the wonderful Finn's stride. He never appears to be working hard but he establishes new world's records with ease. Others run with many times the effort that Nurmi shows but they fail to get results. Joie Ray, the most consistent star in the mile run, is also a remarkably smooth and easy runner.

Fred Tootle won the hammer throw at the Paris Olympic Games last summer with a heave of 174 feet 10 inches. After the event was over Tootle was asked by the motion picture men to go through the hammer throwing again so that they could get some good action shots. Tootle obliged them. He threw the hammer twice. One of these throws was several feet beyond the world record of 189 feet and the other was 188 feet. Tootle was at ease when he made these two throws. There was no strain of competition. The event was won and he had nothing to worry about. As a result he threw better than he did when competing on the previous day.

When Tootle Made His Best Throw

One afternoon, in the American training camp near the Colombes Stadium, a number of Yankee athletes were playing with a shot. They were not shot putters for shot putters always try high jumping when they have leisure moments. The athletes were not getting much distance to their throws. Ralph Hills, the giant from Princeton, happened along and offered to show the boys how the shot should be put. Without removing even his coat Hills asked his audience to watch him closely. Hills then threw the ball 50 feet, better than he had ever done in competition. No strain of the contest, no worry about distance, and Hills made the best put of his career.

The failure of Charlie Paddock, the American sprint star, to win the 100-meters race at Paris, was a bitter disappointment to his many followers. He placed fifth in a race that everybody expected him to win with ease.

In the 200-meters race Paddock placed second to Jackson Scholz, running a remarkable race. Why did he suddenly change? The reason:

Bob LeGendre Makes an Easy Jump

Paddock knew that everybody was sure he would win the 100-meters race. He did not want to disappoint anyone. He was overanxious to make good. He tried too hard. He over-pressed and he strained his muscles so hard that he slowed down. Just before the sprinters took up their positions for the 200-meter dash Bill Morris, the trainer and a former runner, said to Paddock:

"Now, Charlie, don't run this race like you ran the 100. You've been trying too hard. Take this one easy. Just run as you would if you were giving an exhibition. Nobody expects you to win this event."

Paddock ran easily and he was just nosed out of the Olympic 200-meters championship.

Bob LeGendre's world's record broad jump, made during the pentathlon competition at Paris, came as a great surprise. The day after this record was made DeHart Hubbard, of the University of Michigan, who had already won the regular Olympic broad jump championship, and who also held the intercollegiate broad jump title, was talking to LeGendre about his great leap.

"How did you feel when you were making that jump?" asked Hubbard.

"I hardly knew I jumped," answered LeGendre. "I just ran down to the board, hit it squarely and jumped. It was one of the easiest jumps I ever made."

So it goes. Ask any athlete if his best performances were his hardest and he will invariably tell you that his best record was made when he least expected it and that it was done with ease. Perfect relaxation and coördination that come with easy action get the best results.

A Surprise For Bob Simpson

Bob Simpson set a record for the 120-yard high hurdles event at the Western Intercollegiate meet in Chicago. The time was announced as 14 3/5 seconds. Simpson really did the 120-yard high hurdles in 14 2/5 seconds but the timers decided that some mistake was made. They could not believe their watches, although all registered the time as 14 2/5 seconds. The timers decided that no human being could run the 120-yard high hurdles in that time and so they compromised and announced 14 3/5.

Simpson was the most surprised man on the field when he found that he had set a new mark. "Why, I never ran an easier race in my life," was his comment.

Later on Thompson, the Dartmouth crack, ran the 120-yard high hurdles in 14 2/5 and received credit for setting a new world mark. What Thompson did was to tie Simpson's actual time.

The most consistent of all performers on track or field is Harold Osborne, the all-round star of American athletics. No high jumper in history ever showed the consistency of Osborne. He holds the world's record of 6 feet 8½ inches and he will jump that height regularly. Why? Ease is the secret of his marvelous jumping. Osborne approaches the standards at a pace that is hardly faster than a walk. He has form down to perfection. He is the symbol of grace and ease.

How Brooker Missed His Chance

Records come when you least expect them in track and field and defeats come just as easily. In competition you must make every little thing count. It is the little things that bring the big defeats.

Jim Brooker, of Michigan, is a first-class pole vaulter. On numerous occasions Brooker vaulted 13 feet. On the day the pole vault was decided in Paris, Brooker was what they call "hot" in intercollegiate circles. Brooker was going at the top of his form and there was every reason to believe that he would win the event. It seemed certain that he would do better than 13 feet that day and all seemed agreed that 13 feet would win the event.

When Brooker vaulted 12 feet 8 inches the event was stopped to permit the 5,000-meter race to be run. Paavo Nurmi was running in that race and the officials did not want the pole vault to distract the interest of the crowd. The vaulters sat around and waited for Nurmi to win his race. When they resumed competition all had been chilled. Their muscles had settled. Brooker is a big fellow and he cannot warm up easily. He had to vault while cold and he missed at 12 feet 9 inches and his chance for an Olympic championship went glimmering.

The 110-meter hurdle race was being run in Colombes Stadium. All the hurdlers were going over in perfect form, as one man. For four hurdles hardly an inch separated the contestants. Then one athlete gained a trifle on the fifth hurdle. It was Karl Anderson, of the American team. *(Concluded on page 23)*

How We Got Our Present Calendar

(*Concluded from page 8*)

were changed to thirty days with thirty-one for October and December.

Thirty days have September,
April, June and November.
All the rest have thirty-one
Save February which alone
Has twenty-eight and one day more
We add to it one year in four.

Our Christmas week is directly connected with the Roman feast days called Saturnalia, beginning December 17, or the sixteenth day before the Kalends of January, as the Romans put it. Calls on friends, gifts and games, and even special cakes were on the program, very much as we have it now at Christmas.

Among the Mohammedans of the earth, including a greater population than the Christians, the year determined by lunar months still reigns. The Arabs date events from the flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, Thursday, July 15, 622. This year has a mean length of 354-11/30 days and in the course of about 32½ years the seasons recur during the same months.

Our A. D., *Anno Domini*, or Year of our Lord, was suggested by a pious monk in Rome, Dionysius, who died in A. D. 540. Before that time years were given after the Roman manner "from the founding of the city" (Rome) which took place 753 B. C. The coin with the date 24 B. C. is a little previous. Since the placing of the beginning of the Christian Era at 753 years after the founding of Rome, more critical study of the time of Christ has shown that there is an error of about four years in the probable determination.

Following the Roman procedure March was taken as the first month. However, some more pious souls took Christmas Day. Not until 1566 did France take January 1 as the year's beginning and England fell into line only in 1752. Naturally the English Colonies in America followed the mother country. In early newspapers and letters a date, January 4, 1741, would be given January 4, 1740-1741, meaning that the New Year had not yet begun.

To make matters worse the Julian Calendar was too generous with leap years, providing the ladies with one *every* four years. The disastrous effect was apparent after a few hundred years, as this assumes a year of 365.25 days instead of 365.24220 days. These decimals had accumulated to more than ten days by 1582. On March 1, 1582, Pope Gregory XIII issued a papal bull, dropping October 5 to 14 absolutely from the calendar of 1582. This established the Gregorian or present calendar, with the further provision that every even century would not be a leap year unless divisible by 400. England did not accept the new calendar until 1752, because of her separation from the church of Rome.

The celebration of Easter has also caused astronomers and almanac makers a great deal of difficulty. It would, of course, be most convenient for the calendar maker if Christmas came always on Sunday or on Monday, and if Easter would certainly fall on April 1 or some other definite day. However, Easter depends on the position of the moon in the heavens, and the moon is temperamental with respect to the year. Easter is termed a movable feast day, whereas Christmas and New Year's Day are fixed feasts. Every 19 years, Meton's cycle, the new moons fall on the same days of the year; this gives a cycle of 19 years and in ancient calendars a golden number was placed to indicate the cycle to which the year belonged. The golden number of 1925 is 7, obtained by dividing 1925 plus 1 by 19 and finding the remainder.

So on the ancient and beautiful calendars the holy days and feast days were marked with red letters. So we still have our red-letter days.

The seven-day week:

Sunday	Sun's Day
Monday	Moon's Day
Tuesday	Tiw's Day (French, *Mardi*, Mars Day)
Wednesday	Woden's Day (French, *Mercredi*, Mercury's Day)
Thursday	Thor's Day (French, *Jeudi*, Jove or Jupiter's Day)
Friday	Frigg's Day (French, *Vendredi*, Venus' Day)
Saturday	Saturn's Day

The connection with the planets is evident and our English names carry a change to certain Anglo-Saxon divinities.

In the time of the French revolution the week was to be divided into ten days but this was not physically correct nor did a rest day in ten instead of seven appeal to the workers. The Year I was to begin in France with the date of the proclamation of the republic, September 22, 1792. The rest of the world did not regard the revolution in France so seriously and after about fifteen years France returned to the Gregorian Calendar. However, the metric system of weights and measures, established about the same time, did prove a boon to mankind and gradually this system is making its way over the civilized world.

Hours, minutes, and seconds are Latin words, but Babylonian ideas. In Babylon, first the day was divided into twenty-four hours and the hour into sixty minutes. The Latin name was given as "minutae primae" and "minutae secundae," meaning first fractions and second fractions. The "primae" was dropped, leaving "minutes" and then "secundae" gave our "seconds." The repetition of 1 to 12 around the clock has certain inconveniences as anyone can tell who has used a railroad time-table. Here the device is now frequently used of having darker figures (black face, *1, 2, 3*) for p. m. and light face (1, 2, 3) for a. m. In Italy and to some extent in Canada the day is divided for the railroads, at least, into 24 hours. In consequence, your train in Italy may leave at 15:20 meaning twenty minutes after three.

The recent Olympic Games remind us of the system of Olympiads used by Greek writers. This was the period of four years from one period of natural games to the next, a truly poetic way of regarding the flight of time. As might be imagined this system was especially popular with the poets and would be welcomed today by the great majority of young people in our high schools and universities, called students after an ancient custom.

To Make a Record, Don't Worry

(*Concluded from page 22*)

Over the sixth obstacle floated Anderson, retaining his slim lead. Then, at the seventh hurdle, Anderson fell. The other hurdlers flashed past him. He got up and finished last.

What caused Anderson to fall? He had failed to raise the toe of his rear foot high enough as he was going over the hurdle. It barely caught the top of the wood but caught enough to trip and spill him. Only a little thing, a matter of the fraction of an inch, but it cost Anderson an Olympic championship.

J. Coard Taylor is one of the best quarter-milers in the United States. He was on the Olympic team and had reached the finals of the 400-meters run. This, in spite of the slightly pulled tendon that had bothered him. Billy Morris, one of the Olympic trainers, had bandaged Taylor's leg and it stood the strain of the preliminary trials and the semi-finals. But, just before he went on the field to run the final race, Taylor got the idea that he did not need the bandage and he removed it. And the result? Taylor ran in third place in a record-breaking race until about 25 yards from the finish when his bad tendon gave away on him and he fell. He got up and finished last. Had that little bandage been allowed to remain he would have finished third instead of sixth.

It is the little things that count.

Thomas F. Lee, Latin American authority, traveler and writer, began work in Mexico twenty-one years ago as engineer on the harbor works of a West Coast port.

Since that time, he has lived or traveled among the Spanish American people, studying their racial character and ideals, and economic and political institutions.

In many instances, Mr. Lee has supplied the facts upon which banking loans or credits to those countries have been based.

During 1919–20–21 he was executive director of the powerful association formed to defend property owned in Mexico by American citizens and jeopardized by the confiscatory provisions of Mexico's 1917 Constitution.

Certain important and interesting material resulting from Mr. Lee's experiences in Mexico will appear in this magazine from time to time.

Rich Have No Homes in Central America

By THOMAS F. LEE

IN the Spanish language there is no word for home. The word commonly used is "hogar," meaning "hearth," but in the Central American house there is no hearth, as we think of it, since heating is unnecessary and cooking is done over an open wood or charcoal fire.

"*El patron esta?*—The master is in?"

"*No, senor, no esta en casa*—No, sir, he is not in house"—but never "he is not at home," for the significance with which we have endowed that word does not appear in any Spanish expression.

The typical Central American home of the upper class is an Arab institution. It was designed originally as a safe and comfortable abiding place for the harem of some sheik. It is a rectangular, one-story structure, with thick walls of adobe blocks, deep-set barred windows and a jail-like appearance. Once inside the forbidding exterior, there is the *patio*—that charming and distinctive indoor garden, with fountain, palms, orchids, and giant ferns, its roses, honeysuckles, and climbing geraniums—a little tropical paradise open to the sky and with each room of this oriental living place opening out into it.

Home of President Quinones, of Salvador, combining a French exterior with a Spanish patio.

The Moors brought this type of house into Spain, where it was hailed as an architectural blessing and immediately adopted by Spain and her colonies. Of course, there are now a limited number of fine dwellings in Central American cities built more or less after our own style, but they always seem to be out of place. The *patio* house is typical and adapted to the climate.

Near the one entrance is the "*sala*"—the reception room—and across the patio, to the rear, is the "*cocina*"—the kitchen—and the living quarters of numerous servants. The other two sides of the quadrangle are divided into sleeping rooms and the "*comedor*."

The floors are tile, blue or gray, cool and clean. The ceiling is of pressed tin or canvas tacked to beams and gaudily decorated. The roof is covered with picturesque red tiling well designed to turn drenching rain or scorching sun. Occasionally, a tile shaken loose by the "*temblor*," plops down through the canvas ceiling and into the family circle.

The rooms will be rather scantily furnished, a foreign-looking piano in one corner of the "*sala*," a huge settee—a sort of family throne—backed up to the wall with two batteries of huge rocking chairs flanking it. Household ornaments and pictures will suggest religious subjects. The guest chamber will be furnished like most bedrooms of Latin America, with a canopy-covered bed, a washstand with enormous basin and pitcher of that enameled metalware with which Germany has so liberally supplied Latin America, mahogany chairs made in the local "*carpenteria*" and a small stand by the bedside on which one's candle is placed, for electric and gas lights are not as yet common to all such buildings.

The kitchen is the interesting room of the house. For some unexplained reason, it is seldom given any more light than that which comes in from one door entering into the *patio*. Many times I have marveled at the Indian or Ladino cook preparing a course dinner at night by the light of a single candle. There is a raised brick fireplace, built to the height of the ordinary stove and with several little brick troughs on the upper surface where charcoal and faggots feed the fire. The Indian cook demands native cooking utensils—dingy, sooty, "*ollas*," and other earthenware pots—she would not know what to do with a double boiler, a roaster or a percolator. Always there is the "*metate*"—a stone slab for "*tortilla*" making, for the servants prefer the "*tortilla*" and "*frijol*" of their fathers to the more delicate food eaten by the family. Dishes are washed in cold water, because the "*cocinera*" firmly believes that washing in hot water would imperil her health—"*me hac dano*"—"to me it makes harm"—she will tell you.

Among kitchen furnishings should be mentioned naked babies who creep about the tiled floor after their mothers and the turkey or chickens huddled in one corner, awaiting their turn at the guillotine.

Let us visit, for a day, the typical family that lives in the *patio* home.

People of the tropics are early out of bed. At five o'clock the "*portero*" will be heard clanking at the huge bar and lock that secure the one door. The "*cocinera*," with her helpers, is up betimes, for there are no modern stoves with gas or coal fires. Cooking is a slow process and I have often

admired the skill with which the native Indian cook produces palatable food with these crude facilities.

At six o'clock the family is up. The morning bath, to which we are accustomed, "*no existe*," for these buildings are guiltless of plumbing, except for the pipe which carries a constant stream of water to the "*pila*"—the big water tank and general wash place. "*Agua caliente*"—hot water—is heated in an earthenware bowl over a charcoal fire and is a luxury that is measured in quart bowls instead of porcelain bathtubs. If one suggests a bath, the host immediately lifts a dissuading hand—"Do not risk it, *senor—le hace dano*"—"to you it will make harm."

Children of the upper class are cared for by Indian nurses, so they are saturated with Indian folklore and superstition.

At a plantation home in Guatemala, I bathed in an indoor pool curiously suggestive of the Roman bath. A concrete flume, running from a mountain stream and through the very top of the plantation house, carried a rushing head of water. Adjoining my bedchamber was a room, or rather a sunken basin, twenty feet square and lined with brick. A lever in this "bathroom" diverted the overhead stream to convert the tank into a brimming, sparkling pool. But such a bathing place is not common anywhere—it certainly does not belong to our typical Central American home.

The early meal—"*desayuno*"—is a simple affair in this family—usually limited to coffee and "*pan dulce*"—really excellent sweetened rolls covered with sugar. The coffee is the cold "*esencia*" or essence and generally served in a vinegar cruet. Unless one is a stranger to customs, a tablespoonful of the thick black fluid will be poured into the bottom of the cup and then diluted with hot milk.

The "*lechero*" brings the milk in "*cantaros*" swung on either side of his mule, or an obliging family of goats is driven to the front door, in which case the milk is delivered on foot—milked in the presence of the purchaser, delivered warm and undiluted. In any event, it will be immediately boiled, for the double purpose of purification and preservation. The use of ice for refrigeration is not yet a common practice.

"*Desayuno*" over, the head of the family joins his "*dependientes*" in the "*oficina*" which is open before the business man of the North is fairly out of bed. The housewife directs the affairs of her many servants and since there is no grocery in the same or the next block and since telephones have but limited use and never connect with the market place, the housewife either goes with her cook and "*mozo*" to the central market, or the cook takes her helper and lays in the day's supply of food. The latter is the accepted custom, the housewife providing the cook with a fixed monthly sum with which she must feed the family. Strange as it may seem to the harried housewife of the "U S A," this plan works surprisingly well and the Indian "*cocinera*" not only supplies an abundance of plain food but manages to support her own family out of the surplus and lay aside for herself a modest saving, and all this from an allowance that would seem woefully inadequate to us.

The "*cocinera*" of such a household becomes singularly adept in the art of bargaining with the market people. This provides the cook and the market woman from whom she buys with their daily thrill. Not only does she haggle with the market woman over prices but she refuses to become a buyer even when "*el ultimo precio*" has been reached, until the market woman contributes a substantial "*propina*"—some little gift. The cook would not, of course, degrade herself by carrying the purchases home. For that purpose, a "*mozo*" or her assistant accompanies her, carrying on the head a wide flat basket into which vegetables, meats, fruits and flowers, chickens, eggs, sweetmeats, and rolls make a varied pyramid.

All this has taken place before the sun is well up. "*Los ninos*" have been sent to some private or parochial school and the "*senorita*" of the family—a young woman of sixteen—does her stint of fancy needlework, her drawing or her scales or some one of those other things which the Latin American mother deems essential to the education of her daughter. Perhaps a son is in the States in "*colegio*," or in "*Europa*," completing his education.

At noon comes "*almuerzo*"—the universal breakfast of Latin America—always with eggs, rice, red beans or "frijoles fritos," fried bananas, native vegetables—generally with excellent rolls (but without butter) and, not infrequently, even in the better families, with the dependable "*tortilla*"—and always coffee.

Since breakfast time in Central America is somewhat after noon, the intense heat of the day has begun. Shops and offices are closed, to be opened again between two and three in the afternoon when the "*siesta*" hour is over.

After the midday meal and rest, business is resumed but without too much enthusiasm. Real interest is not reawakened until about four in the afternoon, from which time until seven, the real "*movimiento*" of the Central American town takes place. As midday heat abates, the shops are busy. Our housewife, accompanied by the daughter, visits "*el centro*"—the downtown—for the daughter never leaves the family *patio* unaccompanied. Always there must be a trusted servant or some member of the family with her. To be seen alone on a public street with a man other than of her immediate family would be to compromise her and to render her chance for making desirable marriage remote. The Central American is wholly cynical in the matter of friendly or platonic association of the sexes.

In the "*dulceria*," a young "*caballero*"—a stranger—sees the girl and is impressed with her charm. Not knowing the family, there is but one conventional course for him to follow. First, he stares at her, registering extreme admiration, which she secretly regards as complimentary attention, although she affects not to see him. He then discreetly follows the girl and her mother to their home and for some time after they have entered walks up and down the opposite side of the street, gazing steadfastly at the barred window which he imagines to be that of her room and expressing adoration insofar as the human face may portray that emotion, knowing that all the while the *senorita*, in a flutter of excitement, is regarding him from behind the Venetian blinds. After the proper time, the swain retires, to return next day, perhaps, at two or three unexpected times to resume his romantic vigil. Of course, the parents are not unmindful of this delicate attention and "*pater familias*" takes proper steps to ascertain the identity, the moral and financial standing of one who may be a potential son-in-law. If the attention is agreeable to the young lady and if the pedigree of the prospective suitor is favorable, perhaps after a week of unrewarded vigil, the *senorita* will appear quite casually at the barred window during one of the persistent visits, cast an idle glance at the sky and otherwise display interest in all of the immediate surroundings except the swain himself. Being well acquainted with the game, however, he is far from discouraged and regards this appearance on her part as evidence of the favorable consideration of his suit. In another fortnight, affairs may have progressed to the point where he will have breathed a few words of burning devotion under her window ledge, she, as yet, not deigning to reply. At this stage, evening visits to the barred window and extravagant

love lyrics sung to the soulful strum of a guitar are not out of place. Comes the day, perhaps, when the courtship has reached a stage wherein the fair maiden drops a scented handkerchief at the feet of the "bear," for this game is called "playing the bear."

With this treasure in hand, he feels the brunt of the battle is passed. Who knows—tomorrow he may even be permitted to kiss the hand which she extends through the bars and then be invited to meet the family! Generally at this stage, if all goes well and the young man's credentials satisfy the exacting parents, he will be invited to call and then, in the presence of father, mother, brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts and uncles, he will be formally presented to the girl of his choice and will propose marriage. Now he is her "*novio*" but from that time until the pair stand before the altar, he will never be permitted to see his beloved, except in the company of others. The cynical Central American takes no chances—"*no es la costumbre.*"

During this period of courtship and after presentation to the family, they will meet many times at the "*baile*"—the dance—where for a brief moment he may take her from mother or "*la duena*" who chaperones her and know the delirium of a moment's waltz.

The wedding will be an important "*funcion*" and those who attend will give due thought to proper dress. There will be much white satin—quantities of flowers heavily fragrant—"*caballeros*" attired "*de rigueur*"—much dignified salutation—profuse congratulatory remarks—a wedding breakfast—marimba—champagne.

After marriage, the wife sinks into the conventional life of the Central American woman—the raising of children, attending mass, making a home for her lord and master, whose romantic attitude is usually dropped at the altar and who, following the custom of Latin American countries, does not scruple to form other feminine alliances. The "double standard" is accepted in Latin America as an institution. In the home and its duties—in the care and upbringing of her children—the mother is supreme. This is her life work and she devotes herself to it with a fine fidelity. The Central American mother seldom shines as a social light and she will seldom be seen in restaurant, theater or other places of public diversion such as the women of our country frequent as a matter of course, and she forms but little part of her husband's life outside the home. The ancient feudal conception of the woman is still in the subconscious mind of these people—she is still more or less a chattel—the man is lord and not to be questioned. The family picnic, an occasional bullfight and, in latter days, an infrequent visit to the cinema, offer diversion in the larger centers, but the housewife finds daily contact with her kind in various forms of church service or work, for the Central American woman is a good Catholic and daily religious service of some kind is an important part of her life.

The family dinner is served late in the evening—seldom before eight o'clock—so the opera or "*zarzuela*" and such other formal entertainment as the Central American attends usually begins not earlier than ten o'clock—but these functions are rare. The Central American does not indulge in the night life that is common to the people of our cities. For so many hundred years it was unsafe to be abroad after nightfall, that the habit of early retiring persists.

The windows of the sleeping rooms are guarded with formidable vertical bars—seldom is there glass. But no self-respecting Central American family would think of sleeping in a room with an open window or any other opening that would admit fresh air. The night air "*se hace dano,*" they will tell you. They, therefore, close tight-fitting doors inside the bars and fasten them securely. I have slept in rooms in the tropics that were all but hermetically sealed, because my host, who shared the room with me, insisted that the night air would "make me harm."

On the hacienda.

I slept in a room fronting the street at Hotel Manchen, in Antigua, last spring. Before retiring, I opened wide the inside shutters to admit the glorious spring-like air of the Guatemala uplands. I was awakened from a sound sleep by a tapping on the iron bars of my window and a voice calling

Going to market.

gently, "*senor—oigame, senor*—sir, listen, sir, your window must be closed—it is not the custom to sleep with your window open, and besides, '*el hace dano*'—it will do you harm." Even the policemen are in the conspiracy against fresh air and so thoroughly ingrained is this belief that the lower classes, and especially the country people, frequently cover the mouth and nose with a "*zerape*" when going out into the night air.

In this sketch of home life, a city home was chosen because the Central American of the better type lives in some town, even though he be a "*finquero*" or "*haciendado*" with a plantation home.

In Central America there is no great middle class. There is scarcely a trace of that public opinion which is usually the product of well-to-do mediocrity, the bourgeois of European states. There is only a dominant property-owning and more or less educated class—perhaps, in all, fifteen to twenty per cent of the total population. The other eighty per cent is made up of human beings so low in the social scale that we have no class in this country with which to compare them. Food, shelter, and clothing of the simplest character supply their demand upon life.

Greely Survivor's Story of Heroism

(*Concluded from page 19*)

them. Among these was a case of lemons, wrapped in newspapers. This was the first news from the civilization that we left behind in three years, and you can imagine the painstaking care with which we removed these scraps of paper from the lemons. Then, by the light of a little seal oil lamp, the surviving members of the party grouped around the person designated to read the news pieced together by half-frozen hands.

News From the Outside World

"We found in the remnants of the wrecked *Proteus* an almanac of 1883 and in this was a chronological table, from which was gleaned the news that President Garfield, who had been assassinated, had died from the wounds. Also something was learned of the fate of the *Jeannette* Arctic expedition, commanded by Lieutenant De Long of the Navy. This expedition was named after the vessel used. This exploration was financed by James Gordon Bennett and the explorers had traveled by way of Bering Straits. Many of the members of the crew had been lost. When we departed from the United States news of the fate of this expedition was not available, and the first knowledge gained by us was through the medium of an almanac.

"In a lantern was found a letter written by the grandson of Henry Clay. This young man had traveled with the Greely expedition as far as Greenland, but due to lack of accommodations or space for him he had returned home. Meantime, he had published a letter in the *Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Kentucky, suggesting a method for our relief, indicating that the party would come down on the Grinnell Land side. He stated that supplies should be left at various points and that unless such measures were taken the members of the expedition would starve. The first relief party carried the supplies to a point near our camp but returned the provisions to St. Johns instead of distributing the food as suggested. Consequently, this prophecy was fulfilled except in the case of seven members, one of whom died on the rescue ship.

Arrival of the Rescuing Ship

"The real rescuing ship arrived on June 29, 1884. A report of the whistle was heard at Cape Sabine, which it developed later had been blown to recall some of the crew who had gone ashore. We could not at first believe that it was the whistle of a relief expedition. We had become reconciled to an inevitable death. Sergeant Long and myself had crawled to a point a few feet above the camp where we could overlook the sea. The weather was cold and a strong wind was blowing. I returned to the camp and reported there was nothing in sight. I had concluded that the whistles heard were sounds produced by wind blowing over tin cans which had been filled with water and placed near the tent. This was done to prolong life, believing that water even in the absence of food would lengthen life for awhile.

"I crawled back into my sleeping bag, never expecting to get out again. Only a few shrimps and a little sealskin, with possibly a few pints of rock lichens for adding to stews, were left as a food supply. Furthermore, a windstorm had for three days prevented the kindling of a fire as a means of preparing the food for consumption.

"Private Connell was unconscious at the time the whistle sounded and H. Biederbick, who was close to Connell, picked up a hot-water bag containing some brandy. Alcohol was never used on sledging journeys, but we carried some alcohol, and this with what brandy and gin were available was kept in hot-water bottles of rubber—the ordinary kind. Biederbick found a tablespoonful of brandy remaining and, with the whistle still sounding, the brandy was poured down the throat of Connell. This revived him somewhat, although he clearly had the symptoms of starvation.

"The relief party then arrived. Milk punch and a cracker or two were given us to appease the pangs of hunger. However, I believe that if the rescuers had said, 'We are going to leave you here,' we would have responded, 'Go.' We wanted merely to rest. Death had ceased to hold any terrors for us. We were taken aboard the relief ship and each survivor given a bath, put in warm pajamas, and then tucked in real beds.

A Rapid Recovery in Weight

"Every three hours we were given a small amount of food—a tablespoonful of raw beef chopped very fine, a little oatmeal, and condensed milk, which had been diluted and sometimes combined with a bit of brandy. This ration was continued for three days, with the amount slightly increased each time until beginning with the fourth day beefsteak was given, with poached ducks' eggs, and all the milk we could drink. This meal was heartily relished, since for twelve hours after first eating we had felt voraciously hungry. The diet after that was restricted and it was some time before we had access to coffee. The first week I gained 22 pounds; the second week, 20 pounds; and the third week, 18 pounds. I had gone on board this relief vessel weighing only about 100 pounds, 85 pounds less than my weight upon embarking on this expedition."

David L. Brainard was born in Norway, New York, on December 21, 1856, and is now a retired army officer after more than 40 years of active service. He has been promoted in ranks from a private, corporal, and sergeant in Troop L of the Second Cavalry, from 1876 to 1884, to that of Brigadier General of the United States Army, in 1918. He has been cited "for distinguished and meritorious services in connection with the Arctic Expedition of 1881-1884." While the crowning distinction of his participation in this expedition was that of having reached the point farthest north up to that time, the records and scientific observations that he helped to preserve on that ill-fated voyage will be of enduring benefit to mankind. Although three-fourths of the members of the exploring party perished, the records and instruments that have contributed to the world's knowledge were brought back in perfect condition.

Three-Fourths of the Party Perished

"Through the journeys by Lockwood, Brainard and Christiansen," says Major General A. W. Greely, head of this expedition, "it passed the north end of Greenland and practically determined its insularity, discovered a new land to the north, Hazen Land, and attained 83°24′ N., 42°45′ W., a world record for the highest north, which has since been verified by Peary."

These newly discovered lands aggregate 6,000 square miles and the expedition extended one-ninth the way around the world. The adventuresome spirit of Greely, Brainard, and that group of explorers that invaded the very jaws of death means that we, as citizens of the United States, are more familiar with the factors governing our climatic conditions and the tidal activities of the Arctic Ocean, as well as having added to the science of magnetic observation.

General Brainard is the proud possessor of an inkstand, found 25 years after the Greely expedition by Admiral Peary at Fort Conger, which was presented to him by the discoverer of the North Pole upon his return to Washington. Admiral Peary also found a sealskin coat bearing the initials "D.L.B."—the property of David Legge Brainard.

The Real 'Cappy' Ricks

(*Continued from page 5*)

ate traveler. He is always just starting for some place or just returning—China, France, the Pacific Northwest, anywhere that his vast interests take him. Moreover (and this is significant of the man's whole life), although he is one of the richest men in America, when he travels by railroad he does not use a private car as do so many millionaires, but he rides in the regular sleepers along with the less distinguished passengers.

He is the most approachable of men, and the most obliging.

A little while ago Captain Dollar visited one of his logging camps deep in the forests of the Northwest. There he lived the rough life of the logger, slept in a hard, wooden bunk, and ate plain camp chow without trimmings.

"And he literally walked me off my feet," his camp manager said later, describing the visit. "One morning we tramped for fourteen miles through the timber, over mountains and across streams, part of the way over broken land where there wasn't even a sign of a trail.

"When we got back into camp he seemed as fresh as when we started out; and I was nearly all in."

Perhaps the true secret of Captain Dollar's success in life lies in his deep and sincere reverence for God. In one of the greatest lumber plants in the world, owned by Captain Dollar, is a little chapel dedicated to service of the Creator. Every time Captain Dollar visits this mill (and this is typical of all his conduct) his first act, no matter how pressing business may be, is to go to this chapel and there ask Divine guidance.

Captain Was Fair Therefore Successful

He is like that in all his tremendous business dealings.

"A man," he told me, "must be fair to be successful. He cannot break faith with his fellow men and hope to have them keep faith with him. And the man who has lost the confidence of his associates is the most pitiful of objects, for he has lost the most precious possession he could have."

The people of China know that Robert Dollar is fair. They know it not from hearsay, for the Chinese do not accept that kind of evidence, but from actual personal contact with the man. No race on earth is so hard to penetrate as the Chinese, but none gives such full measure of trust and confidence in return for fair dealing.

"It took me nearly four years to get within that barrier of reserve which surrounds every Chinaman of higher caste," Captain Dollar said. "Once they learned, however, that I was a friend nothing in their power was too good for me."

Mr. Dollar has as great faith in the Chinese as they have in him.

"China some day will be one of the great nations of the world," he declared. "Her salvation lies in Christianity. It is astounding how rapidly the Chinese are turning to our religion.

"Recently I attended a banquet at which the only guests were members of the Pekin government cabinet and myself. The ordinary bonds of restraint were absent; and I learned there that fully half the members of the cabinet were Christians. For political reasons they do not make that general knowledge in their own country, but among the officials the great spread of Christianity is not only recognized but encouraged."

How to Deal With Bandits

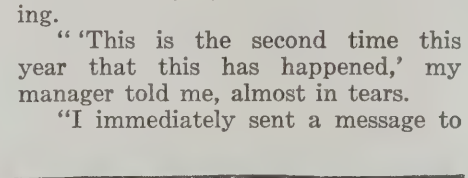
Little suspected by the Occidental races, the Chinese have a keen sense of humor at once rare and delicate. Their wit is quick, like the flashing of a sword in the sunlight, and is a source of constant and keen delight to those who come in contact with it.

"A few years ago," Dollar said, "I stopped at one of our stations in the interior of China, several hundred miles up the Yangtze River. There I found our manager in great dismay.

"Bandits had just swooped down upon the town, sacking it and going through our offices like a tornado. They had stolen everything that caught their eyes, destroyed valuable records, and wound up by wrecking the building.

" 'This is the second time this year that this has happened,' my manager told me, almost in tears.

"I immediately sent a message to



a high cabinet officer, a close personal friend of mine, recounting the circumstances. 'Don't you think that this is a little too much?' I asked in conclusion.

"The answer came back a few days later.

" 'I quite agree with you that twice a year is too often. After this we will see that it happens only once a year.' "

Captain Dollar is probably the greatest example extant of Horace Greeley's famous advice, "Go West." All his life he has been pushing westward until now he sends his ships clear around the world and back to the starting point.

The captain is a firm, a sincere yes, even a devout believer in the great possibilities of the West. His own vast fortune has been made on the West Coast and he believes that still greater opportunities await those who ply their vocations there in the future.

"The era of the Pacific is just at its inception," he declared. "The center of trade is moving westward, always westward. The great nations of the Orient are slowly awakening from their centuries of sloth. Their undeveloped resources, their potentialities, are gigantic, stupendous; they are almost beyond reckoning.

"Commerce on the Pacific Ocean will some day be so great as to dwarf the commerce of all history. And as commerce on the Pacific develops, so will that section of the United States bordering on the Pacific. The future of the West Coast is so linked up with this advance as to be inevitable."

Captain Dollar started on his own march westward at the tender age of fourteen when, with his father, he migrated from Scotland to Canada. Soon afterward he entered the lumber business—feeding a lathe at sixty cents a week!

From such humble beginnings comes the vast Robert Dollar fortune of today. At various times he was a chore boy, a cook, and a logger. By dint of much hard work through these years of apprenticeship he managed to gain himself considerable education.

Fortified with this and with a sound knowledge of the muscular side of the lumber industry, he eventually decided to branch out into the "brain" side, obtaining for himself a humble clerkship.

Strong Will Conquers the Impossible

When he was twenty-eight years old he entered business with a partner. The enterprise soon failed and he was left virtually penniless.

Nothing daunted, he married; and together his wife and he started out to hue themselves a livelihood from the wilderness. The years that followed were lean ones and hard, but the young couple persevered and prospered. Presently he started westward again, this time to Michigan, where he opened a lumber mill. It was a success.

In 1893 he proceeded still farther West to California, where he established another mill.

Captain Dollar was fifty-seven years old when he purchased his first boat. In the beginning he intended to transport only his own product, lumber, and to test out the trade possibilities of the Orient for this commodity. A few years after he opened his shipping office in San Francisco, however, he was pushing still farther West.

This time he opened an office in Shanghai. The ven- (*Concluded on page 2*

Romantic Rascals—No. 3
The Count of St. Germain

(*Concluded from page 17*)

the portico; to watch the descent from it of a tall man, dark-skinned and with a Jewish face, magnificently dressed in blue satin, a plumed hat on his head. To complete the vision of splendor, the postilion and the lackeys were in blue coats braided with silver.

The Maréchal looked up with simulated surprise a little later when the footman announced the presence of the Count de St. Germain, and there were gallantries, and bowings, and advancings, and greetings, and smilings, and many very edifying speeches with veiled pavonine display. Nor, had he been told, would the Maréchal have believed that his splendid visitor was a runaway Bordeaux Jew, afterward a Parisian pawnbroker. But he was very ready to believe that before him sat the philosopher who knew the secret of the water of life, who had, indeed, journeyed to that place for no other reason than to rejuvenate the old courtier worn out with excesses and fat living. So the nobleman was glad, and when in the course of the evening he gave one of his loud laughs, the like of which had not been heard for many a long day in that solemn house, the servants in the kitchen heard, and the Count's postilion who had already spoken of the elixir vitae to his fellows, remarked: "Already the potion is working and your good lord feels the touch of youth."

Two days later the whole countryside rang with the tale of how the Maréchal had been made young again, and to his house came flocking grand lords and courtiers.

The Elixir Was Nothing But Senna Leaves

Soon the tale of wonder was all over Paris, for the Maréchal lost no time in carrying his guest to court. The king himself received the Count de St. Germain with marked favor, embraced him publicly, drove abroad with him for all the world to see, and while the acid-tongued Voltaire said his say bluntly and unaffectedly, his words had little weight. For few doubted that the radiant Count, silk-clad and glittering with diamonds, had a high and splendid secret. And when the learned Colbert declared that the elixir was nothing but a concoction of senna leaves, it was regarded as a foolish statement like that of a glib and silly child.

To the lodging of the Count the fashionable world crowded, entering his reception room as if it were some cathedral because of its artfully arranged dim shadows, its deftly placed colored glass, its wafted perfumes and soft hidden music. Rich old women brought their treasures, seeking in return the glory of youth; courtiers besought his favor; the depressed and morbid went to him for solace; high ministers of state called on him with their problems; wealthy merchants consulted with him; but always gold poured in, gold that he affected to despise saying that by his magic he could draw precious things out of the earth.

Had Aladdin's Lamp at Command

"He showed me one day," writes the Baron de Gleichen in his Memoirs, "so many diamonds that it seemed as if he had Aladdin's lamp at his command." Madame du Pompadour too gave her testimony saying that he once produced, "out of the air," a box containing diamonds, emeralds, topazes, rubies and other precious stones, which he tilted, spilling on the table a glittering shower worth more than half a million livres. As for shaking the confidence of the king, that seemed impossible. "M. de Quesnoy," says Du Hasset, "once said that St. Germain was a quack; but the king reprimanded him. In fact, His Majesty appears infatuated by him and sometimes talks of him as if his ancestry were illustrious."

Time and time again messengers rode to Paris inviting the Count to this palace and that, German, Italian, Russian, Polish; but it was not until a court favorite discovered that, in spite of the diligent drinking of rejuvenating draughts gray hairs grew and wrinkles came, that the charlatan lent an ear to others who called him. So explaining that a quiet and reposeful life was necessary for the pursuit of his further studies, he consented to visit the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, at whose castle, in Schleswig, he died in the year 1784.

But the fellow was not of the sort to let his trade be lost, and while at Schleswig he found another, ready and willing to learn how to trick and cheat the unregulated intellect that always craves a new sensation. His pupil was a convicted thief and forger, one named Joseph Balsamo, who afterward flourished under the titles of Baron de Belmonte, Chevalier de Fischio, Marquis de Melissa, to name a few, but who marched into history and the rascals' calendar as the Count of Cagliostro.

The Real 'Cappy' Ricks

(*Concluded from page 28*)

ture proved profitable, and he turned his attentions more directly to shipping. It was a stormy sea to sail in those days but Captain Dollar navigated it —and won.

When he started his line up the Yangtze River, in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, he won the admiration of shipping men the world over.

But it remained for his latest achievement to fire their imaginations as never before in history. It came at a time when most American operators were steeped in gloom. The maritime laws of the United States, they complained, were unjust; they worked an unfair handicap upon the American vessels. Captain Dollar may have agreed, and undoubtedly did join them in their protests. But he did not waste his time in lamentations. Instead he evolved plans.

"Impossible," shipping men said, when he first declared his intention of operating a line of steamers around the world on regular schedule.

But Robert Dollar did it.

Seven sister ships were constructed for the new venture. Captain Dollar established twenty-one ports of call: New York, Havana, Colon, Balboa, the Port of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Honolulu, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Suez, Port Said, Alexandria, Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, and Boston. Then he started his boats out, fourteen days apart.

Operate Ships Under American Flag

And as the hands move around the face of the clock, so did these boats move around the face of the globe!

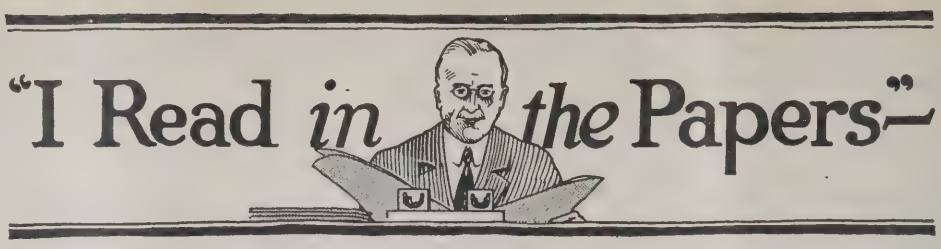
The gods of luck have been good to him, his rivals say. But luck is one word that is lacking from Captain Dollar's vocabulary. In its place is the word courage.

Captain Dollar frankly does not like American shipping laws any better than his competitors. The present regulations are so unreasonable, he says, that British ships traveling through the Panama Canal pay less duty for similar cargoes than American ships.

But Captain Dollar differs from his rivals in one important aspect.

"What!" they exclaim. "Operate ships under the American flag today? It can't be done."

Robert Dollar does it.



I read in the papers something concerning the current temper of a well-known movie magnate which surprised me a good deal. He said that: "A canvass of public desires and a check of various pictures indicate that the film public has a distinct liking for stories unfolding interesting details of human activities such as those revolving about the lumber industry, the forest ranger service, the coast guard, the merchant marine, the automobile business, and similar lines with colorful backgrounds." It would be interesting to know just what proportion of the "stories unfolding interesting details of human activities" have been produced as opposed to the proportion relating to useful industry. An intelligent investigation of the trend of popular interest would show that this nation is something besides an El Dorado for gaudy incompetence and imbecility in the grand style.

The people deserve to be congratulated. They are making the magnates of moviedom move.

I read in the papers that the Province of Quebec in Canada has emphatically declined to permit the extension into it of a railway that is owned by the Province of Ontario and extends from the city of Toronto. The United States had a period of like conflict of state authority. Permission to extend the Michigan Central Railroad across Northern Indiana in order to reach Chicago was denied by the state authorities of Indiana. It required clever, bold work and some subterfuge to outwit the Indianans.

I read in the papers that a New York department store, that is known among merchants everywhere for its enterprise in supplying good wares at reasonable prices, did over nineteen per cent more business in April than it did in the same month last year. No better proof could be furnished of the soundness of fundamental conditions in this country and the ability of business men who really know how to serve the public to prosper.

I read in the papers that the State of New Hampshire will spend fifty thousand dollars to advertise for tourists and also that the state will buy the timber lands in Franconia Notch, the site of the Great Stone Face made famous by Hawthorne. Northern New England, without coal or much water power and with most of its lumber gone, is finding that the tourist business may become a substitute for vanishing industries. Winter sports and vacations are making New England as much of a winter as a summer playground.

I read in the papers that Professor William Lyon Phelps, a distinguished member of the Yale faculty, has just returned to America after three months' illness in Paris and given this advice to travelers: Don't eat overripe duck in a French restaurant. The same advice could be given to all who eat animal food of any kind that has been kept for so-called ripening. Such food is quite unfit for human consumption and if immediate sickness does not result the body is subjected to the task of overcoming toxins or poisons and parasites too repugnant to mention.

Half-Timbered Houses of France

AT ST. BRIEUX is one of the most attractive old half-timbered houses in France. The spacing of the timbers, the pattern of it, in the "tree of life" design, and the carving all about, render the old house of rare interest to all builders of this type of architecture. Observe the simplicity of the finial carvings and dentals and the reliefs—just enough to show through, but not enough to spoil the sense of dignity.

At Auray is a very ancient structure in this old style. It shows wonderful and faithful construction that makes one wistful in comparing it with the flimsy modern houses that sprout on the landscape like mushrooms in a night. Here is evidence of loving work put in long, long ago. It is a house and shop in one, and it is quite evident that the old merchant loved to build it, ornamenting the great sturdy beam ends with rich carvings and following out his own fancy, observing no rule of architecture but bringing about an originality that may never be seen again.

At Armentieres is one of the oldest half-timbered houses, erected more than three hundred and twenty years ago, and appears to be good for one or two more centuries, if not longer, as it is still in a fine state of preservation and in use both as a home and a shop. It is very simple in design but extremely interesting in line and color, and there is a certain novelty displayed in the arrangement of the timbers.

In the old city of Nantes is a picturesque old corner adorned with a very interesting group of half-timbered houses that run back from the angle of both streets. This old corner has genuine architectural beauty. It reveals an interesting method of building in which the supporting timbers are left exposed. There is a strong fine pilaster at the corner, supporting the deeply projecting upper story, and this, while not being carved, is gracefully molded.

At Lisieux there are two old houses, one a very ancient building in the half-timber style which is one of the most picturesque and attractive in France. No one seems to know just how old it is, but judging by its style and the condition of its timbers, experts give the structure three centuries. It has fascinating roof surfaces and a quaint tower-like projection very beautifully designed. The other old house is famous as the "Old Manor," also 300 years old and very much carved and decorated.

A half-timbered house at Rouen is strikingly effective. It has been somewhat reconstructed, so that the roof has a prosperous modern look, not quite in keeping with the closely timbered walls. It shows marked individuality and gives evidence of the character of its old builder having been very orderly and methodical.

These plaster and wood buildings were the delight of the first great French architects. Built according to the whim of the owner, about the end of the sixteenth century, and the beginning of the seventeenth, these structures are full of an individuality that may never again be operative in the architectural world, which is now given over to methodical plans and molds of definite shape and regulation. House plans were unknown in those old days in France, and so one got the real artistic feeling of the people and their artistic tastes were cultivated and encouraged. Dignity and beauty and variety were evident and people expressed these things in their daily lives in those days. Their homes were an expression of themselves and their shops a symbol of the strength and success of the merchant's power and progress.

Most of the town houses were built about many-angled courts, and because they wanted a good circulation of air, one end or the other of the house, according to the position, was made noticeably lower. This brought about a charming informality of design. Sometimes the entrance side of the court was little more than a screen wall. Again it would tower up into the air in steep-pitched irregularity of roof, cut into gables of many heights and broken by curious lucarnes or dormer windows.

Those Coaching Days Were No Joke

Although Mirth Was Mixed With Misery in the "Good Old Times"

By RALPH E. DAVIS

OUR ancestors who traveled in the old stagecoaches were a hardy lot. Patrons of the old stage lines will be found deserving of fullest sympathy after comparison of the conveniences offered then with the comforts of modern transportation.

Back in the early days of coaching, certain members of the sixteenth-century citizenry declared that coach riding would "soften" the travelers who "used to ride horseback with swords, belts, pistols, holsters, portmanteaus, and hat cases, wearing one suit of clothes and carrying another for use at the journey's end, and who endured frost, snow, and rain." It was venomously asserted that coaches dammed the streets, hindered the farmers in bringing victuals into town and crowded the townspeople against the shops.

It is difficult to believe that anyone ever actually felt *softened* by experiencing a ride in one of the old coaches, particularly if the coach was crowded and followed a rough road.

A clear picture of early traveling in this country is contained in a diary dated 1795. The writer was in the throes of a journey from Philadelphia to Baltimore: "The vehicle was a long car . . . the interior held nine passengers and a tenth was seated by the driver. A light roof was supported by eight slender pillars. Three large leather curtains suspended to the roof, one at each side and one behind, were rolled up or lowered at pleasure. There was no space for baggage, each person being expected to stow his things as best he could under his legs or the seat. The entrance was in front, over the driver's bench. Of course, the three passengers on the back seat were obliged to crawl across all the other benches to get to their places. There were no backs to the benches to support and relieve us . . . A mere strap behind the seats would have been a great comfort, and the ponderous leather curtains, which extended the whole length of the wagon, would have been more convenient divided into two or three parts, with a glass, however small, in each division to give light to the passengers in bad weather and enable them to have a glimpse of the country. The disposal of the luggage was also extremely incommodious, not only to the owner but to his neighbors."

Although some patrons of the coaches went on record as describing their journey as "altogether satisfactory," nevertheless these same accounts divulge that even in the brilliant age of coaching a trip in a coach was a rigorous undertaking, more so in times of bad weather.

An individual making his first land trip in 1831 admitted that he was so foolish as to think his Hoboken stage would carry him all the way to Albany, but learned differently two hours after the start when the vehicle was turned around at Hackensack, leaving the passengers to shift for themselves. "After waiting an hour we were sent forward, two in an open chair, four in an open wagon, and the remaining eight in a common farming wagon, all without covers. It now commenced raining, and by the time we got to the next stage, we looked like moving pillars of salt, our hats and coats being covered to the thickness of an eighth of an inch with ice transparents. At Goshen we changed the mail, thawed our garments and ate our dinner. As we got north, the sleighing got better, so we were accommodated with a covered box and runners, but alas! it was like the man's lantern without a candle. The cover was of wood boards placed a quarter of an inch apart without paint, leather, or canvas to protect them from the elements.

Day mails in England, 1838

"We traveled all night. The rain and snow descended through the roof, our hats were frozen to our capes, and our cloaks to one another. In the morning we looked like a mountain of ice moving down the Gulf Stream . . . this is what the horseflesh fraternity in New York advertise as their *cheap, safe, comfortable,* and expeditious winter establishment for Albany."

Our heartfelt pity must go out to the lady travelers mentioned in the following excerpt. And hats were *such* a prized possession! "We arrived in Boston at sundown . . . The ladies' hats and frocks which had shewed colors enough to have bedecked fifteen rainbows were now one, namely, ashes on ashes, and dust on dust."

The taverns along the wayside must have afforded the greatest symbol of cheer to the weary travelers. They must have looked forward anxiously to each opportunity for stretching their sore limbs, removing dust and quenching their thirst and satisfying their appetites.

The hostelry, providing entertainment for traveler and townsman alike, was indispensable. In fact, many of the Colonies ordered by law that each community should have some kind of public house. The coach and the tavern were staunch allies. On a fifty-mile turnpike out of Albany there were located fifty-two taverns, but even this seemingly large number was insufficient to meet the demands of the great westward movement which followed the Revolutionary War. A hundred horses hitched in front of the tavern was no uncommon sight.

The schedules followed by the old coaches obliged the travelers to observe most disagreeable hours. The truth of this was feelingly set forth by an individual making a trip in 1829: "The nominal hour of starting was five in the morning; but as everything in America comes sooner than one expects, a great tall man walked into the room at ten minutes before four o'clock to say that it wanted half an hour of five: and presently we heard the rumbling of the stage coming to the door upward of thirty minutes before the time specified . . . As the morning was fine we might have enjoyed the journey much. . . ."

Indeed, it must have been enjoyable to have had to travel four, five or six hours in the morning before breakfasting. It must have been still more fascinating to have had to ride miles in the darkness without even being able to see or know who your immediate neighbors were. One suspects that the coach drivers were not a trifle knavish in arousing their passengers at such inconsiderate hours, and there is even more of a suspicion of collusion between the coachmen and innkeepers attendant to the manner in

which diners were dragged away from the meals before they had hardly begun to eat! Nevertheless, these things all added in some way to the picturesqueness of the coaching days.

On the more important lines, often as many as a dozen coaches departed in the same company. Coaching was attended by class distinction between the travelers, which was shown in the superiority with which passengers of the "fast, flying mails" regarded the persons who rode in the three-miles-an-hour wagons. The coaches themselves had their haughty "insiders" who paid full fare and its brave "outsiders" who must needs hang precariously to the handles on top.

There was vast rivalry between the drivers and owners of the various stages, which spirit extended to the passengers as well. Frequently foolhardy racing to beat time records resulted in such a disaster as an overturned vehicle. The speediest vehicle of 1785 was the famous Bristol Mail Coach, operated in England, and making eight miles an hour.

A coach passenger of about 1800 wrote enthusiastically: "We were rattled from Providence to Boston in four hours fifty minutes. If anyone wants to go faster, he may send to Kentucky and charter a streak of lightning."

This traveler's opinion apparently did not coincide with that of a young man bound from Boston to see his sweetheart in New York. (Naturally he would feel some degree of impatience at delay.) "The journey took a week . . . One pair of horses carried the stage eighteen miles. We generally reached our resting place for the night (if no accident intervened) at ten o'clock, and after a frugal supper went to bed with a notice that we should be called at three in the morning. Then, whether it snowed or rained, the traveler must rise and make ready by the help of a horn lantern and a candle, and proceed on his way over bad roads, sometimes with a driver showing no doubtful symptoms of drunkenness, which good-hearted passengers never failed to improve at every stopping place by urging upon him another glass of toddy. Thus we traveled, sometimes obliged to get out and help the coachman lift the coach out of a quagmire or rut."

In time of wet weather, the vehicles often sank to the axletrees in mud. One instance is reported in which a coach was thus stuck and the driver called on the passengers to assist in getting it out. They declined, however, so the driver simply walked to the roadside and sat down, declaring that he was going to wait until the mud should dry. Needless to say, he wasn't compelled to tarry long for help.

The closeness of association in stagecoach travel naturally made fellow passengers companionable. Emerson has presented an amusing example of typical conversation that was exchanged in this instance between a sharp Yankee woman and another wearing mourning:

"Have you lost friends?"
"Yes, I have."
"Was they near friends?"
"Yes, they was."
"How near was they?"
"A husband and a brother."
"Where did they die?"
"Down in Mobile."
"What did they die of?"
"Yellow fever."
"How long was they sick?"
"Not very long."
"Was they seafaring men?"
"Yes, they was."
"Did you save their chists?"
"Yes, I did."
"Was they hopefully pious?"
"I hope so."

On another occasion a young man and a young lady were cast together in a coach. He was immediately attracted and debated with himself about becoming so bold as to address the pretty stranger. The coach took on another gentleman passenger who was likewise attracted, but who hesitated not in making love and pressing a proposal of

One of the "insides" sends out his S O S.

marriage, which the young lady begged to take under advisement for a week. Some parents, however, would not permit their daughters to travel in the coaches unescorted.

To be sure, the travelers fortunate enough to be riding in a coach with windows enjoyed more of the scenery than the passengers in the fast trains of today. During those early journeys they had ample opportunity to become well acquainted with nature, although the small window space frequently hampered sight-seeing. And there was always more or less of a likelihood that the party would happen upon the body of some executed criminal suspended by chains from a tree.

Ardent devotees of coach travel clung to the old system even after the early steam locomotives proved that up-and-going persons could no longer afford to travel at the terrific coach pace of "eight miles an hour." The objections against the establishment of the railroads far exceeded those raised against horse-drawn coaches centuries previous. Terrific speed would cost many lives; sparks would cause fires; the farmers would be ruined and even the chickens would stop laying eggs, it was alleged. One wealthy patriot of the coaches threatened to finance a new coach line when it was rumored that a railroad was to enter his community.

Doubtless the opposition failed to realize that according to the law of progress it was inevitable that the drivers, sitting erect and managing their four or six with grace, must give way to the locomotive engineer.

One can scarcely help being touched by the reflections of the father of the immortal Sam Weller who had the double experience of driving a coach and riding over the rails. "I consider that the rail is unconstitutional and a inwader o' privileges," he asserted. "As to comfort—vere's the comfort o' sitting in a harm-chair, a-lookin' at brick walls, never comin' to a public 'ouse, never meetin' a change o' no kind, but always comin' to a place ven you comes to vun at all, the werry picture o' the last! As to the honor and dignity o' travelin', vere can that be vithout a coachman, and vat's the rail to sich coachmen as is sometimes forced to go by it, but a outrage and a insult! And as to the ingen, a nasty, wheezin', creakin', gaspin', puffin', bustin' monster always out o' breath, with a shiny green and gold back like a onpleasant beetle; as to the ingen as is alvays a pourin' out red-hot coals at night and black smoke in the day, the sensiblest thing it does, in my opinion, is ven there's somethin' in the vay, and it sets up that frightful scream vich seems to say, 'now 'eres two hundred and forty passengers in the werry greatest extremity o' danger, and 'eres their two hundred and forty screams in vun!' "

Another sang the glories of the mail coach thus: "Modern modes of traveling cannot compare with the old mail-coach system in grandeur and power. They boast of more velocity, not, however, as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge, resting upon *alien* evidence."

Doubtless the protagonists of coaching would have been not a little awed if they could have glimpsed at the time, barely a century in the future, when American ingenuity for fashioning four-wheel vehicles was to find new and unexpected expression in the making of motor cars.

Ye
White Horse
Inn
FITZ GERALD

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WE HOLD these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new Government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.

—Declaration of Independence
of the United States.

CEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN BURROUGHS. (*Article on page 4*)

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

Red, the traditional danger signal, kept its lead as the most easily distinguished from other colors at a distance in recent daylight tests of the visibility of traffic signals. Next in order came green, blue, and yellow.

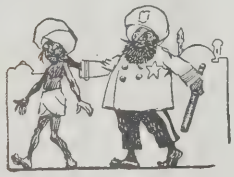
A novelist, Maurus Jokal, is figured on a new stamp issued by Hungary.

The Tropics contain some 240 million cocoanut trees, which bear an annual crop of seven or eight billion nuts.

A new illuminating gas, which is said to be non-asphyxiating and to have double the heat value and candle power of ordinary manufactured gas, is said to have been invented by Dr. O. U. Bean, the inventor of the Bunsen furnace.

Buffalo heads for trophies are offered by the Biological Survey at $35 to $60 each. Robes suitable for rugs or coats cost from $40 to $80, depending on the quality.

Demosthenes, the great orator, in his youth stuttered and stammered.



Shanghai is policed by black-bearded, be-turbaned men from India.

Certain tropical fish belonging to the puffers and porcupine fishes of the Philippine Islands are poisonous, due to the presence in various parts of their bodies of a substance chemically similar to the deadliest of the mushroom poisons.

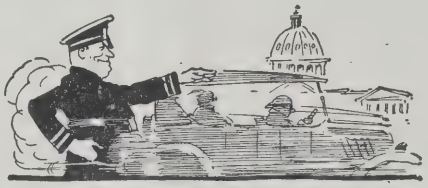
"The hurry, bustle and incessant drive of the American temperament is responsible for the peculiar and characteristic American mortality increase during the 'dangerous age' period, between 40 and 50 years," says Dr. William S. Sadler, nationally known physician.

Horses introduced into the Southwest by the Spaniards escaped from the old Spanish missions, multiplied rapidly, and virtually became wild, ranging over Nevada, California, Utah and Idaho.

The Mediterranean fruit fly, a dangerous insect that ruins all kinds of fruits, is now established on every continent except that of North America.

No part of the earth is too hot for the production of wheat if the climate is not too humid.

Milton, the blind poet, was seven years completing his "Paradise Lost," and he and his widow realized but $300 on the work.



To facilitate the movement of traffic, and as a safety measure, the city of Washington has raised the speed limit for automobiles from 18 to 22 miles an hour.

A letter from Robert Louis Stevenson, addressed to Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii, was recently found among documents seized with the queen's private papers thirty years ago.

Paid guides may become a thing of the past in the United States Capitol as there have been charges that tourists who did not hire them were unduly importuned.

Until the outbreak of the World War one of the original cedar of Lebanon groves mentioned in the Bible was still standing at the head of Kedisha Valley near ancient Lebanon.

An experimenter in a balloon reports hearing a man's shout at 1,600 feet; the croaking of frogs in a marsh at 3,000 feet; the roll of drums and music of an orchestra at 4,500 feet; church bells tolling at 5,000 feet; a rifle report at 5,900 feet; the noise of a moving train at 8,200 feet, and the whistle of a locomotive at 10,000 feet.

When Imhotep, "the architect of the King in Upper and Lower Egypt," was designing the beautiful temple of Zozer, 3100 B.C., the ancestors of King Minos of Crete were living in wattle-and-daub huts, making crude pottery and chipping stone, and the architect of Stonehenge had not yet seen the light of day.

By means of "peaceful penetration," the Chinese are gradually absorbing all business in Tahiti. A steady immigration from China, together with a heavy birthrate among those already in the colony, makes this possible.

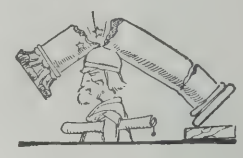
Professional ball players have caught balls thrown from the Washington Monument, which is 555 feet high.

Certain species of snakes are capable of climbing the rougher barked trees.

Certain African tribes scar the faces of their children with identification marks, that they may recognize them again if separated by slavery or war.

A Japanese in London raises goldfish in a small hatchery in his backyard. He feeds the fish butter and eggs and they command a high price because of their beauty.

The elevator was first known as the "flying chair," and originated at the summer residence of the Austrian emperor at Schönbrunn, in 1700.



The Pythagoreans were bound together in a brotherhood. They were taught to restrain their passions, especially that of anger, and to endure with patience all kinds of suffering.

There is no single capital of South Africa, owing to the fact that, at the time of the Union, Dutch and British jealousy made it imperative to establish two capitals, one at Pretoria, one at Cape Town.

More divorces are granted during the fourth year of married life than at any other period.

The great stone image of Gomateswara on the sacred hill of Scravanbelgola, Mysore, India, is bathed every fifteen years with a sacred liquid consisting of milk, curds, and sandalwood oil, which is sold by auction, as much as $10,000 being paid for the privilege of pouring the liquid over the head of the image from a scaffold built above.

Gooseberry has no connection with the goose, but should be gorseberry, or rough-berry.

June 6, 1925
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Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week enters into the distinction between that which is "practical" and that which is visionary." (p. 11)

It appears that "passing the buck" to our children and to our children's children in matters financial has become a fine art these days. It is even asserted that we are enjoying benefits to which we have no real right, and for which our children are paying and will have to pay. Once upon a time every generation was self-sustaining and did not shirk its burdens. (p. 2)

Why should it cost as high as seven times as much to sell an article as it does to make it? Few realize the big difference that there is in the cost of some article they are using and the price of manufacturing it. There is something wrong with a system which makes the "cost of selling" so very high. This and similar questions are discussed by Allan L. Benson. (p. 3)

The memories of John Burroughs that have been passed on to us by his friends are of the most pleasant and intimate character as a rule, but there are many aspects of the lives of celebrated men that escape even the observation of those who have known them best. Some delightful glimpses of the great naturalist, and some sidelights on his character and his engrossing activities, are afforded by Dr. Clara Barrus. (p. 4)

Why should coal worth $4.50 a ton be sold for as high as $22? There is something wrong somewhere. Should the government take the matter in hand? Huston Thompson tells us all about it. (p. 6)

America has for a long time been identified with the "American Beauty" rose and such varieties as the "General MacArthur." All rose growers will be interested in this talk on roses. (p.8)

It is asserted that Americans burn their candles not only at both ends but in the middle as well. This has been defined as "Americanitis." The cure for this malady is the woodlands and lakes and streams and mountains; afloat and ashore where the Divine gifts are greatest. (p. 12)

Scientists generally assert that the dinosaur antedated man on the face of this earth. But this assumption has received a rude shock by certain discoveries in Southwestern Arizona. (p. 16)

Do the best baseball players make the best managers? It seems that this is not always so. The high standard which they themselves have set they look for in others, with the result that there is sometimes a lack of sympathy between the teacher and the taught. An entertaining chat on a number of prominent figures on the baseball field explains many things. (p. 18)

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William L. Stidger

The mentality of John Wilkes Booth and his antecedents, and how far this affected the tragedy which ended Lincoln's life, form an appealing study. Others of this family, besides the assassin, were to a large extent governed by a peculiar mentality. F. L. Black lets in much additional light on this matter. (p. 20)

The quaint old town of Duxbury, New England, forms one of those links with the past which add a great deal of charm to the present. There are sermons in its stones, and volumes of picturesque writing in its clams and coves and sailor men, not to mention its historic associations. (p. 20)

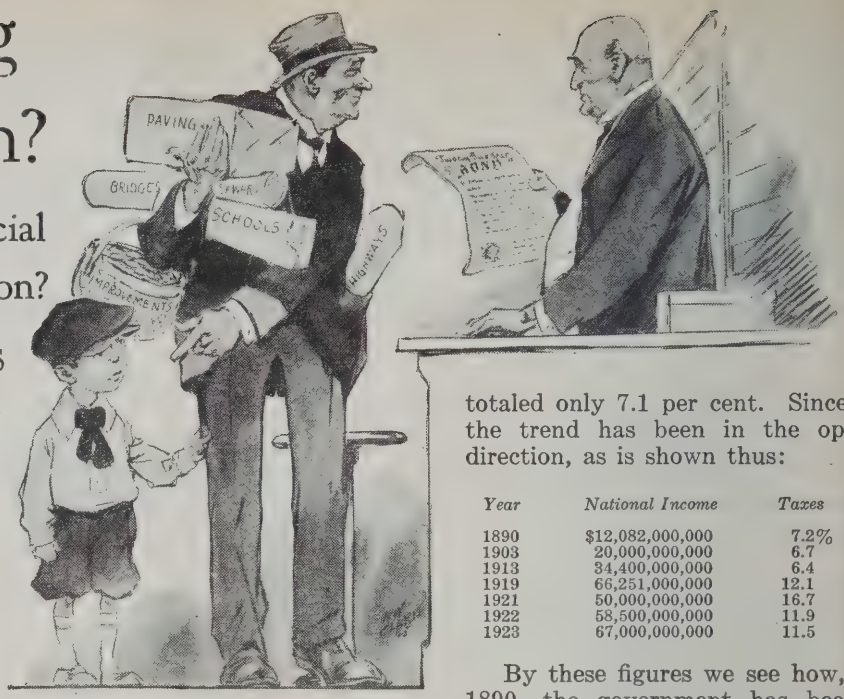
The Walled City of Manila in the Philippines is a long distance away, but it is a place which holds much interest not only for Americans but for all who love to explore the out-of-the-way spots of the world. Its past is written in its architecture. (p. 32)

Are We Living Off Our Children?

Should We Pass On Our Financial Burdens to the Rising Generation?

By RUSSELL BYRON WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE



NO—we are not living off our children in the sense that we depend on them for our everyday requirements of meat, coffee or shoes. But we are more and more obligating our children with indebtedness for the municipal, state and Federal pleasures we have today. When we float a bond issue to pay the cost of a war, defray the expenses of a soldier's bonus, build roads or dredge rivers, we are living on money borrowed from our children, for they are the ones who will have to retire those bonds.

If you walked into a clothing store, outfitted yourself with a suit of clothes at a cost of $100, then said: "My son here, who is four years old, will pay for this suit when he is 24 years old"—you would be doing personally what you do when you permit your legislature, your county board or your city council to walk into a "good roads" store, order a thousand miles or so of concrete highways, then say to the bankers who advanced the money: "This loan will be paid back in twenty years"—knowing full well that in 20 years your sons, not yourself, will be footing the bills.

To just what extent we have obligated ourselves with debt is best shown by the figures recently compiled by the National Industrial Conference Board. They, better than anything else, reveal the extent to which we are living on borrowed capital. While our national wealth has increased 72.2 per cent during the ten years from 1912 to 1922, our total indebtedness increased almost 300 per cent. In terms of dollars, the increases are as follows:

National wealth:	
1912	$186,299,664,000
1922	320,803,862,000
Net total indebtedness (municipal, county, state, federal):	
1912	4,850,862,000
1922	30,845,626,000
State indebtedness:	
1912	345,942,000
1922	935,544,000
Counties, cities, villages:	
1912	3,475,954,000
1922	7,754,175,000

History shows there to be three distinct stages in the financial status of every empire. In the first stage tax receipts balance expenditures; in the second stage bills are paid by borrowing, and in the third stage bills are paid by issuing paper money. The United States is just now leaving the first stage; France is nearly through the second and Germany has almost completed the third. When the final stage has been passed, the nation is bankrupt, as is the case with Russia, Poland, Austria, and some of the smaller European principalities.

Time was when our taxes paid our governmental expenditures and left a little surplus—when our government lived within its income. The reverse is true now, due in large measure to the heavy bonded indebtedness. In 1890 our taxes amounted to 7.2 per cent of our national income while our governmental expenditures totaled only 7.1 per cent. Since 189 the trend has been in the opposit direction, as is shown thus:

Year	*National Income*	*Taxes*	*Expen itures*
1890	$12,082,000,000	7.2%	7.1
1903	20,000,000,000	6.7	7.7
1913	34,400,000,000	6.4	8.5
1919	66,251,000,000	12.1	23.4
1921	50,000,000,000	16.7	20.5
1922	58,500,000,000	11.9	16.5
1923	67,000,000,000	11.5	15.0

By these figures we see how, sinc 1890, the government has been de veloping the habit of spending fro one to ten per cent more than th governmental income. Only by go ernmental divisions, however, do th figures reveal the real reason why ou taxes no longer cover our total gover mental expenditures. The followin table shows that except for the wa period, which greatly increased th national expense, the blame for th discrepancy between governmental i come and outgo can be laid at the do of the state legislatures, the count courthouses, and our city halls.

Year		*Taxes* (in millions of dollars)	*Expen itures*
1890	Local	405	487
	State	96	11
	Federal	374	291
1903	Local	706	913
	State	155	182
	Federal	521	487
1913	Local	1219	1844
	State	307	383
	Federal	668	692
1919	Local	2395	3557
	State	570	640
	Federal	5069	11333
1923	Local	3601	5139
	State	892	1450
	Federal	3223	3459

A study of the above figures w show that our state and local gover

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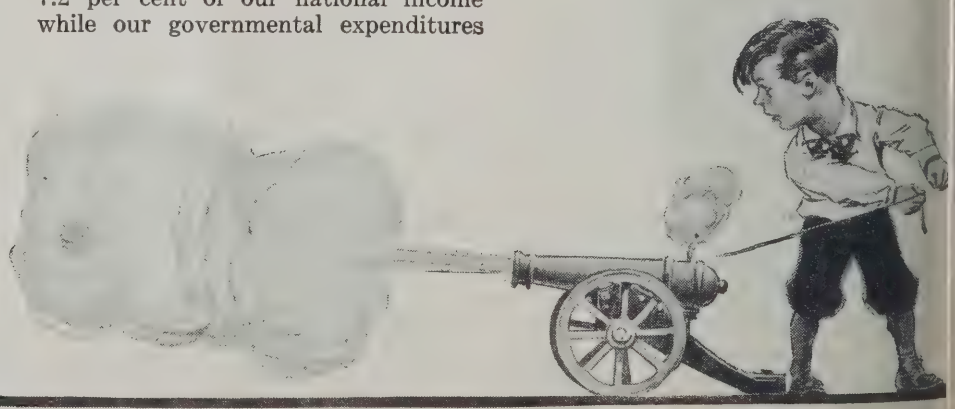


The High Cost of Selling—and Buying

Why It Costs So Much More to Sell Some Things Than It Does to Make Them

By ALLAN L. BENSON

Too many persons are engaged in adding to the expense of commodities without adding to the value of them.

Middlemen often add expense without adding service.

No one whose labor adds nothing to the worth of an article should be permitted to add anything to its retail price.

T costs a lot of money to be a boob. We have to be told over and over again—times without number—to o certain things that we should do ; once if the messages could get rough our skulls at the first attempt. costs money to keep up the bom-ardment upon us, and we pay the ill.

You know everybody likes music. he lowliest savage will have music en if he has to beat it out of an old ttle. It would, therefore, have emed a fair conclusion, when the nonograph was invented, that there ould be no trouble about selling it. he phonograph would not make but would reproduce music; the people anted rhythm, melody and harmony —what was to prevent product and onsumer from speedily getting to-gether?

Taxing the Boobs for Waking Them Up

Nothing except the inborn boobery of man. He had to be told a million mes or so that music for his soul waited only his money. The telling as done in a variety of ways, in agazine pages, in show windows, in lesrooms, every one of which cost oney. Of course, it is perfectly fair charge boobs for waking them up, the cost of *selling* was added to the ost of *making* the phonographs and the ill was sent to us.

What does it cost to sell phono-aphs? Guy E. Tripp, chairman of te board of the Westinghouse Electric ad Manufacturing Company tells us. *costs seven times as much to sell onographs as it does to make them.* ut this record on your machine and ay it. Divide what you paid for your achine into eight parts. One part what it cost to make it. The other ven parts are what it cost to force e idea into your head that you would happier with a phonograph. These gures are probably not strictly ac-crate, as applied to a given type of achine. Mr. Tripp gave them only the figures for the industry. But tey are close enough to give you mething real to think about.

Passing over to the furniture sec-on, we find something that it should st little or nothing to sell. Furniture not like phonographs; it is not mething of which the world never ard until a few years ago. We have en sitting in chairs, eating from bles and sleeping on the sofa with r boots on for a long time. Yet it is azing how little space the subject furniture occupies in our thoughts, ter we have made the first dash from te scene of the wedding ceremony to te installment store and signed a ntract to pay a dollar down and a dollar forever. Years and years go on but the same old stuff stays in the same old place. It is not until some honored guest breaks a leg off a chair and lands on his ear that we say to ourselves that the thing can go no further—that we must have some new furniture. We decided to make as nearly as possible a clean sweep of the premises and get everything new. The dining room table, too, must go. No wonder furniture manufacturers complain. At any rate, Mr. Tripp informs us that it costs five times as much to sell furniture as it does to make it. Divide the cost of your chair, table, or whatever it may be, into six parts. One part is what it cost to make it. The other five parts are what it cost to get you to pay attention to the wife's long years of razzing and become respectable again.

When a Watch Goes Up in Value

According to Mr. Tripp it costs six and one-half times as much to sell low-priced watches as it does to make them, three and a half times as much to sell washing machines and electrical merchandise, and five times as much to sell the milk, vegetables, and fruits produced by New York farms.

What are we to deduce from all of this—that human beings are intrinsically fools? Not at all. We shall be justified in deducing many things, the first of which is that we are living in a world of wonder that is moving so rapidly we cannot keep up with it. In such a world, it is inevitable that the cost of selling some things shall be much more than the cost of manufacture. We being individually and collectively what we are, it seems to be the price we have to pay to go ahead.

Inventions like the phonograph, for instance, are made overnight and offered to us the next morning. The inventors themselves sometimes do not know what their inventions are good for, or whether they are good for anything. The phonograph lay dead in Edison's hands for 15 years because he first tried to put it out as a mechanical substitute for a stenographer instead of as a reproducer of music. It came to life only when some of his own employes, during a noon-hour, sang into it, thus making records, and seemed pleased when they heard their songs come back to them. This slight circumstance set Edison's mind to work again and he made the phonograph a success by using it to reproduce music. Something similar happened in the case of the radio. The "wireless telephone" lay dead for ten years until broadcasting suddenly revealed its tremendous possibilities.

Now what have such facts to do with the relative cost of manufacturing and selling an article? A very great deal. The cost of manufacturing an article is not the mere cost of making and assembling its component parts. All of the experimental work that preceded production must be paid for. This means that the cost must be charged to the product and included in the retail price. The retail price must also include the cost of equipping a plant for the production of the article. The manufacturer naturally wants to recover as quickly as possible the sums that he has advanced for experimentation and equipment and therefore his first price is high. He has to make it high because he does not know how long he will be able to sell his product. The demand that he is able to create by advertising may die out after a little while. Also, competitors may devise something better and drive him out of his own market. Even if he be not driven out, he may have to junk his machinery and install new equipment with which to make the improved product.

We have mentioned competitors. This brings us to the consideration of what we may call the cost of competition. Competition has its uses in stimulating endeavor, but it also has a very bad side. The bad side is the waste involved. When it costs seven times as much to sell a thing as it does to make it we may be sure there is somewhere great waste. What is the waste of competition? It is the cost of the struggle among manufacturers to determine which of them shall get the profit from a sale to you. You do not care who gets the profit, but you pay to enable someone to get it. You pay because the cost of selling is added to the cost of making to get the retail price.

It Is the Same With Food

We are often told that we are a very wasteful nation and that the French could live from our garbage pails. We are waste-

(Concluded on page 30)

John Burroughs as I Knew Him

The Man Who Loved "All Things Both Great and Small," and Studied Them

By DR. CLARA BARRUS

This is the first of a series of intimate sketches of the great naturalist.

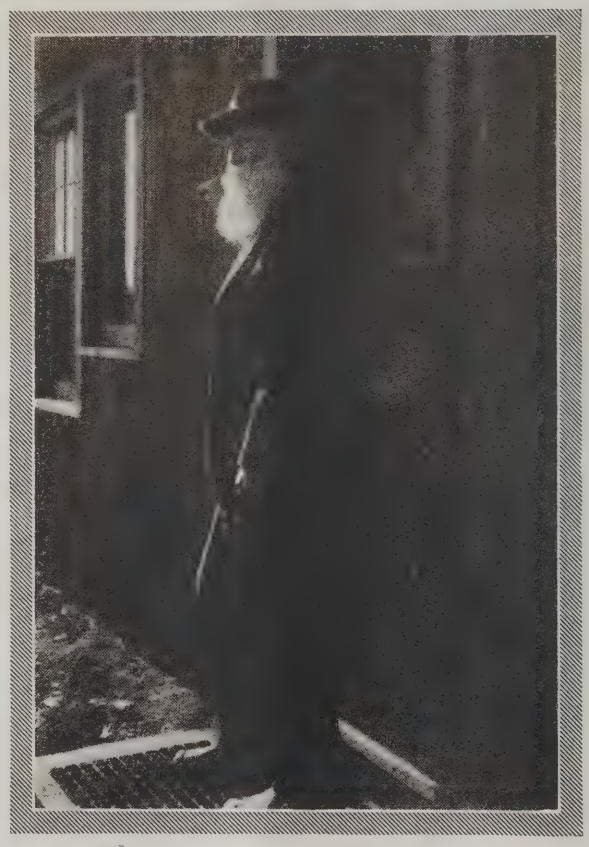
As straws show which way the wind blows, so what one loves and reveres, and shuns and abhors, give an index to his character. In a mere glance at some of the likes and dislikes of John Burroughs, no portrait is attempted, but simply a sketch that should catch and preserve certain aspects of a many-sided personality.

There were certain names which Mr. Burroughs always uttered in a reverential tone—Christ, Socrates, Kepler, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Emerson, Darwin, Whitman—a grouping which, in this connection, may well account for the breadth and catholicity of his mind.

Nature, literature, and science were the liberating influences of his life. He was also highly susceptible to music, poetry, and architecture. The overwhelming effect which St. Paul's Cathedral had upon him, on his first European trip, may be recalled by his reader. Architectural bridges always fascinated him. In fact, he was interested in construction work anywhere. He would stop in the streets of New York and watch such work with keen interest. Once in the Hawaiian Islands he stood and regarded some Japanese stonemasons at their work for a long time, and on resuming his walk spoke enthusiastically of the care with which the little men handled the lichen-covered stones, that every bit possible of the greenish-gray lichens should be preserved. "Oh, that reverence for beauty, and that painstaking honesty in their work—if only our laboring men had more of it!" he sighed.

He sighed just as feelingly at the lack of simplicity and sincerity in the men whose houses are built by the laborers. The pretentious and the ornate, how they displeased him! and, too, if a structure were not in keeping with its surroundings, its beauty was lost on him. I have heard him regret that the Gould Memorial Church in his native place (Roxbury, New York) was not more in harmony with its environment. "It is a bit of Fifth Avenue set down here in our plain little village." A building erected of the old Devonian rocks in which Roxbury abounds, perhaps hewn from the very ledges around which he and Jay Gould had played as schoolboys—he might have grown enthusiastic over that, while the handsome church of Scotch granite, and stained-glass windows left him cold.

The architectural features of the great Ashokan water system, and the "eloquent bridges," superbly simple, never failed to elicit his admiration; while he regarded the loveliness of the aeration plant with almost a religious fervor. Those myriads of fountains in which the water rises and falls in the sunlight, with the purpose back of it of purification, appealed strongly to him. That anything so utilitarian could be so lovely was to him the triumph of engineering. "It is as if a hundred veiled women were grouped there, ceaselessly performing some mysterious religious rite."



John Burroughs at his Chestnut bark study at Riverby, West Park, New York.

In his "Last Harvest," he laments his dwindling interest in poetry, and reminds himself that Darwin had a like experience; but really, the falling off was more apparent than real; or, rather, was often in the poetry itself, since he retained his love for the poets who had drawn him all his life, and, to the last, was quick to recognize new real poetry when he came upon it. The simple, inevitable beauty of Wordsworth and Tennyson always reëchoed in his heart. Their lines were often on his lips. Among the many I recall are these:

"The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."

"Fair as a star when only one is
shining in the sky."

"And beauty born of murmuring
sound
Shall pass into her face."

"The little speedwell's darling blue."

"But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

Long passages from Emerson and from Whitman he often recited, and he learned by heart many of the poems of John Russell McCarthy, to whom he became much attached in the later years of his life. He often quoted,

"So Tiberius might have sat,
Had Tiberius been a cat,"

after which he would descant on other animal poems of Matthew Arnold as the best in all literature. He was profoundly impressed with Robert Loveman's "Gates of Silence" and considered his "April Rain" a lyric which any of the major poets might have been proud to have written.

With all his catholicity of taste, and his approval of the poet who strikes out for himself, he had little use for the free-verse poets. Unfortunately one of these writers who flaunted his "dirty shirt" poem before the public attracted his attention by this and other bizarre things, while really poetic things by the same writer escaped his notice. Among his last essays was a brief protest in which he showed his disgust at the "Red of Literature."

As for science, which had drawn him early in life, it still drew him, and as his interest in it deepened, he saw more clearly the poetry in it also. Science might at first chill him; he might resent the materialistic trend it begot in him; but if he pondered it long enough, he was sure to see its wonder and beauty, just as sure as he was, in writing about scientific facts to throw around them the witchery of the ideal.

His love for persons, or for the wild creatures, or for domestic animals never blinded him to their limitations. He could even see the faults in the birds and chipmunks. When the robbins got so numerous they fairly became a plague, and stripped his

ees of all the cherries, he said he ished the law would let them have a w robin potpies in the South, so e could get a cherry pie now and then the North. When phoebe built on ie windowcap above his cot, on the eranda at Woodchuck Lodge (since ie harbored infinitesimal creatures, ong with her nestlings), he fore-alled her the next season, before she uld bring her nest to completion. o the wren, when tired of her chatter, would call imploringly, "Oh, Mug-ns, Muggins, do be still!" When the ioles ravaged his grapes, and pecked the bunches they could not eat, stroying their market value, the vine-esser countenanced e use of the gun to are them away. When lly Sally, his compan-n at Slabsides, studied nithology too assidu-sly, even to the most eticulous of feather-litting, and laying bare the dry bones of the bject, he did all he uld to thwart her from curing specimens for udy; and when she went the heaven where good ts go, vowed he would ver keep another cat. for dogs, he loved em mightily, and could e no wrong in them. it that "Clever Beast-" the chipmunk, much as he loved n, when he found him digging up the as he had planted, he did try hard to ake war on him; but soon got hicken-hearted" and let him have as to his stomach's content, and to at of those elastic cheek pouches, ile he gratefully took what few the pmunk left.

Affection for his kin seemed bound in everything pertaining to them. could not bear to destroy anything theirs. Once at the Old Home he nd in the yard an old bone-handled, o-tined fork protruding from the l. It had been his mother's. He cued it, scoured it up, and ever er preserved it. Old religious papers *he Signs of the Times*), which had en his father's, he treasured for rs. For years the old clothes that d belonged to his brother Hiram ng upstairs at Slabsides, and his hat on its accustomed peg. He ot Hiram's letters, and those of all kin, and of many of his friends. ecall how he once protested, and ly cringed, on seeing me throw into fire a beautiful letter from a nd, which I had just read to him. ow *could* you destroy such a letter! ve you no sentiment?" he asked rovingly.

His reader needs no reminder that had a *penchant* for homely, "shirt-eve English." "I like to break the es once in a while," he would say. ain, "I like to use words in a free, ible way"—this when I would become meticulous in pointing out the flies in the amber. He claimed the right to use a split infinitive, or to end the sentence with a preposition, if it best suited his purpose. I remember once questioning the correctness of the word "reapt" in his manuscript. To my query he replied that he did not know—had used it without thinking. So, in doubt, I consulted Webster, and to my chagrin found "reapt" sanctioned—the authority for its use being John Burroughs! (I think the citation was, "His sickle *reapt* the air.") And here I had been picking flaws with one whom the dictionaries quoted!

Taking a fleeting survey of the place of his birth.

Certain words of pleasing sound he rolled like a sweet morsel under his tongue, for example, "lyriodendron," "Unadilla," "April," "Willowemoc." In writing he had his own rhythmical cadences into which he fell naturally. Robert Underwood Johnson once said of him, in a poem, "His lines make rhythm and never know it." Countless passages in his books charm the ear by their limpid flow, as their clarity and beauty of thought charm the mind; they seem the audible translation of his emotions. This is less true of his poems than of his prose.

Apropos of his susceptibility to music, he could not sit still when old-time reels were being played, but would jump up and dance a breakdown with gusto. Some of the music of the great composers moved him by their eloquence, while folk songs and ballads touched his heart. Among his favorites were "Sally in Our Alley," "The Low-Backed Car," "Mary of Argyle," "Afton Water," "Loch Lomond," "Ben Bolt," and, toward the last, "Duna."

To spoken eloquence he was particularly susceptible. Beecher always put him under a spell. The eloquence of Robert G. Ingersoll was so compelling that he said, "I felt as if I could go home and do it, too—just as when I heard Ole Bull play the violin, I thought, 'By Jove! I can play the violin myself!'" For a short time he was taken with the oratory of William Jennings Bryan, but lost all interest when that gentleman "suspended the law of gravitation."

The noble eloquence and idealism of Woodrow Wilson's utterances during the World War were to him oases in the wide stretch of that desolation. He read them with suffused eyes, in a voice tremulous with emotion, and with fervent gratitude for such a leader. Once after the war, when looking at a picture of Generalissimo Foch, he exclaimed at the strength of the face which symbolized the intrepid spirit, and said with fervor, "I would like to touch the hem of his garment."

His dislike for that which he who runs may not read is seen in his scorn for "the absurd Latin names" for the birds. When in 1917 he was reading the proof of the American ornithological section in the Standard Library of Natural History, of which he was consulting editor, he declared, "There's no sense in it whatever." When one ventured, "But, for scientific purposes—for universal identification?" he rejoined testily, "No. I would go back to the common names. If the plain English of 'God,' 'home,' 'mother,' are good enough for these, it ought to be good enough for the birds"—an instance of his rash speech in certain moods.

His love for simplicity almost betrayed him into joining the ranks of the simplified spellers. He himself was a poor speller. There were certain words he could be depended upon to misspell. So when the devotees of spelling reform came after him, they received enough encouragement to enroll him, and send him notices of their meetings, and bundles of their "Literature." When defending himself for having given aid and comfort to them, he said: "Anything arbitrary always *was* hard for me. 'Musketo' is a good deal more rational way to spell the name of the little cuss than the way you do—that is why I want simplified spelling—all poor spellers want it." However, after enduring the influx of their pamphlets for a time he became rebellious and, as he consigned the latest supply to the fire (and craved the same fate for the senders of them also), said: "Tell them never to send me their stuff again. They are a d-a-m-*n* nuisance, tell them; and *spell it that way*. Besides," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "their spelling is harder than the old way, after all."

Doubtless those who met Mr. Burroughs at dinners were sometimes disappointed at his unresponsiveness, for he was seldom keen about conversing at meals. He explained that his habitual silence at meals was the outcome of living much alone, as well as, when with others, *(Concluded on page 30)*

Putting the Lid on Profiteering

Will Government Deliver the People From the Ubiquitous "Frogs of Egypt"?

By HUSTON THOMPSON

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A FAMOUS New York financier is credited with having said before a Congressional committee, while discussing the impossibility of separating corporations after they had been once combined into a super-corporation, that "You can't unscramble the eggs of an omelet that have been scrambled." This statement insofar as it may be applied to trusts contains a vital truth. Theoretically combinations can be dissolved. In practice the dissolutions have seldom resulted successfully. How few corporations that have once been consolidated have been so separated as to restore competition between the original corporations!

So ineffective have been most of the efforts of the government that in the business world combinations and consolidations are rushed to the unscrambling stage with great energy and rapidity regardless of our laws. It is little wonder that some of our citizens behold this drift toward centralization of economic power and despair of keeping competition alive.

The Privileges of the Shopper

So long, however, as a nation has any vitality left there will be those who will fight against consolidations and combinations, whether held in loose or tight control. In fact, a nation's vitality can be measured by the number of its citizens who believe and continue to demand that a "shopper" has the right to hunt around for the best price and even to seek for bargains if he so desires in the market place, whether that shopper be a housewife or a buyer of steel, lumber, or flour.

Now the only way to keep the market place free for the shopper is to see to it that he or she is put on an equality with the seller. To do this there must be no secret or open combinations or the practice of unfair methods that will close the door to the shopper's opportunity.

If legislative action in the last twenty years is any indication, then the American shopper has been demanding through his representatives that the ancient doctrine of "let the buyer beware" (*caveat emptor*) shall be changed to "let the seller beware" (*caveat venditor*).

Could we summon the clerk, the housekeeper, the farmer, the small storekeeper and some representatives of our large business interests to the stand and ask them if they were in favor of competitive systems, they might be mystified by this phrase and not know how to reply. If we were to ask each one whether he was satisfied with having the same price quoted to him for the same kind of an article by the so-called competitors in an industry, or the ultimate consumer discovered that he had no control over the advancing or retarding of prices, except through a buyers' strike, his answer would be such a universal and emphatic "No!" that it might shock the business world into considering the drift of modern business.

> Do you know that the United States Government is legally stopped from investigating the coal situation?
>
> Since 1919 the Federal Trade Commission has been prevented by court injunction from finding out why coal worth $4.50 brings as high as $22.

This frame of mind of the ultimate consumer or buyer is no different from that of the peoples of the other nations, past or present. In fact, the world is strewn with the almost obliterated remains of nations whose people demanded the right to "shop around," but whose body politic became so corroded with the cancer of special privilege that the buyer had lost control of his normal right in the market place. So these nations disappeared off the face of the earth.

Our statute books also indicate that our people are not for Socialism, or its first cousin once removed, which can perhaps best be described as paternalistic governmental control, which special privilege, once intrenched, desires.

What Washington Said to Tobacco Buyers

Although that part of the public known as the ultimate consumer outnumbers all other groups by many millions in the United States, just because of the unwieldiness of numbers, he has not, except upon rare occasions and only when aroused by unusual conditions, such as a shortage and high prices brought on by concerted action, become articulate. So far in our history he has fought blindly and often ineffectually but with tenacity against the drift into combinations that destroy competition or control the prices of his necessities. From decade to decade his spokesman has hurled bitter language at these "forestallers" of the market place.

George Washington, prevented by the tobacco buyers of Alexandria from getting a competitive price for the product of his farms and also as a public official, stormed and fairly shouted his imprecations at them. Indeed, the man of today who dared indulge in such language as the Father of our Country would not last long before the public. His surname would be "Radical," "Red," or, perhaps, "Bolshevik."

In the eighties, the halls of Congress resounded with attacks on concentration in the business world by those who were then regarded as conservatives. This finally culminated in the passage of the Sherman Act in 1890, forbidding combinations and contracts in restraint of trade. Nevertheless, combinations and contracts continued to be made.

Birth of the Federal Trade Commission

Again in 1902 Congress, responding to the pressure of the people, created the Bureau of Corporations, giving it the power to investigate business organizations and their practices and report the same to the public and Congress and suggest remedies. It was hoped by Theodore Roosevelt and others that this exposing of the intricacies and unsettling movements of unfair combinations or "pests," as Washington called them, to the light of day, would halt their growth. Like the mistletoe, they continued to entwine the sturdy oak of our national existence with their parasitic growth. With subtle propaganda and "much fair speech" about efficiency, trend of the times, and reduced prices, they sought to lull the public to sleep, but they continued to block the channels of the market place until again in 1914 Congress, at the instance of Woodrow Wilson, who had been calling for business and economic freedom, put upon the statute books the Federal Trade Commission Act and the Clayton Act.

The purpose of these two laws was in a word, to add to the investigating, exposing, and recommending powers of the Bureau of Corporations the additional powers of calling business interests that were practicing unfair methods of competition or consolidating to destroy competition before the Commission at the very beginning of their acts. They were to be halted before their actions produced monopoly in the full flower.

The failure of the Sherman Act had led the public and the legislators to believe that this law only could be used when monopoly had arrived. In other words, it was the purpose of Congress to prevent the scrambling by stopping the actors before they had started to scramble the many co-

porations into one gigantic monopoly.

As the Federal Trade Commission nas been functioning in the business world, seeing that the channels of rade from producer to consumer were cleared of artificial and unlawful ob-tructions put there by unfair business n its efforts to defeat fair business, t has assumed much the same position is the traffic officer on our streets. It s his duty not to impede traffic, but o facilitate it and speed it on its way. Accidental infractions of the regula-ions do not initiate a penalty from him, nor does the size of the vehicle nor ts magnificence make any difference. Only when some one by his careless or premeditated act blocks the way does he lay on hands. So the Federal Trade Commission has, by investigations for Congress, by conferences with whole industries which it has assisted in liminating their unfair practices, and y the economic studies and investiga-ions which it has made, sought to dvise the Congress, the business world, nd the ultimate consumer of their ights and thus accelerate business.

The function of the Commission nay also be likened to that of an um-ire in a football game, who has been anded the rules of the national rganization and who overlooks the nimportant, immaterial infractions nd only penalizes where the act was ntended to be injurious to the op-onent or unlawfully blocked the right-il advance of the play.

The Commission has had in many espects the unenviable position of an rbitrator or umpire in a business rena where some of the competitors ave not yet learned to control them-elves because they have given more nought to prices and profits than to iving and service.

Moreover, the Commission has had function during the almost un-recedented moral slump which fol-lowed the war, not only in interna-tional but in the social and business life of most of the nations of the world.

Has Commission Justified Its Existence?

In the mad scramble for business here has been a sort of "devil-take-the-hindmost" attitude, which one will not find so accentuated under normal con-ditions. Men have not yet been able to learn what the war should have taught them—that only as our business competitor, or community competitor, or international competitor prospers as shall we prosper. Perhaps this is the step which these troublesome times are about to teach us.

The Commission has now functioned for ten years during which time I have often been asked whether it has really justified its existence. This question has not only been propounded by our own citizens, but by the representa-tives of many governments who have either come to the Commission's offices to study its functions and effects or have put the question to me when abroad.

On one side of the equation we have a marked growth in monopoly the world over: a market whose prices have sometimes become almost automatic in their advance and retreat owing to the control exercised over them through devices such as I have described at other times as guaranty against de-cline in price, resale price maintenance, secret price agreements, combinations in restraint of trade and associations controlling prices.

Speaking of Business Anarchists

But before it is said that the equa-tion looks too dark, let us consider the other side. First of all, the conditions which I have described are not only prevalent in the United States, but in the world at large. Hence, it is fair to assume that the world slump we are combating today is the backwash of the war, which has affected all walks of life. When the morale of the world starts back, we shall escape in great part at least from this.

Again some light breaks on the scene when entire industries, as I have al-already shown, come before the Com-mission of their own free will and voluntarily inform it of the unfair methods of competition prevalent in their industry and say that they are anxious to clean the slate and start over and that they cannot do so with-out the Commission's help.

Moreover, when, a few years back, the Commission's life was in the balance and it was being attacked so bitterly that it demanded an investigation of itself by Congress, and the request was granted, many organizations and individual corporations, against some of whom the Commission had issued orders, wrote letters to the Senate Investigating Committee indorsing the work of the Commission.

Despite the fact that a great deal of time and energy has been spent in fighting for its existence or to escape being so hampered that its efforts would be futile, the work of the Com-mission has repeatedly had the en-couraging indorsement of the leaders of great organizations like some great business concerns, the Consumers' League, farm and labor organizations, the League of Women Voters, and a number of the better type of trade associations.

Undoubtedly business in general will admit that in its short life the Federal Trade Commission has made a decided impression, if not an improve-ment, in opening up the channels of trade. For the last two years the Com-mission has had no jurisdiction over the packing business; nevertheless dur-ing the period of time when it was throwing the searchlight on this in-dustry, the Independents made a tremendous gain in competition with the Big Five Packers. From 1919 to 1924 the Independents increased their pro-portion of the total federally inspected slaughter from 30.7 per cent to 39.4 per cent, while the Big Five Packers' proportion declined from 69.3 to 60.6 per cent. During the year 1921, according to a report of the United States Department of Agriculture, the Big Five Packers lost sixty-one million dollars, while 165 Independents' com-bined operations netted a profit of nearly five and three-quarter million dollars. This was a precarious period for business but the figures show that even in such a time, with the market place carefully guarded, the Independ-ents not only survived but improved competitive conditions.

What business thinks of the Com-mission has often been revealed by letters which have come into its pos-session in the investigation of the files of many associations and corporations. Some of these letters have been bitter in denunciation. Others have been extraordinary in their indorsement. Many have revealed the fact that one of the most encouraging signs about business is that there is a fighting minority, and sometimes a majority, in every industry that is secretly or openly standing up for the law as against those who are business anar-chists. Some of the most courageous acts that have ever gone unsung in American life are those of American business men who have fought for the law in this mad modern scramble for sordid gain.

Occasionally the Commission has gone so far as to make public mention of their acts. If it were possible there might be created a public roll of honor to which, from time to time, could be added the names of those business interests that were supporting the government in its enforcement of the laws.

So, after all, the efforts of the Com-mission up to the present time have produced epoch-making, concrete re-sults.

There is still a question to be answered: Why has not the govern-ment's contest with monopoly been more successful?

The Government's Contest With Monopoly

For the answer it is necessary to go back to the source of our government —the people. So long as the public—the mass of the people, not their leaders—is prodded into action only on election years and during the four-year interim suffers its officials to meet the Niagara-like forces of those who "know what they want when they want it" in this material world of ours, monopoly will still exist. When the populace does not become articulate until its pocket nerve has been pinched by runaway prices brought about by the control of the necessaries of life, or seems to forget when sitting on juries that the blocking of the flow of food or other necessaries to and from the market place, or controlling them after they arrive, there is a deadly crime against the public welfare, special privilege will flourish and expand. Unless government

(Continued on page 26)

The Rose in America

By E. I. FARRINGTON

The Mary Lovett, an American-made climbing rose.

SOME years ago E. G. Hill, of Richmond, Indiana, visited a famous garden in England. The gardener was showing him the roses. Finally he stopped before a large plant covered with immense deep red blooms. "This," he said, "is General MacArthur, the finest red rose we have. Are you at all familiar with it?"

"Well, rather," replied Mr. Hill, "I originated it."

Later Mr. Hill met a man from South Africa. "Mr. Hill," he said, "do you know, the finest rose we have in our country is the General MacArthur from your gardens in America."

These two incidents emphasize a great change that has come about in the world of roses. There was a time, in the not-far-distant past, when practically all of the roses grown in America, as well as those in Europe, came from England, from France, or from Ireland, which until recently boasted one of the greatest rose-producing nurseries in the world. Even yet roses of European origin far outnumber those having their birth on this continent. But it is significant that many of the roses introduced by American hybridizers are already taking high rank in English gardens, and that constantly increasing numbers are being added to the gardens of this country.

Some enthusiasts are proposing as a slogan, "American Roses for American Gardens," but that indicates too narrow a viewpoint. The rose is a flower which belongs to all the world. There is hardly a country from Iceland to Australia that does not have its native species. It is right and just that each country should share its roses with all other countries, and certainly American gardeners would consider it a hardship were they deprived of the unrivaled productions of English, Irish, French, and Holland growers.

It was inevitable, though, that America should eventually develop roses of her own, for America is fast becoming a continent of roses. The American Rose Society, with its five thousand members, is one of the largest horticultural organizations in existence. Its test gardens range all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific; its annual yearbook presents the last word about new roses and new methods in rose cultivation.

Nearly a dozen American cities now have municipal rose gardens. Thousands of dollars are being expended on such a garden, which was begun in Boston last season. In July of this year a municipal rose garden was dedicated at Syracuse, New York, and named for the Rev. Dr. E. M. Mills, a Methodist presiding elder, who has found time to organize a series of rose societies in New York State and to serve as president of the American Rose Society.

The newest American rose, the Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.

The principal municipal rose garden, and the one which has set the pace for all the others, was established in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1904, by Theodore Wirth, then the park superintendent, and now superintendent of parks at Minneapolis, where he is again serving the interests of garden makers by laying out a two-acre public rose garden. The Hartford garden, which is just off an automobile highway, attracts ten thousand persons from outside the state every year, and has visitors totaling eighty-five thousand each season. The Hartford authorities believe that their rose garden brings back a greater return in money to the city than is expended for its maintenance, besides adding beauty and pleasure to many a private home by the information it gives and the example it sets. Wherever a municipal rose garden is established, the planting of roses in home grounds for miles around immediately follows, until the whole section of the country becomes rose bedecked each spring.

The new Angelus rose.

Thousands of persons go to the Washington Rose Garden every year to see the new kinds which are planted there. Chicago has a formal rose garden in Humboldt Park, with seven thousand plants. St. Louis' model back-yard rose garden in the Missouri Botanical Garden disseminates information which is carried by bulletins throughout the country. Rochester, New York, and other eastern cities also have splendid public gardens, but it has remained for Portland, Oregon, to transform itself into what is literally a rose city. The streets of Portland are bordered with roses in double rows, mile after mile. The parks are fairly choked with roses, and every back yard is made gorgeous by their presence.

A year or two ago Thomas N. Cook, of Boston, well known as a hybridizer, presented the city of Portland with one of his numerous creations, a climbing rose, which is to belong to the city and be controlled by it. Portland has a powerful organization in the Royal Rosarians, and every June draws thousands of visitors by its Festival of Roses, when business is almost suspended in honor of the

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EDITORIALS

4.4 in the "Foreign News"

RECENTLY the government of Ontario, in the face of a popular expression to the contrary, permitted the sale of beer in certain cities of that Province. That, however, is not the fact which is to be commented on here. A situation equally extraordinary was the great stir which it made in newspapers all along the border. For weeks before the opening day, Page 1, Col. 1 publicity was given without stint. The tone was glad and gay, as if at last the Kingdom of Heaven had come. The biggest papers sent their best men to write what facts they could find and rhapsodize on the rest. Readers of those papers, who look in vain for complete reports of a transaction in Congress, who search fruitlessly for adequate statements of what is transpiring overseas, who glean every two-line tidbit of information about foreign policies, found space galore given to Ontario's 4.4 beer! It was THE great event of international interest.

Meantime Ontario perhaps does not know what she has done to her ever increasing and lucrative visiting motor business. The roads were fairly safe before and tens of thousands of Americans spent their time and money enjoying the acquaintance of the excellent Canadians whose towns were such models of propriety and whose people are still uncontaminated by the less desirable alien elements. But there's many a car and many a family will no longer venture there. It is becoming almost a Constitutional axiom that the motor and the bar will not and cannot mix. Meantime, the United States border will be rid of those who still believe that life without liquor is worthless, and Ontario will have the cleaning up of the mess.

It will be interesting to observe whether the journals which were so enthusiastic for beer will follow closely and impartially its effects.

Here's a Hand for Indiana

IN our mental guide book we had listed Indiana as a state which takes politics with its meals, grows novelists and vice-presidents, exports newspapermen, raises limestone out of the ground for our city halls, libraries and school buildings; maintains two state universities and dozens of colleges; and wins an occasional world award for its school system. A good record; we had overlooked a bet. A bureau of public roads report shows that Indiana, thirty-seventh in area, ranks first among the states in miles of surfaced roads, and that she is exceeded only by Michigan in the miles of highways she is rebuilding into the good-roads class annually.

A Hoosier gives us a grin for our surprise, asks us if we knew Indiana also pioneered in developing the interurban electric line, and wonders if—maybe—there isn't some connection between all these things.

He is right. There is. Indiana is interested in folks; in what they learn, how they are governed, what they think. Three C's—curiosity, communication, contact—have been traditional. A struggle for good schools, good reading, good government, good roads—all of one piece. If Indiana has more good roads than any other state perhaps it is because Indiana is awake and going somewhere.

Manners in Road Signs

AN English countryside flows by and the motorist comes upon a quaint village in which, second only to the ivy-clad church in visibility, is a huge sign warning him to slow down to eight miles an hour. Nobody does.

How much better is the Yankee twist of mind that causes us to put up signs like these:

"Stop, look—and live."

"Look out, you may meet a fool around the corner."

"Don't speed: it is 'Good Morning Judge' here."

"Look before you weep."

"This is a good road: it will cost you money to burn it up."

New Jersey civic pride—and righteousness—coins this one: "Go slow and see our town: go fast and see our jail."

But our award goes to Peekskill, New York. On the strategically placed vacant lot where one looks for the town's warning we find a sign which reads: "This is Peekskill, a Friendly Town." Somehow we cannot picture ourselves driving recklessly there. And though we may sometimes smile at the bluntness of wit of some village fathers, their messages get home to us.

Americans Are Mechanical Geniuses

MUCH more intriguing to our imagination than the performances of a Matthews or a Miethe was something John Hays Hammond, Jr., America's prolific young inventor, pointed

out to us the other day. America, he declared, is becoming a nation of mechanical geniuses. Because America has pioneered in developing the electric light, telephone, automobile, airplane, radio, central heating, labor-saving devices and sanitary plumbing, the American has an understanding of mechanical principles and a mastery of operations such as can be approached by no other people.

We understand, accept, use, and know how to care for each new and beneficial invention. We are quick to absorb the good things science finds for us—for our greater comfort, for our amusement or for our enlightenment.

Better to have a hundred and ten million mechanical geniuses than one master of a "death ray" or a single maker of gold.

The Return of the Dance

THE dance is one of the oldest forms of human expression. Some have regarded it as a part of human speech. From the dance of atoms, through the mating dances of certain birds and animals, up to the tribal dances of the various nations, the expression of emotion and ideas in rhythmic movements of the body bears all the marks of being a deep natural instinct.

No aspect of human interest has escaped interpretation in the dance. From time immemorial marriage has been celebrated by dancing. The Coming of Spring has inspired several forms of dancing. The war dances of the Indians are commonly known. Many of our common games like "London Bridge Is Falling Down," "Ring Around the Rosy," "Round and Round the Mulberry Bush," the Maypole games, and the various circle games, originated as dances. Our Carols were originally round dances (since carol means circle) which people danced as they sang their Christmas or Maytime hymns. Dances and plays were once the same, the dance set forth the plot of the play. The ballet dance is so called from the custom of dancing to a ballad—an old story reciting some event, sad or dramatic.

Joy, of course, has been the most moving source of dancing. The lambs skip, the dog leaps, the pleased child dances about in ecstacy. The polka is said to have originated in a Bohemian servant girl's joyous steps, artlessly executed, upon receiving good news of her lover. But other emotions, too, have sponsored the dance. There are dances of solemn mien setting forth the more austere reactions to life, as when David danced before the Ark, or as now they dance on Corpus Christi Day in Spain before the altar. Religious dances are found throughout the world. Considerations of health were sometimes introduced, as when the Dance to St. Vitus was thought to be curative of nervous diseases and St. Willibrord's dance was held to heal the same ailment. There is probably a physiological and psychological truth underlying the belief that dancing has a tendency to allay nervous trouble.

A mode of expression so universal as the dance is known to be would naturally develop into an art. In some nations it attained the greatest vogue. The dance held the first place in modern opera until the singing of Jenny Lind drove it to second place. It is not at all likely that dancing will ever again attain the point of being a general social craze, or the prime theatrical event, commanding the ardent and constant devotion of all classes alike, but it is very likely to become more widely spread as a social diversion than ever before.

Denunciation of the dance by the protectors of public morals has usually been occasioned by the importations of dances which are foreign to the expressional needs of our people. Dances partake of the racial characteristics of the people who dance them. There have been imported into the United States of recent years dances that originated on the African Congo, dances from the gypsies of the South American pampas, and dances from the hot-blooded races of Southern Europe. Wave after wave of foreign importations in dancing styles have swept over the country. The result was a reaction against the excessive attention given to dancing, and a protest against the character of the dances themselves.

With characteristic American judgment, however, the balance is now shifting toward that style of dancing which best fits with the American temperament. There is a revival of that type of dancing which has survived longest among the northern peoples.

One fault which has scored heavily against the ultra-modern dance is its "one and one" quality. It begins and ends with a single couple. No more is necessary. The group spirit of fun is absent. This is due to the modern commercial dances. Their character is determined by commercial considerations. The older form of dancing requires room. Dancing that inspires the group spirit of fun requires room. Room in cities is expensive. Hence a form of dancing has been encouraged that enables the largest possible number of paying couples to dance together in the smallest possible space. The result is that in the modern method the movement of the dance is mostly above the feet. It is as a revulsion from these conditions that the ultra-modern dances are being abandoned.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE word "practical" first came into use as representing a much-needed quality—the capacity possessed by an idea or plan for working out in practice. It implied that antagonistic facts had been allowed for and provision made for surmounting or circumventing them. On the other hand, the word "visionary" was used in referring to an idea or plan derived from a "principle" having a pretentious but purely verbal existence.

At the start of the industrial era, it may be imagined, the application of the steam engine to the production of goods in large quantities, and more economically than had hitherto been possible, came to be regarded as practical in the highest degree.

But with the potency of its association with the first great instrument of modern industry clinging to it, the word "practical" was used to justify such smoke traps as the *Coketown* described by Dickens in "Hard Times." All speculation regarding the possibility of paying living wages and making *Coketown* fit for human beings to dwell in was shouted down as "visionary."

Everything dirty, unhealthy, and momentarily profitable at the price of unhealth and unhappiness for the many was pronounced "practical," indeed, for many years. Alleviation of the ruinous condition was looked on as purely a waste of time, money and pains. A manufacturer who ventured, about the middle of the last century, to correct the worst evils incident to production, was set down in the popular mind as a "philanthropist"—that word having come to designate a slightly senile and eccentric old gentleman who went about distributing unmerited aid to people lacking the self-respect necessary to refuse it. In the minds of other manufacturers he was something that called for a much harsher term. His expressed conviction that it was possible to produce goods under conditions neither unhealthful nor hideous caused him to be referred to by scoffers as a victim of "visionary" plans. Even today he is remembered for his "charity," rather than for his sanity and sense. Many people find it incredible that his method of putting his production on a sound basis could have been conducted except at the expense of gain.

From that time to this, the term "practical" has been applied to many a project which enlightened men would see to be antisocial, unjust and generally disastrous. And, along with a large number of wild schemes, a great many sane plans for making these projects self-supporting and efficient have been delayed or rejected because of the label "visionary" having been successfully hung upon them.

THE past century was the golden age of eloquence as it was the golden age of exploitation. This coincidence was not accidental. Masters of the first "explained" and "justified" the second. To a certain extent this is still the case.

The word "practical" is applied to schemes wasteful and profitable only to the few; "visionary" to plans that would make production sane and efficient. "Word magic" brings people under its spell. But this is passing. The stark Necessity that stands in the path of human progress is presenting a problem which can be met only by sound thought and efficient, productive action.

The potency of the word "practical" persists to a lesser extent at the present day. Injustice is still supported by it. On the other hand, thorough and sane efficiency is sometimes temporarily brought into bad repute by the repetition of the word "visionary." But this is passing.

It is passing because "word magic" is failing more and more to function effectively. And this failure arises directly out of the progressively stronger emphasis being put by the world on the capacity for *getting things done*. It is no miraculous coincidence that the increasingly obvious importance in the mind of the people of the man who thinks and *acts* is accompanied by a proportionate distaste for, or at least indifference toward, mere eloquence. The past century was the golden age of eloquence, as it was the golden age of ruthless exploitation. And the second was very often glorified by the masters of the first. But Necessity is ruthless. If a bridge must be had, it must be built; words will not reduce the size of the traffic stream. Oratory is no successful substitute for bread.

In the near future, it will come to pass that no repetition by the eloquent of the words "practical" and "visionary" will avail. Only efficient productive action will appease the stark Necessity that offers the abrupt alternatives, *Progress or Die*.

Motor camping.

Some of the 214 parties who take an annual camping tour under the auspices of the National Grange.

A Cure for Americanitis

The Open Spaces as an Antidote to Strenuousness

By GEORGE W. SUTTON, JR.

OF all hard-living people on the face of the globe, Americans are, by a huge margin, the world's champions. We go to the most astonishing extremes. We are faddists, in our work, in our amusement, in practically everything we do. We burn our candle not only at both ends but in the middle as well.

And we pay a royal price for it.

One morning recently in the New York *Times*, an item stared us in the face from a little box on the front page. Here it is; it's worth reading again:

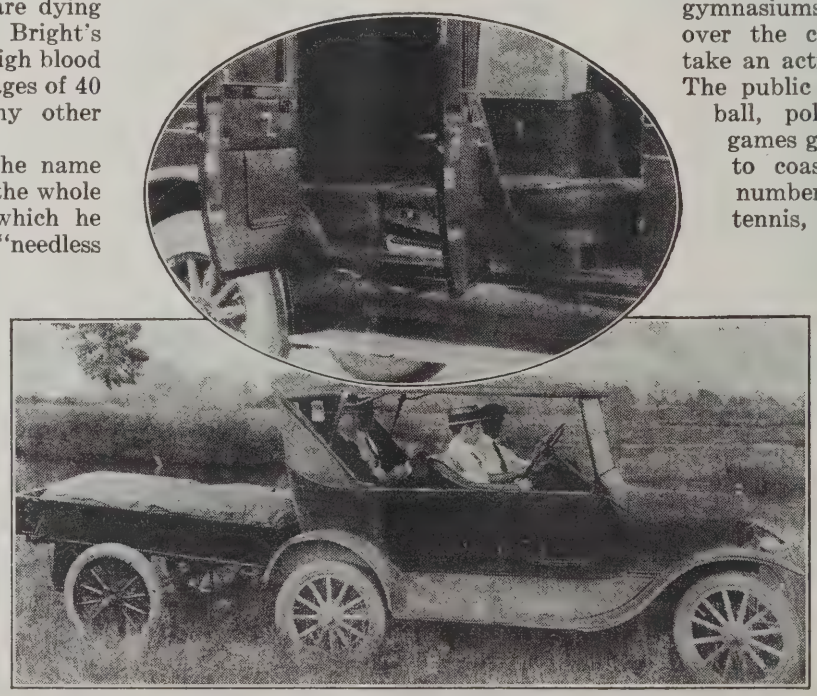
> Says 'Americanitis' Kills 240,000 Persons Here Yearly
>
> "Americanitis" is causing 240,000 preventable deaths yearly in this country, Dr. William S. Sadler asserted today in a report to the Gorgas Memorial Institute.
>
> The report is declared to confirm for the first time "the hitherto only suspected fact" that more Americans are dying from heart disease, Bright's disease, apoplexy and high blood pressure between the ages of 40 and 50 years than any other white people.
>
> "Americanitis" is the name Dr. Sadler applied to the whole group of conditions which he believes responsible for "needless loss of life."
>
> "The hurry, bustle and incessant drive of the American temperament is responsible for this peculiar and characteristic American mortality increase during the 'dangerous age' period between 40 and 50 years," reported Dr. Sadler.

True, every word of it. We die young. But no matter; we live fast. By the time we die we have accumulated the experiences of a long and rich lifetime. We crowd the normal activities of a month into the space of a hectic day and a still more hectic night. With us the deeds and accomplishments of an old-fashioned year are made to look foolish by the events we engineer in a short week.

And when we arrive at the one-third of a century mark our spirits, our physiques and our souls are aged 'way beyond their years. We have taken life like an orange, and, instead of cutting a little hole in it and drawing out its goodness gradually and with relish, we have slammed it into one of those newfangled electric macerating machines and, in a twinkling, squeezed out of it not only the golden juice but the bitter pulp along with it.

No, the long, calm, tranquil life is not for Americans. Philosophy is not ours, nor retrospection, nor a sense of life's values—until too late. We have become a nation of headline readers. We spend most of our time rushing nowhere, seeking new and esoteric thrills, burning up our energies in the fierce fires of this new thing we call civilization.

But with the bad there is much of good. A number of years ago a genius-like zealot tried to convince the American public that it should take at least as much interest in its own bodies as an engineer takes in the locomotives he drives, and for the same reason—to keep them operating long and smoothly and properly. Almost overnight "physical culture" became a nation-wide fetish. It never quite died out. There were enough people who realized its wisdom and value to keep it going, at least in their individual cases. It ramified enormously. The late Walter Camp did much to encourage people to take care of themselves, physically. There were many others who did likewise; gymnasiums sprang into being all over the country; women began to take an active part in outdoor sports. The public interest in baseball, football, polo and other spectacular games grew gigantically from coast to coast. The increase in the number of clubs devoted to golf, tennis, fishing, hunting, canoeing, and other outdoor pastimes has kept full pace with our astounding commercial expansion.



Oval—A "hotel" for two. Below—Off for the week-end, with trailer.

Then came Florida!

The past winter in that semi-tropical promontory has witnessed a boom in comparison with which the Gold Rush of 1849 was a mere local disturbance. Thousands have flocked there to revel in the climate, the imported amusements and the nearness of pleasure-bent crowds, only to

Cabin of a motor boat.

A motor boat cruise.

Cruisers of the Detroit Yacht Club.

ıd other thousands already ensconced
the premises—selling real estate.
evelopments of acreage have been
arted on a dream and a ten-dollar
ll and have progressed now into the
illions.

In other words, America has gone
to recreation, vacations and outdoor
orts with the same furious enthusiasm
put into making money, building
ies, dancing, cross-word puzzles and
aking automobiles. And in following
newest and probably most con-
ructive hectivity it is using the
wer which nature put aside
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wer of gasoline.

Modern vacations
ould be practically im-
ssible without the aid of
e gasoline engine. With
help America is getting
tdoors, away from the
n o k y, soul-deadening
barets, the fat-building
idge tables, the monotonous
irligig of business, social and
usehold routine and the same-
ss of scenery, thoughts and faces.

Yes, America is going in for gasoline
cations wholesale, on the land, on the
ter and in the air. Motor touring
m hotel to hotel and motor camping
ve been adopted by millions; motor
ating, undergoing a sudden and well-
served growth in popularity, numbers
devotees by the hundred thousands
ile aviation's disciples, speaking
reationally, are, for the nonce, only
the dozens but will increase presently.

Automobile camping has caught on
cause it is sensible, easy of accom-
shment and inexpensive. However,
is not fool-proof. It requires a
tain degree of intelligence, natural
aptability to varying conditions and
good deal of preparation on the part
those who would follow it success-
ly and with the greatest benefit to
alth and spiritual well-being. The
nerican Automobile Association has
imated that this year motor tourists
d campers will spend $2,500,000,000 in the communities near the great recreational centers and along the popular motoring highways, at least one billion of which will be spent in Florida and California. Of the vast number of gasoline nomads who will do all this spending, a certain large percentage will start off with a variegated and ill-chosen assortment of totally inadequate equipment and will return shortly sadder and wiser and possibly with some of the ills which follow a neophyte's attempt to "rough it" by sleeping on the damp ground without proper outdoor bed clothing, depending entirely on fried food for nourishment during the trip and doing any or all of the other ill-considered things which may be expected from a city person who has never had to rely on himself (or, more important, herself) and does not realize the necessary difference in living conditions between a steam-heated apartment with its elevator service and tiled bathrooms and the great outdoors.

Motor camping, properly done, bears but a slight relationship to "roughing it." If there are women in the party it behooves the originators of the particular tour to supply them with the most comfortable accommodations it is possible to secure. This may mean the purchase of a fully equipped camping trailer which comes in a dozen different makes from $180, up, and, on a few minutes' notice after reaching camp, provides two wide, comfortable spring beds, high up off the ground and fully protected from insects and tempestuous weather. A little curtain down the middle divides the trailer into two rooms and the modernity of the present type of motor camping equipment makes available surprisingly efficient gasoline-burning stoves for broiling, boiling, roasting, baking, and, yes, frying. Camp illumination is taken care of adequately by small but radiant gasoline lanterns, electric lamps and hand flashes and other types of lighting fixtures. Complete sets of nesting aluminum or retinned steel pots, pans, dishes, plates, cups and saucers, and other eating utensils take the place of the equipment of the home kitchen and are infinitely better for the purpose in every way.

A very large majority of the motor camping clan prefer to follow the pastime by piling tents, clothing, sleeping and eating equipment and other duffle into touring car or sedan. This is all right if done in a well-thought-out manner. The packing of the car must be such that the heaviest items are at the bottom and the things which are needed first on reaching a camp site are most readily accessible. The tents now available for motoring gypsies are immensely practical, bearing in mind, of course, that in tents as in everything else you get just about what you pay for. They can be set up in a very few minutes. They have floor-cloths, either sewed in or separate (the latter being preferable), bobbinet screens over doors and windows, storm flaps operated from inside and most of them are really waterproof—a most important feature.

The first rule for comfortable and healthful camp sleeping is to have as much bed clothing under you as you have over you. With that one requirement in mind, it is possible to obtain suitable sleeping equipment in great variety, including wool or eider-down sleeping bags which can be supplemented by any desired number of blankets, pneumatic mattresses surrounded by heavy storm-proof cover-

ings which protect not only the mattress but the sleeper as well, and folding cots which take up but little room in the car but which are as comfortable as your bed at home.

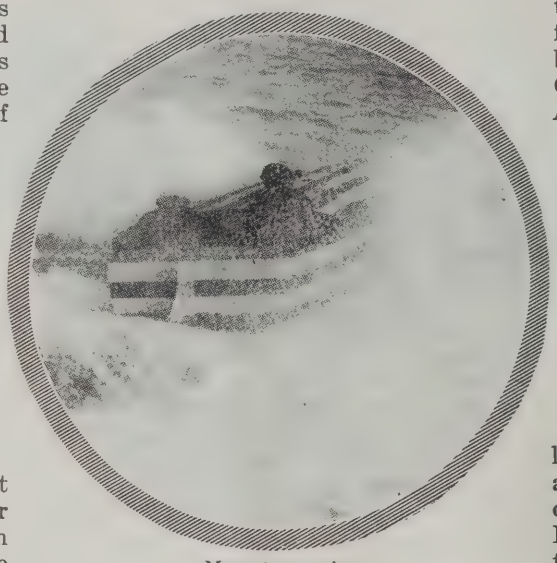
The whole subject of motor camping cannot be exhausted in one short article nor can it all be learned in one trip. The writer, from personal experience, and after consultations with some of the country's best known guides and motor campers, has prepared a long list of suggestions for motor camping equipment which he will be glad to send without cost to any reader who sends in a self-addressed, stamped envelope. And then later, after you have gone over the list, bearing in mind that most beginners carry entirely too much with them and that an allowance of 75 or 80 pounds is more than ample for each camper, he will be glad to tell you where any of the items you have in mind may be secured.

Motor camping is really a worth-while sport and a splendid method of enjoying a long or short vacation with a minimum of expense and a maximum of healthful exercise and broadening travel. But, as I have intimated, it is not a sport for him who cannot cook a simple meal upon occasion, and who cannot dress himself without a valet's tender care.

Motor boating is quite a different matter, different not only in its manner of execution but in its freedom from crowded highways, dust, motorcyle and traffic police and some of the other disadvantages from which motoring suffers, especially on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, in the vicinity of big cities. The greatest fun, the greatest economy and the greatest benefit to health and mental well-being in motor boats are obtainable by cruising and this means that you take along with you on your travels a miniature reproduction of your own home.

Tremendous strides have been taken by the motor boat industry in the past few years in designing and building practical little family cruisers for from four people up, ranging in price upward from $1,495. By cruising I do not mean that it is necessary or even desirable for a family leading the motor boat life to attempt to cross any oceans or to establish any long-distance voyaging records. Around almost all of our large cities, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, San Francisco, and New Orleans, there are innumerable enchanting waterways, lovely sequestered spots of beach and fishing grounds, many of them within reach of the motor boat cruiser who has only week-ends and an occasional holiday to inspect their charms. In the bays, rivers, lakes and harbors adjacent to the towns mentioned and innumerable others, many hundreds of American families are at this moment living aboard their motor boat cruisers, leading a life that is full of reposeful recreation, and healthful activity and which is so free from the financial, social, and other cares of life ashore that the enjoyment of Nature's offerings and the splendid appetites and long, hard sleep the outdoor life brings are possible in boundless measure.

Living on the shores of Long Island Sound, I know any number of people, both moderately fixed and well-to-do, who rent their houses and apartments in May, take to their boats and live aboard them until late in November, in many cases paying the entire expenses of the summer from the profits on the rental of the home. These people



Motor boat racing

do not stay in one spot nor do they voyage afar. They stay for a week or longer in the tranquil harbor of New Rochelle, or at Larchmont, Greenwich, Stamford, Manhasset, Hempstead, Port Jefferson, and then go on to the next, the men of the family commuting to business in New York, the women enjoying the activities of whatever town is nearest or going farther afield in their automobiles. These families fish, and swim and sail in the moonlight and on bright days. They get much out of life that the indoor person would not understand and at the end of the season they are hard-muscled and tanned and in splendid shape for whatever the winter may bring.

Yes, living and sailing in a standardized, cleverly arranged and reliably powered family cruiser is the highest height of motor boating and an increasing number of people are beginning to realize it and go in for it. On the other hand, there are many other forms of motor boating which bring pleasure and thrill to the participant. There are thousands of ardent fishermen whose only opportunities for the following of their sport come on Sundays and holidays. To these fellows the outboard motor brings the gratification of their desires. An outboard motor, as you doubtless know, is a little one or two cylinder detachable engine which, in its handy carrying case, can be parked 'tween times in the hall closet, transported in the family car or by train to the selected watering place, attached in a jiffy to the stern of a rented rowboat and thus will supply, to all intents and purposes, a reliable, economical little motor boat which will make from 7 to 10 miles an hour, save hours of back-breaking rowing and allow the fisherman and his party just so much more time at their sport. These diminutive engines weigh from 35 pounds up, and are priced so that the most moderately financed person can own one without undue strain on the pocketbook.

Then there is motor boat racing, truly the peak of thrills without danger for the red-blooded person. In the big events, such as the contests for the Gold Cup of the American Power Boat Association or any of the other historic and hotly fought for trophies, participation is an expensive and specialized matter. On the other hand, for local club races and such, the owner of one of the many types of standardized runabouts can nearly always be sure of some thrilling racing without added cost or special preparation.

Motor houseboats have reached a point of great luxury and great seaworthiness. They are, more or less, a glorification of the cruiser idea and every autumn long streams of them can be seen on their way from the North to the Florida playgrounds through the wonderful inside route from New York to Key West. Day cruisers are another type of luxury ship in which wealthy men commute to business from their country homes at between 30 and 40 miles an hour. All of these motor boats, of whatever type, represent an ideal opportunity for the enjoyment of gasoline vacations.

Last summer some of the leading figures in the automobile world decided to go on a hunting expedition by flying boat from New York to Hudson Bay. At the last minute, after all preparations were made, the trip was called off for reasons not in any way connected with the project. The fact that these men, whose names are synonymous with efficiency and conservatism in the motor world, not only considered such a journey feasible but actually were about to undertake it, would indicate the practicality of such a venture.

Today's newspapers tell us of a regular, biweekly service just inaugurated on Long Island with a 14-passenger, double-engined transport plane which has begun to carry golfers from Mitchell Field, Long Island, to Yorktown, Virginia, for week-end tournaments at the Yorktown Country Club.

We are living furiously and, praise be, we have begun to play almost as furiously as we work. Where that play includes participation in gasoline vacations it cannot fail to have good results.

I Read *in the* Papers—

read in the papers of bored and ot altogether profound intellectuals iscussing whether life is worth while · not. There is a giggle in this for ie realist. Is life worth while? Ah, me! s the moon worth while? If not, why? nd what of it? Do you think to re- ove it in favor of a Mazda or Cooper- ewitt? Of course not. The moon, you find it not worth while, can never- eless not be got rid of. One can't re- ove it; one can only remove oneself. nd, of course, it is the same with life. ' one doesn't like it, one can tear up ie's program and leave it flat. But hat will that prove? Life is neither orth while nor not worth while. It is. nd if one finds it unsuitable and turns ie's back on it, it proves that life has ound one more of its experiments not orth completing. Every condemna- on of life is a confession, however teresting, of one's own unworth.

read in the papers that the brief That's that" has become a new vogue s a finality; but am once again forced conclude there is "nothing new under ie sun," for in the Bible I find Peter at entecost declaring "This is that," and n told that even then the Apostle uoted the Prophet Joel.

read in the papers notwithstand- g the efforts of bankers with their oldsmiths' and pawnbrokers' tradi- ons to restore the world to the gold asis, there neither is nor ever will be ough gold to enable the universal gold asis to be established.

At the end of 1923, there were nine nd one-half billion of gold in the easuries of the world. It would have equired at least ten and one-half bil- on of gold to have placed the United tates and Canada, Europe (excluding ussia and Turkey), South Africa and ustralasia on the gold basis. Mexico, entral and South America, Asia and ost of Africa would have been un- rovided for. Although the United tates had about four and one-half illion of this gold against its then cal- ulated need of two billion eight hun- red million, our rate of increase of opulation and industrial production ill require four and one-half billions gold in ten or twelve years if the gold asis is to be maintained.

read in the papers that as a result the profitable clip in the speculative arket which closed a short time ago, all Street brokers are enjoying longer acations this summer than ever before. ot only that, but partners are away at ie same time, leaving business to the fice help. Most of the beneficiaries of the kitty" are in Europe; some in alifornia. The thousands who got uck are at home with noses on the indstone, earning enough to try it gain.

The Rose in America

(*Concluded from page 8*)

queen of flowers. Portland is said to have no less than twenty-two thousand rose gardens.

The Pacific Coast is ideal for rose growing. In the southern part of California even the most tender varieties thrive unrestrained. The houses are covered with them. They clamber over trees and drape the bankings. One road leading out of Los Angeles is lined with roses on both sides for fully twenty miles. This plan of using roses along the highways is to be adopted in other states. Years ago one of the railroads in New England planted the the embankment along its right-of-way with climbing roses, which not only provide a feast of color in the spring, but also serve the utilitarian purpose of holding the soil together and preventing erosion.

Many New Roses Have Been Created

America has a long list of native wild roses, most of which are useful in landscape planting. Garden makers, however, demand a different class of roses, the double, free-flowering blooms, obtained through the art of hybridization.

In spite of the fact that seven or eight hundred species of roses have been created in this country, hardly more than a dozen men have won a niche in the horticultural hall of fame by their work along this line. Yet the men who have made it possible for America to have its own rose creations have been, and some of them still are, giants among horticultural experts.

Perhaps the name of the late Dr. Walter Van Fleet should head the list. In whatever garden one may go, he will meet Dr. Van Fleet's rose children. Some of them, like American Pillar, Silver Moon, and Bess Lovett are rapidly making their way round the world. One of his last productions, Mary Wallace, is one of the best climbing roses in existence, and is being distributed through the efforts of the American Rose Society, with the purpose of making it available in a few years at a low price to amateurs in every corner of the land.

Dr. Van Fleet, however, was by no means the first rose hybridizer to put out rare climbers. Among the first to appear were the Dawson rose and then the C. S. Sargent rose, created by the late Jackson Dawson, of the Arnold Arboretum, in Boston. The Dawson rose is too rampant as to growth and too thorny as to stem to make it a good garden plant, but the Sargent rose remains one of the best pink climbers.

About the same time that Mr. Dawson was doing his great work, a young Irish gardener, M. H. Walsh, was making some experiments at Woods Hole, not far away. A few years later he put out a series of climbing roses which have not yet been surpassed, and which created a genuine furor. Among them was the beautiful single Hiawatha, probably the most brilliant climbing rose in existence; Excelsa, a red rose which is rapidly displacing the old-time Crimson Rambler in gardens everywhere; Evangeline and Paradise.

Meantime, down in New Jersey, W. A. Manda was also seeking to develop American roses for American gardens, and presently gave the world such good kinds as Pink Roma, Gardenia, and Evergreen Gem.

Among the older Rosarians, one who still remains is John Cook, of Baltimore, now past ninety, but as interested as ever in American-made roses. Mr. Cook's fame would be established if he had given us only such roses as Radiance, which stands near the top, if not at the actual head, of all garden roses of American birth. In addition to Radiance, however, Mr. Cook has twenty-two productions to his credit, among them the beautiful double red rose, Frances Scott Key, and My Maryland. Living as he does in a historic section of the country, he seems to have a special liking for patriotic names.

Rose Culture Increasing in America

California is the mecca of rose growers who raise plants for outdoor gardens. In former years a large proportion of the rose plants sold in America were imported from Europe, especially from England and Holland. Now under the quarantine regulations of the Federal Horticultural Board, these plants can no longer be brought in. Accordingly, American growers find imposed upon them the task of producing the plants which are to beautify American gardens.

A fear was felt at one time that the drastic rulings of the Horticultural Board would make a great scarcity of roses in this country, as it has of rhododendrons and azaleas. Apparently, however, there is no reason for alarm. American rose growers have risen to the occasion, and are producing all the plants needed to keep American gardens abloom, the only drawback being a slight increase in price.

Ever since the war there has been a tremendous increase of interest in the growing of all flowers, and especially in the cultivation of roses. This is a fact which may well rejoice the hearts of all good citizens. Men and women who spend their spare hours cultivating flowers have very little time for indulging in Bolsheviki propaganda.

Dr. Chas. W. Gilmore, curator of vertebrate paleontology of the U. S. National Museum, copying an ibex pictograph.

Did Man Know the Dinosaur?

If He Did Not, How Did He Make Pictures of Them on the Age-Old Rocks of Arizona?

By HARRY H. DUNN

A SMALL party of American explorers, penetrating a lonely gorge in Southwestern Arizona, has brought back a discovery which has set students of paleontology and anthropology wondering whether all ideas of the antiquity of man on the Earth are not wrong, and whether the theory of the evolution of man and the apes from a common ancestor is not in need of serious and immediate revision.

Cut with rude stone chisels into the wall of a cliff in Hava Supai Cañon, these explorers found what its maker evidently intended to be a picture of a dinosaur. Less than one hundred miles away, in the heart of the Painted Desert, these same explorers discovered the petrified footprints of a number of dinosaurs. Never before has there been the slightest inkling that man was contemporary with these huge lizards. Never before has it been even remotely considered by scientists that man's appearance upon earth antedated that of the manlike apes. Yet, if a manlike animal carved a picture of the dinosaur on the wall of his cave, either he or some of his ancestors must have seen that creature. If this manlike animal saw the dinosaur, he must have lived contemporaneously with that huge lizard.

If man was coeval with the dinosaur, then man must have appeared upon this earth in the Jurassic period of the Mesozoic Age, millions upon millions of years before he is supposed to have appeared—at the ending of the Tertiary, or the beginning of the Quaternary (present) Age. For the remains of the dinosaurs appear in that Jurassic period, in the remote time when reptiles ruled this globe. Far antedating the remains of man, the fossilized bones of apes have been found back in the late Eocene and early Oligocene periods of the Tertiary Age. None have been found in the Mesozoic Age, when the dinosaurs flourished. It is a part of the theory of Evolution that back of both man and the apes stood a common ancestor, but if an animal, capable of drawing on the walls of his cave a picture of another animal, lived before the earliest known ape—what becomes of the theory of the common ancestor? Is man the oldest of all mammals? Is the ape merely a degenerated branch of the man-family? Or is there no connection whatever between man and the apes? Are we coming to an irrefutable proof of Genesis: "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him."

Nor are these indications of the contemporaneous existence of man and the dinosaur the only results of the trip of these scientists into what might be called truthfully "unknown America." They brought back casts of the footprint of the largest of all known mammals, either living or extinct, the Imperial Elephant. A restored skeleton of this animal, found in the famous brea pits near Los Angeles, and now in the museum of that city, is approximately fourteen feet high at the shoulder, as compared with the nine to ten feet height of the largest of present-day African elephants. They found a rock-carving, in a good state of preservation, of a fight between a man and an elephant, indicating that man was contemporaneous with this huge mammal in the New World.

Possibly next in importance to the finding of the dinosaur picture and tracks, was the discovery of a wall-carving showing men hunting the ibex, an animal not before known to have existed in the Americas, though its fossil remains have been found frequently in Europe, and drawings of the animal are extant today in the prehistoric caves of France. The explorers also found, imprinted forever in the rock, the tracks of animals which have not yet been identified, with the possibility that they may have been those of prehistoric man.

The full results of the expedition, and the worth of its discoveries, will not be known until the scientists of the United States National Museum, one of whom accompanied the party, have completed their studies, but there are strong indications that the explorers have found a region in which several "strata" of humanity were superimposed, one upon the other, perhaps from the day of the dinosaur down to the present, and rapidly disappearing handful of Hava Supai Indians.

The expedition, which was under the personal direction of Samuel Hubbard, curator of archeology of the Oakland, California, Museum, was financed by E. L. Doheny, who, on a prospecting trip into the Hava Supai country in 1879, had heard from the Indians of the "picture caves" on the Hava Supai River. Accompanying Mr. Hubbard as scientist of the expedition was Charles W. Gilmore, curator of vertebrate paleontology of the United States National Museum; Robert L. Carson, photographer; Joseph F. Roop, sculptor and maker of casts; F. V. Shaw and Arthur Metszer, assistants, and Bud Clawson, guide and packer. With the Indians also employed, the party numbered thirteen, with more than a score of horses and mules.

They left Los Angeles late in 1924, and returned early in 1925, going direct to the Hava Supai Indian reservation and agency, some 55 miles southwest from the Bright Angel Trail on the Colorado River. The Hava Supai Cañon is formed by Cataract Creek, which rises in Mount Bill Williams and joins the Colorado River about 150 miles west of the Bright Angel Trail.

The Doheny expedition in the Hava Supai Canon, showing the stratification of the ancient red sandstone, probably laid down in the Devonian period of the Paleozoic Age.

fter wandering for some fifty miles ver high plains, Cataract Creek sudenly forms a box cañon, and, arting on the top of the old red ndstone, has eaten—and is still ting—its way deeper and deeper into is formation, so that red cliffs rise er higher and higher on both sides. o understand the location of these scoveries, the reader is referred to the companying sketch map of the route the expedition. At the point where e walls begin to widen to form the ox," there is contact between the d sandstone and the Silurian lime. om a crevice in this contact flows a bterranean river which never varies quantity, summer or winter. This eam, flowing through the cañon, ms three high and beautiful falls, its way to join the Colorado. The ter is slightly warmer at the point emergence than other spring waters the neighborhood, and is so charged th lime that everything which comes contact with it is changed rapidly o limestone.

This stream today is the only tor which permits the remnant of e Hava Supai tribe to live here, for th it they irrigate about 500 acres which they produce their living. ite evidently this or a similar rce of water supply was an equally portant factor in the lives of the ehistoric men who inhabited this tion, and whose drawings, of varying es and on myriad subjects, literally er the walls of the cañon. The elevation of the valley is 3,195 feet above level, while the higher surrounding ins, largely solid stone, into which stream has carved its way, are m 6,200 to 6,700 feet altitude. In s valley the government maintains agency for the care of the 186 reining members of the once strong and warlike Hava Supais. This agency and the Indian village near it form a veritable oasis in a desert of rock. The region is ideally situated for the preservation of whatever monuments, pictures or other records prehistoric dwellers may have made there, but the Hava Supais consistently and persistently refuse to reveal the whereabouts of any pictographs or other memorials of the departed peoples of the region. Such relics must be hunted out by white men, whom the Indians, though friendly, seek to discourage from investigations of this character.

Pictograph of elephant attacking man. This indicates that man was coeval with the elephant in America.

From here, let Mr. Hubbard tell as much as he will reveal of the discoveries made by the party.

"It was at Lee Cañon, a tributary to the Hava Supai Cañon, after we had established our headquarters in the fertile little valley which feeds and shelters the dwindling Indian tribe, that we found the most important remains of prehistoric man's occupancy of this area. These are in the form of wall pictures, carved into the solid stone, and apparently done by succeeding waves of mankind, some of the work showing every appearance of great antiquity, and other pieces being quite as evidently due to much later—though prehistoric—artists. The carvings are on a large wall of the lower red sandstone of the Devonian period of the Paleozoic Age. This, of course, does not mean that the pictures were made in that period or that age; I am merely identifying the material in which the men worked who, I believe, knew and saw the dinosaur. This wall is at the junction of Lee and Hava Supai cañons and the pictographs are up about 20 feet from a bench on which a group of mesquites are growing.

(C) Samuel Hubbard.
Pictograph showing Indian hunters driving ibex and deer into trap or mountain pass.

"Narrow ledges, probably wider in the days of the ancient artists, give access to the pictographs, but these stone shelves were not wide enough for photographic work, and we had to drag in a number of long and heavy timbers and build a scaffold for the photographer. Most of the pictures are now out on an open wall, without any shelter, overhanging rock or cavern to protect them from the elements, though there are indications that at one time there was an overhanging ledge of the same red sandstone. All are made in the same way, and this is interesting because the method of work differs from that by which most of the pictographs in the world were made. The red sandstone contains a trace of iron. This iron, through the chemistry of the ages and the elements, has formed a thin black coating over the rock. This coating is known locally as 'desert varnish.' By taking a sharp instrument, such as a piece of flint, and cutting through this black scale, the red stone is revealed underneath, thus making a red picture, with black surroundings, which is at once imperishable, and yet needs no painting to make it stand out in relief.

"The only way one of these pictographs can disappear is to 'weather off.' How many millions of years are required to create the thin shell of iron oxide over the red sandstone, no one knows, but not one of the pictographs shows any sign of such recovering. In the 45 years since 1879 in which Mr. Doheny has known of these pictographs, he tells me there has been no dimming of their brightness. The figures consist of men, a small animal resembling a dog, but probably referring to either a wolf or a mountain lion; the elephant and the man engaged in combat; a number of ibex, with and without men hunting them; several deer, some mountain sheep; and, most (Continued on page 28)

Pictograph of the dinosaur found on very ancient red sandstone cliff in the canon of the Hava Supai, Arizona.

Good Players Often Poor Managers

Why More Baseball Stars Do Not Become Successful Directors of the Game

By PAUL MACDONALD

IT is the ambition of every ball player, at some time or other, to manage a major league team. Each visions himself sitting on the bench, managing a team, after his playing days are ended.

There are sixteen teams in the two major leagues and the average change in managers is less than two each season in each of the major circuits. Since there are 400 ball players in the big leagues each year the chance of each individual graduating into the managerial ranks at some later date is slim indeed.

With all this material to choose from, good managers are scarce. Only a few of the men now at the head of major league teams can be regarded as star managers.

The public probably wonders why there are not more good managers. With the number of crack players to select from, the club owners should surely be able to pick a better class of leaders than head the big league teams at the present time. But that is where the public errs. Few good ball players have become good managers; no great ball player has ever become a great manager.

The very thing that the public believes qualifies a great ball player for the job of managing is his biggest handicap. Great ball players, when they become managers, look down from the heights and those that look down from the heights do not see accurately.

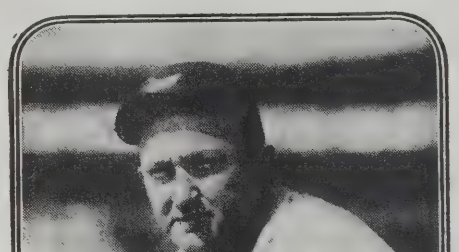
On one occasion I was discussing this subject with Tris Speaker, the best outfielder the American League has produced and the manager of the Cleveland Americans. I asked Speaker why more great ball players do not become successful managers. His answer is simple:

"The trouble with great ball players as managers is, of course, that they become impatient with the mistakes of their players. They tell them to do certain things and then, when they fail to execute the orders, they lose their tempers.

"The manager who was, or is, a great player never realizes, for some reason or other, to what he owes his position in baseball. If he stopped and figured that out for himself he would be a better manager. The reason he succeeded and became a leader was because he did things that other ball players cannot do. If they could do the things that he did then he would not stand out; he would only be an average ball player. The fact that he is not an average ball player, or was not an average ball player, should convince him why his players often fail to do the things he tells them in the way he tells them to do them."

No great ball player has ever become a great manager. That is a matter of baseball history. Some of them have become good managers. Most of them have been failures. The great managers have developed from good ball players and several of them had no practical playing experience of which to speak.

The greatest two managers of what is popularly known as the old school were Ned Hanlon of the Baltimore Orioles and Frank Selee of the old



TY COBB.

Boston team and later of Chicago. After Hanlon made the Boston Orioles supreme he shifted his activities to Brooklyn and repeated. Selee lifted Boston to the baseball heights and then traveled west. While he did not take Chicago to a pennant he built up a machine that was headed by Frank LeRoy Chance after Selee was forced out by ill health. Chance won pennants and world championships with the Selee organization.

Where, in the baseball record books, will you find the playing records of Hanlon and Selee? Still, each must be rated as a great manager.

Knowing what to do and getting others to do it are far different matters. No matter how much baseball knowledge is crammed into a single head, it will not make a team win unless the man who has the knowledge knows how to apply it. The man who has less knowledge and can get a team to use it is successful where the man with vast knowledge that cannot be applied is a distinct failure in baseball.

There are a large number of men, in all probability, who know more baseball than either Hanlon or Selee but they cannot approach either as managers. The thing that Hanlon an Selee knew was management of player They knew, above all, which perso to let alone. When Hanlon manage the Orioles he did not try to tell me like McGraw, Keeler, Jennings, Kell and Robinson what to do. He realize they knew more about their positio play than he did and he simply e couraged them to develop it. H created in them self-confidence, se reliance, aggressiveness, initiative.

Selee managed Boston in much t same manner. He was quiet, since and diplomatic. He knew how far go with each man. He knew where use the bridle and halter and whe to omit it.

Since their time the best manag has been John J. McGraw, manager f the New York Giants. Judged on l record McGraw must be put at t head of the list of managers as the be of all time. There is no question abo McGraw being a great leader. He is f Napoleonic cast. He rules with a iron hand. He drives his men.

McGraw's teams are distincti They play what the profession ca "heads-up" baseball, meaning i telligent baseball. They are f fielders and fast base runners. Th have snap and dash. They are i telligent batsmen, also. They ha drive, power plus speed, aggressiven and spirit.

There is about McGraw a magn personality. He was the first mana who used the "will to win" theory a the "a team that won't be bea can't be beaten" principle.

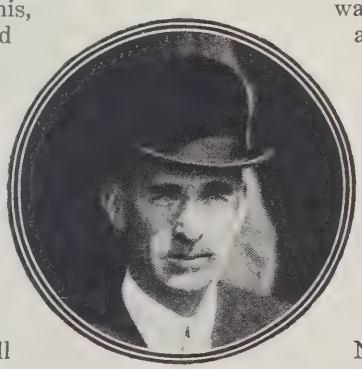
The season of 1924 furnished n excellent example of the McG system. The pennant race was fa tight and the Giants were leading b slight margin. Disaster suddenly e fell McGraw's team late in Septem Groh and Frisch, the mainstays of he New York infield, were injured a forced out of the lineup. One of hi regular outfielders was laid up. Ta would have wrecked fifteen out of sixteen teams but it did not wre McGraw's. He turned a liability to an asset. He impressed his pla that they were good enough to wi without the support of these stars an he so filled his team with the "w be beaten—can't be beaten" princ that the Giants really played be ball after the lineup became wrec They played above their speed, is true, but all the more credit to McGra because of that.

McGraw came up from the ra He was a good ball player but n a great one. He was always an intelli player but he failed mechanically. He was a poor fielder, judged accor to major league standards. He was

aggressive and smart, particularly at bat and on the bases, but his fielding was too weak and his batting never strong enough to elevate him among the great. Still, as a manager, he stands without equal, at least according to the records.

Cornelius McGillicuddy, whose name has been Connie Mack ever since he started playing ball, has the best record of any manager in the American League, although in the last ten years his teams have been last or next to last each year. Mack is of a type directly opposite to McGraw. He is the soft-spoken, cajoling kind of manager. His teams have always lacked fire and aggressiveness, snap and dash. Even the great teams that Mack managed when he swept the baseball universe lacked these qualities. They lacked color, particularly the color that McGraw's teams always carry. Mack always aimed for mechanical perfection. His teams played baseball much as Willie Hoppe shoots billiards, with the same mechanical precision and monotonous perfection, rather near-perfection. Things always moved according to schedule with them. They followed the system accurately. You always knew exactly what would happen under any condition and in every situation. The play was always made the same way with mechanical skill and smoothness.

Had Mack not broken up his team at the close of the 1914 season his record would rival that of McGraw. His infield, the best in baseball at that time and one of the greatest of the baseball ages, would have lasted for years. Frank Baker, who played third for him, retired only a few seasons ago. Jack Barry would have remained in baseball if the combination had continued. Eddie Collins is managing and playing second base for Chicago almost as well as he ever played the position. Jack McInnis, first baseman, was dropped from the majors only this spring. But Mack broke up his team because they failed to draw in Philadelphia. They won so regularly that it became monotonous and Philadelphians tired of seeing them win.



CONNIE MACK.

If you leave it to American League ball players to name the greatest manager that circuit ever knew they will elect Bill Carrigan to the position of honor. Carrigan managed the Boston Red Sox and drove them into two pennants and world championships. He was a great manager who could still be leading ball teams had he not decided to quit baseball while his record was good.

Although Carrigan was a driving manager his players always swore by him and still do. Carrigan, like McGraw, was never beaten and he developed this spirit in his teams. He had the faculty of getting the last ounce out of his players and having them play above their speed.

Carrigan knew that all players cannot be treated alike. Most managers do not realize this. Carrigan had separate treatment for every man on his squad. What one man takes to another rejects. Carrigan always kept that in mind and acted accordingly.

There was Duffy Lewis, his left fielder. Lewis had the weakness of getting satisfied with himself at times and letting down. If he had a good batting and fielding streak for a series or two, he would start taking things easy. As soon as Carrigan was convinced that Lewis had let down he would bench him. Lewis then stayed on the bench, Carrigan ignoring him. In a week or ten days Lewis would get uneasy about the matter, believing that probably Carrigan intended trading or selling him. As soon as Carrigan decided that Lewis was anxious about his future he would send him back into the lineup and Lewis would "burn up the league" to prove to Carrigan that he was too good to be dropped.

JOHN J. M'GRAW.

Personal feelings never entered into his reckoning. He was as severe with himself as with others. In one game, with the score tied in the ninth, Boston got a man to second with two out. Carrigan, who was catching that day, was at bat. Suddenly Carrigan walked away from the plate and sent in Everett Scott as pinch batter for himself. Scott at that time was batting less than .200. Scott walked to the plate and hit a three-bagger on the second ball pitched, winning the game.

These two men, Mack and Carrigan, were both catchers. Neither was a great catcher. Mack could not even be classed as a good one while Carrigan was just fairly good. But as managers they have never been equaled in their own league.

If any man on the horizon at present is to take the wreath from Mack and Carrigan that man is Stanley Harris of the Washington team. Harris became famous last year, his first season as a manager, when he took Washington into a pennant and world championship, a rare feat indeed and particularly so since it was the first time Washington ever won a pennant.

Harris, like McGraw, started on the infield. While McGraw played third Harris' position is second base. He is still playing there. Like McGraw, Harris was never a great infielder. He was a good one. But Eddie Collins, in his own league, was always better and Marty McManus, of St. Louis, and Aaron Ward, of New York, were as good as Harris in several seasons.

If Harris does not develop into a great manager it will be surprising. He has all the needed qualities. He knows men and he knows how to get the extra ounces out of them. He knows how to lift them to top speed. Late last season, when Washington was struggling to hold its scant lead, Harris brought his team to Detroit for what was described in the newspapers as a "crucial" series. Rip Collins pitched for Detroit and he shut out Washington with a brilliant exhibition of pitching. It was a close game and Washington might have won or at least sent the game into extra innings, but for a few bad fielding plays that gave Detroit her runs. The average manager would have administered severe calldowns to the players making the blunders but not Harris. As he entered the clubhouse after the game he said:

"Well, fellows, we saw some great pitching today. It is as good as any we've seen all season. Collins was right this afternoon. But, we'll beat them the remaining games. We aren't going to see any more pitching like that this year."

Harris knew that the players who erred felt as badly about it as he could possibly feel, if not worse. He realized that criticism would probably break them. By saying what he did he caused them to try all the harder the next day. They appreciated his attitude, so did their team-mates.

On May 10, last season, Washington dropped to sixth place. On May 24 the team was still in sixth place. Instead of being discouraged during those two weeks Harris seemed highly optimistic. Whatever he thought about the matter he never told. He impressed his players that they were in a temporary slump; that it was best to have the slump just then; that as soon as they left the slump they would set the league burning with their speed. He talked so much about their chances that he got them to hustle harder and harder. They got out of their slump. On June 28 they were in first place and they were there at (Concluded on page 22)

"The Mad Booths" and Lincoln's Fate

Psychotic Background Against Which the Actor Family Played Its Part

By F. L. BLACK

THERE lived in "the fabulous forties" about twenty miles from Baltimore at the family home, Belair, a "good-hearted, harmless, though wild-brained boy; a rattlepated fellow, filled with quixotic notions" who "would charge on horseback through the woods on the Maryland farm, spouting heroic speeches, with a lance in his hand, a relic of the Mexican War."[1] To his father, who died when he was thirteen, he was "the well beloved, bright boy Absalom."[2] He was his mother's darling,[3] and his love for her is attested by his devotion to her during the years that followed, although it cannot be said that he was obedient or that she had much influence over him. To this boy, John Wilkes Booth, the father had bequeathed a psychotic personality more dominated by phantasy than by that conscious voluntary effort which our modern psychologists call the reality motive.

On the paternal side John Wilkes Booth was related to that profligate demagog of the reign of George III, John Wilkes, for whom he was named, and who, "while seven administrations were raised to power and hurled from it in consequence of court intrigue or of changes in the sentiments of the higher classes of society, retained his hold on the affections of a rabble whom he pillaged and ridiculed."[4] Junius Brutus Booth, the father, a brilliant figure in the annals of the American stage, was afflicted with such great eccentricities of character that his actions in many instances can be classed only as paranoiac. Born in London in 1796 partly of Jewish descent[5] he early decided against the law, his father's profession, tried painting, printing, poetry, sculpture and the navy, then the stage and in 1813 became a member of a strolling company of players with which he toured the continent.[6] It was during this time that "by a boyish misalliance, contracted in Brussels in the year 1814, there was one son."[7] Returning to London in 1817, he successfully played in Shakespearean rôles. Edmund Kean was the great tragic actor of the period in England and "as 'two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,' and London could not brook the double reign of Edmund Kean and Junius Brutus Booth, the latter, after a short but brilliant contest, left the field,"[8] and first visiting France and the Island of Madeira came to America in 1821 with his young wife, Mary Anne Holmes, whom he had married on January 18, 1821.[9] There has been some question as to whether he legally married Mary Anne Holmes. Hornblow says that he was divorced from the Brussels wife. Asia Booth Clarke, in "Passages, Incidents, and Anecdotes in the Life of Junius Brutus Booth (the Elder)," pp. 64-65, states that on January 18, 1821, her father married Mary Anne Holmes, at the residence of the Honorable Mrs. Chambers, and that this lady, who had always manifested a great interest in her father's career, presented his wife on her wedding day with those well-known jewels which decorated the crown worn in his characterization of Richard III. Arthur Hornblow, in "A History of the Theater in America," Vol. I, p. 322, claims that Mary Anne Holmes was "an actress and one of the most beautiful women of her day." George Alfred Townsend, in the New York *Herald*, May, 1865,[10] states that "he (Junius Brutus Booth) threw off the wife of his bosom to fly from England with a flower girl, and, settling in Baltimore, dwelt with his younger companion, and brought up many children, while his first companion went down to a drunken and broken hearted death." (George Alfred Townsend repeats this story in his play, "Katy of Catoctin.")

The Booth home near Belair, as it looked in 1865.

This erratic stage genius soon became a commanding figure in American theatricals notwithstanding the fact that he was mentally unbalanced, which was evidenced by his maniacal excitement under stress conditions and his many deviations from the normal course. It was said of him by his daughter with regard to his mental impairment that his "aberrations o mind" could be traced back to hi youth but that they "seemed to in crease in strength and frequency wit maturer years."[11] The children wer taught by their mother to regard "thes periodical tortures of mind with sa and reverent forbearance."[11] J. E Murdock, an actor who played wit the elder Booth, describes him as sub ject to a morbid tendency of feelin which gave rise to wild and defian moods, and led him, at times, to thing at variance with the conventionalitie of society.[12] But that when th "cloud" passed and his true natur asserted itself, he was capable of win ning the love of many and the esteer of all. Many of those who played wit him were both fascinated and frightene by the fury, the intensity and the vividness wit which he depicted th intricate characters whos rôles he portrayed. I his "paroxysms of deli ious art" a stage fight b came real and the oppo ent often was compelle to struggle for his lif Murdock,[13] describir his actions in a scene the had together, says, ' turned, and there, wi the pistol held to my hea stood Booth, glaring li an infuriated demo Then for the first time comprehended the reali of acting. The fury that passion-flamed fa and the magnetism of t rigid clutch upon r arm paralyzed my m cles, while t scintillating gleam of the terrible ey like the green and red flashes of enraged serpent, fascinated and fix me spellbound to the spot."

At another time, in a rehearsal Othello in his hotel room, Junius Br tus Booth became so vehement that

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[1] Letter, Edwin Booth to Nahum Capen, July 1881, "Recollections of Edwin Booth," by his daugh Edwina Booth Grossman. N. Y. Century Co., p.

[2] "Recollections of Edwin Booth."

[3] "Recollections," p. 227.

[4] "History of England," by Thomas Babing Macaulay, Vol. 1, p. 565. Porter & Coates, Philadelp

[5] "A History of the Theater in America," Arthur Hornblow. J. B. Lippincott Company, 1 Vol. 1, p. 320. "Passages, etc.," pp. 125 and 180. "Re lections of an Alienist," Allen McLane Hamilton 348. G.A.T. story.

[6] "Wallet of Time," p. 84 and "Passages, etc.," p.

[7] "Passages, Incidents, and Anecdotes in the Li Junius Brutus Booth (the Elder)," by his daugh Asia Booth Clarke, Carleton, New York, 1866.

[8] Murdock—"The Stage," p. 174.

[9] "The Wallet of Time," by William Winter. fat, Yard & Co., New York, 1913, p. 87. Also Booth Clarke's "Passages, etc."

[10] Clipping Lincoln Scrap Book, Lincolniana partment, Congressional Library, Washington, D pp. 54-56.

[11] "Passages," p. 114.

[12] "The Stage or Recollections of Actors and Acti by James E. Murdock; J. M. Stoddard and Comp Philadelphia, 1880, p. 180.

[13] "Stage or Recollections, etc.," p. 183.

roommate in self-defense struck him across the face with a fire poker, breaking his nose and marring his countenance.[14]

The elder Booth was a strict vegetarian, believing that it was wrong to kill animals for food. This belief was expressed in his disordered mental content in an odd fashion while playing in a mid-western city in January, 1834. He wrote to a local minister for information as to a burial place for a dead friend. Imagine the good dominie's surprise when, calling at Booth's hotel room, he was conducted by the great tragedian to an adjoining room to view the remains and was shown "about a bushel of wild pigeons" spread out on a large sheet. "Booth," said the pastor, "knelt down by the side of the birds, and with every evidence of sincere affliction began to mourn over them. He took them up in his hands tenderly and pressed them to his heart." Booth purchased a lot in a cemetery, had a coffin made, procured a hearse and buried the pigeons with himself as chief mourner.[15]

A week after the pigeon incident, Booth becoming more deranged, failed to appear at the theater one evening and could not be found. The next morning he was located, wandering through the snow in the woods some distance from the city.[16]

Three years later in New York City he was to be in a benefit performance but did not appear and was found this time at a fire helping to run the fire engine.

His great suggestibility is shown by an incident which happened on one of his theatrical tours. When the boat on which he was passenger neared a point where William Conway, an actor, had committed suicide by jumping into the ocean, Booth, saying he had a message for the unfortunate Conway, leaped from the boat. He was rescued from drowning with difficulty. After he was pulled into the rescuing boat, it is reported that his first words were, "'I say, Tom, look out, you're a heavy man, be steady—if the boat upsets we'll all be drowned.'"[17] Finally, growing tired of all social contact, he expressed a desire to retire from the stage and become a lighthouse keeper, where he felt he would have peace and quiet, but this ambition he never carried to execution.[18]

Edwin Booth in 1889.

With all his mental aberrations the "American Garrick," as the Elder Booth was called, had the most essential requisite for a tremendously successful stage career—He could carry an audience with him. They forgot him, the stage, all except the character he portrayed. So vivid was his recitation of the "Ancient Mariner" that his "magic tones and glittering eye" transported his listeners to the terrible scene where "they saw the shining sea, and the slimy things which crawled upon its surface; they felt their tongues withered and their throats parched with a burning drought; they heard the four times fifty men as, one by one, each fell a lifeless lump upon the rotting deck; and they read the horrible curse in the dead men's stony eyes."

Junius Brutus Booth, the father of Edwin and John Wilkes.

To the second matrimonial venture of this mad genius, who died November 30, 1852, on a Mississippi River steamboat while returning home from an engagement in New Orleans, were born ten children, five of whom were living at the opening of the Civil War. Junius Brutus, Jr.,[19] who became an actor but never attained fame; Rosalie, Edwin, possibly one of the greatest tragedians the American stage has produced and whom the father had wanted to become a cabinet-maker;[20] Asia, who in 1859 became the wife of the comedian, John Sleeper Clarke; Joseph,[21] the youngest son, who tried the stage but failed; and the "ill-starred" John Wilkes, born in 1838, who inherited his father's fiery temperament, his great suggestibility, his psychopathic personality, and much of his ability but not his enterprise. The foundation of his inability for social adjustment was hereditarily imbedded to such an extent in his personality that he was predisposed to mental derangement when the stress should become sufficient.

One of our great alienists, who had seen him on the stage, says of him:[22] "As a boy Wilkes Booth showed many evidences of instability, and was subject to moods and fits of melancholy, as well as morbid suspicions and moroseness. He was wayward, something of a vagabond, and at one time ran away from home and joined the pirate oystermen in the Chesapeake Bay. At other times he was winning, gentle, and entirely lovable."

According to another biographer,[23] John Wilkes was sent to a better school than the other brothers had enjoyed, but, detesting the confined life of the schoolroom and loving the open air, spent his time fishing and hunting, where he gained the admiration of his asssociates by his "fine nerve and certain eye." He learned to ride while quite young and became an accomplished and graceful horseman. He was proud of his skillful fencing and was quite dexterous in the handling of small arms.

To what extent association with the father intensified and extended the congenitally paranoic tendency of the son cannot precisely be determined; our knowledge of their relations is indefinite. But it can hardly be doubted that, in the formation of John Wilkes' character, the elder Booth was a condition as well as a cause. Whether the son displayed psychotic tendencies in childhood is not a matter of authentic record. After his death numerous extravagantly written newspaper stories gave some sordid details of his life that may or may not be true.

During the last ten years of his life, 1842-1852, the father remained much at home.[24] This was during the most impressionable period of the son's life, and the years of fullest development of the elder Booth's emotional impairment, so that the father whom John Wilkes knew best was "a madman, the wreck of a splendid genius." It was quite natural that the stage should attract him while still young, as it had his older brothers, but his first efforts were dismal failures due principally to his aversion to making the necessary exertion to learn his lines. Finally after playing in "utility" parts in Philadelphia, as John Wilkes, and being hissed off the stage, he decided to try his luck farther South. Undoubtedly the shattering of his "gossamer hopes and high conceits" in the North and his later achievements in the South had greater influence in molding his passionate sympathies for the southern cause than had the arguments he advanced to justify his ardor for its success. At the age of 23 he secured an

(*Concluded on page 23*)

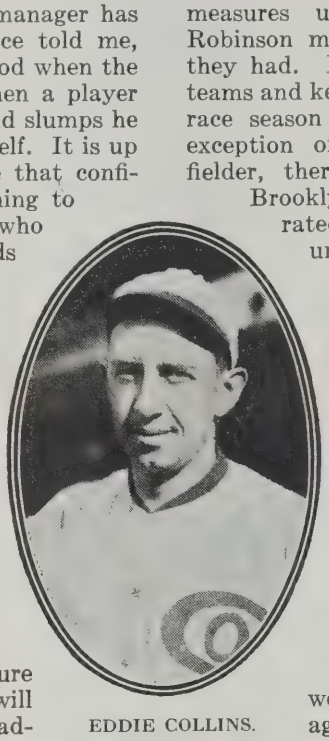
[14] "Players of a Century," by H. P. Phelps; also "Passages, etc.," p. 133.
[15] "Passages, Incidents, etc.," by his daughter, pp. 115-125.
[16] "Passages, Incidents, etc.," p. 130.
[17] "Incidents," p. 131
[18] "Incidents," p. 75
[19] Died Sept. 15, 1883—"Life of Edwin Booth," by William Winter, p. 16.
[20] "Recollections of Edwin Booth," by Edwina Booth Grossman, p. 10.
[21] "The Sole Survivor in 1893," Ibed; "Life of Edwin Booth," by William Winter, p. 10.
[22] "Recollections of an Alienist," by Allan McLane Hamilton, M.D., L.L.D., F.R.S., George H. Doran Company, 1916, pp. 346-347.
[23] George Alfred Townsend's New York *World* story written in May after Lincoln's assassination.
[24] "Passages, etc.," p. 133.

Good Players Often Poor Managers

(*Concluded from page 19*)

the close of the season. Other slumps came after June 28. A few times Washington was as low as third. But each time Harris told his players that they got out of their May slump and they would get out of the present one just as sure. They always did. He made them believe in themselves.

"The hardest thing a manager has to do," a star pitcher once told me, "is to tell a player he is good when the player is in a slump. When a player loses his grip on himself and slumps he has lost confidence in himself. It is up to the manager to restore that confidence. It is a difficult thing to keep on telling a player, who fails at bat and who fields poorly, that he is a great man but suffering because of bad breaks in luck. Praise at that time is hard to give; criticism is so much easier and managers, like the rest of us, are prone to follow the course of least resistance."



EDDIE COLLINS.

It is too early to judge what the status of Harris will be but from close observation of Harris and his methods in his first year as manager we venture the prediction that he will become one of the great leaders of baseball. He impresses us more than any man in his league.

Eddie Collins, greatest of second basemen, is starting on a managerial career. As head of the Chicago White Sox he has a chance to establish himself. The White Sox finished last in 1924, the first time in baseball history that a Chicago team ever ended the season in eighth place. So Collins has nothing to lose and much to gain.

Collins is one of the outstanding intellects of baseball and a splendid character. Like Harris he has a fine personality. Five months from now we will know a little more about his managerial ability but at this angle it seems safe to say that Collins will not be a failure. He is going to get much work out of his players and he will have them playing smart baseball. They have shown ability to do this in the early weeks of the season. The best manager in the National League, next to McGraw, is Wilbert Robinson, the chubby leader of the Brooklyn team. When the Orioles were in their glory Robinson was Baltimore's star catcher while McGraw played third. Later on Robinson was assistant to McGraw in New York. Then came the opportunity to manage Brooklyn and Robinson took the job.

Robinson is the exact opposite of McGraw. While McGraw is the driving type Robinson is the cajoling type. His strength is McGraw's weakness—pitchers. Robinson is the most successful manager in the majors in handling pitchers. He has succeeded in making stars out of a number that were cast adrift as worthless by other managers.

Outside the pitching the Brooklyn team has never carried material that measures up to the average but Robinson managed to get everything they had. He has taken these misfit teams and kept them up in the pennant race season after season. With the exception of Zack Wheat, the outfielder, there is not a man in the Brooklyn lineup who can be rated as a real star, but still, under the skillful guidance of the portly Robinson, Brooklyn has been a contender each season.

As they stand today McGraw and Robinson are the best among the National League managers and Harris is the choice of the American Leaguers. None of them was a great player at any time in his career but all three were good players and, above all things, smart players.

The American League's western division is now managed entirely by men that were great players. George Sisler, undoubtedly the greatest of first basemen, is at the head of the St. Louis Browns; Tris Speaker, the best outfielder the league ever developed, is boss of the Cleveland Indians; Eddie Collins, king of second basemen, heads the Chicago White Sox, and Ty Cobb, greatest player of all time, leads Detroit. We do not believe that Sisler, Cobb or Speaker will ever become a great manager. If one of the four is to achieve greatness then that one will be Collins. The future alone can decide his case. The other three have had opportunity to take their places but while they proved good managers they have lacked the luster as leaders that marked them as players.

BILL CARRIGAN.

The man who succeeds as manager is not the man who knows most baseball but the man who can get the most baseball out of his players, the man who can get each player to give the best he has on the playing field. It is not what you know bu what you can make others do tha counts. Some managers have faile with exceedingly strong ball clubs while others have succeeded wit mediocre teams. It is to a large ex tent a matter of personality.

Basketball has caught the popula taste. This year will see all attendanc records broken for college basketbal It may be that the growing interest i football has brought basketball int the same channel of popular favo for the modern games of football an basketball have much in common. A any rate the public is anxious to se college basketball and many of th universities find it impossible t to accommodate the crowds.

Next to the national and easter collegiate track and field meet tha of the Western Conference is mo important. The 1923 championshi were decided in Ann Arbor, Michiga Forecasts on the result of this me gave Michigan a fairly good chance winning but promised an extremel close contest. This, if nothing els would be an incentive for an outpourin of local enthusiasts. But the meet, he under perfect weather conditions b sides, attracted less than 4,000 pe sons. The counter attraction on th day when the finals were run was circus and this played to capacity matinee and night performances.

Last autumn, on the same fie where less than 4,000 saw the annu track and field championships decid in June, more than 40,000 persons we present on three different Saturdays see a football game and in Janua more than 8,000 were inside the gy nasium when a practice basketb game was played.

Track meets are tedious. Waits b tween events are lon This is one of t reasons for lack interest and it pointed out becau it is a fault that c be remedied.

William We Ellis is credited England with bei the father of Rug football because was the first m who ran with t ball in a Rugby gam Since American c lege football was d rived from the Rug game, William We Ellis' feat is of co siderable importan to the leading colle pastime in this cou try since it is the running feature f football that makes it popular.

Recent revelations show players r with the ball long before November, 18

"The Mad Booths" and Lincoln's Fate

(*Concluded from page 21*)

engagement at Richmond where, having parts more to his taste and playing them better, he won a fair amount of applause during two seasons. It is interesting that Junius Brutus Booth, the father, made his first American appearance in Richmond in 1821.[25] It was soon after this that Allan McLane Hamilton[26] saw him and described him as a handsome, dashing man with a magnificent head and features of the classic mold, a great deal of a Lothario, pursued by women wherever he went. Ben Perley Poore, a Washington newspaperman of the period, says that John Wilkes Booth had, "added to his native genius, the advantage of a voice musically full and rich; a face almost classic in outline; features highly intellectual; a piercing, black eye, capable of expressing the fiercest and the tenderest passion and emotion, and a commanding figure and impressive stage address.

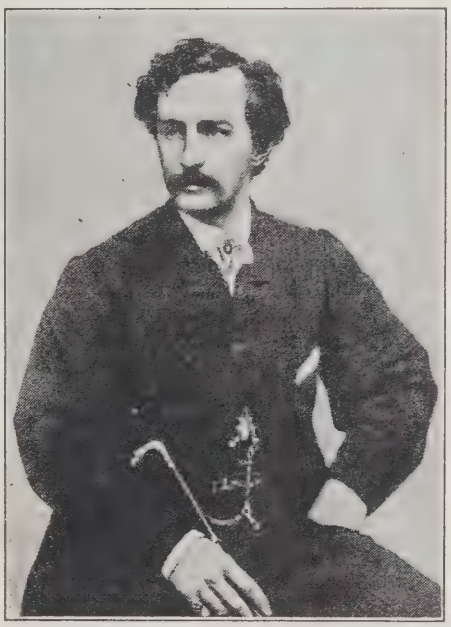
"In his transitions from the quiet and reflective passages of a part to fierce and violent outbreaks of passion, his sudden and impetuous manner had in it something of that electrical force and power which made the elder Booth so celebrated, and called up afresh to the memory of men of the preceding generation the presence, voice, and manner of the father. Convivial in his habits, sprightly and genial in conversation, John Wilkes Booth made many friends among the young men of his own age, and he was a favorite among the ladies at the National Hotel, where he boarded."[27]

George Alfred Townsend denies that John Wilkes Booth frequently cut his stage adversaries in sheer wantonness or bloodthirstiness, as has been claimed. He says that this mistake is due to confusing John Wilkes with the father. There is no question, however, that his habits after reaching manhood were always extremely irregular and that his progress on the stage was greatly interfered with by excessive dissipations.

It was during the Richmond engagement that the John Brown raid occurred, and Booth, joining a company of Virginia volunteers, took part in the capture and execution of the doughty old Reformer. He was inordinately proud of his "little share in the transaction and deemed that he was doing his duty in helping his country to perform an act of justice."[28] It was impossible for him to understand how what had been considered a crime on the part of 'poor John Brown" could later become a virtue, and he bitterly assailed the Republican party and the North for what he deemed a greater traitorism than Brown had committed.[29]

As a business man, John Wilkes Booth displayed considerable common sense, honesty, and ability. Amounts borrowed were always promptly returned, and although he spent money lavishly he "took note of his expenditures" and "kept his accounts with considerable regularity." It is said that his cashbook showed earnings of twenty-two thousand dollars during one season. Part of this he invested in Pennsylvania oil lands which proved quite profitable.

His initial star engagement was in "Richard III" at Montgomery, Alabama, where he first commendably played the part that his father loved so well. The tour that started with this success took him through many of the southern cities and ended in Boston where he "received special commendation for his enactment of Richard." He later appeared in this part in New York City but did not attain the success he expected. It is said that his acting was "too energetic to be correct," that it was "excellent in strong physical parts which did not require delicate characterization, refined conception, or carefulness." Like his father he had a penchant for collecting and reciting poetry which had made an appeal to his fancy. While the tears flowed down his cheeks, he would recite with fine effect his favorite selection, "The Beautiful Snow."



John Wilkes Booth.

In a memorable performance November 25, 1864, at the Winter Garden, New York, the three brothers, Junius Brutus, Jr., Edwin, and John Wilkes, played together in Julius Caesar, Junius appearing as Cassius, Edwin as Brutus and John Wilkes as Mark Antony. The proceeds went to a fund used in the erection of the Shakespeare statue in the mall in Central Park.[30] The brothers were accorded quite an ovation from the crowded house as they stood "side by side before the curtain."[31] This was the night of the Confederate attempt to burn the principal buildings in New York City. At 8:45 that evening Barnum's Museum was discovered to be on fire, a few minutes later several of the larger hotels, then warehouses and other buildings.[32] News of the conflagration reached the Winter Garden and had not the audience been calmed by a reassuring speech from Edwin Booth, the play would have been finished before an empty house.[33]

The letters of John Wilkes Booth and the reminiscences of those who knew him indicate that he would have joined the Confederacy had he not regretfully promised his mother that he would "keep out of the quarrel, if possible." The family, although from that part of Maryland, half southern and half northern in sympathy, was of unquestioned northern loyalty. Edwin Booth voted for Lincoln in 1864,[34] and had no patience with his brother's southern political leanings.

"It is evident that John Wilkes Booth was of the sensational type, with a will to strut and pose not held in check even under social pressure. His highly emotional nervous organization, inherited from the father, his tragic rôles, and his impulses and perceptions which had become perverted by his overwrought feelings, made him the easy victim of the suggestion to become the 'Brutus,'[35] in real life, that he had been seen on the boards."

Six weeks before the assassination of Abraham Lincoln he played at Ford's Theater in Washington, D. C., "his last mock part in this world," for "in this beautiful palace an outlaw had builded his fire, and slept, and plotted, and dreamed."

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[25] "Recollections of Edwin Booth," by Edwina Booth Grossman, p. 45.
[26] "Recollections, etc.," p. 348
[27] "Perley's Reminiscences," Vol. II, p. 174.
[28] George Alfred Townsend's story.
[29] Letter left in November, 1864, by John Wilkes Booth with J. S. Clarke, his brother-in-law—New York *Tribune*, April 20, 1865.
[30] "Life of Edwin Booth," by William Winter, p. 34.
[31] "The Older and the Younger Booth," by Asia Booth Clarke, p. 159.
[32] New York *Tribune*, November 26, 1864.
[33] "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," by David Homer Bates, pp. 306-307.
[34] Letter of Edwin Booth in "Recollections," by his daughter, Edwina Booth Grossman, p. 227.
[35] C. T. Pittman, p. 339

Old Duxbury

Home of the Clam and Quaint Folk

By MAY B. WHITING

Illustrated by Stanley W. Woodward

Captain's Hill and monument. Standish cottage in the foreground.

The grave of Miles Standish.

DUXBURY may claim to be the oldest summer resort on the Atlantic Coast. As early as 1630 Miles Standish, Elder Brewster, and John Alden built the first "summer cottages" on its shores, returning in the winter to Plymouth to insure attendance at church and to help guard the whole community in case of Indian attack. But the town today, with lawns and shaded streets, a stream of automobiles that scarcely stirs its comfortable somnolence, its harbor flecked with the sails of racing boats, seems very far removed from those days, or even from a later epoch when the name of Duxbury stood for sterling quality mixed with a measure of the eccentric and a generous flavor of the quaint.

Wait until the tide goes out. That will be the first token. Then the sailboats vanish or lie ignominiously tipped over on their side, and, where they careened so saucily, the Duxbury clam spouts in all his old-time glory. As if materialized from the froth of the receding billows, comes an army of diggers in costumes that would suit a comic opera, and at every turn of the rake the clam appears, white and glistening as when he greeted famishing Pilgrim eyes. He, at least, through unbroken ancestry maintains a very real connection with the past. But for him the sword of Miles Standish would have trailed in the dust and the romance of Priscilla have been buried in an untimely grave. Yet an ungrateful Republic heaped its honors on the more spectacular, but far less useful, eagle.

There Rises the Standish Monument

And by and by the tide comes rolling in, just in the nick of time, it would seem, to save the clam from utter extinction. Then the little sailboats lift their masts and make ready to skim again over this

"Bay of great surprises and unexpected lands
Which, when you least desire it,
roll up their golden sands."

But this very absence of deep water makes the harbor excellent for the racing of small boats. Clark's Island, and the long, slender promontory of the Gurnet offer shelter from the open sea, and, like a great beacon, there rises from the home shore the Standish monument, surmounted by a statue of the Captain looking out over the harbor which he so ably guarded.

This monument is the dominating feature of the region about. It is itself more than 200 feet high, and it rises from a bluff that was part of the estate granted to the Captain for his farm. Nearby lived his friend Brewster, on land bordering what has been called from his day to ours, "the Nook." The cellar of his house has been identified. A modest structure it must have been to have sheltered so much learning, for Brewster was a scholar, a graduate of Cambridge University, and, at his death, he left a library of 400 volumes.

Then There Was Priscilla

Miles Standish built near the highest point of the bluff and his house was no commonplace affair, but a V-shaped structure that was as much unlike the ordinary pioneer dwelling as the doughty captain differed from his good friends of the pilgrimage. This house was destroyed by fire, but some of the materials were used in the gambrel-roofed cottage built in 1666 by his son Alexander, and still in excellent condition. It is a charming house, but it does not suggest Miles Standish. It is too pretty, too much like other dwellings of the period.

The old cemetery, with its ancient, straggling trees and crumbling stones, is better calculated to awaken visions of the hero. Four large flags float from the corners of the fort-like monument that surrounds his grave and, with their shifting shadows, they make a vibrating, colorful tribute to the valorous spirit whom they honor.

I think there never was a nation so favored in its first martial hero, prudent in action in spite of hasty temper, an adoring father and tender nurse in time of illness, as Bradford especially mentions, always bearing the brunt of the danger, yet retaining just a touch of hauteur, perhaps because of hereditary rights in lordly estates across the sea. No wonder that when, in 1632, the church was gathered, and a few years later the town incorporated, they chose their name from Duxborough Hall, the ancestral seat of the Standish family. Seen through the afterglow of centuries, Captain Miles appears the very *beau ideal* of heroes.

But Priscilla Mullens did not see him in that light. At Southampton a youth, John Alden, joined the company as cooper. Some say that he was smuggled aboard for adventure's sake. At any rate, he was a valuable member of the company and throughout his life performed honorable service. Shortly after the Pilgrims landed, the whole band was divided into households to provide shelter for all, and he was assigned to the Standish family. Of the Captain's faint heart in courtship and its disastrous results to himself, we have been told many times. But he doubtless forgave the lad for winning the maiden himself and the two families lived for long years neighbors, as neighbors went in those days, on the lonely shores of Duxbury.

John Alden Built on a Little Knoll

John Alden built on a little knoll at the tidal head of the Bluefish River, near where a fresh-water brook, with the delightful name, Hound's Ditch, runs into it. The site is marked by a tablet and not far away is the house built by his son Jonathan. This house has been in the Alden family ever since its erection, and even the confirmed antiquary must confess that it has a charm all its own. The tiny room leading from the kitchen was John and Priscilla's, when, grown old in

good deeds, they returned to the homestead to pass their last days.

Doubtless John and Priscilla lie buried in the Alden corner of the old cemetery near their son Jonathan whose stone is still standing. Many of the monuments are crumbled past deciphering, but over one grave we clearly read,

"Aseneath Soule. The chisel can't help her any."

Surely not of Pilgrim days, that stone, but rather of old Duxbury of a later time when characters developed according to their bent without restricting influence of the struggle for existence or the modern easy means of communication to force them to a common mold. There are no monuments to mark that Duxbury; the sleek village gives slight trace of it, but perhaps in Duxbury woods there may be memories still green.

The very names sound encouraging as we journey along the dusty Cape Cod road. If it is spring the wayside is white with flowering plum and the air sweet with the breath of arbutus. We pass King Philip's path, Malachi Brook, Black Friar, and Happy Valley. At Four Mile Hill we pause to ask the way of an old man whose skin is wrinkled like an autumn leaf but whose blue eye retains the keenness that comes from searching the long vistas of the sea. He tells us that the hill is four miles from Duxbury Village, Kingston, Pembroke, and Marshfield. He also says that in his youth he knew a popular ballad about one who

"hired a cart to cart her round
From Four Mile Hill to Tarkiln Town."

Tarkiln, Tinkertown, Ashdod, and Crooked Lane are four little villages nestled in Duxbury woods. In the first there used to be, in stagecoach days, the "tree of knowledge," a great oak to which was nailed a box where the stage driver deposited the mail for the neighborhood and any passer-by might look for his own. Even Duxbury Village itself, apart from its main thoroughfare, so comfortably commonplace, except for the office of the Atlantic cable to Brest, is rich in names which recall the episodes of its history. There is Bumblebee Lane, Pucker's Hole, Wicked Hill, and King Caesar's Road.

This last leads to Powder Point where the Westons had their warehouses, in the days when the Weston fleet numbered a hundred sails. Their wharf still stands and the buildings which served as quarters for the slaves, but little else remains of those days of Duxbury's glory. Just across the flats, now spanned by a half-mile bridge, is Duxbury beach, the finest of the Old Colony, six miles long, but so narrow that there was constant fear lest the sea break through some day, rush over the flats, and sweep away wharves and houses.

The John Alden House.

Toward the middle of the eighteenth century Duxbury carried on the most extensive shipbuilding in the country. From here sailed countless vessels, among them the *Hitty Tom*, the *I Tell Ye*, and the *Mattakeeset*. This last was the Indian name for Duxbury, happily perpetuated by the local lodge of Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Ezra Weston himself received the name King Caesar, for the folk of Duxbury would allow no one, not even the wealthiest shipowner in the land, to put on airs unpunished.

Where today is there a bit of that village whose story is reflected by such nomenclature? Surely not in the antique shops where ancient glass and pewter jostle pell-mell with modern fads. The Rural Society is more promising. There you catch at once the keynote, hominess and sincerity. The people who have loaned their treasures for its rooms know Duxbury and in their reminiscences the character of the old town rises again like a shadowy vision.

There was Aunt Sarah Mac, poet and prophetess, who delivered an oracle in rhyme at every village incident. Offenders feared her more than the sheriff. When two young men were caught sawing a beam of the unfinished church, she exclaimed,

"And so you broke your saw!
But first you broke the law
Pray tell me what you did it for."

In this generation she might have been hailed as a *vers libre* genius, but then she was a lonely old woman, "queer," but always to be greeted respectfully because of her uncanny gift.

There was the minister, the Reverend Mr. Allyn. When any of his flock were led astray by Tom Paine's heresies, he would wrap himself in a sheet and pay a ghostly visit to the wanderer, who, shamed by his fears, would return in humbleness of spirit. There was Bidley Soule, of good family and not without intelligence, but who refused to so much as wash his face. At last the selectman built him a shack where he dwelt contentedly enough until an unfeeling medical profession forced him to take a bath and his demise quickly followed. Then there was Joseph Delano, commonly called Joe Dumit, who, long after the rest of the world had adopted more conventional attire, appeared every Sunday in church in bell-crowned hat, blue swallowtailed coat with brass buttons, yellow nankeen trousers, and high stock, truly a "last leaf upon the tree."

Such a quaint New England village cannot wholly lose its individual character. In spite of the ensnaring web of modern living, a little of its personality escapes, lending a charm that even a casual visitor must feel, although to find its source he must delve below the surface.

Like present-day parents, the Pilgrim fathers resented what they considered the low standards of those they found supplanting them in the younger generation and the incoming population. From 1629 to 1641 the population of Massachusetts increased from 300 to 3,000. Much of this population spread to Plymouth; hence the need for expansion which brought about the founding of a new town and a separate church. This enterprise proved the beginning of the ten neighboring towns that came to make up the Plymouth colony: Plymouth, Duxbury, Scituate, Taunton, Standish, Yarmouth,

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Putting the Lid on Profiteering

(*Continued from page 7*)

officials in their acts, where the evidence is sufficient, are supported by the public, unfair methods of competition and their progenitor, monopoly, will not be met successfully.

Perhaps our nation will not arrive at this state of mind until the average citizen, searching his conscience and patriotism, puts the question to himself seriously: "Am I willing to be a satisfied underling, or a dissatisfied free man?"

What Takes Place Behind the Scenes

That last quotation was given to me by one of our greatest thinkers and best-known public men, who, because of his high official position, forbade my using his name, when I asked him to phrase his idea of the problem confronting the people of America. How many of us, when put to the test, will battle for the greatest boon that our ancestors have given us—*economic and moral freedom?* If such a question were put to the average audience, the chorus of answers would certainly be heartening. But let there arise a contest between the government and a dominating corporation in any one of our industries today. Come then behind the scenes with me and watch the terror that strikes the heart of the small competitor who has made the complaint, when he is asked to take the witness stand and testify to what he knows and has stated confidentially. Many have pleaded piteously not to be forced to subject themselves by testifying to the reprisals of the one against whom they have complained. In some cases, they have gone so far as to say that they would refuse to testify, that they dared not risk ultimate ruin. Rather than do so, many are willing to accept the crumbs that fall from the table of special privilege. Time and again these men have said that they live only by the consent of the colossus of their industry. One wonders what such men think as they sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty."

Only recently when one of the great mergers took place, I was pestered with information by one who was employed by one of these organizations, as to each step that was to be taken by the combiners. His hope was that there might develop some way by which the combination could be frustrated. When I asked the reason for his anxiety, he told me that consolidation meant either that he would be let out or shoved down the line because his company was the smaller of the two.

When our American citizen arrives at the state of mind and shows the same spirit against monopoly and for the competitive system that I have seen exhibited in Europe by the coöperative where a member of a coöperative organization would walk six miles through all kinds of weather to his coöperative store, rather than purchase around the corner from those who were monopolizing or controlling the market place, then we shall be able to handle monopoly more successfully.

To assist honest business effectively the Federal Trade Commission must be given the tools and machinery to carry on. Not more power, but a more clarified power is the necessary requisite for the Commission. Instead of being given the authority to rule in advance which would necessitate the building up of a great bureaucracy of thousands of employes, the legislation creating the Commission should be so clarified that it can act with greater speed and effectiveness. As it is now there are hundreds of cases awaiting investigation and trial by the Commission. One of the reasons for this is that the courts have by a decision injected a delay into the Commission's procedure which, if measured in working days, would total up into many working years. When a case is started by the Commission and after it has made investigation and gathered the data from the field it places it before a group of three men in its employ known as the Board of Review. Their opinion and the facts are passed along to the Commission. If the Commission issues a complaint, it states its charges and serves the same on the proposed offender.

A Question Regarding a Monopoly

The very first order of the Commission that was appealed from and carried to the Supreme Court of the United States involved the manner in which the complaint stated the charge against the offender respondent. In this case the respondent manufactured and sold a large proportion of all the steel ties for baling cotton and controlled the company that sold 40 per cent of all the bagging used to incase cotton bales. The charge was that it forced those buying the steel ties also to buy the cotton bagging. This, the Commission thought, in view of the dominance of the respondent over the sale of ties, was unfair.

Now, in most of the cases that the Commission starts it does not and cannot know all the facts, but it does know the unfair method that is being practiced and can so describe it. The one charged, however, is fully protected from surprise by a rule which compels the Commission to present all of its evidence to the respondent before he puts his witnesses on the stand. The Commission did not know whether the respondent had a monopoly or a practical control of the articles in question, and so it did not state in the complaint that there was a monopoly. However, the respondent on the stand admitted its dominance and co of the price of the ties. Neverth the court set the Commission's o aside because it had failed to char monopoly.

In hundreds of complaints is since the decision in that case the C mission, which gives the one cha approximately forty days in whic answer, has been compelled, upon covering new evidence, although it set forth the unfair method of petition in detail, to withdraw complaint, prepare and serve a one, and allow an additional days. The number of instances, have said, if totaled up, would n many working years and has ca innumerable delays in the Com sion's efforts to bring about spe action.

Commission Has No Criminal Jurisdiction

Moreover, Commission have its po clarified as to rights to investigate combinat associations and groups that are bl ing the channels of trade.

No one questions that a man the right to protection from search seizure of his person, or his offic his home, nor would one contend he has not the right to refuse t criminate himself where there criminal liability involved. But Commission has no criminal juri tion. It can't send any person to nor fine, nor punish him. All it ca is to tell him to stop and if he doe obey them it must go to a court ask the court to see that he s If the Commission is to put the mate consumer on an equal basis the seller in the market place, th must have authority especially there are apparent monopolies, binations or associations contr production, or the prices of commod to acquire the data and inform in respect to business and to give information out to the public rently so that it can be infor Otherwise the question of any att to meet this great problem suc fully is foredoomed.

Take the situation that the mission found itself in immedi after the war. It had been calle fore a Committee of Congress t what it thought was the cause o high cost of living. It replied th did not know whether there w high cost of living, and suggested if Congress would give it $150,00 expenses it would try to get the

Upon the consent of Congress with an appropriation of $150,00 this purpose, the Commission b its work. It was acting, not only u the language of the act appropri the money, but upon the langua the act creating the Commission wi gave it the power "to gather and

ile information concerning, and to investigate from time to time the organization, business, conduct, practices, nd management of any corporation ngaged in commerce." It set up the achinery for getting current reports n coal and giving them publicity and as intending to do likewise with steel, il, lumber, and the other principal ecessities of life.

The Commission believed that if very thirty days it could give the ublic a picture by districts and without naming any corporations, of the roduction, prices, and amount of tocks on hand in an industry, it could nform the public and quiet it so far as rices were concerned, when the data f the Commission warranted it. Such nformation would prevent an artiial market with prices not supported y supply and demand. In addition o this, the Commission believed that his information would have a quietng effect upon any imminent labor roubles. In the case of an impending trike, it would have the information eady to place on the table between mployer and employe. Thus there ould be informative facts upon which he public could determine which side to support.

What Is a Reasonable Profit in Coal?

Some time previous to the beginning of this work, the National Coal ssociation had written a brief in which admitted, even contended, that the ommission had jurisdiction to acquire uch information from the industry. he Commission was working in the Vest Virginia coal district and had arned that $4.50 was a fair price at he mouth of the mine for the cost of oal, including a reasonable profit, hen it was called upon by Admiral enson of the Shipping Board to nform him why he was compelled to ay approximately $22 a ton at idewater. The freight rate to tidevater was about $2.

The Commission was very close o the facts when the National Coal ssociation, through a certain cororation, brought injunction proceedngs to stop the work of the Commission n the grounds that the mining of coal as a thing that took place within a tate and that the Commission had no uthority to go ahead on matters ntrastate, and only had jurisdiction o collect data about coal that was o cross state lines. Since that time, hich was in 1919, the Commission as been under restraint of a court njunction, and its rights have not yet een finally determined. Should it ventuate that the government does ot have the power to gather data rearding coal or any other commodity om its raw material state to the final elivery to the ultimate consumer, hen I do not believe it will be able o deal effectively with the trust and rice problem.

To understand this price and trust roblem Congress must have all the facts before it at one time. If it does not then when prices are high the retailer may pass the blame along to the wholesaler, and the wholesaler to the manufacturer or producer, and no one will be able to say who, if any one, is at fault.

Moreover, if the Commission is to protect the public and act in behalf of honest business, then the authority granted to it by Congress of preventing one competitor from buying out another where the effect is substantially to lessen competition, must not only be clarified but reinforced since combinations have become the order of the day. The Commission law requires it to make an investigation and have a trial which often is quite extensive and consumes considerable time. As I pointed out, if during that time the combination goes ahead and takes its chances it can so intermingle the business of the units which it combines that it becomes an almost impossible problem to separate them, when the Commission is finally ready to act.

To correct this situation the Commission should be authorized, where a combination is announced to take place and the substantial wiping out of competition appears fairly ascertainable, to go into court and ask for a temporary restraining order until it can have a reasonable time to make an investigation of the facts. Such an authority would not make the Commission paternalistic, for its action would at all times be under the control of the courts, and since the policy and language of our legislation from its beginning has been against combinations this negative action which the court would grant for a reasonable period in proper cases could not be classed as paternalism.

Today the Commission has only the power to halt combinations where one purchases the capital stock of another. To escape the restraint of the law some of those combining have bought only the physical assets of the competitor and thus believe they have combined "within the law." It is obvious that the law should forbid the purchase of physical assets as well as the capital stock of a competitor.

Like Unto One of the Plagues of Egypt

Summing up the whole question of government and business in relation to combinations and price control, it is evident that there is no problem more difficult and no subject so important to the welfare of our people and our country, for, as Lord Culpepper said in the House of Commons, in the Long Parliament in 1640:

> "These men, like the frogs of Egypt, have gotten possession of our dwellings, and we have scarce a room free from them. They sup in our cup, they dip in our dish, they sit by our fire; we find them in our dye-vat, wash-bowl, and powdering tub; they share with the butler in his box, they have marked and sealed us from head to foot. . . . they shelter themselves under the name of a Corporation; they make by-laws which serve their turns to squeeze us and fill their purses."

Old Duxbury

(*Concluded from page 25*)

Barnstable, Marshfield, Seeconck and Nausett.

According to the old records, the new settlers were a miscellaneous set, composed for the most part of "unruly servants" and dissipated young men, whose ill conduct caused old rulers like Bradford to question "whether after 20 years' time the greater part be not grown worser." These people increased in their "outward estate," and as they scattered in search of fertile land, Plymouth, "in which they lived compactly until now, was left very thin and in a short time almost desolate."

It was in this Plymouth colony that the representative system of government was definitely introduced. As the settlements increased, it became inconvenient for the freemen to attend the general courts in person. It was, therefore, agreed that Plymouth be allowed four delegates and each of the other towns two, and they, with the governor and his council of assistants, constituted the lawmaking body of the colony. To be entitled to hold office or vote at the court, the person had to be "a freeman"; and to acquire this character, he had to be specially chosen one of the company at one of the general courts. Thus in the beginnings of our government, suffrage was regarded as a privilege and not a right.

When Witchcraft Was a Capital Offense

Although the first of the colonies to establish a Separatist church, the Puritans of Plymouth did not make church-membership a condition of citizenship. Still, there is little doubt that this restriction prevailed at Plymouth, since up to 1643 only about 230 persons acquired the suffrage. In the general laws of Plymouth, published in 1671, it was provided as a condition of receiving the franchise that "the candidate should be of sober and peaceable conversation, orthodox in the fundamentals of religion."

The earliest New England code of statutes was that of Plymouth, adopted in 1636. It was digested under fifty titles, and recognized seven capital offenses, witchcraft being one.

Did Man Know the Dinosaur?

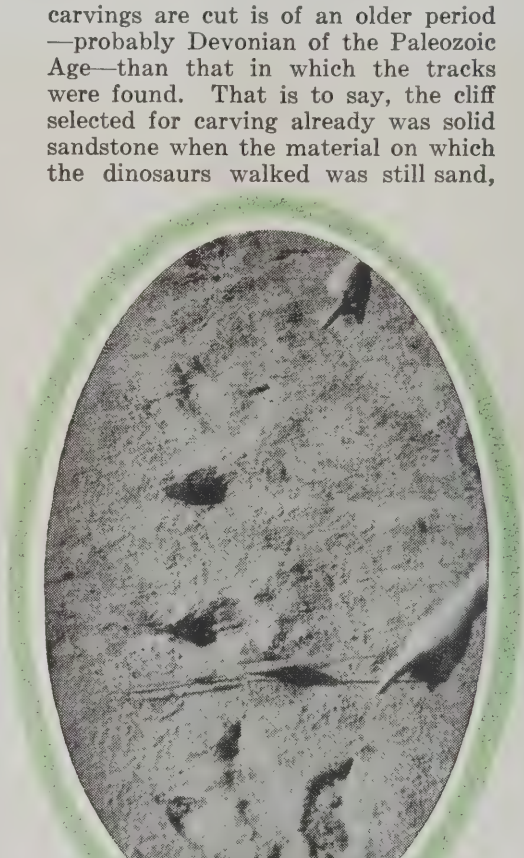
(*Continued from page 17*)

important of all, the drawing of the dinosaur in the position, reared up on its hind legs, in which man would be most likely to see and remember the huge lizard, the attitude it assumed when feeding from the lofty and luxuriant vegetation of its period. The fact that the prehistoric artist endeavored to portray the dinosaur using its tail as a balancing stick, just as do the larger lizards of today, indicates that the man was at least somewhat familiar with the more obvious habits and actions of the creature.

"That dinosaurs were in this vicinity was proved later by our discovery of tracks in considerable numbers, which were identified by Professor Gilmore as belonging to one of the carnivorous dinosaurs. We found these tracks some distance into the Painted Desert of Arizona, about 100 miles from the drawing of the dinosaur. Their exact location is about eight miles west of Tuba City. The plainly visible clawmarks led Dr. Gilmore to identify their maker as one of the flesh-eating dinosaurs, rather than the herbivorous type. The pink cliffs of the 'Jura' surrounding the level stone on which the tracks are imperishably engraved, and the stone itself, easily identified the formation as of the Triassic period of the Mesozoic Age. The footprints of the giant lizard were impressed in the sandy shore of what had once been a lake or sea, but the sand had long since turned to stone. There were three sets of tracks, made by individual dinosaurs of differing sizes, in a small area which had been uncovered out of three or four feet of sand by either a cloudburst or a miniature tornado. Clearing away of a large area of this Triassic stone still covered with sand probably would reveal still other tracks. Possibly there are eggs of the dinosaur to be found in this region as well; indeed, until our party went in, the area never had been explored by white men.

"The largest of these tracks were 16 inches long by 14 inches wide, and the stride was 52 inches from heel to heel. Between the tracks were two depressions, believed to have been made by the tail of the dinosaur when the big lizard raised itself on its hind feet. We made plaster casts of the tracks and photographs of them, while Dr. Gilmore took careful measurements of a dozen or more of them, and made sketches to illustrate their depth and position. To revert for a moment more to the drawing of the dinosaur, its dimensions are: Height, 11.2 inches; greatest width, 7 inches; length of leg, 3.8 inches; length of body, exclusive of tail, 3.9 inches; width of body, 3 inches; length of neck to top of curve, 3.5 inches; length of tail, approximately 9.1 inches; length of neck approximately 5.1 inches. The primitive artist was so anxious that this picture should be preserved long after he had passed away that he not only cut through the 'desert varnish,' but also engraved his lines about one-fourth of an inch deep in the sandstone itself. This depth enabled us to make a virtually perfect cast of the figure, usually a difficult result to obtain with Indian cuttings, because the makers do not carve their lines deep enough to receive the casting material.

"The sandstone in which these carvings are cut is of an older period —probably Devonian of the Paleozoic Age—than that in which the tracks were found. That is to say, the cliff selected for carving already was solid sandstone when the material on which the dinosaurs walked was still sand,



Petrified footprints found in sandstone of the Painted Desert by Doheny expedition, and identified by Dr. Chas. W. Gilmore of the United States National Museum as those of a carnivorous dinosaur.

waiting to be hardened and laid down as Triassic stone. Probably the river—or at least *a* river—washed the base of the cliff when the primitive artist drew his dinosaur with a sharp-pointed piece of flint. Today, the river is considerably more than 20 feet below that drawing, having carved its downward way that far in solid rock, in the time which intervened between the making of the drawing and the present day. If, however, as Dr. A. C. Lane, of Tufts College, has suggested recently, the Earth is approximately one and one-quarter billions of years old, the matter of man's antiquity running back ten or twelve million years to the time of the dinosaur ceases to be a tremendous stretch of time. logically, the day of the dinosaur yesterday, as man considers days.

"But, if this is a drawing dinosaur—and what else is it inter to represent?—either man goes in geologic time to the Triassic pe of the Jurassic Age, which is appr mately 12,000,000 years further than any scientist will now admit man existed on earth, or, the dino came down into the so-called 'ag mammals,' including man. Al side this picture are symbols clo resembling the Greek sign of M showing the shield with the spear projecting above it. In these, an these only, the deposit of iron begun to appear, indicating that are of the greatest antiquity.

"In any event, that drawing on wall of the cliff in lonely Hava S Cañon is eloquent, though du It says:

" 'The man who drew me made used *tools*. He had the *patience* chip an outline which he first had *intelligence* to draw on hard stone crude flint, and he had the *persance* to finish the job to which he set himself. He had an eye for *f* and a sense of *proportion*, no ma how crude we may consider th sults today. He had the *judgme* select a medium which has prese his work through uncounted— even unguessed—ages. He seen have had some sense of a debt t fellow men, for he here posted ar perishable *warning* to them that beware the dinosaur, because it dangerous to man. He must, have felt that *urge to create* s thing, which puts man into kin with God.'

"Standing before this dra the thought came to me that apeman, if there ever was su creature, is still lost in the whelming eons of time. It occu to me that the Neanderthal or the Java Man, may be no n to the First Man than we Amer are to the 'Dawn Man,' discove whose skull some years ago set scientists of two worlds by the It must be apparent to the th that the Power which rules this all other universes cares nothing fo individual, but everything for species. Is it not possible, nay, prob then, that in developing the animal, there have passed across earth myriad species of that an 'lower than the gods and higher the apes'?

"On the same wall with the graph of the dinosaur, about 15 from it, we found another drawin carving, evidently intended to r sent an elephant attacking a The animal is striking the man his trunk, and the man has both

praised, either in fear or in supplication, possibly both. The wavy line which cuts off the man's feet apparently is intended to represent water, into which it would seem the man has retreated up to his knees. The elephant has no tusks, indicating a female. The remains of elephants are not uncommon in many parts of North America, three varieties being represented—the mammoth, the mastodon and the imperial elephant, the latter the *elephas imperator* of California. A complete skeleton of the imperial elephant, from area deposits near Los Angeles, is now in the museum of that city. It stands fourteen feet high at the shoulder, as compared with the nine or ten feet of the largest African elephants of today.

"There is no means by which we can tell whether the elephant was drawn before or after the dinosaur carving, but the former picture may be taken in support of the opinion expressed by Dr. Frederick A. Lucas, director of the American Museum of Natural History, that while he believes that man and the elephant were contemporaneous in America, yet there is no record so far found to prove this belief. The pictograph on the wall of Hava Supai Canon presents that proof.

The mysterious footprints in the red sandstone of the Grand Canon of the Colorado, which have not yet been identified. Nothing like them is known to archeologists.

"The elephant figure is approximately 7.5 inches high and 0.3 inches long, exclusive of the trunk. The figure of the man, from the waterline at the knees to the top of the head, is 7 inches in height. It appears to have been the intention of the prehistoric artist to draw something in that hand of the man which is extended away from the elephant. The first rude outline scratches of the flint for this detail of the picture can be seen, but there is nothing to indicate what the object was which the early stone-etcher planned to draw. Possibly it would have been a spear, possibly a stone hammer, maybap merely a large stone; the failure of the man to complete the drawing, after showing his intention of so doing, raises the interesting but unanswerable question: 'Why did he quit?' and 'What became of him?'

"But our discoveries did not end with the dinosaur and the elephant. In three different places in the Hava Supai Cañon we found pictographs of the ibex, a long-horned antelope which still exists in Asia, but of which no trace, either in bones, fossils or pictographs, has ever been found in the New World. One group, showing a male and two females, was directly under the elephant picture, but close to the ground. These showed the effects of weathering, indicating their great antiquity, and in some parts were quite indistinct, though the outlines could be followed with ease.

"About a mile up Lee Cañon from its junction with Hava Supai Cañon, however, we came on a large smooth panel of red sandstone, well sheltered from the elements. There was no black surface on this stone, so the figures were carved about one-fourth of an inch deep, showing a very high type of workmanship, much better than either the elephant or the dinosaur, and quite evidently of a later period. In order that there might be no mistaking the animal which the primitive carver wished to portray, he also carved two deer and three or four mountain sheep into the picture with the seven ibex. The picture shows several hunters driving the animals into a trap or through a pass in the mountains; it is difficult to say which. Roy Chapman Andrews, head of the expedition to Asia which found the dinosaur eggs, and who has hunted ibex in Asia, unhesitatingly pronounced these figures to be those of ibex. He identified them most strongly by the knobs on the front surface of the horns, a characteristic possessed only by the ibex among all horned animals. In a cave near Alpera, Spain, there is a drawing showing men hunting ibex with bows and arrows, but the pictographs I have described above form the first appearance of this animal in America.

"In the main grand cañon of the Colorado, we found a fortress or stronghold of prehistoric man, built of large blocks of stone, on top of a small but isolated mesa. Near it, we found tracks in the red sandstone which have not yet been identified. The present Indians know nothing about the fortress or its builders, and still less about the mysterious oval tracks deep-bedded in the sandstone. There are miles upon miles of this Grand Canon country which no white man has ever seen, and the Doheny expedition found enough in its brief visit to convince every man on it that here lies a veritable mine of archeological treasures. There are enough unexplored pictographs, burial places and other similar remains in the Hava Supai Cañon alone to keep a large party of scientists busy for several seasons."

Are We Living Off Our Children?

(*Concluded from page 2*)

ments are chiefly to blame for this piling up of indebtedness, and in the mismanagement of credit. Borrowing money through the issuance of bonds is too easy. It is becoming a habit with our city, county and state authorities. And the result is something like this:

In 1912 the per capita indebtedness of the United States was $49.97. Today the per capita indebtedness stands at $283.70.

Including interest, the Illinois roads provided for by a recent bond issue of $100,000,000 will probably cost, before the issue is retired, in excess of $300,000,000.

There is nothing of news in the remark that the financial standing of European nations is not healthy. Here is one reason, found in an analysis of the figures presented by the New York Trust Company: Of the $788,-005,000 financed in this country by foreign governments during 1924, over $210,000,000 was for the purpose of refunding old debts. The total of all classes of financing in the United States last year was $6,327,086,000—of which almost one billion dollars, or nearly one-sixth, was for refunding. Unless we reverse our tactics, that one-sixth will grow to a much more formidable fraction by 1935, 40 or 50, when many of the road, school, bonus, and "improvement" bond issues mature.

We have developed a terrific credit inflation—and somebody must pay the fiddler. In business the man who misuses credit fails. In government, unfortunately, the politician who misuses credit "points with pride" to his supposedly economical administration. When we see 16.5 cents out of every farmer's dollar going for taxes (as against 8.7% in 1910) we wonder how long we can stand the strain—how long it will be before something cracks. We are not paying as we go, and unless we get back to that fundamental principle soon, we will leave posterity a fine crop of promissory notes as heritage. Just now we are living pretty much off the kids.

The High Cost of Selling—and Buying

(*Concluded from page 3*)

ful in some particulars, but those who talk most about waste never mention the ways in which we waste the most. Our manufacturing and selling systems are our weak points. When it costs but a fraction of the retail price to make an article it might seem as if our manufacturing methods were very efficient, but this is not so. It merely shows how much worse are our selling methods. Able manufacturers know how much room there is for improvement in the efficiency of manufacturing methods. They are appalled at the lack of imagination that they see all around them. This is because men are managing industries who cannot go out into the works and perform the simplest mechanical operation. These managers are not mechanics. They are business men who are managing something about which they know nothing. The cost of manufacturing will be still further reduced when we have the right kind of men at the head of industry.

But what about the cost of selling? Must it remain high forever? There is some excuse for high prices in connection with new things that are passing through the experimental stage, but what about standard articles that have been before the world for a long time?

It would seem as if the cost of selling such things should come down. But what about watches? Watches are not a novelty, yet Mr. Tripp informs us that it costs six and one-half times as much to sell as it does to make them. What about fruit, vegetables and milk that cost five times as much to sell as they do to produce?

Let us first consider cheap watches. Are dealers making exorbitant profits? It is very unlikely. Cheap watches are now mostly carried as side lines in cigar stores, drug stores and similar places that are located where the tides of travel rise high. This means areas where ground rents and building rents are high. In large cities it is astounding to learn what tremendous rents are charged for small stores. Before the proprietor of such a store can have a cent for himself he must pay for his stock, pay his employes, and pay his rent. When you buy a cheap watch in New York it is more than likely that you are also contributing to a fund to enable Mr. Astor to buy more real estate from which to collect more rentals. The cost of selling cheap watches and everything else is in part made up of the cost of maintaining gentlemen who own land upon which others do business.

Milk, vegetables, and fruit not only pay tribute to the landlord but they are further handicapped by a system of distribution that is wasteful in the extreme. The only good thing that can be said of this system is that it works. Nobody who can pay six prices for what he wants need suffer. It is true that the farmers who produce these things show few signs of affluence. They complain that they are doing business at a loss. But their products, after passing the hands of a long line of middlemen, do eventually reach consumers, and to this important extent, the system works.

Human beings have to learn to creep before they can walk, and our present methods of distributing things are obviously the most efficient methods that we have thus far been able to work out. But efficiency is a word of which we never heard until day before yesterday and, before we are through, we shall do much with it. We shall learn that the shortest line between the producer of farm products and everything else and those who consume them is the line upon which goods should travel. When farming is organized and systematized, as it soon will be, farmers will deliver their own products to consumers and collect what the consumers pay. There will be no lost motion between the points of production and consumption. We are already equipped to make the change. We have the roads and the motor trucks that are needed for transportation. All we need is the organizing ability. Nor need there be anything in the nature of hit or miss about it. The city market can be studied to see what and how much it wants. Definite orders can be obtained. Having gathered this information, a group of farmers can set about it to produce those things for which there is a demand and one farmer can deliver w a dozen other farmers raise.

It costs a lot to live now bec*so large a percentage of the popula is engaged in doing things that nothing to the worth of merchandise do add enormously to its retail p* After a thing is made, nobody ca anything to add to its worth. most that anybody can do is to p in the hands of the consumer. Th largely a matter of transportat Transportation is a necessary ser and should be paid for but it does cost much. It is the creation of mar for new things and the strugg among competitors to determine shall get the profits that cost.

About the best the world has been able to do is to learn one le at a time and flunk the others. have at least learned a great deal a production. Much as we still hav learn upon this subject, we now k how to produce more of everyt than we want. And that is somet that could not have been said, eve late as George Washington's time.

We shall soon learn how to things—not for seven times wha costs to make them but for a s fraction of their manufacturing Some manufacturers are doing already. What they are doing e manufacturer will eventually Middlemen are often an added exp without being an added service.

And no person whose labor to the worth of an article shoul permitted to add anything to retail price.

John Burroughs as I Knew Hi

(*Concluded from page 5*)

being subjected to talk which roiled him, or which, if thought-provoking, interfered with digestion. "And then," a bit defiantly, "I go to the table to eat—to masticate—and you can't do that and chatter." However, during the last decade of his life he was weaned from his silence at meals to a considerable extent, and came really to enjoy a cheery atmosphere at table, to which he contributed not a little.

Much as he loved the wild flowers, he had little liking for cultivated flowers, except a few old-fashioned ones. In one of his early letters to me (apropos of the value of the natural over the artificial), he wrote: "I care nothing for garden flowers, or those you can get at the florist's, but when a schoolgirl offers me a bit of arbutus, she touches my heart . . . I had rather have one pint of wild strawberries than a gallon of tame ones." The roses and carnations of the florist's, like sophisticated beauties of the drawing-room, made little appeal to him; and he would look unmoved upon chrysanthemums that would seem to chall the admiration of anyone suscep to form and color. When rallie his coldness, he replied, "How arti they look! They lack the modes Nature." For the papery hydrange had only contempt, while for the cri rambler he felt a positive aversi "soulless, scentless, flaunting thing

It is difficult to single out a his many favorite flowers thos best loved, but perhaps they were blossoms, arbutus, hepaticas, lilies, the various cypripediums, the glowing, regal bee-balm w haunts the mountain streams o boyhood. Among trees, he had sp fondness for the maple, the b "the girlish birch," and the ash t this last for the subtle gradatio color in its autumn foliage.

In literature, as in life, he was attracted by the qualities of simpli genuineness, clarity, and feeling. book, to attract me," he said, "i teach me to know something bett to love something more. The books do both."

Within the Walled City of Manila

Architectural Dreams Full of Romance

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

One beautiful corner of the Walled City.

THERE are three Manilas in our island possessions, the Philippines.

There is that Manila within the Walled City; there is that American section outside of the Walled City; and there is the section where the Filipinos live. These three cities are as different as they can be; and all fascinating.

There are three great groups of people who live in Manila: the Americans, the Spanish, and the native Filipinos; and all three have a history, customs, and habits, all their very own.

The American population is made up of the army and its followers; civil employes in the government and schools, and American business men with their families who have gone to the Philippines to make a fortune or a living—as the case may be.

The Spanish group consists mostly of the descendants of the Spanish régime who have grown up in Manila, and to whom it is home; who live their own lives, in their own way, in a sort of a regal excellence due to money accumulated in the olden days when exploitation of the people was easier than it is now. The Spanish group lives in a bygone romance of luxury and with an atmosphere of monarchial splendor such as we seldom see in these days, even in European courts.

The native Filipinos, mostly Tagalogs, who live in Manila live in their own section of the city, in thatched houses, raised up on platforms above the reach of snakes and water, in almost as primitive fashion as the natives live back in the interior of the Philippines. This section of Manila is the most fascinating part of the city and this group the most interesting.

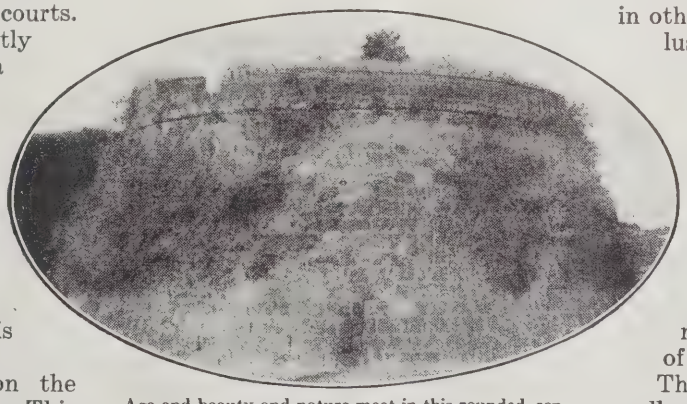
One ought also to mention the great Chinese group in Manila. This group lives in a section by itself within the Walled City, and among these Chinese merchants are some of the shrewdest and richest citizens of the city.

Natural-born traders, these Chinese have come over to Manila from Hongkong, and Canton, and they have established themselves so securely that they are a respected and a permanent part of the life of the city. Dr. Sun Yat Sen raised more than a million dollars among these Manila Chinese to overthrow the Manchus and he has always been liberally supported by them. During the World War these Chinese were most generous in their support of our great American drives.

That portion of Manila which lies outside of the walls of the city is the more modern of the two sections. The Americans and Europeans have their beautiful homes outside of the walls. The beautiful Luneta is also outside of the walls of the city. This is a great public square facing Manila Bay, where, each evening the Constabulary Band plays. Here gather men of every race and color on earth each evening to hear the band and watch the indescribable sunsets down behind the mountains of Cavité, and to while away a leisure hour at the twilight time. This is one of the great public institutions of the city: this twilight hour on the Luneta, and the band concert.

Intramuros they call it, and so are marked cars, that come and go through the walls of this interesting city. Step inside of those walls, or ride through them in an automobile, a street car or a carretela, and you have suddenly been transferred from a modern world into an ancient civilization.

The walls are useless any more.



Age and beauty and nature meet in this rounded contour of the Walled City of Manila.

But thanks to the good sense of the Americans they remain, the most fascinating and romantic thing about the islands. It would be like tearing down a monument to tear down those ancient walls. With the single exception of the Chinese Wall, which I have visited, the walls that surround the city of Manila are the oldest in the Orient and the most interesting.

I walked around these walls on the outside a dozen times during my two months in Manila and I never tired of the constantly changing panorama of church steeple, dome, tower, and minaret. Its white interior buildings, its barred convent windows, its Spanish architecture, its secret suggestion of bygone days, as seen from outside the walls, fascinate one. The picture never grows old. I have watched a dozen sunsets over that Walled City. I have watched the great church domes of golden splendor fired with the rays of the setting sun. I have looked over the tops of these wonderful walls at dawn and have watched the morning sun gild dome and tower until it looked like the Eternal City or the Celestial City of the vision of John of Patmos. One never has caught all of the splendor of the Walled City of Manila until he has watched several sunsets behind its walls and until he has risen early in the tropical dawn and watched the day arise behind those walls.

One is conscious of the fact, as he looks upon these walls, that they have borne the brunt of the attack of hundreds of pirate European and American invasions from the beginning of the Spanish régime and that over these walls climbed the American soldiers when Dewey captured Manila. The streets of this Intramuros have rung with shot and shell. Blood has run in rivers down these cobblestones in other years. Intrigue, plot, murder, lust of priest and people, has centered within this one square mile of walled romance.

The entire city of Manila consists of twelve to fifteen square miles but that portion within the walls is only one square mile in extent; yet within this single square mile of walled city there are more historical and architectural monuments than in all the rest of the United States put together.

The entrances through this ancient wall are in themselves beautiful architectural dreams, and regnant with historical romance. A study of the walls from the outside is not complete until one has looked upon the contour and beauty of every single entrance.

One of the most beautiful is the old Parian Gate, with its strange buttresses. Another is what is called Puerta Real, small and just behind the

great Manila Cathedral, with its ancient dome showing above the walls at this point. Isabella II is another beautiful arched entrance.

There is a continual stretch of almost three miles of walls surrounding this square mile of city. The first wall was built of logs back in 1570 and as early after that as 1574 the first attack came under the Spanish régime. It was made by Limahon, a Chinese pirate with 2,000 soldiers and a Japanese General in command. The Spanish drove off these pirates.

In 1590 Governor Dasmarinas came out from Spain with authority to build a permanent wall to protect Manila. This construction began at Fort Santiago, and this first section of wall still stands after more than 300 years of varied history.

The walls were well tested in 1603 when a Chinese rebellion took place which lasted six months, and when it was over, 24,000 Chinese were killed—utterly wiped off the face of the earth, as was the Spanish fashion in those days.

Juan de Silva began work on the walls again in 1609, and, in 1620, his work was taken up by Nino de Tabora, and followed up by Diego de Fajardo in 1644.

When France and Spain united to conquer Great Britain, that nation sent a fleet to capture Manila and, in September of 1762, thirteen British ships commanded by Admiral Cornish entered Manila Bay. The Spanish to the number of about one thousand trained men were driven into the Walled City and were besieged by about 2,500 British who at once began to pour 24-pound shot into those beautiful walls. The British shells made a breach in the walls and the Spanish surrendered on October twenty-fourth. This surrender was followed by a week of debauchery and licentiousness; stealing, rapacity, and murder such as makes Great Britain blush with shame to acknowledge. In the famous Treaty of Paris the islands were again given back to Spain.

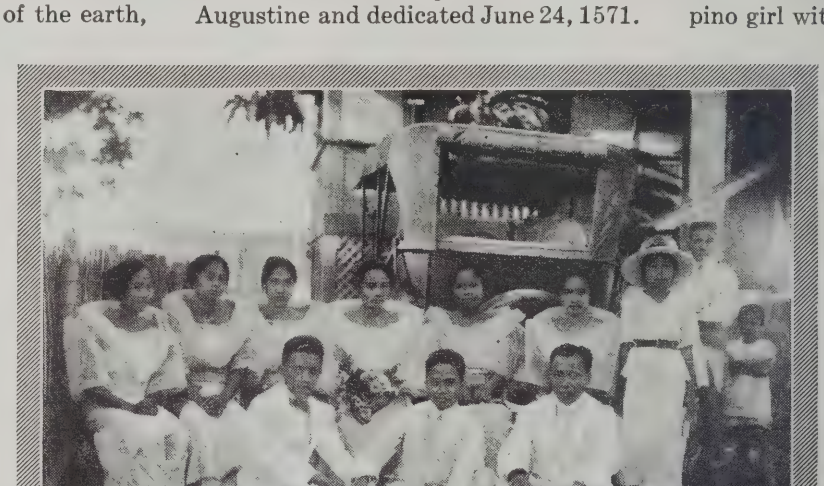
There were originally seven gates, and five of them still remain. Up to 1852 the gates were religiously closed promptly from eleven o'clock at night until four in the morning and Spanish watchmen guarded the city pacing these walls.

The heart and soul of Intramuros is Fort Santiago.

It is the oldest section of the wall, and around it centers all the history of the city. Three flags have floated from its staff. The Spanish flag floated unmolested for 348 years. Then for a brief period the British flag fluttered in the tropical winds from Manila Bay. Then came the Stars and Stripes which still flies over those ancient walls, that historic fort, and that medieval city within the walls.

Within this old fort, General Merritt met the Spanish governor-general and arranged for the American occupation on August 13, 1898. In proud contrast to the British occupation in 1772, the American occupation came about quietly, in decency and order, with no bloodshed, no robbery or burning of buildings or tearing down of churches.

One of the characteristics of the Intramuros is her cathedrals and churches, of which there are more than two hundred. When we talk about the United States being overchurched in her smaller communities we are right, but here is a city that has two hundred in a single square mile. They are all old and beautiful, the oldest being at the corner of Calles Palacio and Real and it was erected by the order of St. Augustine and dedicated June 24, 1571.



Filipino girls and young men of Manila.

Of the three most historic and beautiful churches within these walls the Cathedral is the largest and most impressive. It is Byzantine in style, has been destroyed four times by fire and earthquake, has nine entrances, three beautiful chapels of a larger size and many smaller ones, and it took seven years to build it.

The second church of interest in the three is the Jesuit Church on calle Arxobispo. Its beauty of architecture, decoration and art is unsurpassed even in European cathedrals.

The third of this trio is the old Santo Domingo monster cathedral with its towers, buttresses and domes, stately and majestic. Its great dome is visible over the walls of the city for miles. It is the only Gothic interior in the city.

One Easter morning I visited this great church and more than five thousand candles were burning about the altars, the American priest told me, while three thousand persons knelt in worship. The incense filled the high Gothic interior with mist and perfume and the chanting of the choir boy shall never forget. The great beautiful organ rolled its melody through the open windows and could hear it long after I had left cathedral and had gone outside of city walls.

Side by side with these hist associations which have seen the mance of four occupations; side side with these aging cathedrals, vents, and monasteries; side by with these white-robed priests Spanish señoritas walk alert Ameri business men up and down the m business street which is called Escolta.

Side by side with the Filip carretelo, a little two-wheeled pulled by a small horse, swiftly American-made automobiles. Side side with American horses one see great lumbering carraboa. Side by with a beautiful American girl walk a beautiful brown-skinned pino girl with her great bulging slee

Side by side with Orient walks the C dent for "East is E and West is West never the twain s meet" does not a to these streets wi the Walled City Manila. The w world meets here: S beria, India, J Spain, China, Ja America.

I have traveled world over, searc out the unusual, the untrod trails; s ing to find those co and crevices of the that white men never looked into; I am here to say there is no spot on face of the earth that is so fu beauty, history, architectural gran brooding romance, in such a compass of space as will be found in this single square mile tha surrounded by these ancient and pressive walls of Manila.

This year tourist traffic to Eu is so heavy that the booking panies are swamped with private group tours. I know of one orga tion that has had twenty-five m work for six months mapping private tours of Europe for Ameri It looks as if all America will Europe this summer. Many of Americans have been in Euro dozen times and yet that rom spot, our own possession and our responsibility, out yonder in the P pines is unvisited. Here is a forg and a little-known city-beautiful, has more cathedrals, and more b and wonder than the average t will see in all Europe—and it within the walls of a single city- that *our own*.

Trees showing over walls of Manila.

Upper left—Puerta del Paran entrance.

Center—Pasig River scene in the heart of old Manila

Left—An ancient prison gate in the walls of the city.

Right—On top of the walls of Manila.

Typical thatch roof home in Filipino section of Manila.

Dome and tree beautify the old Manila walls.

EVENTUALLY the people rule. It is always safe to return to that point as a basis. They are ruling now, inasmuch as they permit the kind of rule which exists now. When this kind of rule ceases to be to their taste, they will substitute another. The people are not politicians, they are not even political economists; they are pragmatists—that is, they believe that if a thing works well it cannot be very far wrong. The whole situation which faces the rulers of the world today—the parties, the politicians, the princes—may be stated in four words: *It does not work.* The complaint of the people is never against form or method, but always against failure to function.

DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

JUN 26 1925

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

IN THE GUADALUPE REGION OF NEW MEXICO—CANON, FOREST AND STREAM.

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

Mendelssohn held the bagpipes in high esteem and introduced in his overture to "The Hebrides" an imitation of the strains of the pipes.

The parent of the navel orange tree stands at the head of scenic Magnolia avenue, Riverside, California. It is protected by an iron grill; in summer awnings protect it from the full glare of the sun; in winter a smudge pot stands beside it to guard against chill.

Fully 90 per cent of the non-game birds taken in New York State were killed by unnaturalized, foreign-born persons.

Spohr in 1820 was the first to use a baton as a conducting stick in England at a philharmonic concert, before which time the violinist usually marked time with his bow or foot.

An aerial railway outside Chamonix makes it possible for the lazy mountain climber to ascend a considerable distance up the sides of Mont Blanc range. When finished the final landing will be only 3,200 feet below the actual summit of Mont Blanc itself.

Less than half a pound of radium has been produced in the world since Madam Curie discovered this precious element in 1898.

There are 3,141 islands and islets in the Philippine Archipelego, of which only 1,668 are named and only 342 are inhabited.

The turnip occupied an important place in Roman agriculture, one writer stating that some of them weighed forty pounds.

Eric the Red called the land he discovered Greenland because men would be more easily persuaded thither if the land had a good name.

The country of Nepal, being barred to Europeans, is one of the least known of any part of Asia.

More than 250,000 farmers in the United States now own radio sets.

The ancient Babylonians counted in terms of sixties. As the earliest astrologers were accustomed to this reckoning, the 60 figure was naturally adopted in the earliest methods of timekeeping. The "minute" stood for something very small or minute. When the minute was split up it was the second split, hence our "seconds."

The water in Frenchman's Bay, on Desert Island, off the coast of Maine, at midday of the day when one of the marine annelid worm breeds, becomes blood-red due to the untold numbers of red eggs cast into the bottom waters by the worm.

The citizens of Washington, D. C., cannot vote because they are not citizens of any state and the District of Columbia is governed directly by the Federal Government, there being no elective offices.

There are 28,500 habitable rural dwellings now vacant in Missouri.

The wild dog, sleeping in the open, had first to beat down the thick grasses to make his bed. He did this by turning round again and again, his weight pressing down a nest for himself as he does today through instinct, inherited through the ages.

A sunken Roman city in the Mediterranean will be pictured by means of a newly invented undersea camera.

Flowers will retain their original bloom much longer if subjected to the rhythmic strains of music, says an experimenter of Milwaukee.

Sea water contains 32 of the 92 known elements.

Thirty-eight persons out of every hundred in the United States now earn a salary or wages.

Ancient Roman statues are incorporated as common building stones beneath the old Turkish citadel walls of Angora.

The average cost per man paid the British Government for transporting American soldiers to Europe was $83.

Bruges, Belgium, known as the Venice of the North, derives its name from the many bridges over its canals.

Ultra-violet rays were used secretly during the war for invisible signaling at night.

A butcher convicted of selling bad meat, in the olden days of Britain, stood in the pillory while the meat was burned to windward of him.

Seeds under the influence of moonlight germinate more rapidly than those in the dark.

In olden days, France decreed that "a funnel shall be placed in the mouth of any one convicted of selling watered milk, and that the said milk shall be poured down said funnel, until such time as a doctor shall declare the culprit incapable of swallowing any more without danger of death."

Scientific settlement of Australia is provided by a plan which it is believed will place, within the ensuing ten years, 450,000 assisted migrants from the United Kingdom.

A school for American grand opera will be opened on the banks of the Hudson about thirty miles above New York City.

A sleek black crow steals the balls of golfers playing near the fourteenth hole on the St. Oermain golf course, near Paris. The bird waits for a long drive and then gathers in the ball and departs.

June 13, 1925
* * *
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* * *
Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week takes up the question of e "old-fashioned" virtues as set forth in copy-book axims. Some of these old maxims seem to have been rgotten. (p. 11)

Few visitors to Paris, especially book-lovers, have iled to remark the open-air stalls along the banks of e Seine, whereon are displayed all sorts of rare and rious wares, but more especially books. There are iles of these book-stalls, and their proprietors are men ch as Dumas or Victor Hugo would have liked to pict. A resident in Paris tells us all about them. (p.2)

Political questions to be of interest or value must ve expert treatment. The Wadsworth-Garrett Amendent is something that is vital in its relation to the onstitution of this untry. Iredell Meares s made an especial study this matter and in terse nguage sums it up. (p. 3)

The newspapers pubh so many conflicting ories about Soviet Rusa that it is worth while ving a survey of the uation there from such able writer as Stanley igh. This eminent auority on Russia and the ast gives us a "close-up" the Russia of today. It impartially written, and formative. (p. 4)

So far as we know, ere has not yet been a rike of college presients; but if hard work to be taken as an excuse r "downing tools" colge presidents should ve been in the liable-torike class long ago. (p. 6)

Harrow is one of the ost famous of the great nglish public schools. It was on the benches of its schoolroom that such men as the poet Byron carved their names as a preliminary to carving a name for themselves in the great world beyond. (p. 12)

Today almost everyone is interested in radio broadcasting. It is well to keep posted on all developments in this direction. This article affords an insight into things not generally known in the radio world. (p. 13)

One of the most romantic of the world's romantic rascals was undoubtedly William Parsons, the son of an English gentleman, who was the pet of a powerful duchess and the despair of his parents. (p. 16)

Thomas Carlyle has been called "The Sage of Chelsea," but he was much more than this; he was one of the world's greatest philosophers and writers of history. In the world of letters he made a world of his own, and his memory today is as much honored in Berlin as it is in Ecclefechan. (p. 18)

We have been so much accustomed to regarding the spider as a nasty, disagreeable pest that it is somewhat startling to find a champion who regards it as a benefactor to mankind. (p. 20)

Where the next national park will be is the theme of an article by Max Bentley. (p. 22)

There is no book ever printed that is so well known as the Bible. Bibles were printed in America at an early period. (p. 28)

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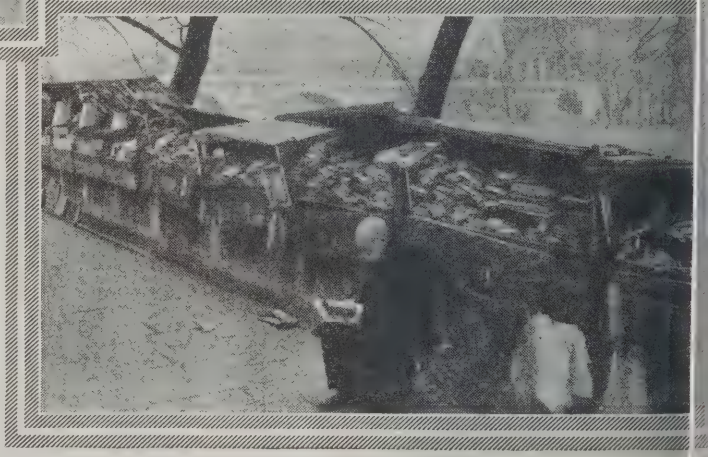
Little Trades of Paris Street

An Out-of-Door Library That Stretches for Miles Along the River Seine

By ANDREE PRATOUCY

TO the majority of Parisians the "quays" do not mean the "*bric-a-brac*, nor the *matelassiere*," nor the dog-clipper; they mean the out-of-door library which, stretching along four miles of parapet, exhibits the queerest displays of books watched over by the queerest librarians. Imagine thousands of steel and wood boxes with half-open covers, and tightly fixed on the stone walls in such a way that their contents may be seen, handled and read with the maximum of facility. You may stand there for hours, going from one box to the other, perusing through remote Hindu philosophers, through all yesterday's and today's literature, and no one will bother you with the usual "What shall I sell you?" You may find treasures in the ten-sous' box, in the "original editions" section, in the moistured, nibbled, leathered books bearing the date of their birth—the "*an de grace*" 1360, 1485, et cetera, under some faded seal. Right opposite the water, the old Louvre seems to protect them from modern plunderers. A special atmosphere softens people and things.



Above—Old booksellers on the Quai de Conti (the right part) Institut de France, Paris. Right—An old-books dealer on the Voltaire Quay, Paris.

And close by, in an old house of the Quai Malaquais, a wide-awake child once reared amid his father's books and permeated with this atmosphere—Anatole France—was later on to pay tribute to his former educators, the quays of the Seine. "I know of no pleasure more peaceful than that of looking for books on the quays. From the dust that covers the content of those humble boxes, you may evoke a thousand terrible or charming ghosts. You converse with the multitude of the dead you meet there. The Elysian Fields, so praised by the Ancients, offered nothing to the wise after death that the Parisian does not find on the quays in this life. If I have ever tasted the sweetness of having been born in the city of generous thoughts, it has been while sauntering from the Palais Bourbon to Notre Dame. All the way you hear the very stones telling of the most beautiful of human adventures—the history of ancient and modern France. It is there that I most keenly feel the labors of generations, the progress of ages, the continuity of a people, the sacredness of the deeds done by our forefathers to whom we owe our liberty and our studious leisure."

The Seine ripples on its waters the reflection of its belt of trees. Twilight. Sunset is but a purple glow behind Notre Dame but the fourteen bridges gradually put on the jewels of their soft green and red lights. A flute modeling a four-notes pastoral and then, from the medieval Rue Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre emerges a flock of goats which seems to be the vanguard of Israel's cattle making for the Red Sea. But the flock stops with the flutist. Women and children—some still out of breath from hurrying down six flights of stairs—gather around with jugs and cups. And amid the rumbling buses, this sets a Virgilian scene; the shepherd milks the goats with as much ease as if he were in a Highland glen, and children drink with delight the overflowing milk foam. Then onward trots the flock, with the warbling flute for band.

The tripe-seller with his horn, the "*remouleur*" (knife-grinder) with his chime, the "*rempailleur*" (chair-mender) with his fife, the chinaware-mender with his clarion are but a part of itinerant morning orchestra w makes it a point to wake up P with music. They seem to spring from the pavement all at once, the street is their own shop where t sell, buy, repair, without minding traffic. Soon a tenor joins them—"*vitrier*" who carries on his back size-cut pieces of glass so that he fix "*a la minute*" any window accidents. Then comes a barit the barrels' buyer with his "*Tonnea Tonneau-o!*" worthy of the op and also the bass—the "*chands' habits*" (clothes' buyer), whose pu of voice could make one believe h just out from a class at the servatory instead of his being bo for the flea-market. But the sta without contest, to be found among "*peaux d'lapins*" (buyers of ra skins). For his song is most o not only a mere mercantile cry also a whole melody going down up the scale with a fantasy which an artist can afford:

Peaux de lievres, peaux de lapin!
Allons Mesdames!
Mesdemoiselles!
Fouillez vos caves,
Fouillez vos greniers,
Voila le peaux d'lapins Bordelais!

(Hares' skins, rabbits' skins!
Well, ladies
and Young Ladies!
Search through the cellar,
Search through the garret,
Here comes the "Bordelais"* rabbi
skins buyer.)

Is it only his skill or the Pa si taste for "civet"—rabbit meat co k with a red wine sauce—which ak the "*peau d'lapins*" so popular A any rate his trade is prosperou a keeps pace with the general fan y felt hats and fur coats. (*Concluded on*

*Bordelais—from Bordeaux.

Shall People or Politicians Rule?

Wadsworth-Garrett Amendment Attempt to Open the Door to Popular Expression

By IREDELL MEARES

THE joint resolution, which would have submitted to the states for ratification what has become known as the Wadsworth-Garrett Amendment to Article V of the Federal Constitution, was lost in the legislative jam at the closing hours of the Sixty-eighth Congress. The article in question declares that amendments "shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of this Constitution when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification shall be proposed."

The Constitution was first adopted by the several states through the action of conventions in each state, the delegates to which were elected by the people on the Constitution issue. But the nineteen amendments, subsequently adopted, were submitted by Congress to the legislatures of the several states and ratified, without a reference to the people, by three-fourths of the states acting through their legislatures.

It has been pointed out in previous articles in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT that 2,316 members of the legislatures of certain states, which would constitute three-fourths of the legislative membership of the states, could amend the Constitution, as the law now exists, without regard to popular sentiment in their respective states. State legislatures were cited as having done that very thing.

The members of Congress in both House (435) and Senate (96) make a total of 531. Suppose Congress acting unanimously submitted to the states any proposed amendment. The aggregate number of members of all the legislatures of all the states is 7,290. Suppose each of the legislatures of the states, acting separately, unanimously ratified an amendment submitted by Congress. Then, we have the situation that 531 members of the Congress, which submitted it, and 7,290 members of the legislatures, which ratified it, constituting in all 7,821 citizens, can change the Constitution of the United States, without reference to the sentiment or the will of the majority of the 110,000,000 inhabitants and citizens who comprise the nation.

Congress in submitting amendments has uniformly, by a majority vote of its members, declined to adopt the mode of submitting them to the conventions of the people of the several states. One purpose may have been to save the delay and expense of each state having to call a convention. Another purpose may have been to gratify the proponents of amendments who consider it easier to convince legislatures to ratify than to convince the people. A convention would represent the action of the people in that the delegates chosen to attend the convention would be elected upon the question of the proposed amendment.

> Why should "Child Labor" reformers distrust fathers and mothers?
>
> Why do they prefer to do business with politicians rather than with the people?
>
> Why are they fighting now to prevent the people having a word to say about changing the Constitution?
>
> You will see why the professional labor leaders and reformers prefer to appeal to 7,821 state and national legislators, rather than to the 110,000,000 who form the nation.

It appears from official sources that, from the adoption of the Constitution to 1889, there were introduced in Congress 1,736 proposals and since 1889 to the present Congress 1,252 proposals to amend the Constitution, or from its adoption to the close of this Congress as many as 2,988 proposals to amend have been made. Only a few of these were ever acted on by Congress or reached the point of submission to the states.

Senator Wadsworth, of New York, introduced in the Senate, and Representative Garrett, of Tennessee, introduced in the House, at both the Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Congresses, resolutions to submit to the states an amendment to Article V, known as the amending clause of that instrument. This proposed amendment has been discussed in both Senate and House and, if a vote could have been reached, it would have been submitted in all probability to the states for ratification. The Judiciary Committee of both houses made favorable reports, after hearings, but the Senate Judiciary Committee so amended it as to provide for a mandatory referendum in each state instead of a permissive referendum. However, Congress adjourned without acting on the proposed amendment and the matter will probably come up at the next session.

The Wadsworth-Garrett amendment would make four changes in the fifth article of the Constitution. These changes are:

First. It would provide "that the members of at least one House in each of the legislatures which may ratify shall be elected after such amendments have been proposed" by Congress. It would not prohibit its ratification by the legislature of a state, nor make compulsory a referendum, but it would make mandatory that one House of the ratifying legislature must have been elected subsequent to the submission by Congress of the amendment to be acted upon. This would give an opportunity for the people to select the members of at least one house of the legislature with a view to their voting on a Constitutional Amendment. It offers a means for popular expression, though indirect, and would forestall hasty consideration and final action by legislatures whose members were elected prior to the submission of the issue and without popular discussion of it.

This provision, as will be seen by the second, would not prevent a referendum of the people, where it is required or demanded by the laws of any given state.

Second. The second change would provide "that any state may require that ratification by its legislature be subject to confirmation by popular vote." The Ohio constitution has a provision that "the people also reserve to themselves the legislative power of the referendum on the action of the general assembly ratifying any proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States"; and the constitutions of Tennessee and Florida both require that no legislature can act upon an amendment to the Constitution of the United States except one elected subsequent to the submission of that amendment, thus affording the people of those states an opportunity to choose representatives with reference to their stand on the issue involved. But—and here's the rub!—the states cannot make valid such provisions, as the law now stands, for the Supreme Court of the United States has held that the function of a legislature in passing upon a proposed amendment submitted to it by Congress is a Federal function and, when submitted to it, the legislature is not controlled by either state constitution or statutes. So state laws of referendum or restriction as to Federal amendments are (Concluded on page 15)

Soviet Russia Seen at Close Range

American Globe-Trotter Analyzes the Changes From Czarism to Communism

By STANLEY HIGH

Stanley High, who contributes this article on Moscow under the Soviets, has recently returned from Russia, where he has come directly in contact with the Soviet leaders and become familiar with their policies. He has been an extensive traveler in Russia and Asia, and can speak with authority of their people and their objects. Though not yet thirty, Mr. High has in the past six years made three extensive journeys in Europe, as well as an expedition to Asia. He is the author of *China's Place in the Sun* and *The Revolt of Youth*.

MOSCOW, under the Soviets, is a city of posters. The rulers of Russia, who direct the affairs of their Red realm from the palaces of the Kremlin, are master propagandists, as Communist outbreaks in many places indicate. And every feature of the program which they propose to carry through finds its way, sooner or later, to the billboards of Moscow. I have seen everything on them from the news of a student strike in China to an announcement of a Jackie Coogan movie—though this last, of course, was not "Red" literature.

Last summer, of all the assortment of posters that adorned the city, none was so spectacular as those which announced the opening of the fair at Nishni-Novgorod up in the Volga Valley. Now, the fair at Nishni was a famous and extraordinarily profitable business enterprise of the prewar days of the Czar. For generations, in fact, traders and merchants had come from out of the East to do business over the counters at Nishni. Indians from below the Khyber Pass, Persians from beyond the Caspian Sea, Tartars in strange costumes, and Chinese with stranger goods, all had found a meeting place at this ancient market, where their products could be sold, at shameful prices, to gullible Occidentals or, at prices less shameful, to the representatives of European business houses. The annual business at Nishni—for the few weeks that the fair was open—ran into the millions and as many as a half-million persons have visited the fair during one season.

But Nishni, as with all things capitalistic, was due for the ax when the Communists came to power. Here were acres of buildings, a magnificent monument to that barter and exchange, that reckoning of profit and loss which the exponents of Karl Marx had come to destroy.

With the enthusiasm of the first days of the revolution, therefore, the Communists worked havoc at Nishni. They tore down the buildings for firewood; they destroyed the bargain counters for the pure joy of it; and left the place only when more promising places offered.

Poster circulated by the First Transportation Corporation of Soviet Russia, showing trade-mark. The lower lines in Russian read as follows: "Nijny Novgorod Fair 1924. Through Nijny Novgorod we will make a strong connection with Soviet Russia and the States of the East. Edition advertisement Bureau of the Fair Committee."

But last summer the bulletin boar of Moscow announced the return Nishni. Posters, unrivaled even the United States, besought and i plored the poverty-stricken Russia to patronize the fair—and brilliant colored pictures set forth the beau of the place and of the goods it was contain.

Something, apparently, had ha pened to the Communism of the Co munists. I went to Nishni to find ou

Parenthetically, let me say a wo about that trip to Nishni. It is li most trips in Russia at the prese time, all right if you get the right tra and all wrong if you don't. The trai of Russia—the good ones—are a jo They run on a wider gauge than tho of the United States. In a Russi compartment you can always find ju that additional amount of room y always look for in a Pullman and a never able to find. Some of the oth things you may find I won't menti But of room there is plenty.

There were three other p sons in my compartment. I ne discovered much about the for it was da when we started a the only light ca from a diminut candle, set behin dirty glass up n the ceiling where lighted everythi except the space cupied by the p sengers. Then, th were no sleepi car facilities. the "right" R sian trains, the p ter—who serves everything fr brakeman to d ing-car steward will bring forth, response to a a bundle of beddi clean bedding that, with which makes up a bu But there was such luxury on t train. So I ro in my steamer r tucked my pock book into a c paratively inacc ible spot and sl soundly.

The next mo ing I was in Nish The town is b half on one and half on other side of Volga. On

Wheat in the shock on a "Model Farm" in South Russia.

Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of American machinery has just been shipped to the Reconstruction farm in the Black Sea region.

tation side of the river the fair and ll its hanger-on establishments, from he Soviet jail to a miniature Coney sland, were located. Across the river—n a series of high bluffs overlooking vast valley that stretched out to a lue horizon—was the city itself, with arrow streets, gold-domed churches nd a great clutter of rattletrap cabs, rawn by dilapidated horses. My uide piloted me across the pontoon ridge into the city for lunch. Food, ven Russian food, and the dust and eat of the fair was an impossible ixture so we found an attractive tea oom overlooking the river and had a eal Russian feast from whatever in ussian goes for "soup to nuts."

But it was about the fair and the ansformed Communism of the Com-unists that I had come to inquire. So s soon as I was off the train at Nishni, rmed with my press passes all signed nd countersigned by the right officials Moscow, I set off to find the "Honor-ble Director." His office was located ff an imposing hallway of the ad-inistration building. I sent in my ard—a made-in-America card, printed English—and awaited developments. hey weren't long in coming. Within wo minutes the lackey came rushing rth, and, following him, the Director imself—all smiles and beard! His elcome tumbled out to my interpreter ho got it all across to me as best he ould.

"We are overcome to have an merican newspaperman with us"—asping my hand. "Consider yourself y personal guest. The freedom of the lace is yours. Over there"—pointing a room opposite his own—"are your uarters for as long as you want to ay. You shall have a guide immedi-ely."

"Thanks," I said, when the ex-tement had died down, "but I came p here to find out what business the ommunists had in business. Perhaps ou can tell me."

"Certainly, certainly"—rubbing his ands—"that will be easy. We had have money. But no one brought s any so long as we refused to do usiness. Communism is very fine, ut money is more necessary right now. hat is why we have invited here all the old traders, and have rebuilt ese buildings, and installed electric lights. We only hope that business will accept this hospitality and return to Russia."

I accepted the explanation and went on a tour of the grounds. The fair was hardly under way, but the crowds jammed the place and overwhelmed those who tried to sell their wares. I was making some headway through the throng when my interpreter sighted something of unusual moment. A dense gathering had assembled around one booth and cut off the passageway beyond it. To me it looked as though a riot was in progress—there was such pushing and shoving. At the outskirts of the crowd I halted. My interpreter, being agile after the

On the poster appeared a number of verses entitled "See, Learn and Build a New Agriculture."

fashion of Russians, fought his way through. Several minutes later he appeared grinning.

"What's the excitement," I inquired, "an execution?"

"No," he said, "an exhibit of two American-made tractors."

Russia, plainly enough, was trying hard to get back into business—Communism or no Communism—and the posters in Moscow and the revived fair at Nishni all pointed to the return of the system that had been outlawed when the Soviets first came to power.

Back in Moscow I went to see L. Krassin, then the commissar for foreign trade—now the Soviet ambassador to France. I told him about those tractors at Nishni.

"Is the government selling them?" I asked.

"No," he said, "we'd like to but we can't afford it. The truth is we haven't the cash. Right now we could use ten thousand of those tractors, but we can't buy them. When we can we will begin to make some progress toward the reorganization of our farming system here."

The fact is, as I discovered at Nishni and confirmed elsewhere, the Soviets have gone into business. They weren't quite willing, then, to give an open invitation to the capitalists to return so they were doing the capitalists' job themselves. Lenin—the genius of the revolution—saw very clearly that business, along the old lines, was needed to restore Russia. He introduced what he called the New Economic Policy. That policy was nothing more nor less than an invitation to the small business men to return to Russia. They did return. They flooded in and took possession of the country's trade and it prospered—for a few months only. Then Lenin died and those who followed him in power weren't sympathetic to his economic ideas. His New Economic Policy was resulting in the creation of a new capitalist class. In the Worker's and Peasant's Republic the only people who had much money, who rode in automobiles and wore fur coats, were neither workers nor peasants but capitalists.

So the New Economic Policy passed with the passing of Lenin. The small business men were taxed out of business. The government took over their shops. Two years ago in Russia about 85 per cent of the retail trade of the country was in the hands of private concerns. Last summer the situation was reversed, so that fully 85 per cent of the retail trade was in the hands either of the government or of government coöperatives.

In Russia, therefore, you ride on a government train and a government street car; use a government phone and burn government electricity. You shop in a government (*Concluded on page 29*)

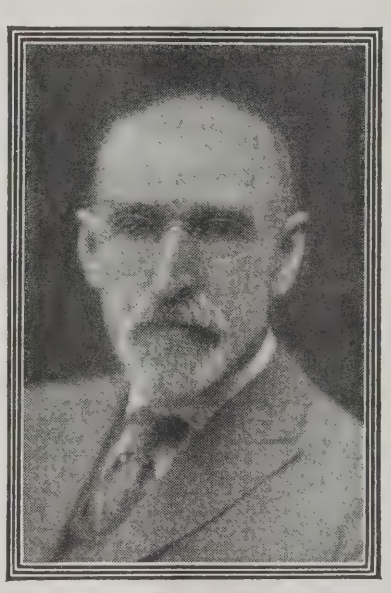
Overworking University Presidents

Few Changes in Managerial Methods Adopted Since 1900; Enrollment Quadruplicated

By FRED L. HOLMES

NEARLY every leading state university in this country is facing the problem of reorganizing its administrative methods on a more businesslike basis. Most of the plans contemplate a divorcing of the dual units of financial and educational supervision now exercised by the presidents.

Although there has been a fourfold attendance expansion in the last quarter of a century, the obsolete ways of administering university affairs are generally retained. Since 1900 the aggregate enrollment in the eight leading state universities has increased from 18,696 to 77,152. Meantime, millions have been expended for buildings; new departments have been added; faculties have multiplied, but the functions performed by the president have gone on increasing. Instead of shifting some of the responsibilities each department has loaded on more burdens. If good results are to be expected, there must come a division of labor. State universities have become great public instruments of influence and power, expanding and developing rapidly, breaking down the old, narrow Latin-quarter college confines and turning the entire state into a campus. And yet, the one-man method of entire supervision still prevails.



President Charles R. Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, who was head of the Badger institution for 15 years.

Presumably, the head of a university is interested primarily in the institution as educational. That is still the popular conception of his position. Before the age of electricity and steel, which came upon this country at the end of the last century, his activities were largely educational. Today his duties are primarily administrative and he spends a great deal of his time, most of it in fact, performing services that have little to do with the main thoroughfare of his chartered employment.

Within the last few years the presidential long-hours and all-kinds-of-work situation has been growing more acute. Every university authority with whom I conferred recognized this menacing tendency, but felt impotent to change the trend. Educators began a discussion of its evils with the sudden death in 1918 of Charles R. Van Hise, at the age of 61, as president of the University of Wisconsin. It has been re-presented by the recent death of Marion LeRoy Burton, president of the University of Michigan, at the age of 51. That the deaths of both men were caused by overwork is not denied. That the end for each was undoubtedly hastened by exacting, multifarious duties is generally admitted. Both were victims to a heavy educational harness from which there was no escape from exhausting irksome toil.

It is not my desire to criticize in what I have written. Nor do I wish to faultfind the great state educational institutions which have grown up so splendidly within the past decade. But I know how several university presidents feel about this dual financial and educational collar that hangs so heavily about their necks. Unity of control may have been a perfectly operating system of organization and supervision, when society was less complex, a quarter of a century ago. Unprecedented recent university growth, however, has rendered it cumbersome. Replies to my letters and conferences with presidents and leading faculty members of the several state universities, within the past few months, have furnished an abundance of data, which makes me feel that I shall render a service by calling attention to this problem. Neither legislatures nor the public have sensed its direful aspects.

Dr. Marion LeRoy Burton, late President, University of Michigan.

The problems of state university expansion have come upon the country rather suddenly. Greater economic independence in families of all classes has helped to popularize higher education. As in most situations which develop rapid the method of organization adop has been to patch-on instead of cre ing anew. Of the eight institutions fr which information was gathered, m of them are now striving to simp their schemes of management. So have made a modest attempt to reli the president by creating the office business manager or financial se tary to look after the fiscal det Others have established the posit of assistant president, leaving to president the shaping of the la educational policies. California u versity alone seems to have more ne approximated a solution. There president of the university is not pected to devote any time to secu legislative appropriations, admitted all as one of the most trying du which a state university presi must perform. This responsibility California is handled by a contro backed by enthusiastic alumni.

Such an adjustment of services come only by shaking off traditions facing the new problems with a pres day spirit. Universities have plodding in grooves, occasionally br ing away from their century cust and classical curricula only under urge of some dominant educati leader, like Henry Barnard or Ho Mann. Methods of supervision become antiquated while the sys of presenting popular and prac education has grown more vital year.

State university beginnings back little more than a century, bu collapse of the four-year classical is recent. Early constitutio Vermont, North Carolina, Pennsylvania provided universities; in 1785 University of Georgia organized and the versity of Tenn was founded in 1 Thomas Jefferso came the busy moter of the ide public higher ed tion. While he complished littl his lifetime, the spiration he gav others was abiding opposed the idea t university must b tablished distinctly f education of the clergy asked Virginia to found and secular institution, u ported and controlled the state.

Out in the West the words o far-visioned leader were to be nur to fruition. While these other

educational beginnings were groping for light, the University of Michigan, established in 1817, forged ahead with the ideal and became the recognized "mother of the state university system." Essential differences between a state university and other universities are few. But these few distinctions are characteristic. Most important is that the former is a part of the public school system, with the uplifted standards of the educational ladder resting in the district and city schools for support. Moreover, state universities draw the bulk of their students from the state where they are located. Connecticut could not support Yale nor would the students of New Jersey be sufficient to support Princeton, but the 11,000 students at Michigan and the 9,000 at Ohio State are largely from their home states.

In the growth and development of the state universities there has been a blending of educational ideals. First came the French spirit which prevailed for a quarter of a century and then in about 1830 the German influence swept America, resulting in a coördination of the schools of the West into an elementary, secondary and university system, all under governmental supervision. At first Michigan and Virginia followed closely the German model as to management. The rectoral plan, instead of a president, was utilized for supervision. Michigan discarded this plan in 1851 and the other western state institutions never gave it a trial.

Innovations in education started early in the fifties. These were changes which were to make state universities potential. At first only men students were matriculated. But the competing denominational colleges gradually forced a coeducational program. Oberlin, founded in the backwoods of Ohio in 1833, opened with twenty-nine men and fifteen women, the first coeducational college in the world. Other western sectarian institutions followed. A broader spirit of freedom soon manifested itself. Those state universities which were founded after 1850 were coeducational from the beginning; Iowa admitted women in 1858; Washington in 1862; Kansas in 1866 and Minnesota in 1868. When the classrooms of the University of Wisconsin became depopulated by enlistments during the Civil War, women were admitted and after the conflict the regents were never able to expel them. Within a few years every state university admitted women on the same terms as men.

James B. Angell, for 38 years President of University of Michigan.

Meantime, other forces were operating to diversify educational opportunities. All western states were granted lands for the founding of universities, but the Morrill Land Grant Act of 1862 wrote the most important chapter in the history of American educational development.

It is now estimated that 13,000,000 acres of public domain were distributed and that the success of this stimulating movement has had a beneficent effect in the offerings made in the interests of higher education.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler, who served as President of the University of California for 20 years.

And yet, with all these aids and encouragements, colleges and universities crept up slowly in enrollment. With the liberalizing of the curriculum, however, in the latter part of the last century; with the more general application of the elective study plan; with the development of athletics; with the introduction of new subject courses; with the founding of engineering departments, dairy schools and experimental farms, the attendance tides began to roll higher.

Any one of the state universities of Illinois, California, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin, had more students registered this year than all seven had in 1890, when the aggregate enrollment was 7,300. Coincident with the improvement of country-wide home conditions and popular educational advantages the thin lines of students were transformed into increasing phalanxes with each autumn semester.

When universities were small it was impossible for a university president to exert a powerful influence by supervising all details of education and finance. He stamped the institution with his dominant personality. Some of the greatest educators any nation has produced helped to pilot these universities to their present expansion. Great were the services performed by James B. Angell, who in 1909 at the age of 80 retired after 38 years as president of the University of Michigan; of Cyrus Northrup, who retired in 1911 at the age of 76 after 27 years as president of the University of Minnesota; of E. Benjamin Andrews, who retired in 1908 at the age of 64 after 8 years as president of the University of Nebraska, and of Benjamin Ide Wheeler, who retired in 1920 at the age of 65 after 20 years as president of the University of California. That period of individualistic state universities came to an end about 1910 and since then more than one president has been floundering in an effort to perform all of the functions and powers exercised by his predecessors.

To analyze the duties of a state university president of today is to catalog the important activities of the institution. He is striving to perform, singly, services which in a business organization are executed by an entire board of directors; or in the organization of the government of the United States by the Cabinet and the President. Such a personality must be ubiquitous. He must be able to get liberal appropriations from a legislature which is seldom enthusiastic about higher education; he must be tactful in his appeals to the public to sustain the state's interest in his institution; he must be a good public speaker, able to entertain a farmer's picnic or talk with authority at a convention of psychiatrists; he must be willing to waste his time smothering the gossip and bickering that emanate from rival departments; he must give supervision to the minute details of administration, discipline, and other routine affairs; he must act as the arbiter of the salary and rank of those who are employed as members of the faculty and he must be able to judge of the teaching abilities of those employed in the different colleges.

Every new expansion gives him more responsibilities. Of all the duties, great and small, which have come up with the office of president, only one has diminished in the time it requires. Denominational controversies have largely ceased. Once the state universities were characterized as "Godless institutions." With the increased enrollment most denominations have founded churches close to the campus and the old animosity has died down.

Other duties, however, have increased in burden. In a state university, handling a legislature is perhaps the most nerve-racking job of the president. It occupies his time for fully a year in every biennium. He spends six months preparing a budget and six months going over it with the legislature. Too frequently public opinion in the state does not understand the university needs and the appeal to the alumni is not based on knowledge of conditions and the resources of the state, but on a spirit of loyalty to their Alma Mater. He must fight his battles largely alone.

Facing difficult legislative situations the president attempts to educate the public to his program. This sometimes creates factions. Perhaps one

class of persons becomes interested in the building of an educational department, or the erection of a medical school or the founding of some new branch in experimental agricultural research. At the expense of a balanced development the president must see his adjusted program violated and must tactfully allow these factors to triumph in the hope that other enthusiasts in the future will correct the inequalities.

Such practical problems involving his policies may turn a scientist or noted educator into a resourceful politician. Because he is the head of a great public institution, the public claims his time. He must accept all invitations which come his way. He would rather be devoting himself to studying the suggested development of some department, but there is a mothers' convention and he must be there to address them on invitation. His popularity increases with his lack of attention to the practical educational problems that pile higher and higher on his desk.

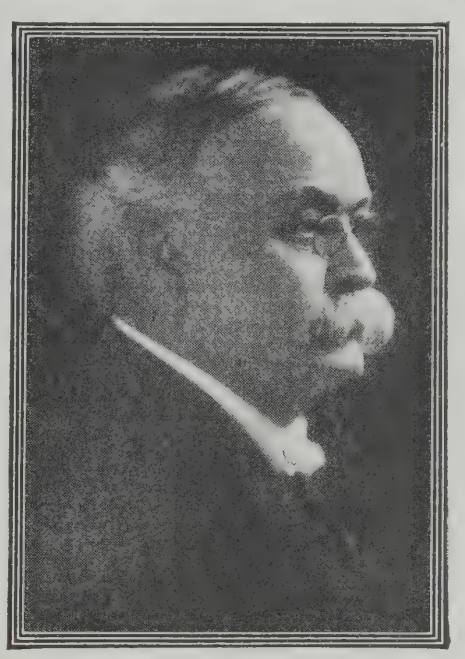
Within the institutions are pressing problems for him. Students create many. There is a rivalry between fraternity members and "barbs" and he must be deferential in dealing with their aspirations. Cliques form within the departments, jealousies arise between colleges—there is evil gossip even in educational circles. Unless checked it ultimately affects the morale of the university and the president must give it attention.

"I am reminded of the story told by President Lincoln," declared Chancellor Samuel Avery, University of Nebraska, in discussing some common duties of presidents. "During the Civil War a delegation came from an Illinois town to interview him in regard to a local postmastership. One of his old friends said: 'Mr. President, how worn you look! The war must be killing you.' Lincoln is reported to have replied: 'The war doesn't worry me at all. It is your postoffice that is killing me.' In a word, any president can be relieved of routine labor. It is difficult to secure relief from considering the constant adjustments that are forced upon his attention."

The social activities are also important. University life is eminently respectable and correct and professors and everybody else dissipate their energies in trying to meet the responsibilities of the social scale. And the president must be the social leader. His office makes him such and there is no escape and few opportunities for alibis.

"Perhaps the most exhausting things about the president's duties are things which are not in one sense his duties at all," declared a leading faculty member of one of the large state institutions. "I refer to the many calls upon him to go out of town to attend meetings and to give speeches. Also the numerous demands upon his time, even when he is at home, to attend dinners, committee meetings and purely social affairs. Of course, some of this is unavoidable. A president must be known to his clientele, whether this be the alumni body or the people of the state which supports his university. It is especially true that in the case of a state university president the state will conceive that it has a presumptive right to see and hear the state university president at local gatherings over the length and breadth of the state.

"It cannot but be wearing to frequent Pullman cars and banquet tables, with the additional nerve strain of speaking. The presidents also have to do a great many things on behalf of the university because there is no one else to do them. The lack of definition of the president's duties is one of the reasons why he may easily be overworked."



Cyrus Northrup.

To a surprising degree the presidents of universities tie themselves up with minute details of administration, discipline and other routine affairs. Too often the president desires to keep his finger on every activity. There is need in connection with the office of president of a reference or research bureau that will gather the experience from other universities and will actually study the educational and administrative procedure of the university itself and will bring to the president any new policy that may be developed.

There are two functions of a president that seem primary. They should rank above all others in importance. The selection of strong, able men to serve on the faculty is first and the supervision of them is second. Both duties give a president endless difficulties. One faculty member watches, not the work of the other, but the salary roll. A difference, between men of the same age and general training, but with relatively different temperaments as teachers, over $200 salary a year, may disrupt a department. The president must be watchful and tactful.

University professors are trained in subject matter. Many of them find greater interest in expounding dry facts than they do in enthusing the human element to activity. The result is that men who should settle the little problems which come before them pass them on. Every educational leader with whom I conferred over this presidential overwork problem pointed to the job as one in which everyone shifted responsibility. The president of one of the largest universities stated it as tersely as any.

"The university presidents of this country are willing to work and to work most industriously," declared this university president. "I think they take pleasure in their work. Furthermore, I am convinced that the amount of work which they do would not be regarded as a burden were it not for another fact or set of facts. One who is at all familiar with the situation in America, relative to the heavy burden which university presidents are expected to carry, is well aware of the fact that many of them are not standing up under the strain. The strain, however, is not due primarily to the number of hours they devote to their work, not to the multiplicity of duties they have to discharge but to something else.

"It is due in the first place to the failure or the unwillingness of other administrative officers within the institutions to accept responsibility, and in a second place, to the American theory of the right of appeal. A vast majority of the questions and problems which should be settled by the deans and other officers of the university are passed on by them to the president for disposition. This puts the deans in the innocuous position of being able to say to the members of his staff: 'We recommended this matter to the president,' or 'We submitted this matter to the president' or 'We passed it on to him—the responsibility of disposing of it, therefore, is not ours.' This unwillingness to accept responsibility is the first great weakness in university circles and a primary source of worry to university presidents.

"Failure to accept the responsibility which goes with the office is accompanied by another. This is the desire on the part of those who are affected in case the dean or other administrative officer acts, to appeal their case. The result is, that the presidents of universities, instead of having a large part of their time free for the consideration of problems relating to educational affairs and policies, are compelled to spend a considerable share of their time adjudicating difficulties and disposing of questions and problems which should never be presented to them.

(Continued on page 3

EDITORIALS

Give Me Liberty or Give Me Speech

SPEECH is saved for the next generation. One million four hundred thousand high school students entered the recent national oratorical contest, and a boy from Alabama won. Which is fitting, because American ideas shot forth by southern oratory shaped the nation's beginnings, and influenced it at every crisis. Someone with far foresight, knowing that we were coming into a time of ignorance, ignorance of the ideal foundations on which our national liberties are built, conceived the plan of entering high school students the nation over in a platform contest whose subject should be The Constitution. To have 1,400,000 young men and women studying that Document and the times and convictions which brought it forth is an educational program beside which some so-called "cultural" stuff falls far into the shade. This nation will be a nation as long as it knows wherein its nationhood rests. Two things preserved this knowledge: instruction as to the historical facts and their present relations, and invasions of the liberty won for and bequeathed to us by men who did not live to enjoy its fruits. In these days we have both: we have the invasion of liberty under guise of constitutional changes; and we have instruction as illustrated in these contests and their wide public appeal.

What Is a Hero?

WEBSTER defines a hero as "a person of distinguished valor or fortitude." But a man may be a pirate, a smuggler or a highwayman and still be brave enough. One is struck by the widely divergent angles at which historical personages are viewed. The Scots regarded Wallace as a national hero, but the English king looked upon him as a rebel and marauder and had him hanged, drawn and quartered. Sir Francis Drake was acclaimed as a hero by the people of England, but the Spaniards regarded him as a common pirate.

John Paul Jones, the founder of the United States Navy and its first admiral, is honored in this country, but in an article in one of the Scottish newspapers he has been summed up as a "traitor-adventurer who not only pillaged the shipping of his own country (Scotland), but fought under the flag of any other nation that promised to pay for his services."

But a Glasgow man tersely retorts: "Paul Jones was only a 'rebel' like George Washington, holding a commission from the same body to fight the tyranny of George III."

Heroes do not always possess the god-like qualities attributed to them by the ancient Greeks and those who have succeeded them. But to become a hero, a man must have evoked the gratitude and admiration of someone. Hero worship is among the most ancient of the cults that survive today.

Benevolent, Though Cannibals

HERODOTUS, the father of history, speaks of a tribe in the Far East that used to eat its aged and sick people. By doing so the members of the tribe provided themselves with a cheap meal, avoided doctor's bills, and saved funeral expenses. They also derived satisfaction from thinking that they had put their friends out of their misery, and hastened their arrival to the tribal Elysium.

In *The Golden Bough* there are instances given which show that among certain primitive peoples, the practice of disposing of one's relatives in this manner has not entirely died out.

An example of it was recently brought to light in the discovery of a tribe in the interior of Africa which has connected with it a secret society that cooks and eats objectionable people "for the public good."

It appears that these cannibals are sincere in their idea of service and "safety first," and think that they are practicing much fortitude and self-denial in thus making things easier for the rest of the tribe. They are said to be an intelligent people, well up in the arts and handicrafts, and insist on a rigid initiation ceremony before new members are admitted to their society.

It is not so much an act in itself as the intention which guides it that counts. Judged by this standard who shall condemn the poor heathens?

Pandora's Hope Chest

THAT old story about Pandora's box has as much interest today as it had in the mythical days of ancient Greece. Hope was one of the virtues which Pandora did not allow to escape from her precious casket, and Hope has remained in the world ever since.

Today the world is more hopeful than ever, and despite the many depressing and disturbing influences at work there is no general tendency to sink under these or let them become predominant.

The world is neither all good, nor is it all bad, and this has been the way of the world

since its beginning; but for the first time in history there exists a movement for its betterment in which almost every tribe and nation is endeavoring to participate.

Nevertheless the destructive forces which permeate the world today cannot be ignored. One might as well ignore a festering sore which increases in virulence the more it is hidden and neglected. The subversive influences which are at work must be followed and checked. If there is a world-wide and conscientious effort to do this, good must follow.

Unfortunately, while this is the age of a universal tendency toward better things, it is also the age of quackery. There exists an army of doctrinaires who are continually shouting their formulas from the housetops and are mightily offended if the multitude does now swallow them and ask for more. There are busybodies who beat the air and plow the sand, but who never do anything that is constructive or worth while.

The world today wants men of action, not talkers. It wants leaders, not shouters. Above all it wants to retain that spirit of confidence and hope without which all things would end.

What Disraeli Said About the Semites

THE gift of prophecy has from time immemorial been associated with the Jewish race. Forty-five years ago one of them foretold that within a quarter of a century the Jews would emerge from the obscurity in which they had been enveloped for centuries, and take their place in the sun.

That man was Benjamin Disraeli, writer, politician, and favorite of Queen Victoria, who conferred upon him the title of Lord Beaconsfield. As a novelist Disraeli was by no means brilliant, but he occasionally said remarkable things. In his "Endymion," written in the year 1880, occurs a striking reference to the coming influence of the Jews in higher politics. In chapter LVI in that book is the following:

> "There is another great race which influences the world, the Semites. Certainly, when I was at the Congress of Vienna, I did not believe that the Arabs were more likely to become a conquering race again than the Tartars, and yet it is a question at this moment whether Mehemet Ali, at their head, may not found a new empire in the Mediterranean. The Semites are unquestionably a great race, for among the few things in this world which appear to be certain, nothing is more sure than that they invented our alphabet.
>
> "But the Semites now exercise a vast influence over affairs by their smallest though most peculiar family, the Jews. There is no race gifted with so much tenacity, and such skill in organization. These qualities have given them an unprecedented hold over property and illimitable credit.
>
> "As you advance in life, and get experience in affairs, the Jews will cross you everywhere. They have long been stealing into our secret diplomacy, which they have almost appropriated; in another quarter of a century they will claim their share of open government."

Disraeli was a greater prophet than he knew, but were he still living he would not have to refer to the Semitic influence in governmental affairs in terms of the future, but in those of the present. Their "unprecedented hold over property and illimitable credit" are universally acknowledged, and "secret diplomacy" is their long suit. Today this chapter of "Endymion" would require considerable revision to bring it abreast of the times.

What Fools These Mortals Be!

PUCK was right, for few of the highest type of the animal creation, even among the wisest, have closed their careers without a display of folly. Old Ben Franklin wrote his own biography, narrating in its pages what he termed his follies, without realizing that to tell intimate incidents is folly in itself. Yet Franklin was a sage and philosopher.

Recently a public speaker asserted that no scholar should be graduated until he knew the Federal Constitution by rote.

Knowledge without understanding is of little value, and a parrot may be taught to repeat the wisdom of the sages; but if a candidate for political honors were to rest his laurels entirely on his ability to repeat either *Roberts' Rules of Order* or *Cushing's Manual*, his reputation as a parliamentarian would suffer. Moreover, a knowledge of the history of the framing of the Constitution and its interpretation in the courts is as essential to understanding as the language of the document. The student must pass an examination in Civil Government before graduation. His own language in that test is the best criterion of his understanding.

Bores

WEBSTER defines a bore as "a person or thing that wearies by prolixity, dullness, and so on," and the act of boring as "to weary by tedious iteration, or by forcing one's presence upon another." It seems to us that this definition is altogether inadequate. There are many other things characteristic of bores that the lexicographer has missed, notably their entire inability to mind their own business.

But the bore is something more than an inveterate nuisance; he is a robber as well. He not only squanders his own time, but he deprives you of yours.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

A PUBLIC speaker recently deplored the decline of "the old-fashioned virtues of honesty, justice, and decency." These old-fashioned virtues, so-called, were included in what is now called "copy-book maxims." At one time precepts such as these formed a regular part of the school course. Not only in the copy books but in the reading and other textbooks "gems of wisdom and pearls of thought" formed a part of the curriculum. Why is it not so now? Have we grown wiser in our generation than "the children of light"?

One of those maxims told that "Procrastination is the thief of time." The habit of "putting off" has ever been one of the greatest drawbacks to service of all kinds. It is one of the greatest obstacles to progress today. Many a good resolution has been rendered useless through delay in carrying it out. To do the right thing at the right time seems with some people almost an impossibility.

Promptitude invariably adds to the value of any good action, and, inversely, delay often lessens it. Some of the greatest reforms have been held up through the procrastination of politicians. It is one of the main causes of the lack of efficiency in governmental affairs and of immense loss to the nation.

Another of those copy-book maxims was that "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Evil communications are more prevalent today than ever they were in the world's history, for the simple reason that the means of propagating them are more powerful. The invention of printing was a boon to humanity, but the presses had not been long in operation till they were put to uses which were altogether foreign to their original purpose. There are many thousands of books today which should never have been printed.

But it is not alone the printed word that is responsible for the large amount of "evil communications" that is prevalent today. There is the misuse of the motion picture film and the theater. There are others which are not so easy to detect. There is that underground current which is so hard to check but which is so destructive in its effects; that passing from mouth to mouth of the verbal garbage which seems to be so much relished. Among young people this taste is particularly keen, and a great amount of harm can be traced to this source. It seems a great pity that cleanness of thought and speech are not more in favor with the present generation.

Another copy-book maxim which has been largely pushed aside by the trend of modern thought is that which teaches that "Honesty is the best policy." Perhaps there is no precept in all the category of "old-fashioned" philosophy that is more indifferently treated. It is considered by many to be a smart thing to be crooked. Some people are called "soft" because they are honest.

What, after all, is honesty? Honesty is truth, and truth is justice, and justice is doing to others as you would be done by. So there are many things contained in that one word "honesty." Honesty is the difference between that which is real and that which is false, that which is sound and that which is rotten.

THERE was once a time when men took pride in their handwriting. They also took pride in what they wrote and how they wrote it. The old-time copy books were models of neatness in their penmanship and of sound common sense in the maxims they set forth. These maxims were based on the experience of ages and on the best ethical standards. Having to be repeatedly written they were indelibly impressed on the minds of the pupils. It would be an advantage these days if some of those "old-fashioned precepts" were revived.

There is much talk of corruption, but no one suggests a remedy. People have accepted it as a necessary evil. But no evil can be called necessary. A fungus which retards the growth of a tree is not regarded as a necessary evil. Steps are taken to eradicate the fungus so that the tree may not be blighted, and if it cannot be eradicated by any other means the tree is cut down and destroyed, to prevent the fungus from throwing out fresh spores and infecting other trees.

When fungus attacks a political office or government department, it is too often the custom to hide it, not to remove the cause by laying the ax to the root.

Why is it that when administrative corruption is found there is usually an army of apologists? When an orchard is attacked by any pest we do not find any eagerness on the part of the neighbors to have it retained. Why then should there be so much anxiety to cover up evils that are much wider spread?

Some cynic has said that "there can be no such thing as honesty in politics." As well say that there can be no honesty in anything. Without honesty the whole fabric of Government becomes fly-blown and moth-eaten. "Safety First" is an excellent message, but a still better one is "Honesty First."

"The old-fashioned virtues of honesty, justice and decency" are flouted because it does not suit someone to put them in operation. You will be told that those copy-book maxims are now hopelessly out of date. Nothing that is good can ever become out of date, but evil is out of date all the time.

This country would be all the better for having a mammoth edition of these old copy books reprinted and circulated all over the continent. They should be read and digested by politicians and public servants of all kinds. They are not for one class or section. They are for all. Pity it is that the old-time writing master with his old-time precepts has been largely cast aside.

The Fourth Form Room, Harrow (from "Greater London," Cassell and Co.).

Harrow-on-the-Hill

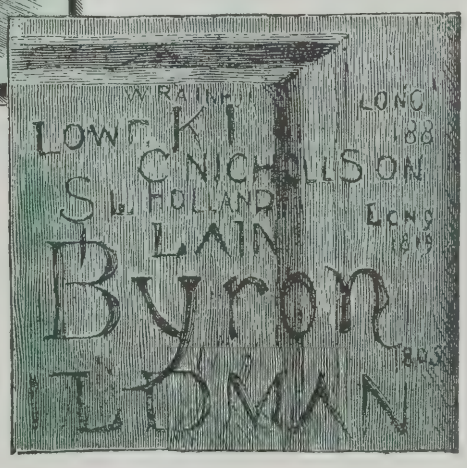
The School Where Byron, the "Melancholy, Most Unpopular Boy," Carved His Name

By HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

IT WAS King Charles II who remarked dryly to some divines who were disputing with him about the *visible church* that he "knew not where it was to be found, except indeed, at Harrow-on-the-Hill." Visitors to the British Empire Exhibition, opened recently at Wembley Park outside London, will understand just exactly what the Merry Monarch meant. There is no getting away from the spire of Harrow Church. It has a way of being suddenly discovered on the horizon at the most unexpected points, many miles distant, and it is of course the great landmark in the broad vale of Harrow, in the midst of which is Wembley Park.

In many ways it is a curious spire. The men of Harrow-on-the-Hill, from the first, realized that if they could build here a spire of any height no traveler by the road to London, in the valley below, could ever pass them by unnoticed. But the foundation is not good on the top of Harrow hill, and so the first builders, men of the days of King John and Anselm, ventured to carry the tower no higher than the roof of the old church. Three hundred years later, however, the church was largely rebuilt, and then the height of the tower was raised. But the foundations failed under the added weight, and so the huge clasping buttresses, so notable a feature today, were built to support it. Finally, undeterred by previous experience, some fifty years later, the present tapering spire was added.

That was about 1450. And so, for nearly five hundred years, the "isolated spire of Harrow church" has been one of the great landmarks of the countryside. "It may be noted," writes one chronicler of the days of the great Eliza, "how nature hath exalted that high *Harrow-on-the-Hill*, as it were in the way of ostentation to shew itselfe to all the passengers to and from London, who beholding the same may saye it is the centre (as it were) of the pure vale; for Harrow standeth invironed with a great contrye of moste pure grounds, from the hill towards the time of the harveste, a man may beholde the feyldes rounde about, so sweetly to address themselves to the sicle and syth, with such comfortable haboundance of all kinde of grayne, that it maketh the inhabitants to clappe theyre handes for joye to see theyr valleys so to laugh and singe."



Byron's name, from Fourth Form Room.

But if Harrow can be seen from everywhere, everywhere can can be seen from Harrow. From the top of the tower beneath the spire, so it is said, one may, on a clear day, see no less than thirteen counties. Be this as it may, whether from the top of the tower or from the old churchyard below one may see a great distance on all hands. It was here that Byron when a schoolboy at Harrow used to come of a summer evening, and lying at full length on an old tombstone, still pointed out as "Byron's tomb," watch the sun go down in a red glory over the Chiltern Hills.

Again I behold where for hours I have
ponder'd,
As reclining at eve on yon tombstone
I lay;
Or round the steep brow of the church
yard I wander'd
To catch the last gleam of the sun's
setting ray.

So he wrote years afterward when the "melancholy, most unpopular boy" was forgotten in the great poet.

There are many other tributes throughout its long story to this city set upon a hill for its "splendid elevation," but certainly none more practical than that which was paid by one William Bolton, sometime Prior of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, and later, rector of Harrow-on-the-Hill. It was in the latter part of the year 1523 that the worthy prior became convinced that London certainly, if not the world generally, was to be destroyed by a great flood. And so, as one account has it, he erected, at very great expense, a sort of fortress at Harrow-on-the-Hill, which he stocked with provisions for two months. On January 24, 1524, a week before the awful day which was to see the destruction of London, he removed thither, with the brethren and officers of the priory and all his household. A number of boats were conveyed in wagons to the fortress "furnished abundantly with rowers, in case the flood, reaching so high as Harrow, should force them to go fur-

(Concluded on page 2

Distant view of Harrow.

Broadcasting or Outcasting?

Why Not Radio to Delight This Generation With Music Masterpieces of the Past?

By A. R. PINCI

NO LARGE daily newspaper in this country is now complete unless it publishes the radio programs of the day, local and distant, with some accompanying text; some dailies endeavor to review the broadcasting of the preceding twenty-four hours, while others seek to interpret the immediate schedule. Certain newspapers try to keep their programs correct as to hour, performer and topic, not an easy feat, considering that sometimes half a thousand items are involved. The railroad time-table, once the most complicated specimen of composition involving numerals and wording, has been outdistanced by the radio table. Lately the more prominent dailies have begun editing programs, so as not to advertise unnecessarily certain publicity seekers, a rule that has not been copied as widely as it merits, because it aims at justice for bona fide advertisers and protection for individuals or institutions truly in the public eye. Too much dubious "talent" has found its way to broadcasting chambers, generally unsolicited but often welcomed because it is difficult to gather together a tabloid variety of features, which will constitute a well-balanced bill of three to ten hours' duration, six times a week, fifty-two weeks a year, Sundays and holidays calling for half-rations.

Needless to say, there is not that much genuine talent available, even in the United States; but assuming its availability, what of duplication? Is it reasonable to think that the average listener expects to go through life with such ear-splitting output as the sole object?

In seeking an answer to some of these questions, I have made it a point to investigate this phase of radio, a phase suggested both by a prominent manufacturing corporation and a reader of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, because I had not touched upon it when two articles on radio appeared in these columns last autumn.

Before me is today's issue of a well-known New York newspaper that swirled its editorial thumbs, so to speak, while some of its metropolitan competitors had special radio promotion departments and special sections devoted to its reading matter. It carries 44 inches of solid program matter; 616 agate lines, approximately, actually worth $400. This is not an illustration but a fact because this newspaper publishes radio programs in full while announcing with regret, elsewhere, the "unavoidable omission of" many columns of advertising for lack of space. That figure means $100,000 a year which the publishers contribute to radio.

On this day sixty-five stations are listed, seven in New York City and five in the environs, their operating schedule being from 6:45 a. m. to 2 a. m. of the next day. Allowing for a silent period between the "daily dozen" service and the earliest morning regular broadcasting, there are sixteen hours of output. Is all this output worth while? Is it essential? Is it constructive? Is it beneficial? Is it a boon?

> Radio has not scratched possibilities in unearthing little-known but beautiful music. Radio is at its best with music and not with speechmaking. There are dozens of tunes in operas which delighted our grandparents. Why not broadcast some of this music? There are thousands of folk songs that have thrilled American tourists in the native regions of those songs. Also, what happened to some of the exquisite chamber music that flourished about the same time as the operas?

Disregarding high-power stations within the 500-mile radius which radio engineers and devotees consider "local," is the average of the combined service a fair measure of the public's requirements?

Not at all.

The best answer is that it has become a veritable task to select an hour of listening-in that will insure pleasing results. I refer, of course, to an actual program, not to an hour of toying, experimenting, distance-chasing, aimless logging, dial calibrating and what not.

Even this huge city is beginning to realize its twelve stations (with others promised!) are too many. It is not easy to decide which of the two contending sides wins—that which rails at interference or that which bemoans duplication. Nor does it get anywhere to claim that our broadcasting "brings the metropolis home to the rest of the country," because our programs are equaled and often bettered by other cities and towns.

Private companies and individuals have "taken the air" to combine advertising with entertainment and have erected their own plants and studios for this purpose, but in general these stations are in the air only a brief spell. Whether they transmit their own advertising, no matter how indirect, or some other special feature, they are not a problem—at least, not yet.

The big kick is due with regard to those stations which have assumed that the great American public has nothing to do except listen in; and to please everybody keep Mike busy from about noon until about midnight. It's a wonder that some sign off an hour. What is the result?

The biggest crazy-quilt of audition that the patient human ear should be made to hear. Except for the oases constituted by famous bands and noted orchestras, national rites and public functions, the rest is a jumble of "features" lasting from five to twenty minutes, interspersed with an excess of explanatory matter from the announcer. It is true that only a small proportion of listeners-in is fully conversant with the features described; but the average fan has no interest in this unsolicited teaching, and the majority of those interested in any program will learn the details of what it means on their own account.

Busy as the average American is, and quick to go through the business of living, he or she has not yet reached the point where either education or entertainment is absorbed on the five-minute installment plan. The ten-minute standee lunch at the drug store or the one-arm parlor is not a fair indication, because only one such eating period occurs every twenty-four hours, but the originators of the present-style radio programs multiply it indefinitely many hours every day.

"Short and sweet" is a good motto, if brevity were really accompanied by worth-whileness. But one may suspect that rather than be silent between good features the program directors like to fill in with anything.

Broadcasting directors are stumped; they admit it. But to solve their problem they go the wrong way about it; instead of simplifying, they try to piece together a whole mass of heterogeneous matter.

As I said in a previous article, radio was really a boon because it was to keep at home many boys and youths after a hegira of moviedom and night-loafing, a fact that endeared radio to many elders, although the latter still refused to take it seriously. Now these folks have begun to take up radio on its merits, partly due to the first results of the home workshop and partly due to the attractive factory sets being sold, but alas! the effects of fishing a station out of the air dissipate ere the novelty is forgotten.

With the beginning of the year famous artists were scheduled to broadcast under the auspices of two

large companies. At first it was said regularly, which later was set at every second Thursday. The promise was encouraging. But shortly afterward schedules began to crumble. For one reason or another by the beginning of March the famous artists and orchestras consisted of individuals and organizations that did not belong to the "red-seal" class. Let's get this clear. Some of these artists belong in the red-seal class just as some in the red-seal class ought to be sealed out, but we must bear in mind the promise of the two companies and the incomplete fulfillment of the same.

To make advertising practical, a phonograph company planned a contest, with a prize to the listener who sent in the most complete correct list of the names of artists and selections—a "musical memory" contest that is novel and interesting but nevertheless far removed from the true objective of radio broadcasting.

Why Not the Grand Old Operas?

Radio has far from scratched possibilities in unearthing little known but beautiful music—and there is no denying that radio is at its best with music and not with speechmaking. There are dozens of marvelous tunes in operas which our grandparents greatly admired. Why not broadcast some of them? There are thousands of folk songs that travelers and tourists become enthusiastic over when these songs are heard in their native habitats. Many of these exist, forlorn and forsaken, in the catalogs of a famous phonograph company that for some reason has never attempted to popularize them, despite its huge annual advertising budget.

Why regale listeners-in with the millionth repetition of arias from Pagliacci, Faust, Carmen, and the like? In the hurdy-gurdy's heyday it was impossible not to have one's ears pierced by the notes of the Miserere, which was loud enough to be a march instead, but the opera that contains it has seldom figured in our programs.

Is it impossible to treat listeners-in to something outside of the "Rosary," "Ave Maria," "Serenade," "Goodbye," and others in the same category? What happened to some of the exquisite chamber music that flourished about the same time—or even before that?

The Folk Song Is Always Popular

Once in a while we get "foreign features." The most popular just now are Scotch because it enables some announcers to quip about a "little Scotch, not the kind you are thinking about." But be this Italian, Norwegian, Spanish, Mexican, the same old dozen pieces are repeated. Nations and peoples that turned out music for generations are represented on radio, whether educationally or entertainingly, by a job lot of melodies that intimacy has made a little unfriendly.

The plea that the people haven't the patience to listen to "new" stuff or programs with which they are unfamiliar does not hold water. I shall cite an example. Seven or eight years ago, looking for novelties among phonograph catalogs, I picked up Ei Uchnam, which I had heard in Russia. It is now a most popular piece in every movie house and an inevitable accompaniment, better known as the "Volga Boat Song." When I bought the record I had never heard it played in this country in private or in public. The popularity of that folk song (Russia alone ought to yield untold treasures of this kind, the sole heritage from a broken nation) could be multiplied hundreds and thousands of times in the years to come if broadcasting directors and artists get together.

Occasionally we have heard some old-fashioned darky songs, but too often they are massacred by self-styled "coon singers." Has the fertile field of southern plantation melodies been exploited at all? I doubt it. What of our American Indian music? Has any attempt been made to put it on a proper broadcasting basis?

The general feeling has been that this is a jazz age, whatever that may be, and broadcasting directors have felt it their duty to jazz up their programs. But the jazz devotee is not a real radio devotee. The jazz lover is a nocturnal being, a gay wanderer, a lover of the lights and tomfoolery, which are props that the ear cannot convey. While a certain portion of jazz belongs in a program—since those who do not want it can tune it out—it is not the fundamental object or requirement. A parlor dance at home with two or three couples flitting to the radio tune is jazzing that has few disciples, for nothing is more tragi-comic than to watch such a scene and the antics of those who imagine they are whooping it up, with plain lemonade in the fancy cut-glass pitcher nearby.

An Occasion When Jazz Came First

A year ago a poll of listeners was made, in New York City, and jazz came first, classical music being second. It was not an infallible index, but as near as it represented conditions, it was something to go by. But what today? The latest poll shows almost a landslide for serious music. The criticisms of radio reviewers—those who sooner or later must take their place with book and dramatic reviewers—regret the mediocrity of output. Here's hoping they won't go in for blurbs and blah!

There is a story current, which may or may not be true, of a radio fan who so disliked a certain station's program that he made bold to call on an executive of a concern which owned an important studio. The executive listened patiently.

"We aim to please," he said when the fan had finished with his complaint. "We do not want one unsatisfied customer. Of course, we cannot refun you the money for the set, but we sha gladly refund to you every dollar yo contributed to broadcasting."

Whereupon the kicker was abashe and walked out without another wor

A great deal has been said about th chances taken by purchasers of radi sets, since there is no way of guarante ing for themselves any sort of a pr gram for any time or any period. Suc as it is, broadcasting is a plain gif although some call it an outrig charity. In this the radio owner unlike the purchaser (himself include of other mechanical commodities. T cost of the instrument or machine but the first step. There is a fami that years ago bought a phonogra for $300 and has since accumulated library of 4,000 records, which mu have cost at least $3,000, and additio and replacements make this a continu source of expens

Programs Which Might Well Be Cut

Sooner or lat radio will readju itself so that nominal fee may exacted for broadcasting (the bo legger and contrabandist will never eliminated, whether it be radio anything else) but certainly such step will never follow so long as t present situation continues. W wants to contribute to such lopsid broadcasting? And a prediction virtually in order: unless wirel radio sets its house in order n wired radio will cut in soon and v favor among that class that has t right to want what it wants when wants it. It is all very well to depe on the individual broadcasters, th that take the air as an advertiseme or for promotion work, or out of c pride, but why depend upon such bou when radio can be made supreme on own account in its own right? The worthy broadcaster will always be w come; but the broadcasters t started the craze and have achieve national necessity owe the public so thing better than they are getting.

And the sooner some stations cur their programs, and go in for silent d and nights, the better it will be.

Too much of a good thing is a bad thing—and maybe that's why it is not so good these days.

There are a great many people w can find no medium between j music and classical music. But thi a mistaken idea. Before jazz made its appearance, before there was suc a word as jazz in the English langua e, there was what was known as "popular music." This popular music was not elaborate compositions by the great composers, but haunting melodies of joy or sorrow, heard in castle and cottage alike. The songs heard at the fireside, crooned by mothers as they rocked the cradle, shouted to the skies by men as they marched into battle, sung by the sailors on their lonely watches, and echoed in all parts of the earth where the soul of music lived

Shall People or Politicians Rule?

(*Continued from page 3*)

nugatory and the legislature can ignore them and its action is valid. This proposed change, not mandatory but permissive, leaves each state free to provide for a referendum, or for the election of the ratifying legislature subsequent to submission, or, after ratification by the legislature, for a referendum to approve or disapprove the ratification, as each state may prefer and provide by its laws.

Third. It would provide "that until three-fourths of the states have ratified or more than one-fourth have rejected or defeated a proposed amendment any state may change its vote." At present, when three-fourths of the states have ratified a proposed amendment, it becomes incorporated in the Constitution as a part of it; but, as provided in this change, any state may withdraw its ratification before three-fourths have acted for ratification. Having ratified, its function determines and its control is ended. It has always been interpreted that rejection, as the matter was submitted for ratification, does not end the control of the legislature, but it might first reject and afterward ratify. In fact, the states might not act at all, but the question would remain open, and would await the ratification of three-fourths of the states. In the proposed change, a state which may have ratified can change its vote or withdraw its ratification at any time before the three-fourths have ratified, but, after that, it cannot change its vote from ratification to rejection, as the amendment would have been adopted; and, when more than one-fourth of the states have rejected any proposal of amendment, which is a sufficient number to reject, no state can thereafter change its vote from rejection to ratification, as the amendment would have been defeated; but this would not prevent Congress by subsequent resolution to resubmit it, with or without modifications.

Fourth. It is intended, as stated by Mr. Garrett, "by the use of the words 'or more than one-fourth of the states have rejected or defeated' to bring the matter to an end so far as the states are concerned, and make it necessary that any amendment so rejected by more than one-fourth shall be again submitted before further action can be had." As at present, when more than one-fourth of the states reject any proposed amendment, it is defeated in that the requisite three-fourths of the states cannot be had to ratify, so in the change suggested, when more than one-fourth have rejected, it will then be necessary to have the question resubmitted by Congress.

Opposition in the last days of Congress developed to the Wadsworth-Garrett proposal, not so much in Congress as on the outside. Certain women voters and welfare worker associations, who seem to feel more assured in getting through amendments by favorable action of state legislatures rather than by the vote of the people in the states, and certain labor organizations, registered the opposition of their officers, presuming to speak for their members, in a letter addressed to Representatives in Congress and by a small printed folder which declared that "it would make future amendment of the Federal Constitution more difficult, as so stated by Senator Wadsworth." More difficult for whom? Certainly not for the people, for they are now not considered at all! More difficult for the professional lobbyists, perhaps, who have brought the art of handling legislatures to a high degree of perfection.

The opposition further opposes the bill on these grounds:

1. "Offering a bait as a so-called referendum measure, it would not, in fact, require a referendum at all." True; it leaves each state to say whether it will have a referendum or not. It is permissive, not mandatory. But as the law now is the legislature is not bound by any referendum which it might order or which might be provided by state statute, because, as stated, the Supreme Court of the United States has held that all such state laws are nugatory. The proposed change grants the right which certain states have already claimed and been deprived of.

2. "The House joint resolution would permit any state to require confirmation of a constitutional amendment by popular vote. It would not permit a referendum on rejection." This is illogical. However, there probably would be no objection to letting the paragraph read that, "any state may require that ratification or *rejection* by its legislature be subject to confirmation by popular vote."

3. "A small minority of the states, namely thirteen, would be given the veto power over all the states. This minority would prevent consideration by the other states." Every state as freely as at present can consider any amendment submitted and ratify or reject it. It provides, as now, that when three-fourths of the states have ratified, the amendment would be adopted, and, further, if more than one-fourth reject, which would prevent three-fourths being obtained, the amendment would be rejected; thereafter, it would have to be resubmitted by Congress. At present, twenty-eight states have rejected the Child Labor amendment. It is defeated. And yet other states are going on ratifying or rejecting, according to the action of their legislatures, and the proponents of the measure declare they will carry on the fight to induce subsequent legislatures of the rejecting states to withdraw their rejection and ratify the measure. They do not accept a definite action as definite. They say in effect that they will have what they want regardless of official action. Even if the Wadsworth-Garrett amendment were adopted, it would not apply to the present situation of the pending so-called Child Labor amendment.

4. "The chance of any ratification of any amendment would be practically *nil;* in fact, 9 to 1 instead of the present 3 to 1." That is, under the present plan of (*Concluded on page 27*)

ARTICLE V OF THE CONSTITUTION AS IT NOW STANDS:

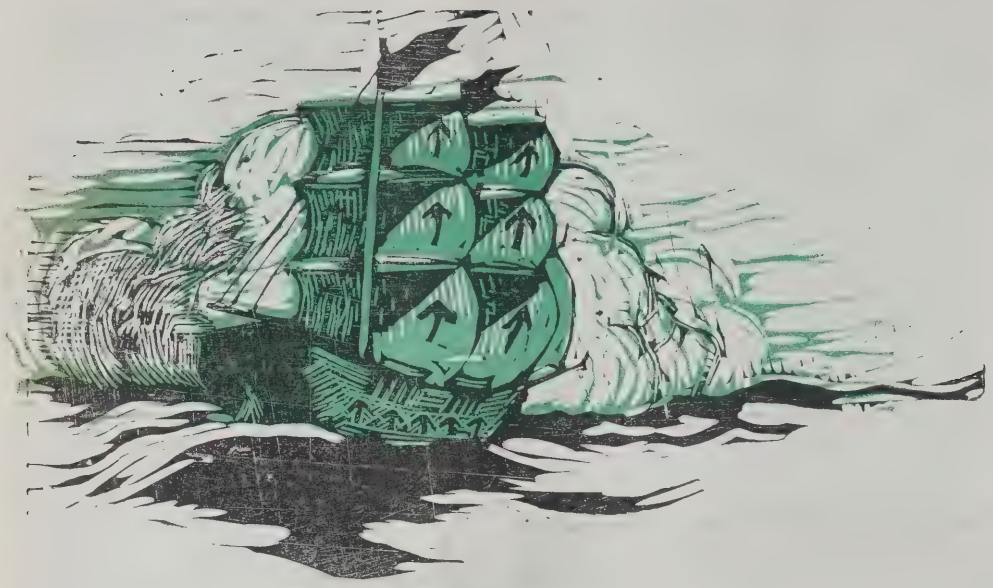
ARTICLE V

The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several States or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress: *Provided*, That no amendment which may be made prior to the year 1808 shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the ninth section of the first article, and that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

THE PROPOSED WADSWORTH-GARRETT AMENDMENT:

ARTICLE IV

The Congress, whenever two-thirds of each House shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution when ratified by three-fourths of the several States through their legislatures or conventions as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress or the convention: *Provided*, That the members of at least one house in each of the legislatures which may ratify shall be elected after such amendments have been proposed; that any State may require that ratification by its legislature be subject to confirmation by popular vote; and that until three-fourths of the States have ratified or more than one-fourth of the States have rejected or defeated a proposed amendment any State may change its vote: *And provided further*, That no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.



Romantic Rascals—No. 4

William Parsons, Esquire

By CHARLES J. FINGER
Author of "Highwaymen," "In Lawless Lands," "Bushrangers," "Tales From Silver Lands," etc.

Wood blocks cut by Paul Honoré
(Copyright, 1925, by Charles J. Finger)

WHEN young Parsons, Eton scholar, played Montem alone, he set up a course of trouble for himself and everyone about him. For Montem, a custom abolished these seventy years and more, was peculiar to Eton College, and this was the way of it. Every third year, on Whit-Tuesday, certain selected students used to go to a mound near the Bath road, and, until noon, every passer-by was held up, as we would say, giving what he could spare, and the amount collected was handed to the senior scholar to help defray his university expense. It was a kind of comic opera highway robbery, and, doubtless, those accosted were willing, went to the place prepared to give, and, the business being over, felt themselves supremely blessed.

Now Parsons, the son of William Parsons, baronet, and the pet and favorite of the Duchess of Northumberland, had no right at all to play Montem. The truth is, he was a harum-scarum youngster, and having lost money by betting on the great prize fight between James Figg and the Venetian Gondolier, he went out to the mound one night, a lad of fourteen or so and tall for his years, and there, armed with a pistol and disguised by a mask, he called on a timid horseman to stand and deliver, and robbed him of all that he carried. Naturally there was an outcry and a pursuit as soon as the robbed man told his tale at the inn, and, the ground being soft after a rain, the tracks were followed so that the pursuers came to Eton school. The chase might have been abandoned even then, for that an Eton scholar should play highwayman was unthinkable, but, hearing the noise, young Parsons fired his pistol from a dormitory window and the bullet took the constable in the arm. That led to closer investigation and much questioning, not only of Parsons but of his schoolfellows, and soon it became known that for some time past things belonging to the scholars as well as to the provost and the chaplains, had disappeared. A general and thorough search being made, much treasure was discovered in Parsons' box, not only money, but rings, and chains, and watches, and snuffboxes, nor to them could the lad lay any well-founded demand, while, on the other hand, there were earnest claimants. Indeed, Parsons seemed to have only the slightest knowledge of what was there, and with all the wealth it struck everyone as being odd that he should have turned himself into a highwayman to reimburse himself for his losses on the prize fight.

In those days there was a hearty belief in character rather than in the mere knowledge of facts, and in discipline of self in preference to discipline by definite rules, nor were men given to lay much stress on the psychological effects of corporal punishment. So the young Etonian was soundly birched, then expelled, and his father, Sir William, received a warm letter from the provost in which that staunch disciplinarian said that while he "would not declaim against occasional rough ways and outbreaks of savagery in un-matriculated novices, anti-social and dishonest dealings were not to be overlooked, the more because the ideal of the school was to train youths to take their places in society as gentlemen." He further prophesied that certain courses, if pursued, might lead to unpleasant ends, and added that if the lad was to become a man true and efficient and worthy, he should court sincerity and simplicity. There followed a long Latin quotation which voiced the provost's fear that young Master Parsons displayed few of the sterling qualities of his ancestors and was inclined to follow courses not closely connected with true happiness.

After that, young Master Parsons ran at large awhile with nothing much to do save to taste the froth and ripple of life, but he had no liking for simplicity. One day it came to the ears of the Duchess that the lad on whom she had set her hopes had been seen at Vauxhall, gaming and drinking, so she sought her friend, Dean Swift, whose new book "Gulliver's Travels," was the talk of the town.

"Madam," said the satirist, speaking very loudly and distinctly, "the young wretch persists in keeping company that is absolutely and irreclaimably vile. He runs to the Yahoos as water runs down hill. Your kindness to him is cruelty, the kindness of his father is folly. Into the army or the navy with him, and the speedier the better. Foreign service, madam, foreign service."

"But the dear lad among a lot of blackamoors," said the lady, dismayed.

"He might learn decent behavior among Hounynnhums easier than among those with whom he associates," growled the Irishman.

All that the rough dean said was so true, and the fact of young Parsons' worthlessness so very apparent, that the upshot of the matter was that the youth was put to naval service as midshipman on a vessel bound for Jamaica, for there were family connections with influence.

But no sooner did the lad find himself in uniform, with money in his pocket, than he was off in the novel character of naval hero to try his fortune in his own way. So one day William Parsons entered into the town of Bishop's Waltham, riding in a coach with four horses, displaying everywhere letters from the Duchess, getting easy credit because of his appearance and family, and making himself popular with the local gentry by his dashing ways and his singing of rollicking nautical ballads. A very charming young man he seemed to be, and, if some looked upon him as the scion of a noble house sowing his wild oats, it did not prevent the beautiful Miss Burke, daughter of a physician, from taking a romantic interest in him.

For seven days all went well, safely and smoothly; then, at a little part of an unsentimental, hard-headed Scot made some inquiry as to the young midshipman's leave of absence, and hard on that, an old lady who knew the Duchess put a few searching questions, whereupon Master Parsons collapsed like a pricked bladder. The rest was

easily done. For Sir William soon heard the tale, posted down from London, laughed at his son's awkward attempt at playing Don Juan, then marched him off to Sheerness where the ship lay, delivered him into the hands of his superior officers to receive what punishment he seemed to merit for his desertion, and saw him taken by the scruff of the neck and led away by a grim giant of a Yorkshireman.

The ship sailed soon after, and, on the way to Jamaica, William was eager to explain matters and to tell why this thing and that had happened, asserting his high-mindedness and his well-meant aspirations and intentions. It was true, he said, that he had tried to marry, but that was actuated by patriotic motives and he wished to found a family in America for the greater glory of England, and all that kind of thing. But his superior officer had been trained in the School of Captain Walton* the man of brevity, and knew nothing but discipline and directness. With him it was a word and a blow for the idle, and a rope's end for the shirker, so William Parsons was driven to abject expedients to ameliorate his lot.

Nor were matters easier when Jamaica was reached. Shore leave the lad had none, but, instead, many duties, the captain holding that activity was good for the moral health. To be sure, for young Parsons there was the responsibility of authority, but the pride of dominance was not in him. So one night, when a ship bound for England anchored in the bay, the heir presumptive to the Duchess of Northumberland's fortune climbed aboard as stowaway, hid himself among the sugar barrels, and, in due course of time, turned up in London.

Then there was the work of melting the hearts of his father and the Duchess by tales of hardship encountered and perils met. There was a pathetically sentimental story of his narrow escape from death in the hurricane that swept the island, when, as he said, houses flew through the air like leaves from the trees, and the face of the water was lifted like a sheet. There was a moving relation of his intrepidity in fighting revolted Negroes in the fastnesses of Blue Mountain Peak. To cap all, he gave a wonderful account of the way in which he saved a superior officer from the jaws of a shark. He wound up with a very beautiful lofty and tender speech in which he said that henceforth he would guard the quality of his life, looking well to it that his happiness should not depend upon excitement and stimulus. And when he ended by saying that it grieved him deeply to be separated from his kinfolk and to be severed from his native land, his hearers relented. The long and short of it was that the young man was taken into favor again and established in a well-appointed apartment in Regent street, at which he expressed great joy, confessing that his heart had always yearned for understanding and affection.

For almost a year things went without friction, Mr. Parsons being perfectly complacent and contented as long as he was well supplied with money, but there came a time when empty hours remained to be filled. The passing of an act of Parliament for the building of a bridge across the Thames by the sale of lottery tickets was as a providence for the young man with nothing to do. Into speculation he plunged boldly, ascribing the failure of others of his acquaintance to do likewise to civic cowardice, and so thoroughly did he engage in high finance, that one morning he found himself behind the bars in the Fleet prison with many other insolvent debtors. His last half-guinea went to pay the tipstaff for a bowl of punch, and, for a time, he endured days of drudgery while strong allies in his family did what could be done to have the scapegrace reinstated in his country's navy. That at last being done, he was shipped off on board the *Rodney*, and for some years experienced the physical realities of the world and the homely business of life off the shores of Newfoundland.

But the obscurity of a life on foreign service annoyed him; to plan and intrigue was a passion with him. One day he decided to break the bonds that enmeshed him, and decision came with a rush when he learned that the Duchess had willed her fortune to his brother, then in India. So he lost no time in getting to London on a homebound whaler, and at once assumed his brother's name and, by an impudent fraud, came within an ace of laying his hands on property to which he had no shadow of claim. That piece of insolence was almost too much and there was a vision of prison walls which awoke a sort of hysteria in the family. But Sir William, after many denunciations and censures, bethought him of his lineage and all that the disgrace of imprisonment might mean. So there was a hasty canvassing of friends wealthy and titled and powerful, and at the end, William was (*Continued on page 25*)

He called on a timid horseman to stand and deliver.

*The Captain Walton who, in the action off Cape Passaro, in 1718, wrote to his admiral thus:

"Sir: We have taken or destroyed all the Spanish ships upon this coast, the number as per margin.

Yours truly,
G. Walton."

The Making of Thomas Carlyle

What Made Him a Great Philosopher? Was It His Early Life Story?

By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS

Illustrations by J. A. Nielson

IT is nearly 90 years now since Thomas Carlyle read the proof of his History of the French Revolution and spoke in a strong, unrestrained way of printers, proofs, probable critics and the weather. It is "really," he said, "like a man dighting [sifting] chaffy corn in a barn for the whole blessed day." The whole of the wordy business about Carlyle which has been going on for 40 years now is in that quotation. No man ever raised more dust in "dighting" his corn than Thomas Carlyle, and few men for a hundred years have brought in a better grain when you can get at it.

The trouble has been to get the wheat clear of the chaff. Thomas found it tryingly hard work—witness pretty much everything he said or wrote about himself—and his friends added to the general smother. His wife had a sharp tongue, a tireless pen and a proper and boundless interest in her husband. She married him for love and a canny Scotch confidence that he was her best bid for station and fame, and "dighted" her full share of chaffy corn during courtship and marriage. Mrs. Carlyle wrote letters enough about herself and her husband to keep the heirs of the Carlyle manuscripts in royalties for a long generation, and Carlyle if anything went her one better. Give him paper and, I suppose, a goose quill, a "frank"—which is early nineteenth century for free postage—silence and solitude and he will write you three printed pages and call it a note. He loves to date his letters "late at night, in the middle of a sleeping household and of silent moors"; after that everything is grist that comes to his mill.

There are now seventeen volumes of Carlyle correspondence—all hand written. Some of it is Emerson and some Goethe, but the solid substance of it is Thomas and Jane. Love letters which should have been burned, and letters of protest and explanation which should have been burned twice, and letters to free their souls which should, having served that necessary purpose, have been posted in the waste basket—and letters nineteenth century literature would be poor without.

Everybody who knew the Carlyles apparently kept a diary and wrote it up after every visit. Charles Eliot Norton, that flawless mirror of the great, wrote his reminiscences, and J. A. Froude, by no means a flawless mirror, wrote his reminiscences, and Carlyle, not to be out-done, wrote his own wherein he repented at length and often of all his sins of omission and commission, being an entirely honest soul and, for good measure, repented of sins he had never committed at all.

Thomas Carlyle and his mother.

Between them all they filled the air with the chaff of the Carlyle drawing room and the Carlyle study, the Carlyle bed and board and the inwardness of the Carlyle soul. A man who created and held and still holds so general and absorbing an interest is a great man—and, to be quite honest, no small amount of the interest was and is in the dust raised. A serene sage of Chelsea, with a good digestion, a growing family, a wife who always said "Yes, Thomas," and two thousand typewritten words a day and no fuss about it, would not be the Carlyle his friends and disciples find so irritatingly interesting. No man ever made discontent so fascinating or protest so absorbing. He invests the taking of Castor Oil with an epic quality, and if he goes out into his garden of a summer night with his pipe, to compose his soul under the stars, his meditations there have a kind of skyey splendor and his sentences sing the music of the spheres.

Whether a man be fortunate in personal oblivion if only his work endure is a matter to be debated. We know little enough of Shakespeare save that he had an unlawful liking for other men's deer and such small gossip but it makes no difference with his fame, though we should be glad enough to know how he felt when he wrote "Hamlet" and "The Tempest." St. Luke and Homer are probably the better off because they have left us nothing but the third gospel and the Iliad. But I am not so sure of Carlyle. If we know nothing about him save that "Sartor Resartus," which is doubtful Latin for "The Tailor Patched Up," an impossible book with an impossible name and a quenchless flame of genius was his spiritual autobiography along with a doubtful tradition that his wife once threw a tea cup at him, I wonder if he would last so well.

He was, to use one of his own figures, a nebulous sort of man with a gleam of fire mist all about him and from time to time some delivery of a planet or star from the hot heart of him. No one else has ever so shown the whole process in such fullness of inner and outer action as Carlyle, and those who care for him at all will always want the whole Carlyle, dust chaff and good grain. He is more than a writer of strange genius, and a historian of peculiar power, and a man who saw deep into his time and far down the future; he was Thomas Carlyle, a strange mixture of Isaiah Jeremiah and a Scotch peasant—moral and intellectual volcano erupting across pretty nearly the whole nineteenth century.

For a long generation now the English-speaking world has seen Carlyle largely through the eyes of Froude. Carlyle made Froude his literary executor and put his private papers and his future reputation without reservation in the hands of a man who

could tell a wrong story in a more fascinating way than any historian of his time. Froude, to whom Mrs. Carlyle probably talked too much and to whom Carlyle had talked endlessly, knew intimately the gusty atmosphere of the Carlyle home but missed, curiously, the warmth of affection which bound Thomas and Jane together. He felt the fire of genius which burned at No. 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, but he could not feel how warm and tender its hearthstone fire was, nor how Carlyle and his wife lived in the glow of it. Besides, he had no sense of humor, and without a sense of humor you can never see the Carlyles in a proper proportion. Froude will be longest remembered for two things, one of which he meant to do and could not do, the other which he did without meaning to do it: the first was to redeem the reputation of Henry VIII, the second was to cloud the reputation of Thomas Carlyle.

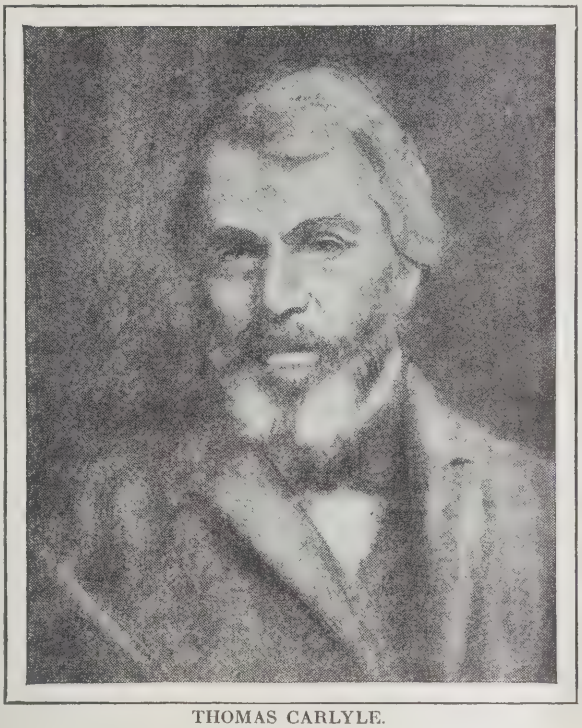
Alexander Carlyle—a nephew—did his best to undo Froude's work, mostly letting the Carlyles speak for themselves with judicious editing. He has published altogether seven volumes of letters and memorials, which is certainly giving his uncle and aunt a fair posthumous chance to be heard. Sir James Crichton Browne entered for the defense, and Charles Eliot Norton. But Carlyle has remained in eclipse.

Largely, I suspect, because the moment and interest of the years have run by him. For a good while now you have had only to call anything Victorian to condemn it hopelessly, and Thomas Carlyle was early, mid and late Victorian. He and his friends sat in the seats of the mighty for a long time, now their successors want a chance. The best any man can do—save the few who are sure of a timeless sovereignty—is to make his own contribution to the current of thought and action and, after a little, be lost in the flow of it. Carlyle taught that himself with great heat; he ought not to complain if he is an example of it.

Exit Thomas Carlyle.

But he refused to stay off the stage. He has begun to enter anew into men's minds as they take account of the progress of Democracy and industrialism and other things; one finds a growing and very respectful reference to him in contemporary English writing. He seems, after all, to have been a prophet, having anticipated with a clear, sad vision the outcome of the tumultuous and apparently triumphant forces which his own time created and released. He would be, if he were to come back again, in the irritatingly secure position of being able to say, "I told you so." It is hard to get away from a man like that.

So David Alec Wilson, who tells us that he had been getting his material together for 30 years, has chosen a strategic time to write a new Life of Thomas Carlyle, two volumes of which—there are to be four altogether—are now published: "Carlyle Till Marriage" and "Carlyle to 'The French Revolution.'" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) He is only half through but I venture to believe his biography will be the standard authority on Carlyle for the future and that the more important part of his work is done. I venture to believe, also, that the interest in Carlyle which will thus be renewed, along with the force and integrity of Carlyle's own writings, will set him again upon a seat of authority from which he will not hereafter be dethroned. He will rule over a diminished realm, but his right to a real empire over the minds of men will grow more strong with the years, for Carlyle also belongs to the timeless fellowship. Wilson's work shows us the making of Thomas Carlyle, for when the two volumes now in print are finished Carlyle is a made man and the rest is detail.



THOMAS CARLYLE.

What made him? To begin with, a deep rooting in an old and sturdy stock. He had a spreading family tree, this son of the village mason. Go far enough back and he had Margaret Bruce, the sister of Robert Bruce of Bannockburn, for a many times removed grandmother. But lands and titles were both lost generations before Thomas was born in 1795 and he inherited nothing save genius, the homespun qualities of small farmers who had lived close to the soil, the sensitive soul of his mother Margaret Aitken, the pugnacious temper of his father James, who had in his early days as much joy in a good fight as a well laid wall—and an accent he never lost.

Robbie Burns inspected the Ecclefechan distillery the year Carlyle was born and according to his own confession drank more of its product than was good for him. Carlyle was born to the music of Burns' lilting song "A man's a man for a' that," and drew in the passion and persuasion of it with his mother's milk. He had no use ever for the unfair advantage rank or station give a man and one root of his bitter protest against the respectability which rides in a gig and gets nowhere and lordship which rides in a coach to its own undoing over the lives of common folk is to be found in the proud independence of the stock which begat him and the militant democracy of the village in which he spent his boyhood.

His forbears had always been border folk and they must have done their share of cattle running; indeed he had an ancestor hanged in front of his own door on a false accusation of cattle stealing. There would be a restless stirring in him as of inherited adventure and a practical shrewdness as well. He managed money wisely, lived inside his income, whatever it was, educated a brother, helped his father and mother, gave his share of the little family estate to his brothers and sisters, and smoked his clay pipe beside his mother's hearthstone, she being likewise happily engaged, in filial loyalty to his race, his kin and his station by birth when he was famous in two continents.

The second thing which made Carlyle was finding a wife. Most men do this without making of it an event in nineteenth century literature; when the time, the place and the girl are happily coincident they get married and call it a day's work. Not so Thomas. He made one or two false starts and, being always thrifty, capitalized one of them in Blumine in "Sartor Resartus," doubtless magnifying therein, as he generally did, his actual suffering and disappointment. Jane Welsh had an ambitious mother, a reputation as an heiress which the family estate did not bear out, a sharp tongue, a keen mind, fine eyes, a capricious mouth, a romantic disposition steeped in Byron, and a high opinion of herself.

Carlyle met her in 1821 through Edward Irving who had been her tutor. Irving was a figure for any 17-year-old girl to fall in love with and Jane fancied herself to have done it. Perhaps she did, perhaps she liked to remind Thomas in later years that there were others; at any rate Froude and Jane between them make a deal of the Irving episode. Jane Welsh kept Thomas Carlyle dancing at the end of her string for five years. Mrs. Welsh took the part of the hard-hearted parent finely. There are rivals and alarms and

(Continued on page 26)

Our Friends the Spiders

Some Very Good Reasons Why We Should Not "Kill the Nasty Things"

By S. F. AARON
Illustrations by the Author

KILL the nasty thing! Ugh! It was crawling on me and might have bitten me!"

Heard commonly anywhere and during any summer season such a remark tests credulity and prejudice and what are the usual responses? Or perhaps it is another and supposedly intellectual exposition of the subject that more fitly demands agreement or dissent.

"Now, Professor, what good is a spider?"

"Well, ah—you see, ah—it has no economic importance, but taken in the —ah—general scheme, you see—"

"Yes, I know; all created things they say are . . . but I guess spiders don't count—they are too insignificant."

How long must the observer and nature student labor to combat the silly ideas that have come out of obscure traditions and continue like many another ignorant notion? And must these long remain so persistent that even many persons devoted to the advance of science still cater to popular impressions?

It has been less than half a century since house flies were considered healthful scavengers. There is an old saw:

"With many a fly
Fewer die."

And within a generation ago the mosquito, the bubonic flea, the cattle tick have, with the fly, been branded as deadlier enemies than rattlesnakes. Are we, with the love of nature paramount, not as ready to discover among lowly things our friends as well as enemies?

From the bulletins of the Government Agricultural Department, as the result of work by paid economic experts to which there are none superior, we read, in composite, as a burden of proof: "This bird (or batrachian or reptile) is worthy of protection, for the contents of so many hundred stomachs consisted almost wholly of injurious insects and spiders." And the same frequently occurs in the agricultural reports of the states. Jenny Wren, for instance, is especially mentioned as deserving of praise because of her, at times, almost entirely arachnid bill-of-fare.

Well, let us not quarrel with our friends the birds because they enjoy a fat spider, but rather should we deplore the ignorance of our own species, with a too ready heel and that too common hatred of what merely seems ugly. Not so much because we refuse to accede to Cowper's dictum regarding the listing of our friends, but for purely economical reasons, associated perforce with those of natural interest for delightfully entertaining creatures.

When Mother Nature staged her one grand drama, the Struggle for Existence, she billed the lowly spider as by no means least in the combined cast. But she could hardly have looked with favor upon one of the chief later actors when he turned critic and persistently misunderstood the rôle of these stars. The birds, the bats, the shrews and the moles, the skunk, the frogs, the toads and the snakes all labored long upon the economic scheme of things without due credit and now, most of all, man misinterprets and maligns the spiders.

People have been laughed at for saying that all created things have their uses, even noxious insects and weeds. Their reasons for saying so have not always been plain, and it is therefore refreshing to find a champion of that much abused insect, the spider who gives very good reasons why the spider should be regarded as a friend. The majority of people have hitherto regarded spiders as fit only to weave webs and to annoy one by their poisonous bites.

The student cannot fail to appreciate the spider's part from its dramatic elements. As determined engineers and bridge builders midst great dangers, stringing cables that in proportion would be unsupported for more than two miles; as weavers of gossamer scenes for the enactment of worthy tragedies and then as heroic tragedians killing and being killed; as examples of mother love and industry and finally as practicing economies that influence the very existence of man and beast Madam Spider cannot fail, in the final analysis, to shove aside prejudices and contempt.

If we are truthfully to estimate the virtues of our wild friends let us add a proper element of intelligent wonder to it and cease to determine blindly. Come into the alfalfa field, the clover, the growing grass of any kind that nurtures the farmer's stock and is essential in the production of milk, meat, and fertilizer. Here is the locust grasshopper whose numbers, were they not lessened by enemies, would cut the crop to nothing. Here is the tiny green and banded leaf hopper in vast hordes that make of it an army of destruction even greater than the locusts. Here is the fat green caterpillar of the very common sulphur yellow butterfly; if it were eliminated the crop yield would more than double up. And here also is Madam Spider, several kinds of her and a vast multiplication individually so that every square foot or less is represented by her activities which consist of a desire to obtain insect food whereby she may gain secretions of silk and nourish the hundreds of eggs that each of her species will lay. As against these destroyers of vegetation she maintains the most effective balance.

It is not necessary to look far nor long to discover spiders, which are always among the commonest creatures everywhere. And always about a third of those to be seen are in possession of a victim of some kind. One has a grip with its mandibles on the soft body of a green butterfly caterpillar, the juices thereof composing more than the bulk of the spider. Another has a grasshopper, perhaps nicely snared in a web and trussed up while still kicking, or perhaps the victim has been taken in open struggle. So much for thus policing the hayfield and a much or more may be said of the garden and orchard and something also of arachnid protection of every crop.

The long-horned and handsome tussock moth caterpillar, the cankerworm, the tent caterpillar and, most important, the autumn webworm which also has an early summer brood, are all attacked and killed by various spiders, the most bloodthirsty among which are the black and the gray jumpers and the brown gray and blackish ground spiders with nearly unmarked hairy bodies and long, powerful legs. These build no webs as snares but depend upon catlike propensities in taking their prey.

But the snare weavers, the earliest engineers of many wonderful constructions, whether

Web of an orb-weaving garden spider. Many insects, mostly gnats, have fallen victims to the snare; Madam Spider makes her lair under the leaves.

flat orbs across wide open spaces, mass webs of irregular design that make a veritable jungle of crisscross cables, or funnel-shaped and saucer-like sticky floors with retreats far down into the grass or rock crannies, must not be overlooked with respect to their services to mankind; services not done *for* our interests, but quite as effectively to our interests nevertheless.

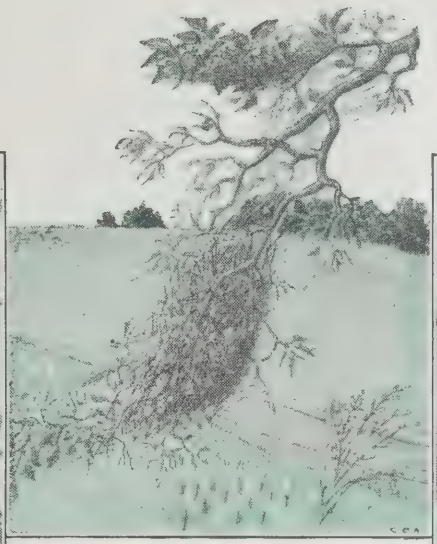
Count the insects in a spider's snare, count the number of snares in a restricted area and sum up. Thirty-three geometric orbs graced the vine-

Doing mankind a favor. The green caterpillar of the common yellow clover butterfly being attacked and killed by a jumping spider.

clad fences of our garden recently and there was an average of more than forty-five insects in each web. One contained sixty-one gnats, many of which were the Hessian fly, enemy of wheat, one large short-horned grasshopper, one small long-horned grasshopper, five blue-bottle meat flies and one cattle fly. Other webs showed as large a percentage of injurious insects; about one hundred per cent. A few webs contained some beneficial species, parasitic wasps, carnivorous beetles and bugs, small field-roving dragon-flies and golden-eyed flies. Among the long grass and at the bases of the fences, in rock piles and hedges there was even a greater number of funnel webs and mass webs, each probably taking as large a toll of victims, though this is impossible to tell, for these snarers drag the entangled insect instantly into their retreats, or else cut them loose to fall from the web as soon as they are bled dry.

But it is to the jumpers and runners among spiders that mankind owes the deepest gratitude. There is a slogan—oft proudly urged by the writer—that if it were not for the birds we would starve to death. With treble certainty this may be said of the spiders.

Certain web-building insects are in respect to wide and threatening injury the worst enemies of man and beast. These are caterpillars, the early stages of common and apparently insignificant moths. They are general feeders; few are the vegetable species that they do not favor. Commonest and most important among them is the before-mentioned autumn webworm, the moth of which is a pretty little white miller, some varieties having black spots and blotches on the downy wings. The worm is yellowish gray with numerous specks and rather long black hairs



Ugly webs of the autumn webworm. A wild black cherry tree nearly defoliated by the late broods of the caterpillars and webs of the young and adult worms on an apple bough.

distributed in small bunches over its entire body.

Few of these webworms survive through the winter; they are not killed by the cold, for normal insects merely have their vitality suspended by freezing, but are killed by their enemies, chief among which are certain spiders. The early summer colony webs of the worm are small and of little importance; they are dense enough to exclude most birds and the worms are distasteful to all but vireos, orioles and the cuckoos, but these are never in sufficient numbers to keep them down. Spiders at this season are immature, as are most parasitic insects also. Each resultant moth of the surviving spring worms lays its quota of about two hundred eggs and the autumn brood, from which the species very naturally takes its common name, is legion.

Every cherry, apple, pear, quince, mulberry, elm, maple, walnut, butternut, hickory, chestnut, sweet gum or sour gum, osage, hawthorn, magnolia, linden, buckeye, locust, persimmon, sassafras, Carolina poplar, willow, and even ash and sycamore tree is apt to maintain and display the ugly colony webs of the autumn webworm. If these caterpillars are at all limited in any section with respect to the number of trees those first mentioned above are attacked by preference somewhat in the order given. But if a colony of these caterpillars is caged and offered any old thing in the vegetable line the worms will readily take it rather than starve, which is commonly exceptional among caterpillars having a certain species of leaf, or genus thereof, as a food plant. This clearly indicates what would occur if the webworms increased beyond the yield of their favorite foliage.

And we also have the wild cherry webworm, the willow webworm, the tent caterpillar common on fruit trees, the walnut webworm, and several others confined to their certain food, but also readily attacking others when their chosen kinds are denied them.

What would occur if these several

A struggle between a friend and an enemy. The big brown ground spider, though kicked in the face, will probably succeed in killing the grasshopper.

species had no natural check? Within the limits of their appetites every green and growing thing would disappear from the earth and it is not the birds, toads, lizards or bats that do most to keep these caterpillars down.

It is only necessary to examine roughly some of these later webs and those of allied species to determine clearly their natural check. Web after web will be found nearly or quite depopulated of the constructive inhabitants, but with each will be discovered the wolves in the fold—commonly three or four species of non-web-making spiders that nevertheless possess the hereditary knack of negotiating webs. And everywhere, all through the mass, are the sucked-out bodies, both fresh and dried, of the caterpillars, victims of the spiders, some of which are often found at their bloody feasts, or in the act of killing.

Even after the autumn broods of these several species of worms leave the web and crawl about seeking places to build their cocoons numbers of them become victims to spiders. At this late season the birds are surfeited with better food, but the little, eight-legged balancers of nature are ever on the job.

No one can blame the housewife for brushing down the dust-catching webs of household spiders from the room corners of her domicile, but other than that let there be, with growing appreciation, a common protection of these best friends of mankind.

Heritage of Mountain and Canon

Will the Guadalupe Region of New Mexico Be Our Next National Park?

By MAX BENTLEY

IT almost goes without saying that some day, perhaps a near day, the Guadalupe region of New Mexico and Texas will be set aside as a national park. When that day comes there will be presented to the American people a heritage of mountains, cañons, valleys, forests and running streams whose beauty is not surpassed anywhere on this broad continent.

There are many excellent reasons why the Guadalupes should be made a park reserve, but it will suffice to set down these four:

The government already owns the New Mexico section. It would be a simple matter, on making a start in the Guadalupes, to reach out northwestward and bring into the park reserve all of the 1,500,000 acres covered by the Lincoln National Forest, in the Sacramento, White, Capitan and Gallinas ranges. The 30,000-acre strip extending into Texas can be bought cheaply.

The governors of New Mexico and Texas, with the highway commissions of both states and the Texas State Parks Board, met recently in a chamber of the Carlsbad Cavern, 750 feet beneath the earth, to pledge their efforts toward the creation of a park.

The Carlsbad Cavern, many times grander than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, lies at the southern end of the Guadalupe range.

The whole region is accessible from any direction and in a few hours' motor ride of four transcontinental railway systems. Paved highways are already in use from the northwest and northeast; and recently New Mexico and Texas officially designated as state highways the route from the south, the Bankhead Highway at Van Horn, Texas, to the Ozark Trails at Carlsbad, New Mexico, thence to the Cavern and winding a mile high around a southern break-off of the mountains: a beautiful, breath-taking, but perfectly logical route.

It should be unnecessary to add this fifth reason, that we must set aside more and greater park areas. Census statisticians forecast a population of 200,000,000 before the twentieth century ends.

I have just completed a tour into the Guadalupes, by motor and horse, and afoot. My companion was Judge J. C. Hunter, of Culberson County, Texas. Judge Hunter is mentioned because he has done more than any other man, or any group of men, to lift the Guadalupes from obscurity to public attention. It was Hunter who arranged the official meeting in the Cavern; who personally escorted the governors and their party of 176 persons on a two days' tour; whose town, as a grand climax, entertained them and 2,500 others at a barbecue, dance and speaking. Judge Hunter is the pioneer of the project, and he showed part of it to me. We saw it in the raw.

After a day in Carlsbad Cavern we camped at a spring squarely on the New Mexico-Texas line, proceeding the next day to the ranch home of Tom Gray, at the head of McKitrick Cañon. McKitrick and Big cañons were that day's objective.

We ascended McKitrick six miles by motor over a winding road which Hunter himself had had built for the comfort of the governors' party. The road ended at a level and broad bench above a bubbling spring. Big Cañon was covered by horse and afoot.

Water! Without it land becomes desert. Without water the crags and cañons of mountains would never resound to the call of animals, and our diminishing wild life would be deprived of its last natural refuge from hunter lust. At sunset, coming out of Big Cañon, we seated ourselves beside a boulder-strewn waterfall. The hour had brought the magical hush which Nature, in her remoter retreats, interpolates between the ending of day and the coming of night. A thousand-foot mountain wall rose beside us, laying its broad shadow over the cañon. Along its scarred face were holes—some large enough for bear, some small enough for rock wrens—and from one (who could say which one?) came a crying of a family of eaglets querulously demanding their supper. We saw an eagle wheeling so far overhead that he seemed a mere blot in the blue. Had he heard that faint call? We saw him execute a grand spiral, then sweep downward below the mountain rim and from our sight, and Hunter pointed to the water.

Water! McKitrick Cañon and the more spectacular Big Cañon have hundreds of springs and fountains and waterfalls. They are never still, be the season wet or droughty, but like living things leap on and on, here sinking beneath a dry gravel be

Guadalupe Peak, the "break off" of the range. In this picture it is more than a mile from the man.

A "close-up" of Guadalupe Peak though taken from a point three miles away.

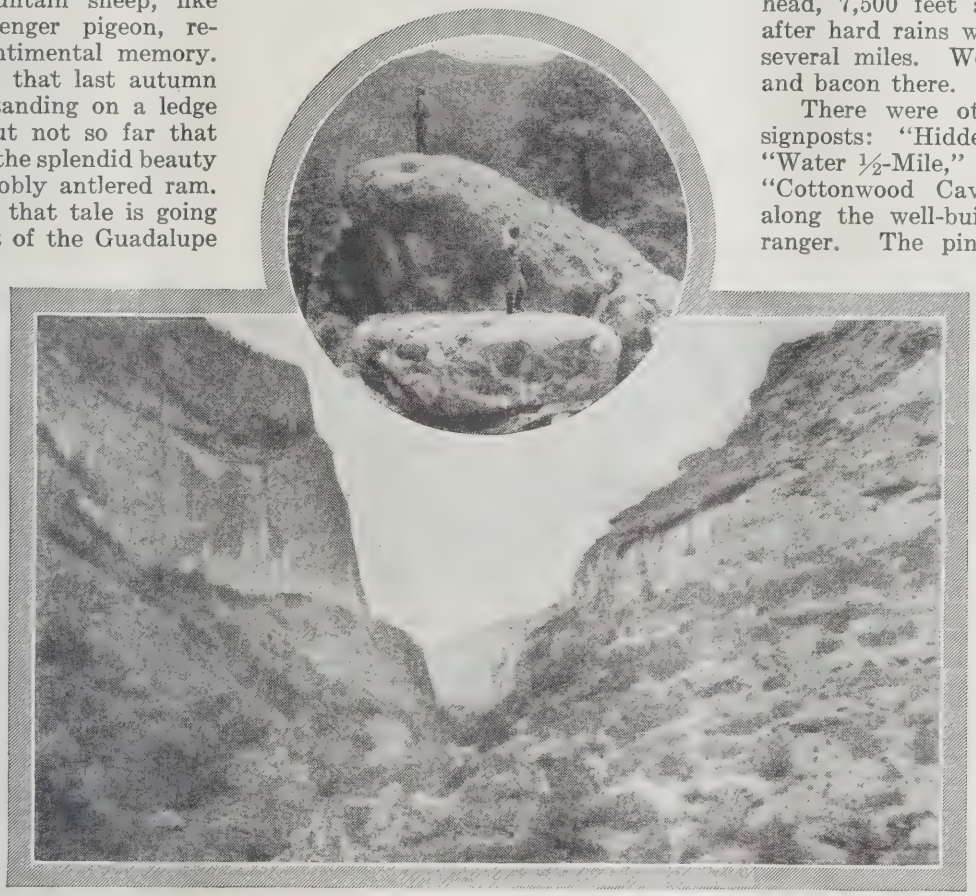
there springing out to continue their joyous course.

Not only eagles live there. The Guadalupes shelter large numbers of deer, panthers, and mountain sheep. When the white oaks fruit abundantly and the manzanillas bear their red apples, hundreds of acorn and fruit-loving black bears appear unexpectedly from nowhere to wax fat and lazy as the magical autumn passes. I have read that the mountain sheep, like the vanished passenger pigeon, remains as but a sentimental memory. Tom Gray told me that last autumn he counted forty standing on a ledge beyond gunshot, but not so far that Gray could not see the splendid beauty of their leader, a nobly antlered ram. If the repetition of that tale is going to disturb the quiet of the Guadalupe cañons with the pop-popping of city guns, then I shall wish it were left untold—but the government will prevent that sort of thing.

Night overtook us in the cañon. We were only a mile from the bench where our horses waited, but a mile of Big Cañon travel is the equivalent of five miles of plains travel. The route outward was a pick-your-way over large boulders caught up by torrents in days gone by and tossed helterskelter across narrow passageways. It culminated in a steep climb, hand over hand with the aid of a rope, and a frantic leap for a level though slippery rock overhanging a pool of icy-cold water fifteen feet deep. Venus guided us out. Big and brilliant, she appeared over the eastern mountain wall in time to confound my stubborn insistence that we were headed due west and therefore were lost.

Next day Gray, Hunter and I left the ranch at sunrise, on horses. We were to "top out" that day and see the country from above. It was two and one-half miles to the foot of Mount Gray (named by me, that day), a perpendicular 1,500-foot peak guarding the eastern end of Big Cañon. When Gray pointed out our route as being straight up the mountain flank—Golden Stair he called it—Hunter insisted that a goat could not climb it, let alone a horse and man. But we made it without accident, and in two hours were on top of the range.

On our left were Big, McKitrick and Pine cañons. Beyond Pine Cañon rose the stupendous break-off of Guadalupe Peak lording it over the Texas plain. On our right, eastward, Gunsight, Double, Slaughter, and Rattlesnake cañons, and, beyond them, Carlsbad Cavern. On either side, tumbles of rock and stunted growths of oak and cedar bent to fantastic postures by the winds which sweep these high places without hindrance. Straight ahead, the dimly descried tops of tall



Entrance to Big Canon. Insert—Huge boulders in McKitrick Canon.

pines with their promise of leafy forest avenues. Beyond them, northward, Dark Cañon and its farms and the well-developed alpine resorts of Cloudcroft and Alamogordo—the Sacramento, White, Capitan and Gallinas ranges—and then the Rockies themselves. Water was to be had only in the cañons. We were terribly thirsty from the climb.

Gray said: "Boys, where you're standing not a dozen others have stood in the thirty years I have lived in these mountains. You're sure away from wife and the home now."

We traveled through the Forest Reserve for one hour before we approached the head of Gunsight Cañon. We wanted nothing, Hunter and I, so badly as water. "How far to water?" Many times we fired that question at Gray, and each time he patiently answered, "Oh, about three mile. Watch for the sign."

Presently we saw it, a welcome sight to weary travelers: a white board nailed to a tree with neat green lettering and green border, and the familiar Forest Service shield. "Water ½-Mile," it read. Then, hours later it seemed, "Black River Spring ¼-Mile," an arrow designating the way. The spring was only a trickle—the Guadalupes have had no real rain in three years—but the point was, it flowed. It was water. To two parched travelers whose thirst vastly amused the third traveler it seemed more beautiful than a singing waterfall. It rises in the cañon's head, 7,500 feet above the sea, and after hard rains waters the cañon for several miles. We cooked our coffee and bacon there.

There were other Forest Service signposts: "Hidden Seep ¼-Mile," "Water ½-Mile," "Helton Cave," and "Cottonwood Cave." We traveled along the well-built trail of a forest ranger. The pines grew thick and tall, with here and there a fragrant juniper thicket, a clump of wild cherries, white oaks, manzanillas, mountain maple, and an occasional cottonwood with twisted body and wildly tossing arms. On the plain the prevailing plant life had been thorny cacti, chaparrals, catclaws, and greasewoods; on the mountain it was the water-loving softwoods such as grow along the Atlantic hinterland. The mountain top sloped gently, there were few rocks, and the soil was loose and rich.

"Right along here," Hunter said, "we will build a fine automobile highway around the cañons to Guadalupe Peak and down McKitrick to the flats."

"Yonder," Gray said casually, "goes a deer. See it, boys, just over the rise? Can't say whether it's a buck or doe."

A goat herder's cabin stood on a windy promontory above Gunsight Cañon. It was stoutly built of logs and, though long disused, was in excellent repair. The rafters had been floored and the south wall left open. The herder's bed of pine boughs, yellow now and powdery dry, was just under the roof.

"B'ars must a bothered him. Reckon he was a faint heart," Gray said.

The cabin stood at 8,000 feet, commanding a noble view south. Beneath it and below the rim of the promontory was the fifty-foot elliptically shaped entrance to Cottonwood Cave. We had been making for this place all day. Few have seen it; nothing is known of what the interior holds beyond the first mile. *(Concluded on page 25)*

Goldbeaters' Craft

The goldbeaters' craft originated when man learned the disadvantages of pure gold for idols and monuments. Egyptian, Asiatic and Greek evidences of the craft exist since the earliest times. It was the Egyptians who taught the Israelites to fashion articles of beaten gold for Moses' Ark.

The process is such that when the gold is alloyed with silver or copper different colors are produced in the finished product. Gold leaf is not sold by weight but by superficial measure. As the increasing quantity of alloy diminishes the malleability, there is little inducement to use the baser metals as an adulterant. The gold is alloyed with a small amount of pure copper and silver, about 12 grains of each to the ounce of gold 998 fine. It is then cast into oblong ingots an inch wide.

The ingot is flattened out into a ribbon about 1/800 of an inch thick by passing it between polished steel rollers. This ribbon is annealed and cut into 210 pieces approximately one inch square. These are now placed between intervening pieces of vellum with plaster of paris on the pieces to prevent them from sticking. The packet is bound and fastened and beaten with a hammer weighing from 17 pounds upward, or by a power hammer, until the gold has been extended to the size of the parchment sheets. The gold squares are now divided into four by a knife and placed between sheets of goldbeaters' skin about 4½ inches square.

They are now beaten with a lighter hammer and after another quartering and beating process we have 3,360 leaves, each with a thickness of about 1/200,000 of an inch. The goldbeaters' skin referred to is a delicate membrane prepared from the intestines of cattle. When properly prepared, this skin may be beaten continuously for several months with a 12-pound hammer without material injury.

Beaten gold was much used for gilding mummy cases, and throughout the ages rich garments were embroidered with goldbeaters' thread.

What Is a "Claptrap"?

Ever since the development of human speech, interesting words, not of an original scientific source, have been added, by every generation, to the spoken language by reason of discoveries, inventions, practices and changes which have constantly taken place.

The origin of these "made" words, of which there are now literally thousands, is always interesting.

For instance, the word "claptrap," which Webster's dictionary defines as a "trick to gain applause," has a primitive source about which it is very interesting to know. Probably having been in use a thousand years before the first dictionary was compiled, its meaning has been so adulterated by improper use and application that the definition may be misleading in relation to the picturesque origin of the word.

The aborigines of many countries which abounded in game birds resorted to many artful and ingenious devices to capture food for their dinner tables, one of which was the "claptrap."

The wild duck always has been the *piece de resistance* on the table of the epicure, but was difficult to secure until the bow and arrow and shotgun were invented. Instances are recorded where snares were designed for their capture; but the aborigines, probably finding it too slow a process, resorted to the scheme of capturing ducklings and raising them until they were ready to be eaten.

Their strategem was to take up a place of concealed observation close to the edge of the shallow pool to which the wild ducklings came to feed, but before they had learned to fly. Waiting until just the moment the duckling returned to the surface from a dive for food, the aborigine would clap his hands instantly and loudly. The duckling, in consternation, immediately descended without having taken time to take in fresh air. Each time the diver reappeared, he was greeted by another vigorous handclap, and each time diving again without having a chance to breathe. Within six or seven minutes, the duckling, having become exhausted by this peculiar process of suffocation, and being unable to further respond to the "claptrap," was easily captured. The aborigine waded in and took him, or them.

By this method whole broods were captured and reared—and eaten.

In next week's DEARBORN INDEPENDENT there will appear an article specially written for this magazine by Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., the eminent surgeon and Europe's foremost food specialist, who brings a message of renewed hope to those who are in dread of the most insidious of all diseases—*cancer*. Sir William holds the opinion that this dread malady is preventable, and gives reasons for doing so. The contribution will be one of the most important of its kind ever published.

Auctions

Few realize that the auctioneering profession can be traced back to the ancient Babylonian custom of selling marriageable girls to the highest bidders at an annual assembly held for the purpose. Auctions were common among the Romans. Rome itself was offered in auction by the Praetorian Guard, after the death of the Emperor Pertinax.

There are various forms of auctioneering. In a "Dutch auction" the property is offered at a high price, which the auctioneer lowers gradually, until a price is named which is accepted by the bidder. Here the offer is by the auctioneer and the acceptance by the bidder. An auction sale "by inch of candle" was a method employed in olden times when it was the custom to set up an inch of lighted candle, the last bidder to name his price before the burning out of the wick being the declared purchaser. This method was officially sanctioned by an act of William III for the sale of goods imported from the East Indies. Both the Dutch Auction and the Inch of Candle Auction are practically obsolete in England and the United States.

In Great Britain a law of Henry VII's, afterward confirmed by Charles I, prohibited the conducting of auction sales by all persons except certain licensed officials known as *outropers*. In 1799 British auctioneers combined for the advancement of their calling and a meeting took place at the Piazza Coffee House, a well-known London resort of the period. Here the Society of Auctioneers came into being. Today the membership in the Society of Auctioneers totals nearly 6,000. In America, as a rule, an auctioneer must have a license, either from the state or the municipal authorities. While engaged in bringing the property to a sale, he is the agent of the seller only. As soon as the sale is made he becomes an agent of the purchaser as well as of the seller, for the purpose of making a memorandum of the sale which will satisfy the statute of frauds. The auctioneer has a lien on his principal's goods in his possession and on the proceeds from their sale to the extent of his commission and expenses.

An auction should be fairly conducted on both sides. There should be no "puffing," bidding by dummies or other underhand practices in the interest of the seller. The seller should not be allowed to bid unless he has stipulated for that right in the conditions of the auction, or the right is accorded to him by statute, or by court order. Also, any concerted action by bidders for stifling the sale is likewise illegal and unethical, may warrant the auctioneer in refusing to accept bids, and may possibly entitle the seller to avoid a sale.

Romantic Rascals—No. 4

(*Concluded from page 17*)

packed off to Africa, to James Fort on the Gambia, where, to relieve the dullness of life, he turned to cards and dice, became involved in a controversy that meant a duel, and, before the day of battle, shipped on a home-bound trader under an assumed name.

Now a man with a capital consisting of a pleasant voice, an irresistible manner and an ingratiating smile may do much, even with bankers. Impersonating his brother again, he found tradesmen who were eager to avoid exclusiveness, young men willing to play cards for high stakes, and money-lenders glad to do business on rigorous terms, so he played the game of man-about-town with great spirit and his bold experiment succeeded. Indeed, he not only married a wealthy woman of beauty, but, when real conditions were discovered, his wife's friends, to avoid disgrace, bought him an ensigny in the 34th regiment of foot.

That was in 1740 and marked the commencement of two years of social pyrotechnics. The Parsons house in Poland street became a glittering center of extravagance, of riotous living, of endless waste. It was the meeting place of brilliant rakes, of roisterers, of wits and of men of the world. There were all-night gambling sessions when the wealthy and titled lost thousands of pounds at a sitting. Always something exciting was going forward and, for a time, it seemed as though William Parsons had the riches of Potosi at his call. But the dark came with a rush. Forgery was proved against him and he stood in the dock, his fair-weather friends fled, and received a sentence of seven years' transportation to Maryland. Of the truth of other charges made against him there lacks support. For there were not wanting those who held that part of the riches that he squandered during those two blazing years, came as proceeds of highway robbery. It was said indeed that Parsons, in league with a certain Henry Cook, had robbed those of his guests who had won at cards, or at least that Cook had been the highwayman, sharing with Parsons. But there is no way of knowing, for Cook refused to plead and was sentenced to be pressed between stones and weights, suffering on September 5, 1741.

As convict in Maryland, William Parsons was restless. Being assigned as a servant, in the manner of the times, he stole the swiftest horse he could lay hands on, dashed out of the place one night with tremendous clatter, shouting and shooting, left a trail of five robberies near Annapolis, sold the stolen horse, found a ship and worked his way as sailor to England.

It was the highway with a swift horse, silver-mounted pistols and a black mask then. Between Harrow on the north and Epsom on the south, the gaily dressed Highwayman with the Ruby Ring plied his trade and at last came in touch with the handsome and debonair James McLain, the same who robbed Walpole in Hyde Park. But McLain, inexorable logician, held that there should be honor among thieves, a tenet to which Parsons could not subscribe. So the partnership broke up and the man with the ruby had to do his highway robbery alone. And one day he made an onslaught upon a ruddy-faced gentleman, a country squire, who resented the incivility of being stopped by a masked man, so, seeing nothing but an infringement of personal liberty and being blind to the romance of it, he grappled with the robber, dragged him from his horse and gave him a sound drubbing. Then, bundling him into the coach and tying him with his own belt, he drove him to town and delivered him to the officers.

Parsons passed part of his time in prison merrily enough, eating and drinking and card playing, enjoying his cakes and ale, and kept up the merry dance until the morning of February 11, 1751, when he heard voices outside his cell and the sound of heavy steps upon the stairs. He broke down then and wept bitterly, realizing that family influence had failed and that his last hope was broken. So at last the Highwayman with the Ruby Ring sat on his coffin in the hangman's cart and rode to the gallows at Tyburn. There was one moment when his shining wolf's eyes blazed forth as, the rope about his neck, he shouted out something about injustice and prejudice. But a moment later there was an end of the man of exaggerated individualism and one rascal less walked the earth.

Heritage of Mountain and Canon

(*Concluded from page 23*)

There were no cottonwoods thereabouts; the entrance was fringed with oaks, maples, and wild cherries. The herder had strung a wire fence around the hole; his fuzzy and ignorant and sacrilegious goats had slept there seeking refuge from wind and rain, and defiled the place a distance of two hundred feet.

Having surfeited ourselves among the grandeurs of Carlsbad Cavern two days earlier, Hunter and I perhaps missed some of the thrill this tucked-away place will impart to visitors of the future. The entrance is so broad that one may travel several hundred yards without a lamp; indeed, may read a newspaper by sunlight. On either wall, about forty feet high, runs a four-foot ledge as far as the eye reaches. From either of these balconies one might look down into a long and narrow auditorium capable of seating 2,000 persons without crowding. Graceful onyx draperies hang from the ceiling among numberless stalactites. The stalactites are small, but there are stalagmites seventy-five feet high with bases ranging from five to fifty feet in diameter. Dust hangs heavily on these jewels of Nature. Where the sunlight ends and the twilight begins queer figures arise: a large conical stalagmite in the exact shape of an Indian tepee; a marvelously carved totem pole surmounted by a helmeted Statue of Liberty as faithfully done as if copied; and, where the twilight is swallowed in the gloom, peering from behind the tepee, a thirty-foot profile of an Indian sentinel, sharp and clear and forbidding.

Homeward!

We came an hour before sunset to the rim of Big Cañon. Thousands of cliff swallows were sporting themselves over the void. We pushed large rocks over a 1,000-foot wall, and recoiled to their reverberating answer. A pull, a heave, a toppling boulder volleying down the mountain with the thunder of great cannon finally to die in faint crashings—it drove the birds utterly and abruptly mad. They darted about our heads in indescribably graceful sweeps and curves. As far as we dared look we could see their erratic dartings as they followed the rocks downward.

When we go again it will be *de luxe*, over a paved highway, in a big white bus carrying twenty other sightseers, and at Cottonwood Cave and Carlsbad Cavern will respectively lunch and dine at ornate hotels, with shining silver and white napery, and be expected to tip the waiter and hat girl beyond our means.

Of all that I feel certain. The government simply cannot afford to overlook the Guadalupe region in its park program. It is wondrously beautiful, and it is accessible. Putting it in slang, it "has everything."

The Making of Thomas Carlyle

(*Continued from page 19*)

excursions and a doctor who threatened to kill himself if Jane did not marry him. Nothing is wanting in the piece at all.

Wilson is about the first of many who have reviewed to see that it is not high tragedy but serio-comedy in which a good time was enjoyed by all. The lady was won, the rivals beaten, the doctor did not kill himself, Mrs. Welsh gave them her blessing and wisely refused to live with them. When the wedding was over and they were come to their honeymoon cottage Jane Carlyle, according to Wilson, said only two words—Voilà Tout (that's all); which was quite enough and would hereafter be a good way of disposing of the domestic relations of the Carlyles.

Carlyle had to make a living and his struggle to find a proper life work was hard enough and raised a proper dust, and is the third thing which made him. He had an academic Scotch education. He went up to Edinburgh when he was 15, on a cart-load of potatoes with Tom Smail, who sounds like a fancy of Barrie's, and took his Classics, Mathematics and Logic in due course with a bit of Theology and a touch of Law. He was an uncommonly good mathematician and might have adorned a university chair therein, though Professor Carlyle or Dr. Carlyle would sound strange. But university opportunities went by favor and he had little favor with the authorities ever. He tried more than once to get something at 200 pounds a year, but he never got it.

He had no choice but to write, and all his life what to write and how to write it and how to get oatmeal and potatoes out of what he had written were troubling questions with which he wrestled sore. He learned at some cost that he was no poet though he was never anything else, for there is in all he said and wrote such glow of true poetic fire as no man of his time had. But he could not rhyme and the verses he wrote for Jane—and a man will write poetry, if ever, when he is young and in love—are sad singing. He tried fiction but his only novel is a warning to posterity and he wanted the light touch of the facile essayist, yet there was in him a burning urge for utterance. What should he utter?

He was a pioneer in German and got going by interpreting Goethe and the German poets and dramatics to the Scotch and English world. Such essays are not likely to be listed as best sellers and he should have been more grateful to the editors of solid reviews who gave him space and good guineas. But he must write a book. That book looms almost pathetically through reams of his letters. He would win Jane and fame by writing it and Jane was inclined to make the fame a condition precedent to winning her. But as far as the book goes he won the bride first.

(When he had written "Sartor Resartus"—and it is the greatest little book of the nineteenth century, with the stuff of everything he did later and the travail of his soul and his understanding of life and eternity and a deathless, kindling force in it—he could find no one to publish it, and no wonder, for it is the queerest book which ever puzzled a publisher. He finally got it out in parts to the bitter criticism of the profane, but his fame, though he did not know it then, was secure.)

Arrival in Edinburgh.

He took eventually to history and half his gusty protests against the entire human order was that he ever had to write history at all. He had the sound instincts of the scholar and the impatient soul of the poet, and it was hard driving the two.

He is at his best in biography. He could get at the inwardness of a man with a surer instinct than any biographer of his time, and etch him into the picture with an acid pen, his epithets stick like fate. First and last he made a modest living with his pen. The cheapest thing heretofore in the world's markets is the genius of a great writer. Homer, Dante and John Milton never got royalties enough between them to buy a good motor car. Neither did Carlyle, but he managed to keep a saddle horse in London. He got his breeches from a Scotch tailor whose creations challenged time and change; he wore a free-and-easy hat, had always a roof over his head and no notes coming due. He got his first returns from "Sartor," as a book, from America and through the practical kindness of Emerson, and spent them for signet rings for his wife. This seemed an extravagance to his friends and they invested the second installment for Carlyle's own good; they got him some bottles of the best French brandy.

Carlyle's health, about which he was never reticent, has been as much considered as St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh." Various specialists have been inclined to claim his physical weaknesses for their own department and to suggest to the world that, had he been under their care, he would have been a better man and Victorian literature received a more shining adornment. Eyestrain has been suggested among other things, but Wilson, with the approval of the faculty and a judicious review of the symptoms, votes for biliousness. Carlyle saw the world with a sometimes jaundiced eye. If Carlyle lived a troubled life it was not for the want of Castor Oil. That was at one time an excellent lubricant for carriage wheels, but in his case it served literature in differently. Something in Carlyle's philosophy must be allowed for a man who would go to bed on one potato and sleep badly enough.

But he was tough as an "oak clog." He was born before the world had heard of Napoleon and died one month before James A. Garfield was inaugurated President of the United States. His dyspepsia did not shorten his life but it did affect his outlook on the century through the long heart of which he lived. And perhaps he served his time the better for it. He held that no one should be at too much "eaze in Zion," and a good digestion may make a man unduly complacent.

But what really made Thomas Carlyle and is the key to his abiding force was his struggle for a faith. Religion is as native to any son of Scotland as the mists of the highlands. You may make too much of race, but the Celt has always lived in the sense of unseen realities and possesses at his best such power to make real to others in the luminous and kindling assurance of his speech, the visions which are peculiarly his own, as no other race has ever had. The Scotland of Carlyle's boyhood was tempered in the stern confidences of John Calvin and trained in the discipline of his great church. Centuries of struggle for the freedom of his fathers had wrought that faith into the fibre of the Scotch soul. It was an awesome thing to question it, and to try to leave it was as if a man should try to escape himself. He would take it with him

his flight and affirm it in his very denials.

And Carlyle through an inner compulsion, the secret travail of which he could never share with the world and never did share with the world, left the faith of his fathers. I doubt if any biography can ever do justice to what it cost him. He had a secret which he kept to himself; he tells you more of his biliousness than of his soul. Something you may read between the lines of "Sartor" and you may guess at more behind his reticence, but I think the greatest thing which made Thomas Carlyle was his struggle for a living faith. Wilson touches the edge of the drama but you feel something deeper you cannot reach.

He Would Not Be a Minister

Somewhere inside him always was his ancestral religion and the mystic spiritual passion of his race bred to the last fiber of his soul. He was meant for the ministry as was every Scotch lad of parts and humble birth, but after an honest effort to conform he gave up the ministry and supernatural Christianity. He thus hurt his father sore; James brooded long over it in a silent Scotch way but never reproached Thomas. His mother mourned a son lost to the kirk, but lived to be comforted. His neighbors gave him a bad name and called him an atheist. Scotland herself was strangely slow to acclaim him; perhaps this was the reason.

But Carlyle suffered most. The key to a deal he wrote and said and the travail of soul in which he lived is just here. For a while he thought himself a stoic but he was never that, being a man of vast and sensitive capacity to suffer and hiding, as such men do, a nature keen to be played upon by all sad and shadowed things behind a pretense of hardness. He called himself a mystic, but he was not that as we talk of mysticism now. He ended by falling back upon the great simplicities. For he is, when all is said and done, the prophet of the great simplicities—and the great mysteries. He preached the simplicities endlessly. "Do your work and do it well." "Toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may." Be sincere and trust the truth you know though the heavens fall. Burn your own smoke—(which he never did). The only values are human values and an age or a system which subordinates a man to a machine is blind and stupid and will pay the price of its stupidity.

Democracy Versus Leadership

He was never by temper a Democrat and though he had no use at all for the reactionary temper of his time and the state of England before the reform bills, and was proud to be known as a Radical, he expected little enough from reform bills and popular majorities without sound leadership and right human nature. He was a Radical in the liberal meaning of the word; he wanted to get at the roots of character and society. He was led, therefore, to make much of the strong man, though his strong man must always be wise and unselfish and with no mind at all except the mind of the general good.

Somewhere at the heart of all that he wrote and said about the right of the strong and the foolishness of the crowd was the entirely sound feeling that no reorganization of society, nor any extension of the franchise, nor any glorification of Democracy could ever make leadership less necessary. On the contrary all these things were likely to make it more necessary than ever.

He knew, as wise men have always known, that a man should not be in bondage to things and he illustrated this very nobly in the brave simplicity of his own life. For we sadly misunderstand Thomas Carlyle if we do not see how brave he really was and what a price he was willing to pay for his convictions, and how he never essentially failed in any duty, and how his life was a long, long struggle against inner and outer difficulties before which he never for a moment lowered his high standard. There was in the man a majestical quality which slowly emerges as you read his life or study his work, a majestical quality which is perhaps more than any other single thing the secret of his power over his own time.

But if there were nothing more to Thomas Carlyle than this, the greater part of him would still be wanting. He preached the great simplicities, but he invested them with the transforming splendor of the great mysteries. No man felt so deeply the haunting mystery of life, no man ever sensed more surely the reality of the Unseen. Everything he touched became to his vision and understanding of it an aspect of the Infinite and Eternal. A man is himself a spirit and a part of the spiritual order. "Life is a little gleam of time between two eternities."

There is no force nor reality save in the spiritual. We make the outer world out of our own inner force and vision, and if it be anything besides what we make it, it is the living visible garment of God woven on the roaring loom of time. If we have eyes to see behind the temporal aspects of things we see only the force of the spirit endlessly in action. We may set our own mark upon seeming stubborn stuff, "can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are living?" But "whence and whither sense knows not, faith knows not, only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God to God."

Such things as these Carlyle said over and over again and here, I take it, is the secret of his timeless power.

Shall People or Politicians Rule?

(*Concluded from page 15*)

amendment there is a 3 to 1 chance of ratification, when the legislatures are the sole determining factor, but, if the people of the states are permitted, when they so desire, to be heard through a referendum, or, if not, one branch of the legislatures of any state which ratifies must have been elected after the question has been submitted, the ratio would be reduced 9 to 1, which may or may not be true according to individual speculative inclination. At least, the speculator must base his calculation on his comparative opinion of the attitude of legislatures and the people toward amendments to the Federal Constitution of their country. This objection is offered in a spirit of distrust of the people.

The further objections were made that this proposal did not provide "that ratification shall be by a majority either of those voting upon the question, or of those voting at the election or of those qualified to vote and "there is nothing in the proposal to prevent a state from passing a law providing that a constitutional amendment must be ratified by two-thirds or three-fourths of the people." These are details which are left to the states as they are now left under the present Federal Constitution.

It is rather surprising that leaders of Labor unions, who recently were advocating amendments to elect Federal judges by the people and to empower Congress to overrule judicial opinions, should be strenuously opposing and placing themselves on record against a proposal that liberalizes the mode of making amendments by giving opportunity for popular expression instead of leaving it to the exclusive prerogative of legislatures. Is it because they believe, that, as to the amendments they have been advocating, their organized influence will be more seductive over legislators than their persuasive power over the people? Is the Constitution of the United States to remain the People's Instrument, as it was in the beginning, or the plaything of Washington lobbyists skilled in all the arts of legislative coercion?

This spirit of distrust toward the people, so strongly evidenced by those who are pretending to serve the people, calls for serious scrutiny.

Early American Bibles

Some Quaint and Curious Editions of the Scriptures

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE first Bible printed in the United States was the John Eliot translation in the Massachusetts Indian language, published in Boston in the year 1663.

Eighty years later another Bible issued from the American press, and this time a German Bible following the translation of Dr. Martin Luther. This appeared from the press of Christopher Saur, a native of Germany, who came to America in 1724. Christopher Saur was a devoutly religious man, with a sincere interest in educating the German Americans of Pennsylvania among whom his lot was cast. Bibles were then imported from England and a tax of sixpence an ounce was collected as duty. In addition, the expense of purchase by an agent and transportation added materially to the cost. To remedy this Saur induced several German Bible societies and publishing houses to assist in spreading the gospel in Pennsylvania.

The interest aroused in Germany by Saur's communications bore fruit in the gift by the Dunkards (or Tunkers) in Germany of a press with type and also a quantity of books. The task of setting up this press finally fell upon Saur, then a preaching physician having been trained in German universities. In 1738 Saur began printing in Germantown and to the present day the name has been honorably associated with printing in Pennsylvania.

In 1739 through the Almanac which he published and also through his newspaper Saur issued a Proposal to print a German Bible. This was for that day a major undertaking, requiring much more type and paper than a printer would have in stock. Again assistance came from Germany, a whole font of type being presented to Saur by Dr. Heinrich Luther, a type founder at Frankfort-on-the-Main. The Bible was completed in 1743, the title-page being printed in black and red type which was common in many early printed books. Like the Indian Bible this also was three years in the press. Twelve hundred copies were printed and the price was placed at eighteen shillings. For Dr. Heinrich Luther twelve copies were prepared in special binding and these were sent on the ship *The Queen of Hungary*, which fell into the hands of pirates. Finally, the Bibles, as Dr. Luther himself wrote in his own copy, "through a wonderful dispensation of Providence, after a lapse of two years, were released from the bands of robbers, and delivered uninjured to the Luther Printing House." Dr. Luther distributed copies to a number of German libraries where they are for the most part preserved to the present day. Both Luther and Saur were undoubtedly unaware of the appearance of the Eliot Bible, as both speak of the work as the first in any language to appear in the New World.

A second edition of this Bible appeared in 1763 and a third in 1776. On the invasion of Germantown by the British it is related that nearly all copies were destroyed by using the Bible for gun wadding. However, quite a few copies are to be found, today, largely in Pennsylvania libraries.

In addition to the whole Bible, Saur printed eight editions of the New Testament which fact testifies to the popularity of the Bible in Pennsylvania from 1745 to 1775.

BIBLIA,

Das ist:

Die

Heilige Schrifft

Alles und Neues

Testaments,

Nach der Deutschen Uebersetzung

D. Martin Luthers,

Mit jedes Capitels kurtzen Summarien, auch

Nebst einem Anhang

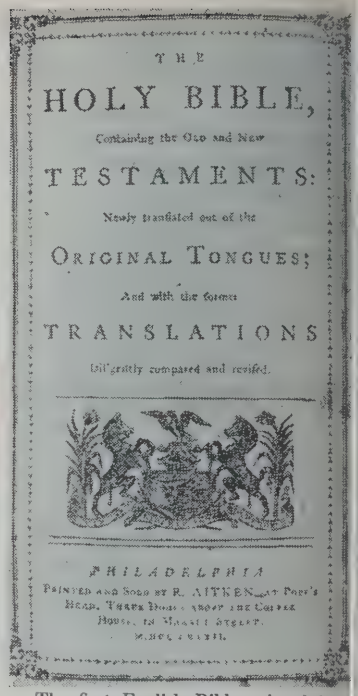
Des dritten und vierten Buchs Esrä und des

dritten Buchs der Maccabäer.

Germantown:

Gedruckt bey Christoph Saur, 1743.

The first Saur Bible printed in Germantown, Pennsylvania


THE

HOLY BIBLE,

Containing the Old and New

TESTAMENTS:

Newly translated out of the

ORIGINAL TONGUES;

And with the former

TRANSLATIONS

diligently compared and revised.

PHILADELPHIA

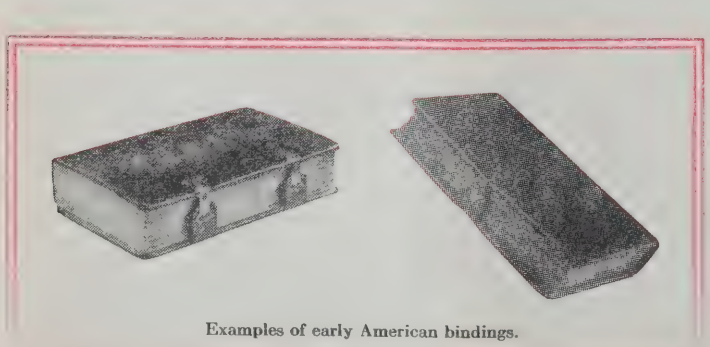
The first English Bible printed in America, by Robert Aitken.

The first English Bible in America was asserted by Isaiah Thomas to have been published in Boston in 1752 with the imprint: London: Printed by Mark Baskett, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty. Thomas states that this was "in order to prevent a prosecution from those in England and Scotland who published the Bible by a patent from the crown or *cum privilegio*, as did the English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge." However, diligent search has failed to reveal any copy with the above imprint and it is considered by competent experts that no such edition appeared either in England or America.

As early as 1710 Cotton Mather completed a manuscript of a Bibliotheca Americana and attempted to secure a publisher. In 1713 and in 1728 Mather made efforts both in England and America to achieve publication but without success.

In 1770 a Scotsman, John Fleming in Boston, prepared an elaborate prospectus for "The First Bible ever printed in America," including even specimen pages. Nevertheless the project came to nought on account of the great cost of the undertaking.

During the Revolutionary War the cessation of importation of books from England caused a real dearth in that then widely read book. So serious was


Examples of early American bindings.

the situation that the attention of Congress was directed to the matter and in 1777 it was proposed "to import 20,000 Bibles from Holland, Scotland, or elsewhere, into the different parts of the States of the Union." About this time Robert Aitken, of Philadelphia, issued a New Testament, the first in English to appear in America. Second, third, and fourth editions followed in 1778, 1779 and 1781 which encouraged the printer to bring out an edition of the whole Bible. A petition to Congress for support and sanction received the official formal approval and recommendation of the work "to the inhabitants of the United States." The Bible appeared in 1782 and was bound commonly in two volumes. The page measures approximately 6 inches by 3½ inches wide. The title-page contains the state arms of Pennsylvania, with the motto, "Virtue, Liberty, and Independence." The Resolutions of Congress approving the work appear following the title-page, and occupy one and one-half pages.

The British Museum has a copy of the Aitken Bible with the following inscription: "This first copy of the first edition of the Bible ever printed in America in the English language is presented to Ebenezer Hazard, Esq., by the Editor." Hazard was an intimate friend of Aitken who laid aside for Hazard the first sheets of his Bible as it issued from the press.

Aitken was nearly ruined by the publication of the Bible as it came at a time when competition with English Bibles was restored. In 1789 Aitken memorialized Congress on his loss, with a request for exclusive right "to print the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, for the term of fourteen years, within the United States." It is almost needless to state that this extraordinary request was not granted.

The Aitken Bible ranks in rarity and in market value with the Eliot Bibles. As early as 1891 the work sold as high as $650. Copies came to the auction book market very rarely.

From the time of Aitken on, the Bible appeared with commendable regularity in the United States and even to the present day ranks well up among the "best sellers."

Harrow-on-the-Hill

(*Concluded from page 12*)

ther for a resting place." Many wealthy citizens prayed to share his retreat; but the prior, with prudent forethought, admitted only his personal friends, and those who brought stores for the blockade.

On the morning of the fateful day, there was a great exodus from London, crowds of men, women and children fleeing to the Northern Heights beyond the city. But, as the chronicler has it, "the Thames, unmindful of the foolish crowds upon its banks, flowed on quietly as of yore. The tide ebbed at its usual hour, flowed to its usual height, and then ebbed again, just as if twenty astrologers had not pledged their words to the contrary." But the prior got out of the difficulty easily enough when London rose in its wrath against him. By a slight error, he explained the date of the awful inundation had been set a whole century too early. That generation would be safe, but let the generation of 1624 beware, for London in that year would surely be washed away. And so the prior dismantled his fortress and passing along the road through Wembley returned with his household to Smithfield, and Harrow on its hill was left in peace.

But it is, of course, Harrow school that has made Harrow-on-the-Hill famous the world over. It began in a humble way, for the founder of Harrow was a plain yoeman, John Lyon, who lived in the hamlet of Preston, nearby, when Elizabeth was queen. And he had a great love of learning and a great desire that the "poor children" might be instructed. And so after setting apart "twenty marks" yearly for such instruction, he at last, in the year 1571, obtained letters patent and a charter from the queen to found a "Free Grammar School" at Harrow, and to draw up statutes for its regulation and government.

Lyon of Preston, yoeman John,
Died many years ago,
All that is mortal of him is gone,
But he lives in a school I know.
All of them work at their cricket there,
And work at their five times three;
And all of them ever, since that day,
wear
A ribbon of blue like me.

The present school lies to the south of the church, while the masters' houses are scattered over the town. It has grown greatly since the days of Yoeman John, but the most interesting building is still the "Fourth Form Room," the original schoolroom of the Lyon's foundation. It is a plain enough room, with all the original fittings strangely well preserved. For the "man of imaginacion" it has one special interest; for on the old oak paneling with which the room is surrounded are the names or initials of some of the most eminent men in modern English history who were also sons of Harrow. Admiral Lord Rodney, Lord Palmerston, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Lord Byron and many others. Byron cut his name large and with some show of workmanship. Today, the names of those who have become "Old Harrovians" are carved by "a hired and experienced hand." No doubt it is better so. But Harrow guards jealously the time-worn "marks" of her older sons.

Soviet Russia

(*Concluded from page 5*)

department store; patronize a government barber shop and a government laundry. You attend concerts given by the government's orchestra in a government theater. If you live in Moscow you even pay rent to the government.

Of late, however, significant news has been coming out of Russia. The foreign correspondents there announce that the Soviets have now embarked upon a *Newest* Economic Policy. The government, apparently, has recognized the futility of doing everything for, by and through itself and has declared for a return to Lenin's policy. That the extremists who are now in control could make such a concession is significant. It means, if these reports are authentic, that private business will once again be asked to reënter the country—not only at the fair at Nishni, but in all of the other cities.

There are no leaders, so far as I know, in Russia, who deny that the country's great need is capital. Capital, it was thought, might flow into Russia even with the government in charge of all the channels of business. That belief, evidently, has been dissipated. The Soviet dictators are ready, so they report, to make the necessary concessions to insure security to private traders who wish to enter what, very easily, may become one of the world's greatest markets.

Whether foreign business men will readily accept this invitation is doubtful. Individuals, unless they possess a goodly amount of surplus for investment, will hardly care to risk their resources in a country where economic conditions are so uncertain.

Mexican Pawnshop

IN MEXICO City there is a government pawnshop, known locally as "El Monte de Piedad." Here money can be borrowed at a fixed rate of interest per annum and if the article pawned is not redeemed after a specified time it is sold by displaying it with a marked price which is its true value. If the article is not sold after a given period the price is lowered from time to time until it is sold. When sold the actual costs of selling with interest is deducted and the balance is given to the holder of the pawn ticket. This government pawnshop operates under established rules and its reputation for integrity appears to be very good. In addition to the government pawnshop, there are a number of privately owned ones in the city, operated by the ubiquitous "Uncle," which do not vary in any essential of practice from those in the United States and other parts of the world.

Little Trades of Paris Streets

(*Concluded from page 2*)

Children had formerly an assured income by selling rabbit skins from two to five sous—this after much haggling. But nowadays the "*peau d'lapins*" willingly pays 25 sous for the smallest skin of any tame rabbit, and that sum seems appreciable enough to the housemaid who collects it herself.

"Come on nearer, come on!" A simple scarlet covered board held on two wooden horses and a barrister's eloquence, that is enough to stop—especially on Sundays—the pedestrian traffic on the sidewalk and gather the crowd around the "*camelot.*" What does he sell? Things not to be found in any store: handy oyster-openers, universal paste, manifold needle-threaders, up-to-date garters, latest style pegs, inkless fountain pens, and little cardboard wrestlers, magic tops, wooden acrobats, jumping bunnies, a multitude of articulate, animated, original tools, and toys made up with odds and ends, with also the particle of genius, the inborn gift for invention which characterizes the true "*camelot.*" Transplanted in America that "*camelot*" would soon have an office with a stenographer and possibly a shop where hired workers would manufacture his invention in quantity. But here, he is both boss and laborer, the brain which creates and the machine which makes. He scarcely abandons his attic or his sidewalk. Gibbling! Yes, that is the wrapping of his goods, and who would imagine a more attractive one? With an amazing facility of elocution the "*camelot*" fluently runs through all types of orations—with strong argumentation and appropriate gestures. And that draws a strikingly Parisian audience, "*badauds*" (loafers) who are out to enjoy the out-of-door dramas which the boulevard freely presents at every step.

For the loafers of the Third Republic are not so very far from the Parisians of Louis XIII, who used to gather at the Pont Neuf, around the musician monkeys of the once so famous Tabarin. If they are no longer interested in monkeys, the modern loafers are interested in "musicians." To listen to the last "romance" which at every block violins and guitars, mandolins and cellos spin out to the crowd, they stoically endure burning sunshine or numbing cold. While the musicians play, one of their associates sings, and the crowd hums, then joins in the chorus and begins all over again until everyone—the gentleman in overcoat as well as the white-clad "*mitron*" (baker's boy)—knows by heart both words and melody. Who said that, in France, everything ends in songs? In fact, all big events are thus recorded for posterity. The Revolution left us "*La Marseillaise*" and the World War "*La Madelon.*" Political moguls as well as Landru cannot escape the special publicity which the street singers lavish upon their names with satirical stanzas. All our presidents had to go through that ordeal, Fallières with his family, Deschanel with his pajamas. The English Channel is no boundary to the laughingly biting music; echoes of the boulevards are still mumbling "Lloyd George." And just a few days ago there ran a little chilly murmur: the Bobigny school of Bolshevism, mysterious red "cells" and anarchical "honeycombs" edified in the dark and hatching the Revolution with a "R." All that has now landed on violin-strings and accordion folds at street corners; the gentleman in overcoat and the white-clad little "*mitron*" sing it with the same sense of humor.

Bric-a-brac, Quai des Grands-Augustins.

"Why have a Revolution," the "*peau d'lapins*" said to me yesterday. "Why have a Revolution when folk can afford eating so many rabbits!"

And afford loafing after work, and afford singing, and enjoying the joy of life in the buzzing streets of busy Paris.

Overworking State University Presidents

(*Continued from page 8*)

"Show me a university where the deans of the colleges are willing to accept their share of the burdens and responsibilities and who will persistently look to their colleges in terms of their relations to the university as a whole; show me a university where this policy has become established as a tradition, and I will show you a university where the president is not overworked. I will show you a university president who is happy in the thought that he is able to devote his time, his energy and talents to the more important affairs and educational policies of the university."

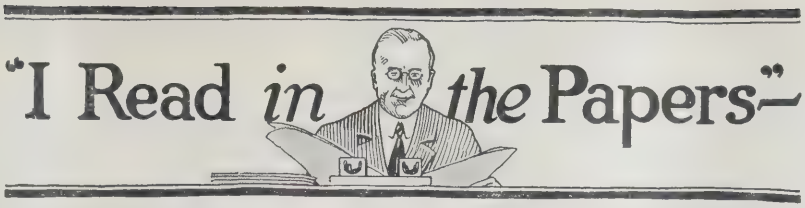
That most of the state universities must ultimately undergo a reorganization of their methods of supervision is admitted by regents, faculty members, educational leaders and by practically every president. The suggestion of change most frequently offered is a diarchy which will place the details of business in charge of competent officials and leave to the president the broader policies of education. Some urge the adoption of plans such as have made possible the administration of the affairs of the modern large corporation—a president to outline the general policies and the chairman of a board of directors to carry them out. Recently the Chicago system of vice-presidents as a method of adjusting the responsibility has attracted a great deal of comment in academic circles. It has not had sufficient trial to warrant extended presentation.

If the universities are to attain the high ideals expected of them by the people of the state, there must come an adjustment which will leave to the president the full uninterrupted direction of the educational affairs of the institution. To others can be delegated the task of operating the institution on a business basis, the presentation of the economic needs of the institution to the legislature and the supervision of the buildings.

University leadership comes through inspired educational leadership. Buildings in large numbers do not make a great college or university. They help in the attainment, but are aids only. Expensive libraries are not the criterion. There are more books on the shelves of the smallest institution than the student can find time to read. What then is the predominant factor? The answer is simple. The distinguishing characteristic of a university is the quality of the product it produces. The test is: Does the institution develop better men and women?

Now the answer to this question cannot be found in a day or a month. Look back a few years into the lives of the graduates. Their success reveal the stimulus back of the achievement.

(*Concluded on page 31*)



I read in the papers that President Reynolds, head of the largest bank in Chicago, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his exodus, or emancipation, or whatever one may call it, from farm life, by exploiting his philosophy: "Don't try to sow and reap at the same time." All right, George, but it's a good bet if you had kept at sowing, literally, you never could have reaped the material success you have. Besides, fields are not always harvested by the seeder and banks merge sometimes.

I read in the papers that New York and one or two other coast cities are showing a pronounced tendency toward the ornate, overloaded Romanesque style in architecture and interior design. In fact, New York has shown such a trend for years. Side by side with this stifling tendency runs a feverish craze for the exotic in art—for rootless art. The tone of life as lived among the swift in these cities receives sufficient exposition in the Sunday feature sheets and need not be dealt with here. Here is the "deadly parallel" our Viewers with Alarm have been talking about all these years. Our fate, they say, shall therefore be similar to that of Rome. However, these well-intentioned persons should remember that the fate of a man does not depend on the whims of the charlatan to whom he tosses his surplus change.

I read in the papers a great many fine sayings, full of "pep" and almost too obviously designed to serve as optimistic "shots in the arm." To induce us to go forward in a balanced fashion, it might be a good idea to meditate a moment or two on the opposite of optimism, that is, on despair. A human being in despair is not pleasant objectively, nor comfortable inwardly. He is dull, sluggish, uncaring. But isn't it possible that these features of despair are evidence of life's desire to conserve him—to give him a rest? He has probably been hitting too nerve-tearing a pace, carrying on too sanguine a struggle, racing toward a breakdown. So life deflates him for a while, and the condition of deflation is called by us despair. While he lies in sodden indifference, life is re-charging him with fresh energy, and one morning he wakes to a new and happy consciousness of power, ready for the battle again.

I read in the papers that Señor Pio Baroja has written an interesting preface to his new book. Baroja is not so well known over here as his countryman Blasco Ibañez. Why? Well, here is one reason: "I have never (he says in one of his books) been a believer in the absurd myth called Bohemia. . . . Bohemia is utterly false in Paris . . . but in Spain, where life is difficult, it is even more of a cheat. Bohemia is not only false, it is contemptible. It suggests to me a . . . sect, of the most inconsequential degree, nicely calculated for the convenience of hangers-on at cafes."

One can hardly imagine Greenwich Village mooning over a man like that.

I read in the papers that Professor Charles C. Marden, of Princeton, recently found among old documents in a secondhand bookstore in Madrid, Spain, an authentic fourteenth-century manuscript of the works of De Berceo, the earliest poet who wrote in Castilian. Professor Marden has earned the homage of the Spanish nation by presenting his find to the Spanish Academy and contenting himself with a photostat copy that will be available to American scholars. This is in significant contrast to the Spaniards who conquered and ransacked Mexico for gold and burned the historical manuscripts and literary works of the Aztecs. These manuscripts would have revealed much now unknown history of the New World.

I read in the papers that Paris is getting ready for the American tourists and their pocketbooks. Announcement is made of impending auctions of oddly termed "priceless" works of such eighteenth-century "masters" as Boucher, Fragonard, Greuze, and Watteau; and also of the modern Renoir, Cezanne, Vuillard, and Gagnat. Happily for real art everywhere, the day has passed when the possession of a typical French painting confers distinction on its American purchaser. Foreign artists, who used to prosper through their ability to unload anything upon rich Americans, are now chagrined to find that we give first choice to the fine, sincere works of American artists.

I read in the papers that medical experts declare that the prediction made in 1909 by Professor Irving Fisher that the average span of life would be increased by fifteen years has virtually come true. This is largely the result of the positive activities of the Life Extension Institute with which Professor Fisher is prominently identified. This group of real workers for the betterment of the race now feels justified in believing that the span of life will average about 65 years in 1930.

Overworking Presidents

(*Concluded from page 30*)

"President John Bascom's addresses and his work in the classroom were among the most important influences in my early life," declared a distinguished graduate of the University of Wisconsin recently and this sentiment can be duplicated at nearly every dominating educational institution.

Achievements at a university come through the leadership of men. Material things are only agencies which facilitate their advance. There are few jobs in the nation more difficult to fill than the chair of a state university president. The head of an endowed institution must be a great educational leader. A state university president must be more. He must be able to impress both scholars and the general public of his right to lead. But before his leadership can be effective he must be relieved of irksome demands.

The Oregon Seacoast

Where the Rogue River of Oregon empties into the Pacific Ocean near Gold Beach, some giant has poured a handful of granite into the boiling sea. Rocks in piles, rocks isolated with the tide rushing and foaming about their base lie all about. Here the breath of the salt water greets the nostrils. The shifting wind changes the color of the water. It shades from green to deep blue. Sea gulls soar with hoarse cries or poise with flapping wings over some great water-swept boulder sighting some morsel in the sea. Shells of exquisite shape and color litter the beach. To the right, Skookumhouse Butte is wrapped in the sea mists of the summer afternoon. The waves boom ceaselessly against the base of the great boulders and far out on the bosom of the Pacific a vessel steams north to Portland and the mouth of the Columbia. Festoons of foam run, tipping freshly, along each wave as it lifts and rolls shoreward. Occasionally these rollers increase in fury until they become violent, affording a magnificent sight to the spectator. They dash with terrific force against the sentinel rocks.

The Humor of the "Rabbit Man"

An Artist Who Has Transformed Br'er Rabbit Into a Living Character

By GRACE E. POLK

HIS friends call him "The Rabbit Man."

And when a man has drawn, or painted or etched, say a thousand rabbits, and has, tucked away in the corners of his brain, all ready to produce when the urge gets him, thousands more, he should be entitled to the name.

It was about ten years ago that Fred W. Bock, of St. Paul, began to "say it with rabbits." Mr. Bock, quite a young man then, for he is still only bordering on youngish middle age, had been an art student in New York, a spender, a wanderer, and, in the course of a rather free life among all sorts of people, had acquired a mild scorn for the usual habits of getting and spending, and an altogether humorous outlook on men and their doings. Then came the rabbit idea and Mr. Bock began to express life as he had seen it in terms of rabbits.

This being his idea, as he might tell you rather incoherently if you should talk with him, his rabbits, of course, are not rabbits at all, but rabbit men. Old men that he had seen along river towns of the Mississippi, darky types from farther south, rich and immensely important town aldermen, he drew with hairy faces, long ears and flappy forepaws. It was a sort of game that he played with himself, trying to see how absurd he could make men by endowing them with the absurdly profound gravity of the rabbit. He drew them with as little idea of "doing something with them" as could well be. But since they reproduce humorously and with insight so many sorts of people that everyone knows and has enjoyed, these rabbit men of Mr. Bock's entitle him to a unique corner, unpretentious though it may be, in the art world of today.

Mr. Bock works in half a dozen different mediums—pen and ink drawings, quick pencil sketches, water color, etching on copper, and dry point, but his happiest medium is one that he has developed for himself. It is one used, more or less as a pastime, by the etchers of the Barbizon school, and known by them as *cliche verre*—etching on glass, or, to be more exact, perhaps, using the glass as a block from which to print. The method is little employed among artists of this country, but Mr. Bock's versatile handling of it and the effective results he gets should encourage its wider use. The compositions are etched on glass, or rather on some opaque ground, such as paint or ink, covering the glass, and the printing is a photographic process. More recently Mr. Bock has drawn his pictures in ink directly on the glass, instead of cutting them out from a dark background, thus making his glass plate a positive instead of a negative, and obtaining his positive print by a double photographic process.

The advantages of the *cliche verre* process are twofold, its cheapness and the very practical one to the artist of being able to get a great many effects out of the same plate. Where the copper plates for a dozen etchings cost several dollars, the glass costs but a few cents, and if the artist is willing to trust his prints to the somewhat perishable film or paper negative, the glass plates can be cleaned off and used any number of times.

An afternoon call.

With a persistent curiosity and a feeling for dramatic lighting from this simple medium, Mr. Bock has obtained quite unexpected results. Some of his more carefully done prints have almost as much depth and feeling as copper etchings. The effect of radiant vibrating light, he obtains successfully through stippling. In a recent print, something of an experiment, out of a dimly outlined house and a few cross lines, he creates the effect of a blinding snow storm, through which an old rabbit beats up against the wind, with his hands to his freezing ears. Some of his prints, made on semi-transparent paper and colored in low tones, and varnished, have much the effect if not all the brilliance of stained glass windows.

But though his method is interesting and original, it is really the wealth of humor in Mr. Bock's rabbit world that makes it unusual. Why he chose rabbits, it is hard to say, perhaps because the rabbit is such an innocuous little animal that almost anything may be done to it with artistic impunity. If you ask him, "Why rabbits?" his answer is, "Why not rabbits?" The idea is not a new one. There have been Uncle Remuses and Br'er Rabbits and Mr. Wigglies in this country for years, and much longer ago—centuries in fact—the old engravers and etchers used animals to depict the frailties of men. Mr. Bock lays no claim to originality for the idea, but his rabbit men are quite different from any others, quite his own.

Through all of Mr. Bock's hundreds of drawings of rabbits, a dozen or so of his favorite characters run. There is "Bull Head Jo," an alert and chippe old man, absurdly curious, interested in all of life that doesn't matter. His hard-fisted, middle-aged wife usually stands glaring at him from a doorway, trying, and always in vain, to drive him to work. There is the village gossip, who poses as a wheelwright but whose real calling in life is talking it over. Not a townsman drives by but he finds time to emerge from his shop and have it out with him about the latest village scandal. There are the three wise men who gather in the village store to settle all that is or ever will be. They are the storekeeper, a crafty, tight-looking rabbit, who, one may see, puts by his pennies daily; the complacent rich rabbit, whose money plainly has been in the family a long time, stubborn and self-satisfied, and the village lawyer, an easier going middle-aged fellow, open to conviction to either side, one who might ask, like Pontius Pilate, "What is truth?" These three, Mr. Bock says, "rule America."

There is the old bachelor who sits with his cat by the fire. His is a quizzical, cautious old face, a man of affairs—many affairs, a little rotund and his thoughts in the past. There is the busy, hard-working artisan, unimaginative and practical, and the idler who "sits at his ease in his inn," watching while others work, a restful life whose hardest task is smoking. There is the superstitious man, for whom the world may at any moment become full of the unnamed dread. A gnarled tree, a rustle by the roadside, a garment hanging in the shadow start fears that set the hair on end. Then there are a hundred onlookers who watch the game played out by these just men, rabbits.

The horseshoe game.

Saturday night rehearsal.

Moonshine fancies.

The stranger within our gates.

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URBANA ILL

THERE is doubtless a feeling of resentment in some breasts when you say that the man looking for a job is really looking for help. In recent years we have been reared on a feeling that we have certain "rights" which we ought to "demand." Yes, we have rights, but "demanding" doesn't procure them. Our very rights are given us by the help of others. One of our rights is security of life and liberty—never having lived in a society where men are not sure of either of these, we do not vividly appreciate these rights. But we could not enjoy them were it not for the help of others in preserving them for us.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 25 No. 35 JUNE 20, 1925 Ten Cents a Copy

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Can Cancer Be Prevented?

By SIR WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT LANE

Castles in Spain—Illustrated

American Humor—No Laughing Matter

By THOMAS L. MASSON

Where Past and Present Meet

Trying to Get an American Meal

By A. R. PINCI

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

A "man-trap with crocodile teeth" was set 100 years ago, in England, for poachers. This contrivance was forbidden by law in 1827.

"Treacle and brimstone," or sulphur and molasses, the remedy of grandmother's day, contained what is now known as Vitamine B, and its administration was based on sound nutritional wisdom.

St. Joseph's, the church of the Franciscan Fathers in Los Angeles, advises against the use of wedding marches by Wagner or Mendelssohn. "We can well dispense with these compositions," says St. Joseph's calendar, "so utterly out of place in the presence of the Sacramental Savior, in Whom neither of these two men believed, one being an infidel and the other a Jew. Save the organist the embarrassment of refusing and yourself the humiliation of being refused."

Basketball was invented in 1891 by James Naismith at the suggestion of Dr. L. H. Gulick who saw an opportunity to fill in the time between the football and baseball season with an indoor game.

Young men who wish to fly are advised to apply to the aviation unit of the Twenty-seventh Division, New York National Guard.

West Virginians propose to call their state Kanawha, the original designation of the state, as the people are tired of being taken in the North for Virginians.

Russian railroad stations are provided with hot water tanks where passengers can obtain water to brew tea. Travelers carry small teapots for this purpose.

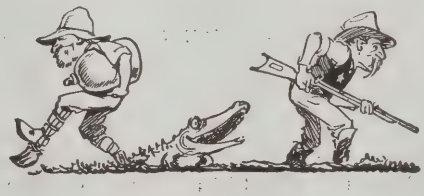
Sherwood Forest is to be saved from despoilers, the L., M. & S. Railway Company having decided to withdraw its line which was to cut through the historic wood.

Iowa plans to preserve the oldest railroad station built west of the Mississippi. It is an historic building in Davenport, occupied formerly by a pioneer who later turned it over to the railroad as a station.

A new anesthetic, a substitute for cocaine, has been discovered by an experimenter working on products to be manufactured into artificial rubber. It is non-poisonous in practical use.

The origin of the spoon is uncertain. We find table forks as early as the thirteenth century, when they are mentioned as being kept for special eating purposes.

Chocolate brandy drops, owned by an East Side confectioner, and valued at $15,000, were destroyed by representatives of the United States marshal's office in New York City.



A Florida moonshiner wore cow hoofs attached to his shoe soles to mislead the revenue officers who thought the tracks were made by cattle going to water.

Hobson's choice is so called in allusion to the practice of Thomas Hobson, 1544-1631, of Cambridge, England, who let horses, and required every customer to take the horse which stood nearest the door.

Seamless steel tubes were born when the practice of bicycle riding was popular a generation ago.

Public libraries once arranged their books according to size, instead of according to subjects or authors.

The guard at the Washington Monument climbs to the top of the structure, 555 feet, every day on a trip of inspection.

The flames from the waste outlets of an oil well in Turner Valley, Alberta, have forced plant growth to the extent that blooms are opening six weeks ahead of their normal time. Wild strawberries were picked in the vicinity shortly after the snow left the ground on the adjacent prairie.

A species of wasp in China eats through the lead sheath on cables, mistaking them for bamboo, boring holes to deposit their eggs therein.

At one European court the British ambassador is said to spend $100,000 a year of his own money in maintaining his establishment in a manner befitting his position.

Prospecting for gold by airplane is the plan of an enterprising miner who will fly over the Cassiar district of British Columbia and when he sees a likely looking creek will land and look it over. If results warrant he will leave his partner and drop over to Wrangell for supplies.

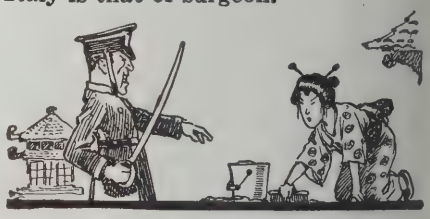
The notes of the hunter's horn are heard every evening in the British law courts when the Middle Temple is in term. The "hunter" is the senior warden of the Temple who warns the law students and others to get ready for dinner.

Some butterflies make extended migratory flights, often in enormous numbers and over hundreds of thousands of miles.

Swiss girls of high school age wear their hair in two long braids that hang in front of their shoulders rather than down their backs.

The bifocal lenses for spectacles were invented by Benjamin Franklin in 1784.

The best-paying profession in Italy is that of surgeon.



Spring and autumn cleaning in Japan is a matter regulated by the police who, on an appointed day, appear armed with swords. They draw a cordon round the specified quarters to see that the official orders are carried out.

Six hundred patents for new devices to curl hair have been issued by the Patent Office in Washington.

June 20, 1925

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* * *

Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week treats again of modern ogress from an unusual angle. Nothing is more de- able now than that men should understand this time which they live and its place in the schedule of the rld's advance. This Page will somewhat help. (p. 11)

Cancer!—one of the most dread and hopeless words the language. We debated about putting an article out Cancer in a June issue of this magazine. It seems at variance with the season. Yet it would be a glo- us June, indeed, if this article prevented tragedy. Sir illiam Arbuthnot Lane is a surgeon respected by the ole world of medicine, and his preventive prescription Cancer is so simple, so easily within everyone's reach, at we give it here as he signed it with his own hand. any rate read it. It is good for health in general. (p. 2)

There are many other delightful bits in this magazine: he Closed Gentian" (p. 15), "Castles in Spain" 32), exploration, garden and nature items, and so on.

Mr. Pinci is not only a well-known writer, he is also nething of an ocean-jumper. His story of his en- avors to get an American al on an American ship is st amusing. On the side you y pick up a number of sug- tions as to what is at bottom his whole shipping question. 6)

It is just as well that we uld begin to understand the nch. There will be more or talk about the French debt, l Americans should know at the plain French people up against. Information is essary to opinion. Mr. lip Carr describes exactly at the Frenchman is carrying r. (p. 14)

There is a laugh in the title f Tom Masson's article— nerican Humor—No Laugh- Matter!" We have humor; have humorists, but they being spoiled. We are ask- them to be funny at 10 a.m. ime for the afternoon news- ers, and extra funny all day dnesday in time for the Sun- a feature pages. Humor can- not be put on a production basis. Mark Twain did not contribute to syndicates. Leacock was funnier before the publishers discovered him. You will read in this article the meaning of many things you have wondered about. (p. 16)

Eighty-three thousand per cent profit—of course it is impossible except with legislative connivance, public indifference and all the other elements that go to destroy the balance between service and profit. But it has been done—see page 30.

You have heard a great deal lately about Barton, the great Lincoln biographer. Completing his monumental two volumes of new and corrective Lincoln material, Dr. Barton started off around the world, and he was good enough to promise to write from each country he visited. This he is doing. This week he gives us a common-sense slant on the vexed question of Americans being the most flattered and yet the most hated tourists. (p. 5)

Bees!—with ants and man they seem to show an intelligence which baffles intelligence. Have you ever read Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee"? If not, read this article. If so, of course you will read this article. It is told by a man who has lived with bees all his life. Many of our readers have doubtless heard him lecture, with his hive of bees before him. Besides producing a billion dollars' worth of commercial wealth a year, bees must be credited with the work of pollinization which gives us our great fruit crop. Man is not the only useful being. Indeed, the earth as a planet could more easily spare man than the earthworms or the bees. (p. 19)

There are 10,000,000 Slavs in the United States. They are a valuable and appreciable addition to the nation. But who are they? whence are they? and what are their characteristics? Professor Jenks, an anthropologist of note, gives an authoritative and sympathetic study of this virile race. (p. 25)

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Cancer Can Positively Be Prevented

Message of One of the World's Most Eminent Surgeons and Dietitians

By SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE, Bart.

I SHALL not die of cancer. I am taking measures to prevent it. What I am doing anybody can do. It is not a matter of money. It is a matter only of forethought and forbearance.

What I am doing everybody should do if he would avoid the risk of death from a disease more terrible than tuberculosis, syphilis and a number of other awful diseases rolled into one.

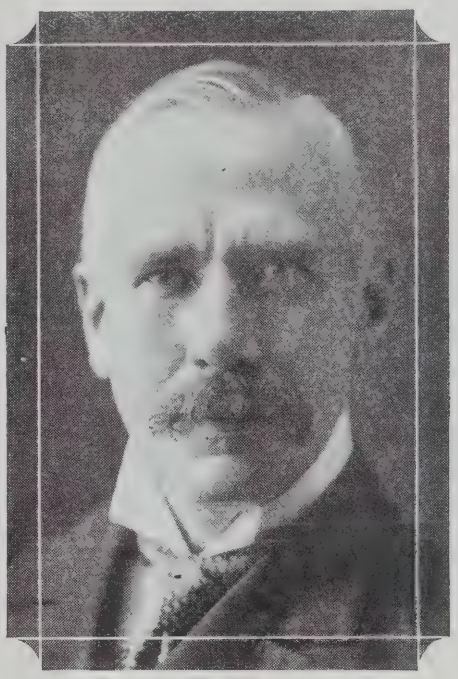
Cancer is the great human menace. It is increasing by leaps and bounds. If anything, it is increasing more rapidly in the United States than it is in the British Isles. Of those now living in the British Isles, 5,000,000 are doomed to die of cancer if they do nothing to prevent it. In the United States, the doomed number is 10,000,000 and may quite easily rise to 15,000,000 or 20,000,000.

This means that at least one in ten of those now living in America and perhaps one in five are doomed to die of cancer if they do nothing to prevent it. But for those more than 40 years of age the danger is far greater than that. Cancer seldom strikes until the victim is at least 40. The percentage of any community that is 40 or more is but a fraction of the total. This might be called the cancer fraction. There the disease does its worst. One and perhaps two out of every five Americans of this age are doomed to die of cancer unless they do something to prevent it. And, unfortunately, women are in the greatest danger from the fact that cancer strikes them a little earlier than it does men.

What picture of impending fate could be more awful than this? How terrible it is only the physician knows who has seen human beings slowly eaten alive by an ailment that spares neither king nor peasant. Yet I paint the picture not to terrify, but to move to preventive action. Civilization has made cancer. What it has made it can destroy. We can be as free from cancer as are savages to whom the disease is apparently nearly if not quite unknown. Savages become cancerous only when they come within the influence of civilization and wrong their bodies as we wrong ours.

A great flood of light has come upon cancer. We now know what causes it. It is not the bacillus that scientists have so long sought and not yet found. It is caused by poisons created in our bodies by the food we eat. I am speaking now, of course, in a general way. A few cancers are caused by bruises, but it is a question if bruises would ever cause cancer if poisons had not first done their work to the tissue.

What causes poisons to accumulate in the body? Bad drainage. Nothing else. The body was never intended to be a traveling receptacle of perishable commodities, the waste products of which should be carried about for twenty-four hours or more at a time. We were never built to bear the strain and we are not bearing it. We are breaking under it. We are breaking out with cancer and a large number of other diseases, all of which have the same origin. There is but one cause of disease and that cause is poison. We



SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE, Bart.

may take in poison through the air, but we manufacture most of it within ourselves from the food that we eat.

We eat three times a day and sometimes more. Our bodies should be cleared as often as we eat. Animals do not need to be told this. Savages do not need to be told this. But we need to be told. The seeming requirements of what we call civilization have come in the path of our instincts. We eat regularly and expel irregularly. We eat frequently and expel infrequently. We live in a house that is called our body and we do not drain our house.

What are "we"? We are little cells. According to the scientists one little group is the heart, another little group is the stomach, and the combination of all the groups is the individual. We eat frequently, expel infrequently, and poisons are set up. These poisons enter the blood stream. Every part of the body is reached. Every part of the body suffers. The body resists. It tries to bear up under the burden. It tries to set up antidotes to the poisons. It thickens the walls of parts of the intestines to enable them to bear a load for which they were not intended, but in trying to offset one evil creates another by decreasing the capacity of the intestines.

The body fights back and does hard—but it dies. It does not die the day the poison is introduced. It makes a losing fight for years. But eventually the break comes. It comes where the strains of poison and the strains of life meet. What I mean is that the strains of life may and usually do bear upon some parts of the body more than others. If one is doing work that requires the expenditure of a considerable amount of brain power, he puts a strain upon his nervous system. This strain might not and probably would not hurt him if the poisons that he is manufacturing within his own body were not also putting a strain upon his nervous system. The two strains meet. The man goes down with paralysis or some kindred ailment.

He goes down because he did not drain the house in which his cells lived. We do such terrible things to the little cells that live in our house. Nobody would treat other persons as he treats his own cells. Imagine a man having a great house and filling it with guests, then stopping the sewer and filling the rooms each day with a number of dead cats. With the rooms reeking with foul odors we can imagine the crying and the dying of little children, who may be compared with the more delicate cells of our bodies. As the fumes become heavier we can visualize the fainting away of women. Finally, none are left but the strongest of the men but in time they too die and the house that was once so gay is but a silent sepulcher.

On the theory that most persons care more about themselves than they do about anybody else we can at least imagine such treatment of guests by a host. But how can we account for such treatment of the little cells that live in our houses and are us?

There is no way to account for what civilized human beings do to themselves except to realize the fact that they do not know what they are doing.

We take disease for granted. We assume that it is the inescapable fate of man, sooner or later, to have this or that disease and die with it.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The nature of man is to die as a clock stops when it is run down. Death should come peacefully, at great age, and usually during sleep. Disease of

y kind is certain proof that the body s been misused.

We are indicted by our ailments. iat we have done is reflected in at we have. We should be proud of alth and ashamed of sickness. No man should escape blame unless he n show that he is the victim of iety rather than of himself. Bad using conditions, for instance, for ich no individual is to blame, may d do cause sickness, but most of our we create for ourselves. Anybody n see that the house in which his ls live is drained. Whoever does see to this invites all of the death d destruction that may come to him, cause bad drainage in the human dy is the cause of cancer and most the other ills that afflict mankind. move this cause and we shall have troyed most of the diseases.

Hippocrates, the great father of dicine, knew this, thousands of ars ago, as did many of the ancients, t most of his followers seem to have gotten it.

We physicians should go back to the irces of our information and preach re ardently what was taught so g ago; what is and always will be e—that man by nature is not a son factory; that his body is but a use in which his cells live and that to mit this house to fill up with vage is even worse than it would be maintain an open sewer in one's idence. One might get a breath of sh air once in a while in such a use, but there is no escape from the sons that one carries about in his dy. They are flowing into his blood eam all the ile and prepar- it for all of the eases, including worst of all— cer.

Now what is matter with body that it s not adequate- drain itself? Nthing is the tter with the dy. It was made right. The tter lies with us. have suddenly nged our methods of living. We this change civilization. Part of it ood, part of it is bad. That part of which pertains to our habits of life stly bad because it represents so rp a break with our past. The man body, which has been created ough countless centuries of slow nge, cannot in a day, a year, or a tury adapt itself to an environ- nt that is radically different from rthing to which it has ever been customed. Force such an environ- nt upon it and there is trouble.

That is what we have done. We r trying to force our bodies to in rirely different circumstances than man bodies ever lived before. For millions of years, perhaps, we went on four legs. We now stand erect. For a very long time, after we began to stand erect, we were physically active. We hunted, we cleared forests, we attended flocks. We did everything, perhaps, except to sit at desks, ride in motor cars, eat white bread and other bad food.

Such activity and such food caused good drainage. I am inclined to believe that the average duration of life in ancient times was greater than it is now, but if it was not it was because of perils with which modern science is prepared to combat. The same rice field that keeps the coolie's drainage good produces the malaria germ that kills him. The coolie knows how to eat, but we don't, and we know how to stop malaria, but he doesn't.

We shall never begin at the beginning, in our fight against cancer, and eat the food of some of the lowly peoples of Asia, but we may as well know what it is. It begins with bread made from flour ground between two stones by hand. The flour is coarse and all there—nothing is sifted out to make it whiter.

This flour is moistened with water and made into little cakes. The cakes are placed, one by one, on a flat iron surface that is heated by a charcoal fire. When the cake is scorched on one side it is turned over with forceps and scorched on the other. It is then ready to eat.

With this cake are eaten raw vegetables. A favorite vegetable is the radish which, in that part of the world, grows as large as one's forearm. The natives also eat sugar cane, swallowing some of the fiber.

The first thing that one notices about this diet is that it has bulk. Bulk is necessary to elimination. Part of our trouble is that we shun bulk. We eat concentrated foods. Concentrated foods decay and create poisons to carry around and absorb, but are difficult to eliminate.

The next thing we observe about this diet is that it contains no meat. We think we need meat. An Asiatic can march all day on vegetables and fight at evening. We should never eat any food that, when decayed, has an odor that is exceedingly offensive. All animal products come under this ban.

Your Asiatic eats his vegetables raw. He gets his vitamines, which are so necessary to life and health, while they are in good condition. We destroy ours with heat. Vegetables are better if not cooked.

Lastly, the Asiatic peasant eats bread made from whole grain flour. We eat white bread which contains but part of the grain. White bread is so bad that if fed exclusively to animals for a month they will die. It is not fit to eat. In the first place, it does not contain the food elements that we require. Furthermore, it tends to clog the drainage system. Whoever eats it does so at his peril. Whole-wheat bread is difficult to get in England. I understand that it is easy to get in the United States. Americans who persist in eating white bread and die of cancer have nobody to blame but themselves.

What we should do then, if we would avoid cancer, is to eat whole-wheat bread and raw fruits and vegetables, shunning all meat, first that we may be better nourished, second that we may more easily eliminate waste products and thus adequately drain the house in which our cells live.

But one of the most difficult things in the world to do is to change the food of a nation. The best we can expect to do is to effect as favorable a compromise as possible. Each person can say for himself how far he is willing to go to avoid cancer. Whoever foregoes white bread will perform a great service for himself. It is deadly.

Having done the best we can to avoid bad foods and get good ones, there still remains the problem of elimination—of sure, adequate drainage. Exercise helps. Walk two or three hours a day. How many will do it? Not many, I fear. If not, the problem of bad drainage remains. What are we to do? Should simple measures of diet and habit fail, the freeing of the intestinal canal by operation restores its mechanics to the condition in which it existed in infancy. The effects are tremendous—far and away beyond what I expected. Men and women are transformed. Their very natures seem to change. They become bright and happy and well. Not only do the particular ills of which they complained disappear, but minor troubles go with them.

Obviously it would not do to operate on everybody whose drainage system was not working properly, because that would mean to operate upon everybody. Just as obviously it would have

MORTALITY FROM CANCER
Registration Countries of the World, 1908-1912

Continent	Population	No. of deaths from Cancer	Rate per 100,000 Population
Africa	9,041,866	3,018	33.4
America	382,549,311	251,438	65.7
Asia	272,814,962	148,447	54.4
Australasia	27,886,740	20,345	73.0
Europe	1,431,996,861	1,096,716	76.6
Total	2,124,289,740	1,519,964	71.6

been idle to expect everybody who suffered from bad drainage to correct his habits with regard to diet and exercise. The problem of bad drainage remained. The question was how to meet it.

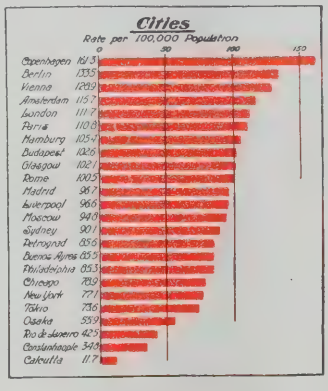
I determined to try mechanical means. I sought a lubricant by means of which I hoped to keep the bowels open. I tried olive oil, but found that it was absorbed before it had completed the lubrication of the intestinal tract. I finally hit upon paraffin oil, a by-product of petroleum, which at that time I was able to get in a highly refined state only from Russia. Now, I am glad to say that high-grade paraffin oil is on sale pretty much throughout the civilized world. In different countries it is put out under different trade names. It is practically without color, taste or odor. In buying it, one should be sure that the label on the bottle bears the statement that it is intended for internal use.

Now what will paraffin oil do? So far as elimination is concerned, it will do everything that proper food and proper exercise could do. It is mechanically perfect. It lubricates without being absorbed. It has no effect upon the body except as a lubricant.

Two tablespoonfuls of it should be taken half an hour before each meal. The reason for taking it half an hour before mealtime is to give it time to pass out of the stomach before the arrival of food. If paraffin oil were to be smeared over food it would interfere with the operation of the gastric juices and probably do more harm than good.

Three doses of paraffin oil a day will insure perfect drainage of the human house. This should be drained three times a day. Once is not enough. Watch the animals. They don't eat white bread and commit our other crimes against themselves. They are well drained. To prevent accidents from the use of paraffin oil, it is best to form the habit of clearing the body after each meal. We should take out as often as we put in. If we would avoid cancer we must cease to be badly drained human houses.

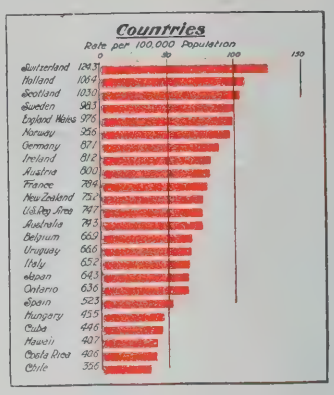
Whoever will correct his diet to a reasonable extent, take reasonable exercise, and a dose of paraffin oil half an hour before each meal need have no fear of cancer. I make this declaration with no reservations. Cancer is a filth disease. I am certain that it is the last stage in a sequence of ailments brought about by bad drainage of the system. I am also certain that cancer never attacks a healthy organ. Tissue must first be weakened by poison before it will yield to this or any other malady. Drain the body and there need be no fear of cancer, appendicitis, diabetes, neuritis, neuralgia, sleeplessness, melancholia, epilepsy and a great number of other ailments.



International statistics of cancer mortality, 1908-1912.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Paraffin oil is known under some fifty different trade names and sold at many times the price of the basic article. Its most common general term is "mineral oil." The pharmacopeia of the United States refers to it as "petrolatum liquidum." The pharmaceutical preparations of different countries vary in specific gravity from 0.840 to 0.945. The lighter oil is used as a vehicle for sprays, and the heavier as an ingredient of ointments and for internal use. Many claims are made for special desirability of different products. The actual physical differences have to do with absence of color, absence of odor or taste, absence of acid or alkali, and a specific gravity fitted for the purpose for which the oil is used. A responsible druggist should be able to supply a mineral oil of desirable characteristics for internal use under the simple term of "liquid petrolatum."]

When I first recognized the responsibility of bad drainage for certain diseases I did not realize the extent to which poisons manufactured and secreted within ourselves are the cause of the diseases that have come with civilization. As I said, I was dumbfounded at the results often brought about by operation. These results, together with the later results from the use of paraffin oil, caused me to reflect and to investigate still further. The reflections and these investigations made it plain to me that all the glitter as well as the solid achievements of civilization are reared upon a basis of filth. We have new and terrible diseases because we have committed and are still committing new and terrible crimes against our bodies.



International statistics of cancer mortality, 1908-1912.

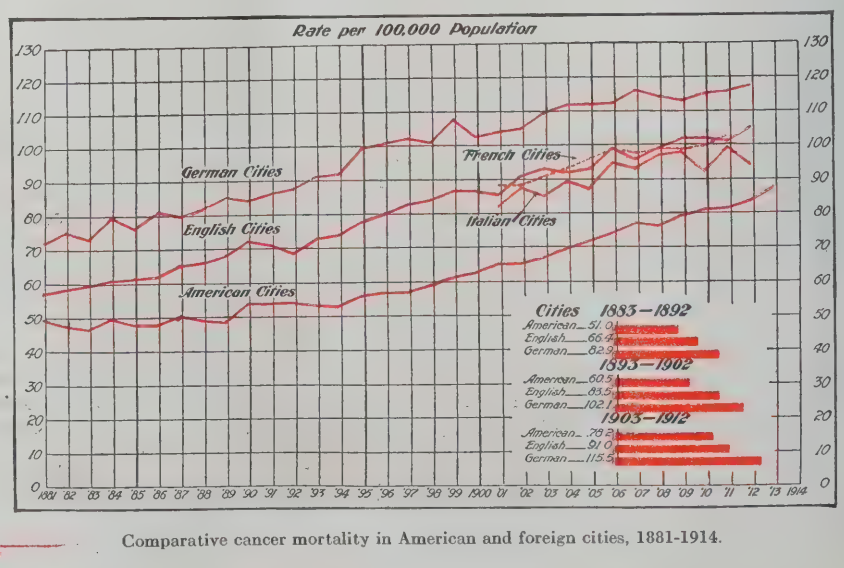
Every particle of evidence points in the same direction. Your great American statistician, Frederick L. Hoffman, of Newark, New Jersey, penetrated the wilds of Africa and the wilds of Asia only to find cancer and all other diseases of civilization unknown.

But what cleanliness means to cell life is perhaps best shown in the achievement of Carrel, of Rockefeller Institute, New York, in keeping alive, for more than fourteen years now, bits of tissue from a chicken. Nutrition is provided by keeping them in a solution upon which they feed. But Dr. Carrel does not permit the waste products to remain and poison the cells. Instead, the tissue is washed several times a day. These bits of chicken are not only alive but as vigorous as ever after the lapse of a period far in excess of the normal life of a chicken. What Dr. Carrel has done is striking proof of what cells can do if given a chance. But no cell can endure poison. We moderns seem to think they can. The pity is that we do not think at all.

We shall have to begin thinking—and acting—very soon or cancer and its trail of lesser diseases will make an end of us. It is often said by those who know nothing about the subject that the increase of cancer is more apparent than real. Nothing could be further from the truth. Cancer is a world disease—a world peril. Wherever civilization extends it goes — and now everywhere else. In England and Wales, in 1881, the death rate from cancer was 520 to the million and from tuberculosis, 1,923 to the million. In 1921, cancer deaths had jumped to 1,215, while tuberculosis had dropped to 854. In the United states, deaths from cancer jumped from 47,829 in 1900 to 80,938 in 1922.

As cancer has become a greater and greater menace, the

(Concluded on page 31)



Comparative cancer mortality in American and foreign cities, 1881-1914.

Are Americans Flattered and Hated?

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HONORÉ

AN AMERICAN cruising around the world gets much material for thought as the ship makes her way from port to rt regarding the feeling of peoples of ner countries toward Americans.

The traveler leaves Honolulu with m one to a dozen wreaths of flowers ound his neck, a great big lump of ntiment in his throat, and his heart ry warm with affection for the islands d the people whom he has visited. e Japanese receive him with a sur- sing cordiality. Instead of meeting n with a demand that he explain the panese Exclusion Law or pay double ce for the kimono he expects to buy his wife, they meet him with rare rtesy, and though he may pay the uble price he leaves with the com- table feeling that he has purchased a discount. Entering Japan at Yo- hama and sailing from Kobe, he ves the port at one o'clock in the rning, and is awakened by the sing- of the people on deck in answer to farewells of a crowd on shore.

The ship comes to Shanghai amid wspaper people with their cameras, d their inquiries for personal gossip out the passengers that may interest English-speaking part of Shanghai's pulation. No one has been rude to n, and Nanking Road has eagerly ceived his dollars in exchange for its res, but the American becomes aware it he has not made the personal con- cts in British Shanghai that he made in Honolulu. Of course he had no right to expect that he would do so.

He goes on to Hongkong, and thinks it the loveliest spot he has seen next to Honolulu. No one is rude to him, but he does not get far.

Then he goes on to Manila, and his experience is almost like that at Honolulu. He is among friends and if he does not know a soul when he arrives he makes friends before he leaves.

Now about that time he begins to compare, and to say, "Why were not those English people a little more cordial at Shanghai and Hongkong?"

I cannot do better *(Continued on page 24)*

The tourist leaves Honolulu with from one to a dozen wreaths around his neck and a big lump in his throat.

Leviathan steaming into New York Harbor—Sky line of New York in background.

What, No Corned-Beef-and-Cabbage

When We Try to Get an American Meal on Board an American Boat

By A. R. PINCI

AFTER spending seventeen days and nights on two American ships on my way to and from Europe—five days on the magnificent *Leviathan* and twelve on the modest *Republic*—I set foot in the United States convinced that neither is a 100 per cent American ship. Something like two hundred different dishes were constantly available from three to five times a day, but there was no corned-beef-and-cabbage. Culinary art never exceeded itself so much as on the larger ship and "real eats" were never so plentiful as on the smaller vessel, but the impression grew that delectable American dishes of the plainer kind were on the defensive, making a decidedly apologetic appearance, to be vanquished by the vast array of costly imported or adapted concoctions.

Is it because simple proletarian foods like corn-cab have been shamed away by constant lampooning? If so, it is time for Americans to try a barrage against *roast prime ribs of beef au Jus*. Isn't anything to be done against that alleged brown gravy that from Sacramento to Danzig has the same odor, same thickness, same taste?

The *Leviathan* once announced a New England dinner; the menu, however, identified ten foreign specialties by geographical or provincial name to every American specialty—when such was included. But when the *Republic*—which as a transportation unit ought to be to the plain people as Adam's rib was to Eve—made the same mistake, signs were not wanting that a moth-eaten fashion was being adhered to. Once only I remember that the *Republic*'s bill of fare placed in the space of honor, at luncheon, so plebeian a dish as pig's knuckles with sauerkraut. There were many takers, even though the day was one for "givers," since the sea was very rough.

I cross-examined Captain A. B. Randall, whose cherubic countenance and cheerful mien seemed to have been the inevitable result of one good, old-fashioned and plain American feed after another. Witness deposed not. So I turned to Chief Steward J. K. Parker. He likewise deposed not.

Be that as it may, the bill of fares are not sufficiently and representatively American. To the inevitable plea—for this I know is the basic reason—that the people do not want what they eat at home I answer that in order to know what travelers want or do not want something more than a unilateral menu is needed. Buckwheat cakes with maple sirup, patent breakfast foods, Virginia ham and "Maryland fried spring chicken" are all very well in their way but they do not go far enough. When anything like baked beans is offered it is too much lik side dish instead of a *piece de resista* And hunting for favorite viands of t sort through a maze of half-Anglici French names is no sinecure.

Our ships being the latest comers the passenger service it was inevita that they should pattern their chefi after methods already in vogue, these are by no means perfect. Ev company advertises its "unsurpas cuisine," but food is all alike, no ma what is said to the contrary. Wh one ship excels in one thing it fails another. Altogether, it bespeaks hopeless goal toward standardiz primary dishes under a nomenclat that makes the following scene—ta from a page of the past—beautifu illustrative.

"Isn't there any soup on t menu?" asked the hungry man.

"There was some, sir," answe the waiter, "but I wiped it off."

In one day 197 items were l fared for us on the *Leviathan*; 77 breakfast, 70 for luncheon and 50 dinner, exclusive of morning bouil afternoon tea and pre-slumber sna which makes an even 200. The hun *Republic* was not far behind, accou ing for 178 items; 67 for breakf 63 for luncheon and 48 for din likewise exclusive of the three peri extras. In many cases some of viands available are the kind n tasted by average Americans, who

ly do not attempt a diversified enu of those kinds in a lifetime t content themselves, when away m home, with only an occasional ange from the old stand-bys of m-and-eggs, beefsteak-and-potatoes, gs-and-ham, potatoes-and-beef-eak, ham-and-eggs and beefsteak-d-potatoes.

Of course, a steamship must rnish a cosmopolitan assortment d a well-balanced variety, but at esent the assortment is too waste- and the variety decidedly rep-tional and uninclusive. This ewarding problem is indeed com-ex, and this is not the place to port it. What I wish to point t, in truth, is that life on a ship w consists of two things: wonder- what you are going to eat at the xt meal and thinking of what u had at the previous sitting.

Food is a great topic of discus-n—much more so than one's low passengers. Inevitably there those who criticize quality and antity—the very two factors that beyond criticism. And particu-ly this is true of that class who were born and bred to bountiful repasts are fearful that in their new guise "globe trotters" that fact might suspected aboard.

I risked my reputation one day for olicly querying the steward about ham-and-cabbage craving that expectedly overwhelmed me. Be-use I was brought up on French and lian dishes I have no hesitancy to st something different and good some typically United Statesian hes. Then the chorus:

"Oh!" said the surprised young y across the table from me.

"What did he ask for?" someone ried his neighbor as if doubtful t he had heard aright.

"Cabbage?" quizzed a man who two dollars' worth of caviar for *rkfast* every morning. "Do you it?"

I obtained my ham-and-cabbage the next meal, having put in a special uest for it, but by time it is appar- to the reader that trouble was not ccompanied by chological risks ht timid passen-es prefer not to face. table company er seems so for-iding and inhu-ne to one, as when h timid soul haz-rs the defense of tain satirized lies.

rinks? Yes, some r the *Leviathan* ward and very ite, invisible at ht, on the *Republic* tward. By all wn rules the *Republic*, with a full cabin list, clearing four wet ports like Bremen, Cherbourg, Southampton and Queenstown, ought to have perspired booze on every table and through every cabin door keyhole. By the same token, the *Leviathan*, leaving New York, ought to have been dry as a hot iron. Yes? No.

Boy Scouts playing game of Cage Ball or "Keep It Up" on deck of *Leviathan*.

But booze was a very insignificant factor, for the passengers in general. On the *Leviathan* it was hocus-pocused from nowhere in particular. Champagne, Scotch, Gordon, rye, vermuth—it was all there. It was slow in making its appearance, but follow-the-leader as a game was played to perfection when the first brave thirsty one opened a bottle. It was all "private stock," put on board by the bibacious ones themselves. One woman confided that she was sorry she lost courage and did not bring a case of champagne. Yet even the steadiest drinkers registered slow consumption.

There was talk on the *Republic* of drinks somewhere below, meaning in certain cabins, but no one emerged bleary-eyed, idiotically scintillating, noisily tittering. In short, "plastering" and "pifflicating," self-imposed duties that rumor in this country associates with the "last days of liberty" to the foot of Bedloe's Island where the goddess stands, and the week-long toast across the "big drink" necessary to produce the effects, did not materialize, and that despite a representatively jolly crowd that revealed very few "drys" among them.

There has been a great deal said about the reaction caused by traveling on the *Leviathan* because of her size. But size itself is never so misleading as when one is aboard. Judged side by side with a tug-boat she is huge; judged without benefit of relativity size is abstract. Meeting once the *Leviathan* in mid-ocean and seen from our comparatively small ship the then famous troop-carrier did not seem so big either—and only three miles from us.

The first urge is to begin mental comparisons with objects or distances with which one is familiar, but somehow even the eye experienced in estimating measurements is defeated. So most everybody finally agrees:

"She did seem bigger!"

And the same would be said by most of us if tomorrow we could board a ship five miles long.

After the first part of the usual whistle notice of departure, which begins with a wheeze, nothing is so absorbing as to watch how delicately, almost micrometrically, the ship is maneuvered. If she were of Murano glass greater care could not be used in easing her in or out. No wonder, when in most cases there is only a foot or so of clearance to bottom!

Passing out into the open sea, however, one forgets or ignores side issues of and about the big ship. The business of getting settled is what counts. Especially if ye traveler dislikes or is dissatisfied with accommodations. Then begins the stampede to the purser's office. Big cities have their housing emergencies; but every purser on every ship can afford to laugh at urban housing authorities, because his own problem is intensified, restricted, overwhelming.

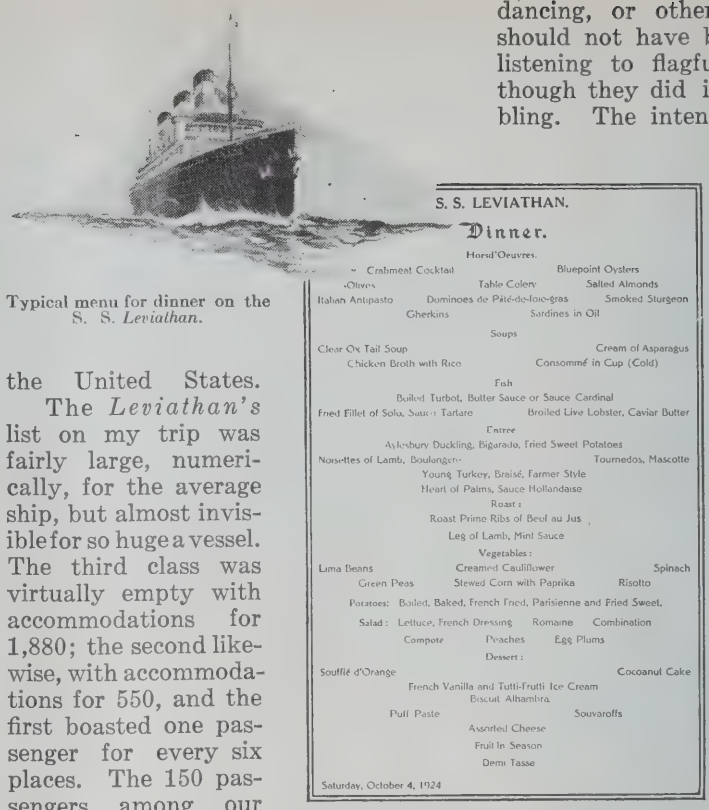
On January first, 1925, the special privilege custom which permitted certain passengers to obtain maximum accommodations for minimum rates, a passenger traffic competitive system that was followed in many ways by booking agents, was ordered discontinued by the North Atlantic Conference. It is the best thing that could be done if honestly and sincerely adhered to. The practice of permitting movie actors, for example, to occupy a $5,000 suite

Captain H. Hartley, Commander S. S. *Leviathan*, with his executive staff.

for $500 was pernicious and unfair. It gave a chance to a snobbish group to become even more so at the expense of the taxpayers in the case of the American ships and at the expense of stockholders in the case of privately owned lines. It enabled them to four-flush—and the majority of them did it neatly and brilliantly.

The underlying excuse was advertising—but publicity of that sort was worthless, except to the actors themselves and their managers. Experienced travelers know how to do their choosing; inexperienced ones hardly would do their choosing by the movie-actor register; and the submerged world which has been taught to idolize screen stars is made up of persons that will not yield one paying passenger per thousand.

The *Leviathan* probably erred more than any other steamer in that fashion, hard put for advertising, and so was made the cynosure of attention that began with the ridiculously staged trial trip. The *Leviathan* has carried some real best passengers, but relatively few compared to other smart modern ships. Other lines, as already pointed out, offer complete service and therefore automatically draw the class that seeks best service, which one ship alone cannot render when at least three are required. Furthermore, business and social relations influence choice oftener than is imagined. The *Majestic, Olympic, Berengaria, Mauretania, Aquitania,* and other Atlantic liners of this class, are operated by companies whose officials represent prominence in business and social position in the larger cities of the United States.



S. S. LEVIATHAN.

Dinner.

Hors d'Oeuvres.

Crabmeat Cocktail — Bluepoint Oysters
Olives — Table Celery — Salted Almonds
Italian Antipasto — Dominoes de Paté-de-foie-gras — Smoked Sturgeon
Gherkins — Sardines in Oil

Soups

Clear Ox Tail Soup — Cream of Asparagus
Chicken Broth with Rice — Consommé in Cup (Cold)

Fish

Boiled Turbot, Butter Sauce or Sauce Cardinal
Fried Fillet of Sole, Sauce Tartare — Broiled Live Lobster, Caviar Butter

Entree

Aylesbury Duckling, Bigarade, Fried Sweet Potatoes
Noisettes of Lamb, Boulangere — Tournedos, Mascotte
Young Turkey, Braisé, Farmer Style
Heart of Palms, Sauce Hollandaise

Roast:

Roast Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus
Leg of Lamb, Mint Sauce

Vegetables:

Lima Beans — Creamed Cauliflower — Spinach
Green Peas — Stewed Corn with Paprika — Risotto
Potatoes: Boiled, Baked, French Fried, Parisienne and Fried Sweet.
Salad: Lettuce, French Dressing — Romaine — Combination
Compote — Peaches — Egg Plums

Dessert:

Soufflé d'Orange — Cocoanut Cake
French Vanilla and Tutti-Frutti Ice Cream
Biscuit Alhambra
Puff Paste — Souvaroffs
Assorted Cheese
Fruit in Season
Demi Tasse

Saturday, October 4, 1924

Typical menu for dinner on the S. S. *Leviathan.*

The *Leviathan's* list on my trip was fairly large, numerically, for the average ship, but almost invisible for so huge a vessel. The third class was virtually empty with accommodations for 1,880; the second likewise, with accommodations for 550, and the first boasted one passenger for every six places. The 150 passengers among our group made a poor showing in spite of the "papering" of the ship after the theater fashion of spreading people.

Traveling on the *Leviathan* seemed to have unduly enthused a gentleman past middle age who took it upon himself to become the leader or organizer of a "pro-American merchant marine" movement among passengers. Without dwelling upon the preliminary activities that occurred, he elected or appointed himself a sort of chairman during dance intermission the night of the arrival in Cherbourg. He expounded the benefits of an American merchant marine, the necessity of citizens to patronize it, and these perorations he punctuated with references to our ship. Some applause, some grimaces some stolidity.

Apart from the absurdity of exhorting enthusiasm with Americanisms based upon *the German-built Leviathan,* the propriety of conducting a "patriotic" symposium in the drawing room during social hour, with many foreigners present, is inevitably defective. Foreign passengers, who paid their fare and were present in the room for the purpose of playing bridge, or dancing, or otherwise passing time, should not have been made to suffer listening to flagful declamations, although they did it with little grumbling. The intent of the speaker was quite all right—but it was his place, on a public and of course cosmopolitan carrier, to announce a special meeting to which Americans *and others* who cared to be present were invited, and so forth.

No wonder that a responsible American on board—an important government employe—the next morning apologized to the British passengers on his acquaintance. It was, this, the nice thing to do.

On the *Republic,* returning from Europe, passengers were picked up in Germany, France, England and Ireland. Being a cabin-ship the social aspects were not so insistent. Occasionally persons with the social label—I mean the genuine one—do travel on these slow and plain boats, but the most ambitious affair always resembles an ordinary family affair. Swank is a sure road to unpopularity.

"Room and board" for about $5 per traveling day is sufficiently modest and practical a sum to attract, and it is my belief that the future paying bulk passenger traffic will consist of two major groups: the cabin group and the economy group, the latter to utilize, at not more than $5 a day, the former immigrant space.

The *Republic's* third class was fairly patronized, on our trip, the German taken on at Bremen being supplemented by Irish at Cork. Nothing was more amusing and at the same time indicative of what happened in the weather deck Sunday morning. The central hatch being the basis of a dividing line, the Germans congregated on one side and the Irish on the other. While the Germans, with an improvised mandolin chor, sang religious hymns, the Irish, ten feet away, with nothing but the air and sunshine between them, were dancing folk-dances to the tune of a small accordion.

Hardly a word was exchanged between members of one group and the other, although bodily proximity was inevitable. A bareheaded German, I remember, was peering over his glasses at the pirouetting children of Erin, and it was easy to perceive from his attitude, his demeanor, his gesture, that his explanation (Concluded on page 9)

U. S. S. *Republic.*

EDITORIALS

The President to the Cadets

EXCEPT when he is making those routine addresses intended for a race or organization avid of public praise, our President grows wiser and wiser; he expresses the American mind with increasing aptitude and accuracy. His address to the cadets graduated at Annapolis was a plain and yet profound exposition of what devolves upon him as President, upon them as officers, and upon all of us as citizens. As President it is his double duty to maintain at high efficiency the national defense and at the same time maintain international relations in such friendliness as that defense need not be used. He rightly says that no nation will ever be able to erect so overwhelming a defense as to render it wholly immune from attack by reason of the fear it inspires. That immunity can only be secured by the maintenance of right international relations. As President it is one side of his duty to try to maintain them. Peace does not come by fear but by faith, the faith of peoples and governments in the honorable intentions held one toward another.

Mr. Coolidge, whom none thought to be a literary man—as no one thought of Abraham Lincoln as a man of letters—is developing a singularly engaging form of public address. It is very easy for the man in the street to read. The President's thought is so thoroughly clear to himself that he is able to express it in simple English to his hearers and readers. He says what he has to say, and leaves it there. He does not rant. He does not wave the flag. He does not denounce or threaten or promise or seek for skyrocket eloquence. He uses no superlatives, few adjectives. All this is not only a gain in clarity, but it leaves room for his sincerity to become evident. The addresses he has been giving the country lately constitute important lessons in citizenship. They are of such character that schools and clubs and churches all over the country might well make place in their programs for the public reading of them again.

Movies for Air Passengers

NEWS comes from England that the directors of the Rolls-Royce Air Express of the Imperial Airways have fitted their machines with a motion picture projector, and that picture shows will, in the future, be given while the machine is in flight.

The projector has been installed in the luggage compartment at the rear of the passenger cabin, and the screen erected against the bulkhead which separates the passengers from the pilot's cockpit. Fourteen spectators can be accommodated in two rows of armchairs running down each side of the cabin, while for the benefit of all and sundry the star picture is to be advertised by big streamers on each side of the air express.

It is little more than fifteen years ago that Bleriot's fragile monoplane shot through the early mists of a June morning from the coast of France, for the first time in history carrying a man through the air across the Channel, and yet air travel is becoming so familiar that with the moving earth beneath them—a vast panorama of Ocean, Alps, Empires, Historic Cities, Lakes and Rivers—passengers must have their moving pictures aboard!

Or are they a device to prevent air-sickness?

Doctor Fosdick Lands in Roses

THE announcement that Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick has been invited to the pastorate of the church of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is no surprise to those who have been on the inside of the Fosdick controversy. The amazing feature of that disturbance is that the man about whom it centers is neither an original thinker nor a great preacher. The writer of this editorial was in New York the Sunday morning Fosdick preached his sermon, "Shall the Fundamentalists Win?" and sought in vain for the clues to the preacher's popularity. It appears now that the Fosdick publicity was cared for by the highly paid but more highly efficient publicity agent of the Rockefellers. It was not let to run haphazard as the spirit which bloweth where it will, it was rather skillfully directed. The same hand which so adroitly has changed public opinion toward Standard Oil had somewhat to do with directing it toward Mr. Fosdick.

When Plymouth Church, the old pulpit of Henry Ward Beecher, sought the services of Mr. Fosdick, they were not to be had. Yet there was a fitness in the call, for Plymouth has always been a free pulpit and Plymouth sadly needs rehabilitation of its fame. But Plymouth is not rich. And whether in his ministry down at the end of Fifth Avenue Mr. Fosdick formed the aristocratic habit is not known, but Plymouth did not get him.

Which rather shuts out Mr. Fosdick from the martyr's crown. He rejoices in the lesser term of heretic. Martyrs suffer and sacrifice for their cause. Heretics often find a greater reward than their abilities, regularly employed, would bring them.

Invited to Shut Up

IT IS greatly appreciated among those who try to keep informed about our larger affairs, that the government has at last expressed displeasure with unofficial ambassadors who presume to speak for the American people to foreign nations. We have often before inquired what right Otto H. Kahn, to take a conspicuous example, had to tell France that the United States would do this or would not do that. We have had to inquire by what right of congenial mentality or official designation he presumed to interpret the American mind. We have had to inquire if our foreign affairs were in the hands of international financiers who for the most part hail from foreign lands but are not even nationals of the lands they hail from.

Of course, to such inquiries of citizens governments make no reply. But at last something has occurred which resembles a reply. It has been announced with every show of authority but with no names visibly attached that the government earnestly invites certain gentlemen to shut up. We were in the beginning of negotiations with France when certain gentlemen told France that we did not mean what we said, that we would not perform what we purposed. These self-appointed spokesmen have been silent ever since. It is well.

Perhaps this peremptory action came about because now our State Department, which is our Foreign Office, is in the hands of men with experience of foreign affairs. For a long time our Secretaries of State have been inlanders who may have known parts of Europe as tourists, but who knew nothing of Europe by first-hand diplomatic contact. They meant well but they did not know. They were at the mercy of their department heads or their representatives abroad. Now, however, we have a Secretary of State who saw service abroad, who knows Europe from its center, who knows how asinine some so-called Americans can be when telling Europe what to do or when announcing what they think America is going to do.

If this interpretation of our new policy in foreign affairs, or rather our method of handling them, is correct, we have come to a time of dignified advance.

Orgy of Unproved Charges

WHO has not noticed the extreme disparity between charges made and charges proved, between arrests made and convictions secured, especially in the political life of the United States. In every part of the country there has been a perfect orgy of sensational charges and the arrest of men of position—a day's furor over each; and the next thing heard is a judge or jury saying there was nothing in it at all.

The dangerous frequency of these occurrences suggests that it has become a habit to play horse with the law, to use it as a bludgeon for private purposes, to utilize police power to affix a stigma which sober trial would be unable to do. We have seen Senators, Governors, City Officials, Business Men, Private Citizens of Note, men of every degree, hauled up on the demand of their political or personal enemies, only to be discharged in the end, and that without redress. They come out with their humiliation, with their American rights hanging in tatters about them, many of them having been compelled to taste the bitterness of American police brutality—which is the scandal of the police world—but they have no redress.

This is a situation which may easily lead to the most upsetting revolt of all—the revolt of the decent citizens of the land. Daily our comparison with England grows more glaring, because over there a policeman sees in every ragamuffin a British citizen with whose Rights he must deal circumspectly; and if that ragamuffin is arrested, the police authorities see in him a British citizen on whom they work no indignity, no more than the Roman officer dared work on the Roman Citizen, St. Paul. There is no *third degree* in England. There is no promiscuous hauling up of individuals. A police error over there is one of the most serious things that could occur. Yet they have *less crime*, and of what crime they have *less is undetected* and *less is unpunished* than any country in the world. And they don't shoot police officers.

While we are urging the study of the Constitution of the United States upon everybody in the country, it might be well for local authorities, and Federal, too, especially those having police power, to exemplify the Constitution in those clauses which define the Rights of Citizens, in their persons and estates.

It is not the Bolshevik this nation needs to fear, but the Citizen whose Rights are at the whim of local authority.

Dogmatic Bureaucrats

THE temper of the bureaucratic mind is almost perfectly illustrated in a story that comes well-authenticated from Spain. Two brothers set up in business in a bakeshop there and before opening presented a plan of their baking facilities, as required, for the approval of the city government. The clerk declared it could not be approved because there had been made no provision for a sleeping-place for the mule.

"But we have no mule," objected one of the brothers, "our kneading machine will be run by an electric motor."

"That makes no difference whatever," replied the clerk. "The ordinance requires that there be a stall for one."

MR. FORD'S PAGE

FOR a long time human progress was made in salients. Under the stimulus of curiosity or under the pressure of need, it thrust its angles of inquiry into the unknown, now at this point, now at that, until the whole line had moved a little forward.

At the first, probably, men just multiplied. That was all they could do, and for the purpose of progress it was the best they could do. Population is one of the requirements of progress. It is the pressure of people that moves the race out into new territory and brings into use its dormant faculties. It forced men to cross mountains and to explore the reaches of the sea.

Then came the various angles of activity which mankind thrust out into the world. They learned the wealth of the animal world as shepherds. When they planted the vine, its cultivation required them to cease their roving and settle down, whereby they learned the wealth of the soil. By degrees there came the knowledge of metals and herbs and a dim intelligence that beyond inert objects were powers unknown. These were all angles which the race thrust out, as an advancing army thrusts out a salient, feeling its way into unknown territory.

The story of man's intellectual life follows the same line. Religion was one of the earliest salients made toward the future. There was a time when it engrossed all of mankind's interest. It represented a corridor into the mystery of life. A masterful salient, it still maintains its significant thrust toward the unknown. Then came Philosophy, a determined angle toward hidden knowledge, by which men sought to explain the origin and the purpose of all things under the form of one coherent system. It is a salient that has never been abandoned. Following this came Law and Politics which sought to encompass the laws of how men might live together under terms which approximate justice, how the community might be reared on foundations that would be self-sustaining and endure, and how families of peoples might be enabled to work out their manifest destiny. Last of all came Science which is not one salient but a whole line of salients that overlap and complete all that went before, thrusting into earth and sea and sky, into mind and matter, into past and future, into spirit and substance, holding nothing immune from its universal inquiry.

At each period one of these interests was dominant. The passing dominance of each was bewailed as the downfall of the world. As the directive energy of life has established one salient and then left it to establish another, there have always been those to pronounce the word of doom. Men are saying it now about the heavy toll of mental energy which Science is drawing to its service.

What it all means is this: mankind until now has been making preparations—it is now ready to advance along the entire front. Formerly men said it this way: "This is an age of specialists." It is more than that. It is an age of every specialty, and every specialty merging into a unified whole. Mankind is advancing along the whole line. The march for which humanity was organized has begun. Previous races on this earth, many believe, have taken up the same march and lost themselves. It now remains to be seen what the Race of Man will do.

THE present progress means that, after making partial advance here and there, mankind is now moving along the whole front. In former ages men's minds had only one or another dominant channel in which to move. Now all channels are open, and so full is the stream of life that all of them have flowed together. No new revelation has come, no new spurt of power; all that was learned bit by bit, generation by generation, is now enlisted in the common service, and the force of it is irresistible. To know this is to interpret the place of this generation in the schedule of human progress.

The details that were mastered one by one, the knowledge painfully achieved here and there and bit by bit, the experience gained and passed on generation after generation, has now headed up in a unified whole which enables mass action on a scale wholly unguessed even fifteen years ago.

A man's first duty is to know this. He who lives in a daze through his own times, unable to place them in the schedule of Time, unable to interpret their meaning to the race, is not living at all. Half the distress of the people is due to the poverty of the *meaning* given to this phase of human experience. To live is more than to make a living. The program of progress has the whole race in view, yet it moves forward by each man making his own living through lending himself to the general plan; yet if all he gets out of it is his living, he is like a man who goes on cleaning out the gutter while the king's pageant sweeps by. More than half of life is to know the times in which we live.

Shortsighted men think that progress is only a better opportunity to make money. But there are men of vision now in action, and more men of better vision coming up with the younger generation, who will keep the lines straight. Every army has its sutlers; but it is only the soldier that bears away the honor. Sutlers get but profits.

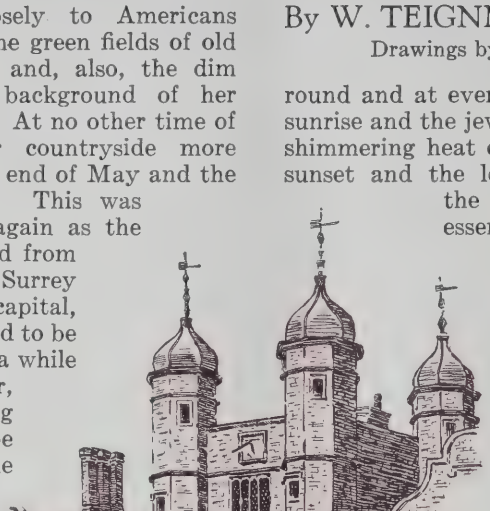
Where Past and Present Meet

Pilgrimage to Guildford, Surrey, the Quaintest of Quaint Old Towns

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

Drawings by L. Pern Bird.

VERY closely to Americans appeal the green fields of old England and, also, the dim historic background of her country-town life. At no other time of the year is our countryside more lovely than at the end of May and the opening of June. This was borne in on me again as the other day I jogged from London through Surrey to the county capital, Guildford. I longed to be a countryman for a while at any rate; or, better, a discerning country lad; to be able to roam the vivid green fields, to sit beside a murmuring brook, to lie beneath the trees in the bosky woods, to clamber in the tall hedgerows. These last we are told by the money-minded are waste of good land, which might be turned to the cultivation of foodstuffs! Nonsense! Down with such pedantry! Up with the hedges of England! Adorned with a splendor of May blossom; milk-white, sweet-scented. Called sometimes "Ladies Meat," and what more dainty to set before a lady fair? Alas! soon the ground is whitened with the falling bloom; "Perfection is the beginning of decay." Later the hedges will be bedecked with the loveliest of all English wild flowers, the Dog rose, delicate pink and white; the Tudor rose; Shakespeare's rose. Then the honeysuckle, with its sugared perfume.



Gateway of Abbot hospital.

The fields and meadows! Vivid green carpets of grass, which, as Walt Whitman says, surely is

". . . the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrance,
designedly dropt."

Save in the Emerald Isle, there is no grass so green as that of England; just the common grass of the fields; there is little that can compare with it in America. Such grass grows only in the damp climate of comparatively small islands, where the sea winds bring plentiful rain and moisture. I believe that the clear complexions of Irish and English girls are to be credited to the soft climate; a great credit.

The fields of England! Guarded by high luxuriant hedges and by tall, shadeful trees; lovely all the year round and at every hour of the day—sunrise and the jeweled dew; noonday's shimmering heat or cloud-shed coolth; sunset and the lengthening shadows; the basis of this beauty, essential to it, the tender green carpet of grass, sweet and fresh.

And, over there, on the low hillside, a joyous outburst of gold! The golden gorse, which blooms all the year round, giving us the pleasant old saying that "when the gorse is out of bloom kissing's out of favor!" Another golden flower that decorates waste land is the dandelion, so handsome that it can laugh at being called a weed! Friend and lover of the sun, whom it worships by day, sorrowfully hiding its face in its green fingers by night.

The High street, Guildford.

"The flowery May, who from her
green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale
primrose,"

says Milton, who was not a too austere Puritan. The primroses, nestling under the hedgerows, have gone and the golden cowslips are beginning to hold up their heads. Look at that meadow, studded with buttercups; that field starred with daisies—the eyes of the day.

Come in May and June, you welcome visitors from far away; walk the fields and you will learn the re... why we who dwell in England love h...

Leaving main lines, the railr... of England afford much entertainm... and surprise to American trave... notably the rustic charm of many v... side stations, shaded by trees and j... with flowers, veritably part of ... countryside. There is music in t... very names; such as these near ... Guildford—Chilworth, Albury, Rip... Stoke d'Abernon, Eppingham; an... each name a historic meaning.

New Yorkers, Chicagoans, Bo... nians and other lordly livers in g... cities have much the same habi... mind as the inhabitants of Lon... Liverpool, Glasgow and other ... jumbles of houses; they neither k... nor really understand the pure cou... and raise contemptuous eyebrow... country towns. With that attit... it is not worth while to contend, ... I do hold that the happiest man i... who can take the best from town ... from country. In London, my ... city, I being born within the soun... Bow Bells, the ... toric backgro... has to be looked ... it is pushed a... crushed into ... ners, thrust from ... highways by ... march of mo... nity. But come ... me to Guildf... the capital t... of the county ... Surrey. There a... in hundreds of o... English coun... towns, past ... present move h... in hand. In s... slight way ... county may be ... ened to your s... capitals, but d... drive the simila... hard or it will b... down. The coming of the railway, ... more recent advent of the automo... the growth of big cities, have ro... county capitals of much of t... dignity and standing. Some of t... are very much dead-alive, echoing ... the footsteps of bygone, busy d... Their stones are worn by the fee... men of olden times, who now s... peacefully with the memories of t... greatness in the gray churches ... green churchyards.

Guildford, though almost in ... shadow of London, is quite a ... A town of some twenty-five thou... souls; quite a bit of business g... on; new red-brick streets sticking u... like grasping fingers into the fi... Its High street is a typical mixtur...

and new, of yesterday and today. you cannot draw a line at which past ends and the present begins, therein to many is the charm, the , of such towns as this. The boys Guildford, many of them, go to the grammar school; the *old* town hall till busy; in the *old* hospital worthy and women pass in peace their er days. All as their fathers did re. I feel dead in a town that is dusty with centuries gone; I am e and alert in such places as this re ghosts run busily and happily ut the streets and in and out of houses which they frequented and ch are now noisy with the doings, gs, comings of today.

There is the gray, weather-beaten, e front of the Royal Free Grammar ool; typical amalgam of past and ent. We pass in through a massive en door, with a wicket gate, with e iron knocker, great bolts and derous hinges into a tiny court- d. It is old, old! Founded as long as the early year of the sixteenth tury; aided and abetted later by vard VI who was munificent to so y schools where they taught and teach Latin and Greek grammar. se present buildings were begun in bout 1557. It all bears the odor ntiquity. Look at the heavy beams t carry the floors and ceilings; them are the names of long-gone lars; 1614, 1619, 1641, and so on! re in the lower schoolroom, now dark to be used for lessons, are ed about the clothes of the boys today who are off to the cricket d. Which day are *we* living in? lay or yesterday? It is not easy determine. Upstairs, the library; vy, musty, dusty volumes, no less n eighty-five of them chained se- ely to their shelves! Of old, books e too valuable to be let loose to n at their own sweet will!

Before we leave the school, let us as we read in Statute XVIII at every scholar of the sayd school ll pay eightpence yearly toward provision of oms and rodds e used in the d school"; you I remember- from the days ur boyhood to at *base* uses se "rodds" e to be put! 'My affection ding me," ote George oot, "to the n of Guild- d, where I was n, and where aged parents d many years h good report, hought upon erection of a spital there, ich I have dedicated to the blessed Trinity." Who was this George, who loved Guildford and of whom his native place is still proud? He was born in 1562; died in 1633; was educated at the Free Grammar School which we have just left; became a learned and strenuous divine; helped in the making of the Authorized Version of the New Testament; was in succession Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield; of London; and then Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England; a Puritan yet a "sportsman"; a great, worthy and honest gentleman. What was this —no, what *is*—this hospital the erection and endowment of which was at his charge? Let us cross the road; go in to see. We pause to look up at the stately, red-brick gate-tower, with its four picturesque turrets; at the back of us the traffic of busy today; then we pass in through the fine archway into an abode of ancient peace. In the seemly rooms around the flower-decked courtyard dwell twelve brethren and ten sisters, poor folk and worthy the boon of peace and security for as long as life lasts them. We walk round with one of the brothers; he is proud of the beauty of his home. He takes us into the common hall; paneled walls; huge open hearth, beside which stands the big pot in which in former days the common meal was cooked; high-backed settle, so that you may sit near the fire and feel not the cold draught stiffening your back; heavy, massive tables, benches and stools, black with age; red-tiled floor; huge-locked door. We have journeyed back farther than yesterday! A peep into the roomy kitchen; into the vegetable garden at the back, wherein is a quaint garden-house. Then into the small chapel, magnificent only in the glorious beauty of its two great painted windows. No one knows for sure whence they came or by whose hands they were designed; but what matters that as long as they *are* there? The story told in gorgeous coloring is that of Jacob. And, mercy on me, when I see the very solid ladder up which the angels are descending and ascending, there comes back to me the question asked by a small child: "Please, if the angels had wings what did they want a ladder for?"

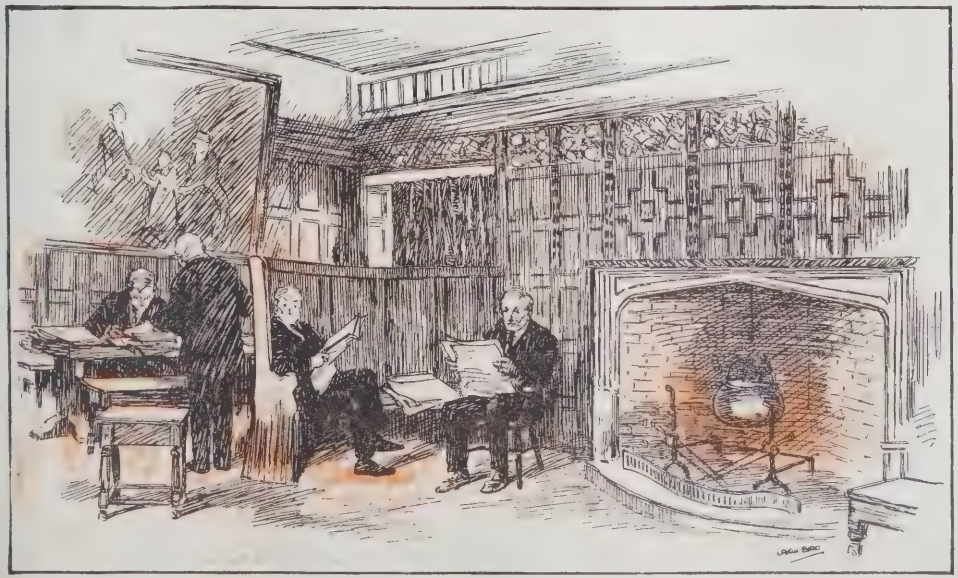
Each brother and sister has a living room, rent free; the use of the common room and the garden, and so on; the free services of doctor and nurses; free lights and coal; and eight shillings a week in cash and an equal share in the contents of the visitors' box.

Opposite the Hospital of the Holy Trinity is Holy Trinity Church, a modern red-brick building that has replaced one far older—we go therein only because there rest George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury; also Maurice Abbot, his father, and Alice Abbot, his mother, whom death did not part, for they left this world the one a few days after the other.

A few yards down the street, the Town Hall, which hangs out a big clock, bearing the date 1683. This business place of the corporation; of the corporate body of the citizens or burgesses of Guildford, who there transact their affairs through their elected mayor and aldermen. The court room, where justice in minor matters is dispensed; the council chamber where the governing of the town is discussed and ordered. Here hang contemporary portraits of Charles II; James II; William and Mary; here are ancient standard measures: pints, pecks, bushels, quarts, and so on, each bearing the initials E. R., Elizabeth Regina, by the Grace of God Queen of England, France and Ireland! In the council chamber is displayed a list of the mayors of Guildford from the year 1362 to the present wearer of the mayoral robes.

Here am I, of today, all compact, rambling through a town of which mention is made in the will of King Alfred the Great! A pilgrim of today in streets that have been thronged by pilgrims on their way from the west of England to the shrine of Saint Thomas in Canterbury Cathedral! Indeed, a town with a story and a history to tell! A town of old churches, old hotels, old homes and new; a beautiful town set in a beautiful countryside; a mingling of yesterday and today. Medievalism and modernity walking and talking hand in hand; new lamps and old burning side by side, with pleasing promise for tomorrow.

Hail, and fare thee well!



The common room, Abbot's hospital.

The Frenchman as a Tax-Dodge

The Government in Past Has Borrowed From Him But Must Now Tax Him

By PHILIP CARR

THE French financial problem is largely a taxation problem, and it is a problem which, if it has been aggravated by the circumstances and results of the war, dates further back. The population of France, on the whole, is not poor. No Frenchman wastes money. Every Frenchman saves part of his income, however modest that income may be, and, as it has been said recently by a highly qualified British observer, France would be the richest country in Europe today, if the French had not been tempted, again and again, to lose in dangerous investments abroad the money which, with such admirable thrift, they have so carefully economized at home. The fact that the French peasant always has savings to invest has partly led to the bad financial policy, which his governments have followed for many years. They borrow from him rather than tax him.

The Peasant Must Be Made to Pay Up

The moment has now come when the borrowings must cease and the peasant must be made to pay; and the members of the government have to deal with the uncomfortable fact that instead of educating him for generations to be a taxpayer, their predecessors have constantly flattered his belief not only by borrowing from him instead of taxing him, but by raising the greater part of such taxes as they did impose in an indirect rather than a direct form, and so making him pay almost without knowing it.

That the government must somehow find the courage to bring borrowings to an end and must enforce heavy taxation is generally admitted by French economists. As one of these, M. Gaston Jeze, wrote the other day, "the time has come when the liability can no longer be passed on, as it has so often in the past, to a succeeding generation. This generation must bear the burden. There is nothing but a determination not to pay in the phrase, so often heard, 'I have no wish to evade my taxes, but I object to these inquisitorial methods.' "

The truth is that it takes many years to educate the taxpayers of a country into submitting to direct taxation and the tax collectors of a country into getting it in. This education, in Great Britain, for instance, has extended over several generations, and if the income tax works satisfactorily and smoothly, it is because Englishmen have been accustomed to it for so many years. In France the income tax was first introduced by M. Caillaux, and it is for that, more than anything else, that he has never been forgiven by the property-owning classes. The law which created it was passed in July, 1914, and the tax was first collected no longer ago than 1916. Since that time the average Frenchman has continued bitterly to resent both the declaration of his income and the steps taken by the authorities to discover what it is. Public opinion has certainly been in favor of evasion, and M. Loucheur's famous phrase describing the income tax as *"l'impot des poires"* or the "Mugs' tax" has represented not only the feeling of the country but the successful expression of that feeling as shown by results. Although the limit of exemption is no higher than 7,000 francs or $365 a year, only 927,000 persons paid income tax in 1923, out of the total population of 39,200,000, and it produced no more than 1,300,000,000 francs in all. It will be seen that there is a considerable margin of probably undeclared and untaxed income.

The center of the whole situation is that France remains mainly an agricultural country. The ironworks of the east, the cloth mills of the north, the silk looms of Lyons and the general manufacturers of Rouen and the lower Seine valley get themselves talked about, but in reality they represent a comparatively small part of the wealth of the nation, which resides in the wine of the south and in agriculture everywhere. Outside of Paris, there are only seven towns which would rank as towns of any importance in the United States, all the others are little more than market centers for agricultural districts. The rich man of France is only moderately rich, but there are many of him, and he is a peasant.

Difficulties in Direct Taxation

From this, several results arise. As the peasant is not only the rich man but the politically powerful man, he tends to throw off the burden of taxation on the inhabitants of such towns as there are. There is little doubt that the townsman is taxed about as heavily as he can bear. There is equally little doubt—and no well-informed and sincere Frenchman will deny it—that the peasant not only pays relatively less than his fair share, but gets off very lightly in an absolute sense. The difficulty is to discover how he is to be made to pay. He is naturally secretive, and even when he does not actually hoard he generally manages to conceal his investments.

To combat this elusiveness habit has gradually been formed building up systems of indirect ta tion from which the peasant can entirely escape. It can hardly be tended that the state manufacture tobacco and matches is economic sound, and its yield is probably than if a tax were levied on priv manufacture of the same products; it does get some taxation from peasant in a form which he has gro accustomed to accept. The sa difficulty in taxing the peasant dire is accountable for the survival, local taxation, of the *octroi* or tax all the consumable produce enterin town. It is a wasteful tax. It is ve tious and disturbing to trade. cost of collection is never less t 10 per cent and sometimes as muc 18 per cent of the gross receipts. the *octroi* remains the chief source the local revenue of most of the to of France.

There Are Many Job-Hunters

It enables t to tax the peas of the surrounc country.

There is another reason for difficulty in suppressing such inst tions as the *octroi* and the tobacco matches manufactures. They h each created a sort of vested inte which it is very difficult to dislo In the administration of both there large number of modestly paid but exacting jobs, and there are m persons in France who are on the l out for jobs of this kind, just as t are deputies and other public men would not willingly sacrifice the pat age of allotting them. By long tradi the *bureau de tabac*, or retail governm shops for the sale of tobacco and p age stamps, are given to the wid of army officers, who do not sit at counter themselves, but farm appointments at a profit. There similar perquisites all through administrations, and it will be seen there is therefore a considerable f of resistance against their abolition.

Much the same force of resistan opposed to all attempts to intro increased efficiency, economy of organization and especially reductio personnel into the government ser There are many Frenchmen of mo ambitions, regular habits and si tastes, who ask no better than career of a *"fonctionnaire,"* where pay is small, but the work is not h and the hours are not long, while t is a comfortable little pension at end.

In 1922 M. Bokanowski, the porteur General of the Budget C mission of the Chamber, presente

ort showing the number of governnt employes in that year. The total s 690,938 and their salaries were 18 millions of francs, showing an erage annual salary of 6,684 francs r employe, or not quite $350. In dition to this there are the *octroi* ic als (town tax collectors) who numr 2,667 for Paris alone and 3,184 for e ten towns next in size. They may estimated at 15,000 at least for the ole of France, thus bringing the nd total of officials, without inding the municipal employes other an those of the *octroi*, up to 706,000.

It cannot be said that any of these icials are overpaid. Indeed, every rson who draws a salary in France underpaid, whether he draws it m a private employer or from the te. It is very little known in the ited States how small are the salaries ached to quite important positions France. These salaries were small ough even when the world value of e franc stood where it did before the r and they are smaller still today. may be worth while to take a few ncrete examples. The highest pernent official employed by the city Paris gets 35,600 francs a year all d, or $1,860. He got rather less n half that amount in France before e war. Its chief engineer gets 28,600 ncs, and many responsible profesnal appointments, such as those of emists, are not worth more than ,600 francs or just over $600 a year, ile that figure is well above the erage in the administrative and rical services. It will be remembered t the average salary of all state ployes taken together is only equal $350. In all other forms of public ployment it will be found that the ms are no bigger and the average is out the same. In the army a marshal France gets under 38,000 francs or t quite $2,000, a lieutenant colonel paid 16,200 and a captain of long vice, about 12,000. Judicial apintments are no better. The salary the highest in France is no more than 000, presidents of other courts, 000, justices of the peace, 12,000, d *Juges d'Instruction*, or examining gistrates, 12,600. The Prefect of lice of Paris has no more than 40,000, ile even an ambassador, who is en a high salary because his exnses are heavy, is limited to 58,000.

To understand these things about ance, as to understand most other ngs about her, it must be remembered t although in logical clarity, in neral education and in artistic sensiveness she has the most cultivated nd in Europe, in practical affairs her nd remains that of the peasant state a highly organized and administrately centralized peasant state, no ubt, but still a peasant state. That is y her sons will fight and die for the l, why they are highly individual, y they are secretive, why they live ple lives, why they save money and y they hate paying it.

The Closed Gentian

Where the Bumblebee Unlocks the Dining Room of Azure Blue

By D. LANGE

SOME of our wild flowers are more suggestive of poetry and romance than others. The golden clumps of marsh marigolds, the wild roses, the sky-blue gentians, they all quickly stir the poetic instinct. Unfortunately our very first spring flower, the skunk cabbage, will bloom unsung as long as it is burdened with its present ultra-prosaic name.

All the members of the gentian family possess a strong poetic appeal. They are not too common, they do not attain to the size of coarse weeds, nor are they too minute. They do not keep company with the flora plebeians of the roadside; they blossom late in the season, when the sweet melancholy of autumn pervades the atmosphere. They do not obtrude themselves along the highways, but must be sought for along the dim trails of marsh and meadow, where boys and the small wild folk love to ramble. And in addition to all these appealing qualities nature has painted them with her purest sky-blue, a color not too common among her floral children.

The closed gentian.

Poets love the forget-me-not, the speedwell and the bluebell, but the gentian is acknowledged the universal favorite.

The structure of the closed gentian was long a puzzle to me. Its striking azure blue certainly, by all the laws of the flower world, invites insect visitors. Where it grows in tall grass on the edge of a marsh, the flowers are of the purest blue and the stems more than two feet tall, as if the plant were making a special effort to display itself in the rank grass. And then in the face of all these alluring invitations to its guests, each blue dining room is carefully locked by a special device, which, so it seemed to me, it would take a strong insect to open. It took some care on my part to open with the point of a pencil the corolla, which was securely closed by the petals being twisted and folded like the well-known rubber tobacco pouches.

But one day I witnessed the miracle. A big bumblebee alighted on the top of the flower. He first probed the blue cup with his long proboscis. Then he stood on his head and literally pulled and kicked himself in and remained inverted for about half a minute.

Thus I learned to understand the mystery. The closed gentian does not make a general bid for any and all insects as do the members of the carrot and parsnip family. It issues a limited invitation to bumblebees only, for they alone know the secret of the gentian lock, and have the strength to open it.

And I learned another strange thing about this plant. It does also produce some open flowers, which are smaller and grow lower down on the stem. These flowers constitute a kind of insurance policy against the failure of bumblebee visits; but what insects visit these smaller flowers, I do not know.

The gentians in the low grassy meadow grow unusually long, slender stems, and when I transplanted them to my garden, they still produced a very tall stem.

I fancy that these gentians have grown in competition with the tall grasses for several thousand years. The ground on which I find them every autumn has never been under plow and has never been a hay meadow. It has been a free-for-all area ever since the continental glacier melted away, and it looks to me as if these gentians had developed here a special long-stemmed subspecies; for gentians growing on more open ground have shorter stems and no open flowers.

Some clumps of closed gentians produce flowers that are snow-white.

Clumps of the two shades form a beautiful contrast, like banks of fleecy clouds floating on the surface of a summer sky.

American Humor No Laughing Matter

A Faculty for Fun Has Made Many Writers Feel Like Frankenstein

By THOMAS L. MASSON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM O. FITZGERALD

ONE of the most curious mysteries of current American literature is the widespread illusion that humor is popular. With rare exceptions, which can easily be accounted for on other grounds, books of humor are never best sellers. Most of them, when read continuously, are flatter than a pancake. Indeed, nobody would expect to read a humorous book through, unless the humor in it was subordinate to the story interest.

Our daily conversations all over the country—listen where you like—are almost totally devoid of humor. In history, where men have been noted as great wits, they have generally been shunned and largely despised. Whistler was such a man. Oscar Wilde, of whom it has been recorded that he wrote down his remarks before each day going out, was another. I know several otherwise delightful and nearly famous men of the present day, who are similarly handicapped. One of our most notable Congressmen of the past—Sunset Cox—declared in so many words that his career had been badly damaged by his reputation for being a humorist. Mark Twain was afraid to publish his serious "Joan of Arc" over his own name because of his reputation.

Humorous writers who come to achieve any kind of distinction are quick to discover this fact, and, after the first fatal shock of the discovery, usually try to pull themselves together and struggle out of their reputations. Both Peter Dunne and George Ade, at one time two of our best humorists, are instances of this. Peter Dunne, who created Mr. Dooley, sold, as I recall it, one hundred thousand copies of one of his books in about six months—and since then has been trying to write something else, with no success. Recently he revived Mr. Dooley in syndicate garb, but the public apparently was not interested. George Ade did better, in that he was able to write a few comic operas, which brought him a handsome fortune. But he is still running on his fables, and, while they are well enough as the world goes, it is doubtful whether they would be considered if it were not for his reputation.

At present probably the most superficially popular humorist in America is Will Rogers. With a very thin literary background, he is able to catch the public because his talents—which are very considerable—have been groomed by his dramatic experience. He came after the war, since which, as we all know, there has been a general let-down in standards, but no let-up in ribaldry, and he practiced on his audiences and found they could not be shocked by his wholesome truths. I hasten to state that Will Rogers is thoroughly clean; almost everything he says is true enough; that is why it is shocking, and why so many like it in the form he puts it. He is making money hand-over-fist, and let us hope is salting it away, for he will pass rapidly. They always do. The American public, however, is always generous with anyone of its favorites. It not only overplays him at his zenith, but lets him linger long enough afterward to eke out a tolerable living. Don Marquis, in some respects our best humorist, now takes advantage of this most tolerant age, and, side by side with his "Old Soak," publishes "The Dark Hour," a play in which Christ is the supreme figure, although, as Mr. Marquis explains, it would be bad art to place divinity actually on the stage. Don Marquis reveals the fact that the greatest humor is close allied with true tragedy. His de religious sense, united with a drama capacity for contrast, enables him produce a gallery of astonishing mir characters, not the least amusing which is Archy the Cockroach.

This process I have indicated, struggling out of one's reputation humor into more durable things, is o which, on the whole, appears to more successful in England than America. I know of no professio humorists there who are like the bra we produce here. Thackeray start as a humorist on *Punch*. Since time, *Punch* has nursed a line humorists, all of whom have o grown their original environment. C temporaneously, I can mention A. Milne, E. V. Lucas, and A. P. Herbe all *Punch* men, and all of whom more notable as poets, playwrights authors, although each one of th still sticks to his nurse.

In this country perhaps the m notable success in transition from original environment is Irvin Co although he has always been our b story-teller. It may be said, inde that his reputation as a humorist ca after he had made it as a story writ While there are any number of obsc humorists who write for local pap and have local reputations for bei "funny," the number of our humorists, who are just funny m and nothing else, is very limit Ring Lardner seems to be one, althou he has shown u doubted talent as story writer. S Hellman is anoth Don Herold, who recently produced very humorous bo is still a third, he unites an artis with a literary abili I suppose that Don Ogden Stewart wo be considered a four A much simpler w however, of mak my distinctions pl is to give a list our most distinguish humorists which reveal, in each stance, what their rious talents are compared with th humor. I make apologies for this, it is now highly fa ionable to give lists the ten best of a thing and everythi With rare except I know the humori

Nobody is to blame. We are merely victims of a mistaken civilization.

I personally, and in many instances ublished either their first work or that hich came after. This is of no special nsequence, except as a basis for the ader to judge of my competence. place the names in the order of merit hile at the same time the reader will e able to judge for himself of this der by the brief descriptions which llow of the works produced.

Harry Leon Wilson: I first knew r. Wilson as the editor of *Puck*, rhaps a quarter of a century ago. is "Bunker Bean," "Ruggles of Red ap," and more recently his "Ma ttingill" stories and his "Merton of e Movies," place him at the head of r creative character artists and tirists. He has never attempted (with ght exceptions, or perhaps I should y in minor ways) to write as a ofessional humorist. His books have ver been best sellers, but their per-nent qualities are uniformly rec-nized by the best critics.

Don Marquis: Mr. Marquis has en successful as a columnist, a poet, dramatist, and a humorist of re-rkable qualities. His work is uneven, d I think the fact that he has tied nself for so many years to the daily nd of a column has handicapped n. His flashes of humor are in-ative of the highest genius. Some is humorous poems are as well done anything in English humorous se. Perhaps no writer among us has h a wide range.

Irvin Cobb: Mr. Cobb as a humorist l Mr. Cobb as a writer of stories, I have indicated, two different ings. As a humor-s he has followed American tradi-ns in using his per-cality as foil. Thus belongs in the line f Artemus Ward, B. Nye, and Mark ain, his "Speak-n of Operations" ng perhaps the t example of per-cality humor. I y say that this ens to be peculiar o Americans.

Nobody wants to house a witty person for the week-end.

Montague Glass: Wh the exception f Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley and Mark Twain's Tom Saw-er and Huck Finn, M. Glass seems to be the only American writer who has reated, in Potash and Perlmutter, w characters who are destined to ive. This is a remarkable achievement. He was also able to do a great service o the Jews, because he linked Potash nd Perlmutter up with human beings; hat is to say, he made the human side of Jews not only tolerable, but ex-remely amusing. Before he wrote of hem, Jew drummers were the nearest approach to characterization, and, as many of us still remember, they were hideously vulgar. Mr. Glass' contribution is therefore a very great one.

Peter Dunne: Unfortunately, Mr. Dunne has never succeeded in creating any character except Mr. Dooley, who now seems rather *passe* in a crowd of new sensations and shocks. In his day, however, Mr. Dooley had an enormous influence on contemporary thought. Many of his observations have sunk into the national consciousness.

George Ade: Mr. Ade was undoubtedly the precurser of Ring Lardner and Sam Hellman, not to mention others. He is responsible for the doubtful merit of inaugurating an era of such slang as the world has never before seen nor heard, and let us hope never will again. Furthermore, he has lived to see the terrible results—an almost hopeless mixture of bad grammar, united with a diabolical skill in word juggling. What I have so long hoped to see was George Ade so repentant of his former sins as to produce in his maturity a real work of humorous art, unstained with verbal abnormalities. In justice to him, however, it must be remembered that in his fables he was able to hit off certain strata of American life, to reveal it, as it probably could not have been revealed in any other way. In doing this, he came closer to the soil than any other American humorist of his day, with the possible exception of Ring Lardner. It is a pity that Mr. Ade in his maturity and independence, with time to reflect upon our national weaknesses, has not been able to reach any further height of true satire; certainly he cannot be classed with Harry Leon Wilson. But this is not his fault. Limitations of this sort seem to be inevitable among us.

Ring Lardner: Ring Lardner is a perfect example of the conventional development of the genuine American humorist. He came from the Middle West belt (Michigan) and got his apprenticeship (like George Ade, Theodore Dreiser, Peter Dunne, Eugene Field, and others) as a reporter. Thus drifting about, he absorbed the vernacular, this giving him the raw material upon which to exercise his great creative talent. The difficulty with him, as with all other "popular" humorists, lies in the fact that the very essence of humor depends upon its rarity, for surprise is essential. Practically all the humorists I know are in the same boat; they complain constantly of lack of ideas. Thus new fads are eagerly seized upon and rapidly run into the ground; as, for example, in the near past, Mah Jongg and cross-word puzzles. Fortunately for Mr. Lardner, he has constructive ability, and some of the characters he has drawn in fiction are evidence of first-rate talent. But the economic pressure is too great for him, as for the majority who succeed. He writes too much and too poorly.

He has already passed through the experiences of a lifetime.

Wallace Irwin: Mr. Irwin is another example of a man who started out as a humorist, but who, by desperate efforts, lifted himself out of his traces and developed into a story writer. He almost, but not quite, succeeded in creating a permanent humorous character in his Japanese Togo—still going on.

Will Rogers: Mr. Rogers shows the great advantage of real insight, backed by the kind of assurance which is not due so much to courage as to practice in facing audiences. He *personalizes* —if such a word is permissible—the kind of things which small-town country editors print in epigrams—shrewd, acid comment on our institutions. All this is very valuable, as indeed, national humor is valuable, not only because it acts as a constant corrective, but because humorists, by springing new surprises, influence very largely the serious writers; who, when they have anything really important to say, know that if they can get into it something in the way of humor, strengthen it by so much. All sudden and penetrative people like Will Rogers are therefore important; they are generally worth to us what we pay them.

Sam Hellman: Mr. Hellman, like Wagner's music, is a great deal better than he sounds. I believe he was formerly in the advertising business, somewhere in St. Louis. His work was picked out of the mail by an acute editor. Beneath the iridescent surface of his accomplished slang lie deep philosophical undertones. It does seem too bad that men like him and Lardner and Ade should be fixed forever in the frankenstein vocabulary they have invented as a kind of prison house from which there is no escape. The plain English language, as a medium of expression, has been going on for some time. Quite a number of first-class people—as chronology shows us—have employed it with good results. It must also be confessed that the best humorists in the world have never strayed beyond the confines of ordinary words. The characters of Dickens naturally express themselves in their own idiom, but when he describes anything—as that pony, or that fat boy or what Mr. Pickwick does—he does it in plain English. When we turn from these American slang manufacturers to those humorists, like Mark Twain, or Harry Leon Wilson, or even Bill Nye, and on the other side of the water, like A. A. Milne, Bernard Shaw, Jerome, Barrie, and Max Beerbohm—the drop is painful. It seems almost too simple to live on such plain food.

The Rise of the College Humorist

We are now in a state of rapid literary transition, and it must be remembered that a proportion of the humorists I have already mentioned, *as humorists*, are passing or have passed, and that others among us now writing may easily in the near future prove better than any who have gone before. Then again, there is a new and very extraordinary movement going on, quite significant, and that is the rise of the college humorist. Every university now not only has its humorous paper, but a large proportion of preparatory schools likewise. These papers are astonishing, not only in their audacity, but in their wit. Of course, due allowance must be made for the crudities of youth, for certain deplorable tendencies. There are now more than eighty college papers being issued in this country, illustrated and edited by young men under twenty, filled with such an array of flippancies, of flashes of brilliance, which afford the most interesting study in national psychology I know of anywhere. If anyone really wants to know what is the matter with the younger generation (if anything is!) let him read these papers. They have much more keen wit in them than we see in the columns prepared by the jaded and commercialized experts.

That is the other way that the humorist starts, aside from the way I have mentioned, of grubbing around on newspapers *a la Lardner, Dreiser*, et cetera. His parents, who either have money or make sacrifices, send him to a preparatory school and from thence to a university. Here he falls in with the college gang, so well limned by F. Scott Fitzgerald in his "This Side of Paradise" (Princeton) or in Percy Marks' "The Plastic Age." He survives this and pants to become an author. He has already passed through all the experiences which any human being has in an ordinary lifetime. Love in all its phases is an old story.

Ambitious to Be Securely Syndicated

All of his emotions have been so massaged that there is nothing else for him to think. In this condition he is thrown on an indifferent world, and from the embryo that he is, suddenly falls with a dull thud to the realization that he must support himself. Some few years ago I had occasion to interview a host of these young men, just out of colleges, each looking for a job. Their hidden despair, the sudden looming up in front of them of that grim specter of modern psychology, the inferiority complex (without which no humorist can now do his best work), all this is highly pathetic. Many of these young men fall by the wayside and wind up by becoming bond salesmen, an easy form of character evasion. But every once in a while one of them gets his pieces into the humorous papers; he is hailed as a newcomer in the inner circles; the kindly critics, who have arrived, hasten to boost him. Thus by a queer combination of genuine talent and logrolling, he gradually works his way up. The ultimate end of his ambitions is to be like Ring Lardner, securely syndicated, whose poorest work is graciously paid for at all the way from twenty cents a word up.

Nobody is to blame. We are merely victims of a mistaken civilization.

As I have indicated, there are, in addition to those mentioned, about forty other humorous writers in this country who furnish us with our daily dozen of bright things. Humor, of course, has its main divisions, and its by-products. In some cases the humorist trots out his personality into the main circus ring as a clown trots. In others, he creates stories with humorous effects, through his characters.

Some Parodies and Also Burlesques

In a large number of cases he uses burlesque, which, during the past few years, has become extremely "popular." Thus two writers among us have developed well-deserved reputations. Donald Ogden Stewart, who came out of the Middle West, has held up to scorn certain American types in his "Parody Outline of History" and more recently in his "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad," both highly amusing, and fine examples of burlesque-satire.

George Chappell, who in private life is an architect, succeeded in creating and "putting over" a trick character in his Dr. Traprock, his "Cruise of the Kawa," being a fine satire on th South Sea literature, followed closel by other books on other subjects, distinct falling off from the first.

Another satirist who, if more supe ficial, is on the whole more thoroughl entertaining, is Robert Benchley, who spoken stage monologs are maste pieces of foolery, and who has occasio ally produced a genuine piece humorous art.

Among still others certainly shou be mentioned Clarence Day, Jr., who "Simian World" has never receiv the recognition it deserves; Christ pher Ward, who has finely burlesqu some of our most notable novelist Dick Wick Hall, whose Salome fr has almost become a national characte and certainly one should not overlo H. L. Mencken, who is so ignorant his own qualities that he doesn't ev know he is nothing else but a ve special, and on the whole, somewh limited, form of entertainment.

The best light-verse writers amo us are, on the whole, producing bet work than any other kind of humori this due probably to the great dema for good verse during the past ten yea a demand doubtless the result of a rev sion against *vers libre* and other atrociti Among these the best are Arthur G terman, Newman Levy, Berton Bral Clinton Scollar

Then There Are the Women

James J. Mon gue, Ted Robins Arthur Lippma and Clement Wo

It will be noticed that I ha mentioned no women. The fact is t women humorists are rare. Al Duer Miller, on the whole, proba has the nicest sense of humor, but displays it only as a subordinate t among so many other first-class creat gifts. As a penetrative satirist, pr ably Dorothy Parker is our b woman humorous writer, both verse and prose. Carolyn Wells is far the best writer of nonsense ve The monologs of Beatrice Herford supremely clever. Nina Wilcox P nam (perhaps our only woman hum ist who resorts to slang) are alw highly, if not screamingly, uplifting

As for the columnists, there ar round ten who hold the honor F. P. A., Don Marquis, Heyw Broun, Roy Fricken, Ted Robin H. I. Phillips, Kin Hubbard, Jay House, Neall O'Hara, and "Bugs" B They depend quite largely u running comment, and many of th are helped out by unknown contri tors upon whom they have come depend for the daily grind.

It is interesting to observe t three of the best humorists among us are not of this soil. Pelham Gren Wodehouse, whose humorous stories re a constant delight, is an Englishm. So is Oliver Herford, perhaps our st impromptu wit. And Stephen Leac who at his best is very fine and at worst is terrible, was born in Can a.

E. R. ROOT,
Internationally known as a bee man.

Billions for Bees

The World's Purveyors of "Sweetness and Light"

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

The bee has a record of honorable toil and achievement which extends back for thousands of years. In proportion to its size it is the greatest food producer that the world has ever seen. It is also an enthusiastic cooperator with man in the adoption of the most scientific methods of production.

HOW much do bees know?

Nobody knows.

For many years experts have been trying to settle this question. They have listed more than four thousand varieties of bees in all parts of the world, and traced their ancestry back to the beginning of things.

Bees have been analyzed, weighed, measured, and tabulated to the last degree, and results of this microscopic research have been preserved in numerous books with anatomical drawings—enough to make a fair-sized library.

Every student of the subject has faced the question of bee intelligence and turned away baffled.

We know how they behave, but why do they do certain things in different ways under varying conditions?

A common way of disposing of the question of bee intelligence is to attribute it to a mysterious "spirit of the hive," which seems to dominate the colony, and regulate the activities of each individual bee. The suggestion that bees are controlled by something higher than instinct is due to the fact that they are so resourceful in emergencies. But no matter how their methods may vary, it is evident that one unchanging purpose controls the life of a bee—the individual exists for the colony, and all of them labor and sacrifice for the future of the race. They live to accumulate honey for bees yet unborn, and to produce more bees to eat the honey that they have gathered, but the quantity of stored honey is always far in excess of their own needs and the beekeeper takes the surplus.

In an effort to discover the latest conclusions on this subject I talked with E. R. Root of Medina, Ohio, president of the A. I. Root Company, who is widely known as an editor, lecturer, and the author of many books on bees. Root has handled bees on a large scale for more than forty years and knows them intimately.

When I asked him for his views, he responded:

"The longer I study bees the more I am impressed with their remarkable intelligence. They learn by experience, and to a limited extent can be trained, which is not always true of human beings. In my opinion they are more capable than ants. While bees resemble ants in some respects there is a marked difference. Ants are destructive while bees are constructive producers of wealth. In one thing bees and ants are alike, and that is in the subordination of the individual to the colony spirit. They must have a gang or a group back of them, or they cannot function effectively.

"Most people think of bees merely as hard-working little creatures who spend all their time making honey, and who like to sting folks. Bees are gentle and docile when properly handled. They do not sting unless pinched or mistreated. They are wonderful workers, but at times they will become lazy, steal, kill, get angry, fight, strut with pride, exhibit jealous rage, reveal cunning, and indulge in play spells like children. While bees are devoted to their queen, they do not seem to know anything about affection or pity. As a member of a colony a bee will fight to defend her home, but placed by herself she is practically helpless. In controlling bees the first thing is temporarily to destroy the gang feeling by blowing smoke into the hive. The smoke frightens them so they cannot act as a unit.

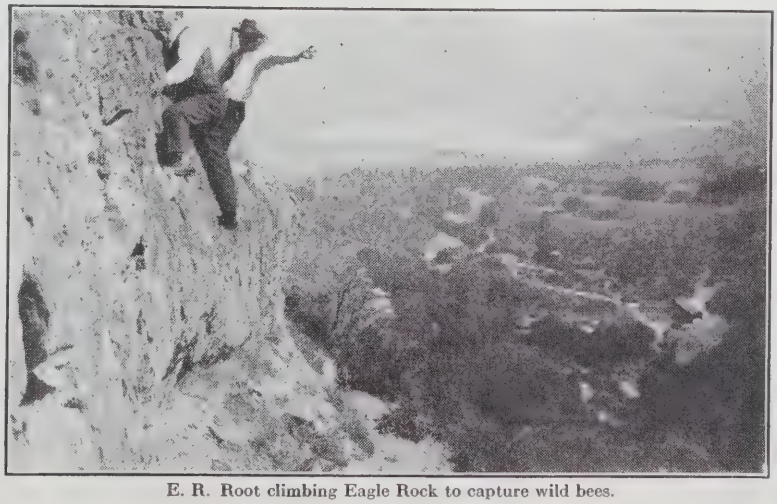
"Speaking of bee intelligence reminds me of a bee who quit working, and stole honey from her more industrious sisters," continued Root. "One day she came out of a hive so overloaded with stolen goods that she could not rise into the air. Apparently she either had to lose her plunder or be killed, but nothing of the kind happened. With the other bees in close pursuit, she crawled up the side of the hive, dived off, got a flying start, and escaped.

"On another occasion a beehive was entered by some black ants, who seemed to care more for the hive as a dwelling place than they did for the honey. Bees and ants lived together for a day or two, and then the bees decided to get rid of the little black invaders. It was done very quickly and thoroughly. Seemingly in response to a signal, the bees grabbed the ants, carried them into the air and dropped them a mile from the hive. And that was the end of the ants.

"Some honey in a railroad box car, standing on a sidetrack in our yard, got spilled over the floor as a result of a slight collision. Bees began to collect and search for honey which had been soaked up by shavings on the floor of the car. We washed the car out with a hose and had it unloaded and moved farther down the track. A day or two later the bees were very busy investigating all cars that contained shavings. Either they could read signs, or they reasoned that when they located a car with shavings on the floor they would also find honey.

"Last summer while on the Redpath platform, I had a rare chance to study the intelligence of bees. For a long time it was my custom to have colonies shipped on ahead for each engagement, but, owing to delays resulting from confusion in orders, I was obliged to use the same colony over and over again. Then I discovered that the longer I kept the same colony the easier it was to handle them, and I gave up the plan of using fresh bees.

"After I had been working with them a



E. R. Root climbing Eagle Rock to capture wild bees.

week or two, they seemed to wait for the next move in the program just like trained animals. For example, they got so the footlights did not disturb them any, and I could handle them as well at night as in the afternoon. During the day I would set the hive just outside the tent, and the bees would go right on making honey, just as if they were at home. When a new hive has been set up and the bees are let out it is customary for them to circle around rising higher and higher, until they have learned all the landmarks. They may do this in a few minutes and it may take longer, but they never fly straight from the hive at first.

"My lectures were given in a big yellow tent, and when the bees were released, that tent was all the guidepost they needed to enable them to find the hive. I carried that colony of bees all one summer, and reached home with a hive full of bees, brood, pollen, and honey. But I did not bring back the same bees that I had taken at the outset, for an entire new generation had been born and developed during the trip.

"Another indication of their intelligence is that the bees will readily coöperate with man in building the comb in which they store the honey. Left to themselves bees will generally follow the line of least resistance in the construction of comb. Modern beekeepers equip their hives with little square frames of wood that will hold about a pound of honey, containing a thin strip of beeswax, dented like honeycomb, which is known as "foundation." The bees will begin on this foundation and develop a comb with regular cells, which they would not do if left to themselves. As a result you can buy honey in the comb in neat little boxes, and the entire get-up is attractive and appetizing. The big point is that the bees are willing to accept the start given them by the beekeeper.

"It may surprise you to know that the bees have a regular system for cooling their hives to prevent the honeycomb from melting. When the weather is sultry the bees will set their wings going just as if they were flying, with the result that a current of air is drawn in at one side of the entrance and goes out at the other side!

"Several years ago our lumber yard at Medina caught fire, and among other things a hive full of bees was badly burned on the outside. In this instance the bees fought the heat with their fanning process and actually kept the inside temperature down to normal. The hive was charred all over and burned through on one side. An outer edge of the comb was melted but the bees stayed and fought. One of the men helped the heroic little fire-fighters by dashing a bucket of water over the hive, and putting out the flames. In that instance I see not only intelligence, but courage in the face of danger.

"The next time you see a piece of honeycomb be sure to study its structure carefully. You will observe that the comb consists of hexagonal tubes in two layers, laid end to end. The hexagonal shape gives the greatest degree of strength with economy of material and labor. Note how the various parts dovetail and brace each other. So marvelously exact is the size and shape of the cell in a honeycomb that the suggestion was once seriously made that the bee cell should be used as a starting point in fixing a standard of measure.

E. R. Root and his pets.

Bees reveal special intelligence when they adapt the cell structure of the bee comb to the varying requirements of a hollow tree, a hole in a rock or a box hive.

"Some bee students have held that the little wax tubes forming the comb are round originally and that the pressure on the sides makes them hexagonal. To find out just how the bees constructed the cells, an experimenter cut away a portion of a comb, and inserted a strip of tin to serve as a foundation, but without any wax on it.

The bees would have to begin on the bare tin to repair the breach that had been made in the comb. After considerable excited buzzing, they settled down to work, and started to make new cells which were hexagonal and not round. They accepted the metal as the bottom of the cells, but later discovered that the tin affected the taste of the honey. Then they cleaned out the tubes and covered the tin bottom of the cells with a thin coating of wax.

"One day a colony of bees found a dead mouse in their hive, and they held a council of war to determine what to do with it. It was utterly out of the question for them to remove the body, so they covered it with a shroud of beeswax, which safeguarded them from the dangers of decomposing animal matter. Snails sometimes get into a hive and the bees will seal over the open end of the shell and th make a prisoner of Mr. Snail. On occasion the bees found a snail with cracked shell, and in that instance bees covered the crack as well as open end with wax.

"Among bees the females are do nant. The average colony consists one queen, 10,000 to 100,000 fem workers, and a few hundred ma commonly known as drones. The qu lays tiny white eggs in wax cells, wh develop into bees in a few weeks. Yo bees build up the comb out of fla of beeswax which are supplied thro openings between the rings on under side of the bee's body. Ot young bees known as "nurses" f the larvae resulting from the e deposited by the queen, which in course of time will be metamorpho into bees, who become members of colony.

The younger set serve as s tinels at the door of the h Older females bring in honey pollen from flowers and blossoms, are called field bees. The poller used for feeding the larvae and yo bees.

"Sex of the bees is determined the queen who has the power to eggs which produce both males females. It is a curious feature of relationships that a male bee, c monly called a drone, has a mot but no father, while his sisters h both a father and a mother and father is a drone. A hen can lay that have not been fertilized but will not hatch. But that is not of the queen bee's unfertilized for drones come from such e Worker bees are undeveloped fem and do not lay eggs, except in cases, and when they do, drones the invariable result.

"A few days before a young q is about to break out of her cell, reigning queen will leave the accompanied by a swarm of The new queen then mates wit drone, who literally becomes fathe a multitude, for after she has fertilized a queen bee will lay 1,000 to 3,000 eggs a day, most of her offspring will be fe workers.

The drone who thus fathers su large family goes to his wedding his funeral on the same day, and is the end of him. Later when honey-making season nears a c the females will kill all of the remai males, who are nothing but big solent parasites.

"A queen bee does not ga pollen or nectar, and is not require do any of the housework of the l She has a retinue of servants, provide her with food and atten all her wants. A queen bee is a lady in every respect, except that does not govern her subjects. govern her.

"Two queens as a rule ca occupy the same hive in peace.

other and daughter may get along r a while, but a mother-in-law and a aughter-in-law are sure to quarrel. ueen bees are of a very jealous na- re. When rival queens meet they ill rush at each other and fight until ne has been stung to death. They erally pull hair and claw at each her in very human fashion. It is a rious fact that about the only time queen uses her sting is to kill another neen.

"By accident twelve cells contain- ig young queens were left a day or o overtime in a cell building colony. he first young queen that hatched out mediately declared war on her help- ss rivals still in their cradles. Each een cell was ruthlessly torn open, d all the little queens murdered. metimes the workers will not permit e oldest queen to kill the baby eens, and again they will participate the slaughter.

"This jealous hatred of rivals does t diminish as queens grow older. nce placed two old queens under a inking glass as an experiment. They ppled instantly, pulled hair, and ally one killed the other with her ng."

"How are queens obtained?" I quired.

"A queen can be created from the ne kind of an egg that will produce a rker, merely by a difference in ding, which is taken care of by the rker bees. Members of the colony ow instinctively when it is time to r a new queen, to take the place of e mother who is growing old, and ey go about it methodically like ey do everything else."

"You said at the outset that bees metimes learn to steal. Can you ve an instance?"

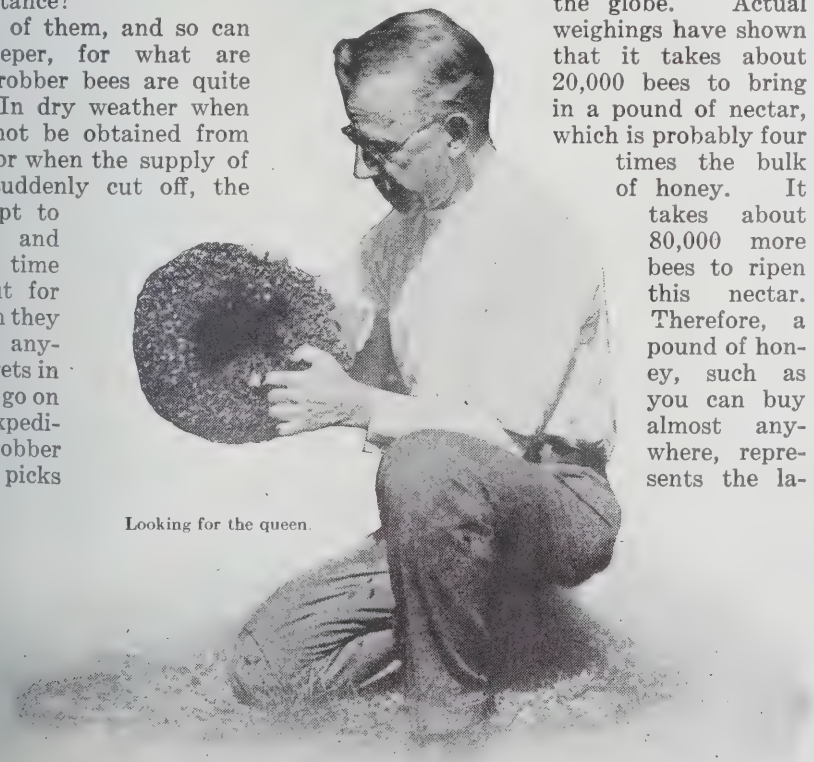
"Plenty of them, and so can y beekeeper, for what are own as robber bees are quite mmon. In dry weather when ney cannot be obtained from e fields, or when the supply of ney is suddenly cut off, the es are apt to ; ugly, and t is the time l look out for m. Then they y sting any- dy who gets in th way, or go on obing expedi- ins. A robber erally picks out a weak colony, slips by the sentinels, pretends to belong to that hive, and leisurely loads up with honey that has been gathered by the hard toil of other bees. If she is caught in the act, she may be killed on the spot. In the event that she escapes with her plunder, other bees of her colony will follow her on the next trip, steal all the honey that they can possible carry away, and sometimes leave the despoiled bees to starve. However, the robbers are not always victorious. Sometimes the attacked colony will fight, and the outcome will be a pile of dead bees on the ground in front of the hive.

"Once bees discover that they can get honey by stealing it, they seldom reform. Stolen honey with them is a good deal like easy money among human beings. Sometimes their thieving habits may be corrected by removing them to another yard—a change of 'environment'—but it is generally cheaper in the end to kill them outright."

"How long do bees live, how far can they travel, and how much honey can one bee gather in a season?"

"Workers live about six weeks in the height of the season, and when they have their wings torn by flying among trees, or grow old, they either crawl away from the hive and die, or are carried up in the air by the younger bees and dropped. Queens may last for several years.

"The average flying distance for a bee load is a mile and a half. If one bee could gather enough nectar (four pounds) to make one pound of honey, she would have to make 80,000 trips of a mile and a half each or fly a distance equal to more than four times around the globe. Actual weighings have shown that it takes about 20,000 bees to bring in a pound of nectar, which is probably four times the bulk of honey. It takes about 80,000 more bees to ripen this nectar. Therefore, a pound of honey, such as you can buy almost anywhere, represents the labor of 160,000 bees, and yet a good colony may gather as high as two or three hundred pounds of honey in a few weeks.



Looking for the queen.

"I have placed a large beehive on scales in our bee yard on a bright warm day when the nectar was flowing freely, and the bees would bring in from ten to twenty pounds of nectar before dark. During the night they expel the excess of water from the nectar by fanning and thus convert it into honey. Another interesting feature is that, as a rule, the bees who gather the honey do not eat it, but it is laid up for the next generation and for those who own the bees.

"It is estimated that the value of honey produced by bees in the United States in one season is more than $75,000,000. Strained honey in tin cans, in bottles of various sizes, and honey in the comb is shipped by the carload into the big cities of the land, where it is quickly consumed in the hotels and private homes. Beeswax, another product of bees, of wide use in the arts and industries, is valued at another $4,000,000. But that is not all by any means. In gathering pollen for food, the bees are of great service in pollinating fruit trees. In so doing they make more and better fruit. Their value in this respect is about ten times that of the honey produced, and this item alone represents a total of $750,000,000. Bees are thus worth nearly a billion dollars annually to the people of the United States, and this amount could be easily doubled, by raising more bees and starting more fruit ranches.

"Pollination of fruit trees is not a theory. I have tested it out myself by covering a limb before coming into bloom with mosquito netting, so the bees could not reach the blossoms, with the result that almost no fruit was borne by that branch, while all the rest of the tree was loaded. All intelligent fruit growers recognize the value of bees in this respect."

"Is it true that a bee dies when she stings?"

"She does if you are quick enough to smash her. Otherwise she will either pull the sting out, or lose it and go on her way. A bee sting is a wonderful mechanism. It consists of three hollow needles, two of them with barbs, which slide back and forth, two muscles that operate the needles, and a poison sack, all forming a complete unit. When a bee sinks the tiny point of her sting into your skin and the barbs take hold, she will begin a twisting motion as if she were trying to pull a cork from a bottle. If she is unable to remove the sting she will break loose from it. Although the sting may be separated from the bee, it is a thing of life. The little muscles continue to work the barbed needles back and forth, and every thrust carries them deeper into the flesh, and also releases poison from the poison sack. By actual obser- (Concluded on page 28)

School on Wheels for Negro Farmers

Agricultural Instruction Delivered Free at the Pupils' Homes

By C. E. GAPEN

THIRTY thousand Alabama Negro farmers, grateful for what has been done for them by Booker T. Washington, the Tuskeegee Institute, the State Agricultural College, and the U. S. Department of Agriculture, bought a two-ton motor truck, equipped it as a traveling agricultural school and gave it as a present to the Federal and State Agricultural Extension Service. Few tributes to the value of modern agricultural teaching have been more impressive than this one from farmers whose crop of actual cash is usually small.

On one of the side panels of this truck in neat lettering is the following explanatory statement: "This truck with its equipment was dedicated to the Federal and State Agricultural Extension Service by the Negro farmers and their friends of the State of Alabama, in appreciation of Tuskeegee Institute and in memory of the late Booker T. Washington who helped to make Negro extension work possible and who loved the country people and the great, big out-of-doors." This truck is the third which has been engaged in carrying the gospel of better agriculture to the Negro farmers of Alabama. The money for the first one was secured by Booker T. Washington from a wealthy northern philanthropist. This was known as the Jesup Agricultural wagon and it was drawn by horses or mules. A little later the Knapp Agricultural truck was substituted for the wagon, making it possible to carry more equipment and helpers and to cover more territory. This truck has visited every county in Alabama having a Negro agricultural extension agent. And now comes the big Booker T. Washington truck which last year traveled nearly 10,000 miles.

Many readers may wonder why it is necessary to go directly to the farm with the agricultural school. The natu question is why not have the farme and their wives congregate at some ce tral place where more could be reach at one time. But Booker Washingt who fathered this idea, knew the cou try people of his race too well to belie in the efficacy of that method to rea the farm families that were in great need of help. He knew that the Negro in better circumstances would not difficult to reach but the poorer or who lived, many of them, in miserab shacks with little to wear had not t moral courage to go to these meetin The traveling school solved the pro lem. It goes directly to some farm a the nearby neighbors are invited come in. Contrary to the usu custom, not one of the best far is selected but one of the po est. Here, with a boundl opportunity for impro ment in the home, garden, and in the fiel it is possible to impr the "students" with possibilities for ra improvement at sm cost.

This new truck i a schoolhouse which, c sidering equipment the force t goes along wh it, is much m impressive th the little schoolhous or little schl houses of y color. Te teaching st consists of a m

Home before remodeling.

Working on new house.

Agent demonstrating improvements.

Oval—Booker T. Washington truck.

Baling hay

agent, a woman home economics teacher, and a rural nurse. While the nurse and the home economics teacher are instructing the women, the agricultural agent directs the men of the neighborhood in work in the fields or in improvement work on buildings, fences, and so on. They do not attempt to get results with mere words and because of this policy most of the time is spent in directing the "students" in doing the actual work which they are expected to do on their own farms later. For instance, the men may spend a good part of the day building the proper kind of poultry house to take the place of some dark unventilated shack which previously has housed the flock of hens. Or if the season is right they may spend their time preparing and storing sweet potatoes or improving the sanitary equipment in the home. Many times they build steps for the house and put up substantial fences out of material already on hand on the farm. The object is to make the farm more efficient and the family more self-sufficient.

While the men are working on the outside the women are learning better methods of preparing food, of making clothing, of caring for children and of utilizing many things that might otherwise be wasted. Sometimes the home demonstration agent has the woman of the house collect all of the discarded clothing which is washed and the rags made into rugs. This work is actually done during the day so that there need be no question about how it is done. Naturally most of these homes are lacking in a great deal of equipment which they should have. This equipment the truck supplies for the day. This is also true of the work in the garden and on the farm. The truck carries a complete stock of farm implements and of home conveniences such as the average farmer probably would be able to buy or construct for himself. Also the truck carries its own lighting system, and for the entertainment of the "students" after the day's work is done, a motion picture outfit and a phonograph.

The Windows Are Invariably Closed at Night

Naturally, there is a great deal of work to be done by the rural nurse who accompanies this itinerant school. When it is considered that six to eight persons often occupy little houses of two or three small rooms, advice on hygiene and sanitation is of great importance. The homes, as a rule, are poorly constructed with tiny windows which are almost invariably closed tightly at night with all visible cracks in the house filled with old clothes in fear of the night air. The first job of the nurse is to gain the confidence of the people she wishes to help. It is hard to believe that so much difficulty could be encountered to accomplish such a simple thing as the ventilation of a room, but one of these nurses tells of its great difficulty. Often the woman will compromise by agreeing to start in by keeping one window open and leaving the rest closed.

Because of ignorance and poor housing conditions sick members of the family are frequently crowded with the well members and thus diseases are spread. Care of sick persons is one of the important things taught by the nurse in addition to sanitation and hygiene. Then there is the problem of proper food. A large share of these small Negro farmers have fruit, vegetables, and milk and eggs in plenty from which they could have good balanced meals yet, say reports to the United States Department of Agriculture, a large number of them prefer a meal composed of corn bread, fat meat, and sirup. The older persons not only eat this ration themselves but give it to their children.

The Garden as the Source of Plenty

One of the home demonstration agents tells an amusing story of a Negro woman at a small house where she was stopping for a day with the truck. She was greatly disturbed because, as she explained, she had sent her boy to the store six miles away to get some cabbages for dinner and he had returned with the report that there was none to be had. She said she had nothing in the house with which to make a meal. The agent noticed a luxuriant garden back of the house full of vegetables ready to be used and asked why she did not use her home-grown vegetables. The explanation was that for company she always desired something from the store. The agent soon convinced her that the garden was the best place after all and the dinner that was prepared that day made such a decided hit with the farmer that he asked that "receipts" be left with his wife for soup and a number of other dishes described by himself as the best he had ever had.

Not all the attention of teachers is given to food production and home improvement. They realize that many persons do not know how to play and that the children on a large number of these little farms know of no good games. So at the end of each day the whole group of "students" is given instructions in playing. Simple games are used in which all can participate such as volley ball, tug-of-war, foot racing, shoe racing, and many others. It is a frequent comment of teachers that even the old and decrepit take an interest and finally try to take part.

It is evident that such a school as this is an event in an isolated rural colored community and that the things that are done and discussed in these few days will be apt to make a lasting impression. Then when it is considered that during the last year the movable school was conducted in twenty-two counties of Alabama, each school lasting in a community from four to five days, the improvement in the prosperity and comfort of the people must be enormous. The attendance at the school has been increasing every year and these colored farmers and their wives are more interested in farming and home making than ever before.

What, No Corned-Beef-and-Cabbage!

(*Concluded from page 8*)

to his frau was tinged with a certain aloofness, pity, superiority, which she shared with wifely approbation.

The best description I can give of our company is a comparison to any aggregation of good, plain Americans as may be gathered together at any general function in any village or town in the United States, whether it be the induction of the new mayor, the laying of the church's cornerstone, or the graduation from school. That is why my best bet is in favor of the cabin-ship—it represents without frills and without fears just what goes on back home. It is not necessary, as many passengers think necessary when they go a-traveling, to vest themselves with a new personality, to adopt stilted mannerisms, to be what they are not. It is not necessary on a *Leviathan*; impossible on a *Republic*.

Out of my investigation and experience one thing, above all, stands out. That is the attitude of Americans toward the merchant marine, so far as they have articulated it in my presence. I found many kickers against them; not one kicker among the foreign passengers.

I reserved this item for the very last, but it is the most important of all.

Probably there is no key; at least there does not seem to be a key. Using all my reportorial ingenuity I failed to discover an answer. Americans who never before crossed the ocean spoke with a finality against "American ships and this rotten service" as sophisticated and experienced foreign travelers praised the "unrivaled" or "unexceled" treatment and management. Is the explanation, the age-old and wisdom-defying explanation that the other fellow's things are best?

But even in spite of these dissenters, the response to the little bit of a lopsided American fleet we have has been wonderful. To ship operators under foreign flags it is still unbelievable, because there is no question that the odds have been against our ships—odds made up of experience, efficiency, method, number and good-will.

It is much safer to take seriously, as an indication of value, a foreign competitor's appraisal of our new undertaking than that of Americans. The verdict abroad and here of the former is evidence—and all the evidence necessary—that irrespective of mistakes the merchant marine of and for the United States has a place in the world not because it is attempting to make one but to resume one.

Are Americans Flattered and Hated?

(*Continued from page 5*)

in defining this feeling than to quote from an editorial which appeared in the Hongkong *Telegraph*, printed while we were in harbor there. It was a thoughtful editorial directly addressed to the passengers on our ship, and reprinted, as I am informed, for distribution to other American ships. It told us that there would be no official welcome; that the people of Hongkong had to work for a living, and that most even of the English-speaking part of Hongkong would not care whether we came or went; but that all of them hoped we would have a good time and make better use of it than some American tourists did, and that when we left we would have a pleasant and profitable voyage. It was blunt enough, in all conscience. Perhaps I had better quote a paragraph from it:

"When you land in the British colony of Hongkong, there will be no official representative of our government down at the pier to meet you; there will be no community welcome; you will find little or nothing in the way of handbooks or folders to tell you all about the place, and the majority of you will depart just as much strangers as when you arrived. You will probably agree that the sudden influx of some hundreds of strangers into a small city like Hongkong (and the European part of it is small) must be just a little disturbing for those who ordinarily are busy with their daily tasks, and if there should later be among you the impression that Hongkong as a whole didn't seem to care very much whether you came or went, that impression would be a fairly accurate one. It would be false to say otherwise. . . . Forgive us, if we appear cold. . . ."

They meet him with rare courtesy and though he may pay double price he leaves with a comfortable feeling.

It was very frank, very honest, very English, and perhaps we ought to have said, "That is all we ought to expect. They wish us well, and do not intend to take time to bother with us; we wish them well, and are if anything more short of time than they are."

But after we get to Manila, we say to ourselves, "These Manila people also have to work for a living, and so did those in Honolulu. Why should there be such a difference?"

Moreover, when we turn over the pages of the daily papers at Hongkong and read their "Colyum" and their personal items, we feel it more. Here are two or three items suggested by our presence in Hongkong:

"If man is what he eats, then they must serve a lot of hard-boiled eggs on these round-the-world liners."

Another quip concerned the length of the one-dollar bills on board our ship, if they were placed end to end. They were rather ill-natured jokes, easily written by men who had told us frankly that they had their daily job and had no time to welcome us or see us off.

The point is this, that those English reporters and editors would not have made jokes of this sort (assuming these to have been intended as jokes) if they had met us personally and thought of us as friends.

At banquets where English and Americans sit down together, there is much talk of hands across the sea and of blood being thicker than water, but actually the British do not feel as spontaneously warm toward us as we might think. As for other nations, some of them cordially dislike us.

I have been putting this question to different people in strange lands, "Why do other nations flatter us and hate us?"

Taking a large number of answers from representative people, I get this result:

"Other nationalities flatter Americans because Americans are supposed to have money, and Americans, therefore, are not to be ignored; they hat Americans because Americans are th least internationally minded of all peo ple."

In amplification of this statemen I hear such things as this:

"In England everybody knows abou foreign lands. Americans may smi because an Englishman does not kno how far it is from New York to S Louis, but he knows when the mails g and he lives and moves and has h being in a world that has intimate r lationships with Paris and Berlin ar Prague and New Zealand and Australi

The American knows abo the trains from Omaha to Kans City, and the differential freig rates between American point but he has no knowled of international matte and is devoid of an inte national mind. He kno only one language. It foolish to suppose that cause he studied Fren or German in high sch he knows those languag he merely got passi grades in them. In Euro every man with a preter of education can speak t or three languages, a nearly every man at t head of any large conce can read the newspap in several tongues. T American has no st knowledge or basis friendly relationships.

"Further," it is said me, "the American s poses that he can do a thing with money. makes no intellectual pr aration for a tour abro. His mind is satura with business up to e minute of his depart He thinks that he will on deck and read gui books and learn all t he needs to know ab each country as he proaches it. This calls a self-discipline to wh he is a stranger. He s gives it up. He plays bridge, picks a smattering of knowledge, and trie make up for his ignorance by the us money. He does not use his mo wisely. His tips are sometimes so travagant as to make the people serve him extortionate toward th who must constantly employ them, at other times they are miserly. W the American gets it into his head t the dollar is a very large coin in o lands, he often overdoes the matte his calculating values, and is penuri Learning, as he has to learn, tha many places bargaining is expected beats down prices (*Continued on pag*

How the Slavs Came to Europe

At Least One in Every Ten Americans Belongs to This Great Race

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS
Professor of Anthropology, University of Minnesota.
Copyright, 1924, by A. E. Jenks.

MERICA is interested in the Slav, because, in terms of the peoples from Europe who are building our nation, he is ming large importance. Today numbers more than 10,000,000 merica. At least one in ten of us avic.

or seventy-five years Europe has her yardstick on the Slav. Of the e great peoples who at the be- ing of that time were in natural petition in Europe. the Slav was l in numbers, Latin second, Teuton first. ay the Latin is il, the Teuton nd,' and the is first. The ern world today s on the Slav. s an unknown l force.

uthentic his- al records show the Slav has in Central pe for 2,000 s. Five hun- e years earlier e are historical t of people in ame area who undoubtedly at race. An r, distinctive iage presup- s in much ear- rehistoric times ographic nest in which the race made.

or at least 1,500 years history os, frontier by frontier, the marvel- dvance of the Slav from his early s His steady centrifugal flow, and s ssimilation of and amalgamation t different peoples, seems to be noth- ess than an irresistible world force. as spread over a larger area of con- uous land than any other race, pos- ng today one-sixth the earth's land ce, and annually strengthening his is to these lands by his great dity. He numbers today at least 0,000,000 in Europe and Asia.

is historically clear that isolated as, locked-up mountain pockets, the interior of vast forests have oduced distinctive peoples. Where s the original area of the Slav? er what conditions were his dis- ishing characteristics produced? an extensive territory in Central pe stretching southward from the lc Sea to the Black Sea, and east- r from the Vistula River, the rathian Mountains, and the Dnies- iver, is a distinctive physiographic e—the drainage basin of the Dnieper River. Following the third European glacial period, the melting snows and ice of the Baltic glacier formed an immense lake in what is now the headwater's area of this drainage basin. During the succeeding millenniums that fresh-water lake has been slowly emptying southward into the Black Sea.

The red colored area is racially predominantly Slavic, and annually becomes increasingly more so. I. Heart of the original Slav nest. II. White Russian. III. Great Russian. IV. Ukrainian. V. Pole. VI. Czecho-Slovak. VII. Jugo-Slav. VIII. Bulgarian. IX. Rumania is largely Slavicized, in spite of its written romance languages. Even that possesses twice as many words of Slavic origin as of Latin origin.

Much of it has now become well drained. The center of this drainage area is a depression ranging in altitude from about 280 feet to 560 feet. It is a veritable nursery of rivers. The upper Dnieper, "beginning in a great marsh and issuing from it as from its mother," says an early writer, flows southward through its entire distance. The Berézina "winding sluggishly and circuitously through a trail of marshes and pastures" from the northwest, the Pripet from the west, the Soz from the north, and the Desná from the northeast, all empty into the Dnieper within this pocket of low altitude. Mostly within this pocket, but falling short of it everywhere except a small area in the southwest, is a lesser distinctive area of about 33,000 square miles, called the "Polissye" or forest land.

The Polissye is fairly well within a triangle with the city of Mohilev at the north point, Kiev at the south, and Brest Litovsk at the west. It embraces, roughly, the present Russian provinces of Minsk, Mohilev, and Northern Volhynia. This district is so distinctive that it is known everywhere in Europe as Europe's most extensive swamp area. Immense marshes often 200 to 600 square miles in extent, ponds and small lakes, peat bogs and moving sands here intermingle with dense forests. Dr. Stephen Rudnitsky, geographer at the University of Lemberg, says of these primeval forests, "Above this swampy fen rise, like a vast mass of pillars, the knotty trunks of century-old oaks, and lindens, ash and aspen, and the slender pine and fir. High above the ground their branches intertwine. All strive up toward the sun, for a continuous semi-darkness reigns below. Shrub and herb vegetation thrives only in clearings; beyond that only last year's leaves, needles, and a mysterious glowing decay cover the ground. Dead silence, only occasionally broken by the hammering of a woodpecker or by the timid voice of a bird, reigns everywhere, making all the more impressive the mighty roaring of the lofty crowns in the storm." The Polissye from Minsk southward is still 38.2 per cent forest.

All evidence points to this area of forest swamps as the heart of the original nest of the Slav. Herodotus, in the fifth century before Christ, in his enumeration of peoples north of the Scythians, mentions several tribes who were undoubtedly Slavic. Among these were the Neuri whose territory was confined by a "vast lake," and the Budini, of whom he says, "their country is wholly covered with all kinds of trees; and in the most woody part of the forest lies a large and spacious lake around which are marshes and reeds; in the lake otters and beavers are caught."

The first known reference to people unquestionably Slavic is in the last quarter of the first century. Pliny and Tacitus mention the "Venedi" and the "Veneti"—the early name for the Slavs. In the original form this word was probably "Vende"; and as

"Wenden" and "Winden" it has always been used by the Germans to designate the Slavs in general.

The writers of the first centuries locate the Venedi in an area between the Carpathian Mountains and the Baltic Sea (the "Venedic Mountains" and the "Venedic Bay" of Ptolemy) and between the Vistula River on the west and the Desná and Dnieper rivers on the east. Tacitus places them in "woody forests." Jordanes, the Goth, writing in the sixth century, says that near the left ridge of the Carpathians "which inclined toward the north and beginning at the source of the Vistula, the populous race of the Veneti dwell, occupying a great expanse of land . . . They have swamps and forests for their cities." He adds that, though of one stock, they had three names, that is, "Veneti," "Antes," and "Sclaveni." This latter term, or others closely allied, has been the name of the Slav since the sixth century. The name is indigenous, the form being "Slovene." It is probably derived from "Slava," meaning *glory*, the word having been first a place name.

Nestor, the Slav monk of Kiev, writing in the twelfth century, tells in much detail of groups of savage Slavic people who in the ninth century dwelt in this area of forest swamps. Among them were the Dregovitchi (swamp people) between the Dvina and the Pripet, the Volinans in Volhynia, and the Drevlians (forest people) "who lived in a country thickly forested on the shores of the Pripet where exist yet today villages which owe their origin and foundation to them." Around the periphery of this area Nestor places many other tribes who had migrated farther afield.

Though indisputably early Slavic geographic names are scarce in Europe, the two rivers whose names are accepted as Slavic, the "Desná," and the "Berézina" (birch tree) both flow into the Dnieper within this area. Of two geographic land areas whose names are indisputably Slavic, one, "Volhynia," lies in the southern part of the area, and the other, "Podolien," adjoins it on the south.

The Retreat Into the Forests

Deeply hidden away in those vast forest swamps, the ancestors of the Slavs were isolated and segregated in a prehistoric period during the time required for shaping the Slavic language and temperament. Always the place was a safe retreat. When enemies attacked, the people withdrew deeper into the forest swamps which befriended them, but which have undone their enemies times without number. We are told that the Neuri retreated northward from the attack of Darius in the sixth century before Christ. That northward retreat into the forests has in later times constantly shielded the Slav from invading eastern hordes. It was in this area that Napoleon, even in the last century, retreating from Moscow, lost a large part of his army crossing the Berézina. It is no place for a foreign foe to enter.

How a People's Characteristics Were Developed

The Polissye was an excellent breeding place for a non-warring people. Food, clothing, and materials for shelter and fuel were abundant. Early and later writers alike speak of the streams as stocked with fish and eels. Sturgeon, "the porpoises without bones good for pickling," of Herodotus, and other salt-water fish swarmed up from the Black Sea. One enthusiastic early chronicler says that "in the spring the fish so swarm in the rivers that a spear thrown in stands upright." The lakes, ponds, and sluggish backwaters offered excellent breeding places for swans, geese, duck, coot, and other aquatic birds which are still very abundant there, and partridges, grouse, and heath fowl flourished in the drier areas. Beaver, otter, mink, and other fur-bearing water animals were plentiful. Even as late as the middle of the sixteenth century, bison, wild horses, and deer were so abundant that they were "hunted merely for the sake of their skins; of their meat only the choicest cuts of chine and loin are used, all other parts thrown away." Many kinds of deer stocked the forests, the small local grass lands, and the pastures of succulent aquatic plants. Bees seem to have made the Polissye their special abode, and the Slavs early were beekeepers, a considerable folk art and lore having developed around bee culture. They were famous for their mead—a drink made from fermented honey. In Europe forest-bee culture survives only in the Polissye, and there today beekeeping, hunting, and fishing are still important sources of income for the peasants.

Nowhere in the area of forest swamps did the early Slav develop large trading centers, but many dwelling sites for large families and even for small communities were found on the low sand piles and dunes in the north and along the low alluvial river banks toward the south. The main roadways were water in summer and ice in winter. Even today a few of the communities in the area are accessible at all times only by the sluggish waterways—"flowing roads," the people call them. Remains of ancient sites have been explored which show that the Slav took advantage of the slight land elevations, where he built small log dwellings inclosed in earth embankments serving as dikes against the annual flood. Near his dwelling he burned the forest, made small clearings, practiced simple agriculture, and with the product of his forest bees, half-wild herds of cattle, hunting, trapping and fishing, he lived crudely.

The forest swamps favored the development of equality between man and man, as there was scant place among the scattered forest groups for the rôle of leader. The Slav was away from all that would foster lea ship. The idea of organized con either political or economic, was part of his early culture.

Subdued emotions were fostere the forests. All writers have agree describing the dreariness and gloo the Polissyean landscape. There no roaring waters or those w laughed their way over falling cou Throughout this region the Dn River has an average current of thirty-seven feet an hour. There no seas with challenging roll of brea No sunsets behind mountains st the glories of emotions. Even with brightest weather the forest days born slowly without splendor, died gradually into increasing gl

Thus in the unique and domi environment of the Polissye the cestors of the Slavs, fairly prot from enemies, and supplied with necessities of life, though with rude labor, were able to live generations necessary to standa their type of speech. There the Pol compelled its denizens to de certain characteristic temperam reactions which have marked Slavs in their geographic expa since those early formative days. they were so sufficiently fed, clo and housed that they filled thei cestral nest to overflowing and st in time enduring migrations i directions.

Who the Slavs Are Racially

Racially, are the Slavs? question has some perpl aspects for the anthropologist. progenitors were unquestionably a of the brachycephalic, or broad-he Alpine race. That race came west into Europe in the Bronze Age, wedged itself in between the two e dolichocephalic, or long-headed, which already occupied most of We Europe—the Teuton on the north the Mediterranean on the south. Slav is today broad-headed. In measureable physical characteristi is typically an intermediate typ tween the extremes attained by tall, blond Teuton and the short, Mediterranean.

The perplexing problem of arises from the fact that for the half of the Christian Era the an tombs in some Slav areas rev preponderance of long-headed sku

There are two conditions t taken into consideration in this lem. One is that it is known the Slavs, in common with other Al burned their dead. Nestor says c early tribes: "When anyone car die they made a great lamenta They raised up for him a great fu pyre where they placed and burne body; after which they gathere ashes in a small urn which they p on a column on the border of the Thus do the Viatitches to this

e to this practice of burning the d and placing the ashes in small tery jars which were most commonly ied, most of the "burials" of the y Slavs would be without sufficient letal materials for identification of d-form. Also it is known that in r early dispersion, especially in general northward direction, there much quite indistinguishable in- enetration of the Slav and the g-headed Teuton. Consequently we well suppose that some of the y skeletal materials which so sur- ingly show the long-headed type, not be Slav skulls but those of ns—the skulls of persons whose ial was non-Slavic in custom.

We cannot question, moreover, the Slav must have been modified ng his early dispersion by ad- ture of long-headed peoples. A part he long-headed skulls found may the result of this modification. It ld seem that the developing brachy- naly of recent generations may be to the fact that he has about com- ed the absorption of the long- ded alien peoples in the lands he has tinued to occupy, and at last is uming his original brachycephalic d-form. Measurements reported in 3 show that the White Russians living in the forest swamps of the inal Slav area have the broadest ds of all the Slavs.

Whatever else may be concluded on question, it is not reasonable to ose that the ancient Slavs and the ent Teutons had originally com- n ancestors. From the earliest rds the two peoples have consist- y exhibited markedly different tem- peramental and cultural characteristics.

The early proto-Slavic language from which developed the numerous Slavic languages and dialects of today was of the North European branch of the Indo-European language. It is fairly well preserved today in the Old Church Slavonic. It was allied to the early tongue from which the existing neighboring Lithuanian and Lettish languages are derived. It would seem that in early prehistoric times the progenitors of these two modern language groups must somewhere have been geographically close together. The ancestors of the Slavs became shut up in their segregating forest swamps, while those of the Lithuanians and Letts and their now extinct kinsmen, the old Prussians, were lured by the bounties of the Baltic Sea to its border. In each nest was developed and fixed its distinguishing type of language.

The formative work of the Slav nest was well completed by the dawn of the Christian Era. The Slav had developed without influencing or without being influenced by the great civilizations of Europe—the Greek or the Roman. The nest was filled and overflowing. By the first century, the "flowing roads," leading in and out of the forest swamps in all directions, had drawn many of the most daring individuals into the surrounding lands.

The early migrations of the Slav among alien neighbors was by the cumulative process of community interpenetration. He had the power of expansion and absorption.

To the north and east, with admixture of Finnic blood, he became the Great Russian. To the south, by contact with the Tartars, he developed the Ukrainian. From his occupation of the Balkans have come the present Slovene, Croatian, Servian, and Montenegrin. An absorption of the later invading Bulgars by the Slav in the Southern Balkans produced the Bulgarian. The Rumanian is also racially largely Slavicized. Czech and Slovak tribes, coming through the Moravian gap of the Carpathians and settling in the old lands of the Celtic Boii, were the ancestors of the Bohemian, Moravian, and Slovak. To the northwest the Slav tribes flowed over most of present Northern Germany, left weak by the southern forays of Teutonic tribes, and for several centuries they occupied the Baltic shore from the Elba to the Vistula rivers. They were dispossessed of those lands only after long warfare in the tenth and eleventh centuries. Only there has the Slav failed racially to hold the lands over which he has spread. Between the Slav and the Teuton there has been more or less continuous warfare for some 1,500 years. The eastern line of battle in the World War was only a continuation of this age-long struggle. Our word "slave," and its cognate in European languages, comes from the time in this early warfare when Slav captives were sold in the slave markets of Europe. The ancestors of the present Pole had very early migrated to the open plains they have since held racially, in spite of disastrous political vicissitudes.

The characteristics which distinguish the Slav will be the subject of a succeeding article.

Are Americans Flattered and Hated?

(*Continued from page 24*)

lch in some cases ought not to be eaced, and in other cases still is rged double because he does not learn aies. He is a remorseless bargainer, n is most deservedly swindled."

Then, I am told, and I partially eeve it, "Americans have the worst hners to be found on earth. The rlish are rude and the French are ncere and uncivil, but Americans r boorish."

I was in a large hotel, and as I went oard the elevator from my room, I ountered, at the intersection of my oridor and another, a group of three eons—a chambermaid, a porter and n of my fellow-passengers, a lady in a ono. She had encountered these w persons as she was on her way to her on, and in sheer good-nature she toped to talk to them. Speaking illy and very slowly, and making ch shrill and loudly spoken word the re emphatic by a gesture, she de- nded of the porter regarding the hmbermaid:

"SHE—YOUR—FRAU?"

He courteously replied in the negative, and the chambermaid confirmed his denial:

"Oh, no, no, madame!"

Other questions, equally direct, and addressed alternately to the man and the maid, evoked the information that not only were they not married to each other, but that neither of them was married to anyone else. Then followed this question, addressed to the man:

"Well, why don't you marry her?"

Can any one imagine a ruder performance? Yet this American woman, as I have observed her on shipboard, is not unladylike. She is simply a rude American, no ruder than thousands of others. She will write an excellent paper for her Woman's Club when she gets home, and none of the friends whom she deservedly possesses will suspect that abroad she was a boorish, uncultured woman. And she is not such a woman at heart or all the time. But who could love a woman who could do such a thing?

What unpleasant voices we have! How harsh and unmusical, at a little distance, sounds a conversation between Americans as compared with one between other nationals. What a blessing it would be if we could learn to modulate!

We are not as openly boastful as the English and other nationals are inclined to suppose, but we make it altogether too apparent that we are ready to teach rather than to learn. An American, visiting a foreign country, might easily suppose himself to have great need of learning from others and to have little time to teach. We are too ready to impart information, much of it unreliable. How quickly we pick up odds and ends of knowledge and how swiftly and inaccurately we pass it on may be illustrated by the gossip on shipboard. Let any unusual event occur, and in an hour there will be a dozen explanations. One woman will tell another that a man told her that he was informed that the captain said any one of forty absurd things, and they will be believed and repeated without investigation. In equally unreliable ways do Americans pick up what they call information on shore, and pass it along and distort it with the telling.

An American school- (*Concluded on page 28*)

Billions for Bees

(*Concluded from page 21*)

vation through a microscope I found that a bee sting will continue working for twenty minutes. I have deliberately had a bee sting me on the back of my hand so I could study the operations of the sting at close range.

"When you get stung, don't try to pinch the end of the sting to remove it, for if you do, you will merely squeeze more poison out and drive the sting in deeper. The way the professionals do is to scrape the sting sideways with thumb nail or knife. After you get the sting out, use hot and cold water alternately, and the soreness will gradually subside. A regular beekeeper pays no attention to a wound from a sting other than to remove it. Some folks apply baking soda to a bee sting, but that does not help any."

"Is it true that bee stings are good for rheumatism?"

"In my opinion they are not a remedy, but they may serve as a counterirritant. There are cases where bee stings have helped the victims of rheumatism, but the expectation of the patient had much to do with it. I was once afflicted with rheumatism, and I put bees in my bed and actually laid on them so that I would get thoroughly stung, but I did not get any permanent relief."

"What is the best way to avoid being stung?"

"Get out of the way of bees when they are angry. You will remember that I said bees would sting on a day when they could not gather nectar in the fields. If you cross a bee's line of flight when she is returning to her hive, she is apt to sting. Don't argue with an angry bee, any more than you would with an angry man. When she buzzes back and forth in front of your nose, don't strike but retreat and avoid her. On a bright warm day, when nectar is plentiful, and the bees are all busy they do not have time to stop and sting anybody, and on such occasions you can walk through a bee yard with comparative safety, but even then you must avoid their line of flight. It has taken some beekeepers a long time to learn the effect of the weather on the temper of bees, so I am not surprised that others do not know all about it."

Each summer Root lectures on bees for the Redpath Chautauquas, and he talks daily to audiences ranging from 1,000 to 3,000. There is such a demand for him on the platform that he has enough dates ahead to keep him going for some time. Furthermore, two motion picture companies have made films of some of his demonstrations and have shown them to millions of persons.

As a part of his Chautauqua lectures Root takes a hive of bees on to the stage, pours the bees on to a newspaper, dumps them into a pan, turns them into a hat, and puts the hat full of bees on his head. Then he pours them back into the pan and tosses the bees into the air. He waves his hand and the bees obediently fly back into the hive. The explanation is that the bees have been demoralized by being shaken. Root has broken the colony spirit, and the individual bees are helpless. They return to the hive, not because Root waves his hand, but because the queen has been left in the colony home, and the bees will always go to the mother.

Some maintain the camera is the handmaid of art, while others hold that art is the handmaid of the camera. In our next issue there will appear an article in which the whole field of modern photography is reviewed and discussed. Picture taking is a most fascinating pastime. But many get photographs that are not pictures.

While in California one season Root was asked by a motion picture company to pose for a demonstration that would be a regular "thriller." Root accepted the challenge, and led the cameraman to the top of Eagle Rock, a thousand feet high, overlooking Hollywood. They climbed for two hours up the face of a cliff where they had to hang on by their finger tips. Root soon located a colony of bees in a hole in the rocks, and told the cameramen to get set. Then he removed his coat, bared his arms, lighted a newspaper, blew smoke into the hole, reached in and pulled out the honey, bees and all, without being stung once.

On another occasion Root was giving a lecture and demonstratio night in a town in Ohio, during w he asked for the loan of a hat. stated that he wanted to put bee it, and then place the hat on his h An old fellow on a front seat passe a hat that was badly in need of fum ing. It was sweaty, greasy and d and the moment Root got a smell he knew he was going to have tro with the bees, for bees are very and resent dirt or animal odors of sort. Root did not want to offend owner of the hat by declining to it, so he decided to go on with performance and take the conseque He went through the usual stunt bees and the hat. The bees began t and squeal. They were in a ter rage, and they stung Root some times about the forehead and However, he managed to finish lecture without telling anybody had happened.

Root has been stung so many t that he is practically immune. a bee sting causes him some similar to a pin prick, it does swell. In his travels as a lect handling live bees daily, he will go for an entire season witho single sting.

E. R. Root is the oldest so A. I. Root, widely known as "F Root, the grand old man of Medi whose inventions and discoveries enabled thousands of persons to a profit out of bees. When A. I. died a few years ago, E. R. succeeded him as head of the con and as a world leader in the dev ment of bee culture. H. H. Ro younger brother, is general ma of the company. In the early A. I. Root gave his magazine *Glea in Bee Culture* to missionaries parts of the world.

Are Americans Flattered and Hate

(*Concluded from page 27*)

teacher, spending two years abroad for postgraduate study and a degree, said to me:

"I used to get so homesick, I wanted to run up to any American and ask the news from home. But I have come to recognize groups of my fellow-countrymen at a distance and avoid them. Even so, I do not escape the effects of their coming, for I hear the comments made regarding them by the people of the country where I am, and I have to bite my tongue. I cannot reply, for I know that most of the criticisms are not without reason. We are an uncultured, boorish people, and I do not wonder people hate us."

I have tried two or three times to get the captain and the purser on our ship to tell me what they think about American travelers, but they fight shy. They say, "Some are better and worse, in every country." But be their reticence and their use of g alities, I know they are guarding spoken criticisms.

Travel brings out all latent qua in people. Some people are unse gentlemanly, ladylike, everywhere always. But some who at first aqu ance appear to be so, display, as go on, many unlovely qualities. all, Americans are perhaps as well as we deserve to be. We do not al love the qualities which we see in selves and each other. One greatly wish that Americans trav in foreign countries did more th sometimes done to show America at its best. But I fear that still long time we shall be flattered hated. It were better for us to b buked and loved.

Why Paper Money Is Popular

' was more than a score of years after the close of the Civil War before s country was permitted formally to urn to a coin basis from the paper ndard forced upon it by the money ver. Between the cessation of tilities and the resumption of specie ment, however, several things had pened which enhanced the value of coin dollar, and made resumption of cie payments exceedingly profitable. Among these were the National nk system, initiated before the war ed, it is true, but a practical failure il after Lee's surrender, when bank es were driven out of circulation; s making the principal of the public t, borrowed on a Greenback basis, able in coin—gold or silver—just had been the interest; the demetization of silver, making coin n gold alone—in effect doubling the blic debt.

The Greenback itself is a promise the government to pay in coin, but all money uses was by law made a l tender for all purposes save custom ies and interest on the public debt. National Bank currency and the ntion of silver coin as a token ney made it possible for banks to rd the Greenbacks, and those in know did so until the whole issue in their hands. Then came the cry the resumption of specie payment. For whose benefit?

One statesman, either Simon Cameron or Zach Chandler, had gruffly said, "The way to resume is to resume." No immediate resumption would have answered the query. So the resumption was set for a day when it might be put in force without a jar; for promised resumption meant at least a gradual return of the Greenback to a gold par.

Success of the scheme was immediate, for the increased purchasing power of the dollar, in part due to the demonetization of silver, was attributed entirely to that cause, and we slid upon the gold standard without creating any demand for that metal for money use. The hoarded Greenbacks were put in circulation at a purchasing power nearly twice as great as that possessed when laid aside for "the day." It had been intended to retire the whole issue, making their redemption a cause for renewed borrowing of gold, but the effect was to establish gold values without, and resumption of specie payments was a fact before the law made it so.

So it may turn out in one of Great Britain's dependencies, the Union of South Africa, which established July 1 as the date for going to a gold basis without general notice from the daily press. Professor Kemmerer, economist at Princeton University, was one of a commission to advise the Union parliament, and returned in January after an absence of three months on that mission. On his return, he stated briefly the report of the commission, which has been approved by the government.

The Bank of England, April 28, announced the resumption of specie payments immediately, apparently following the declaration of the American statesman, quoted that the way to resume is to resume. In truth, however, she has been under preparation by a gradual deflation movement begun some five years ago. This antedates an expected resumption at the close of the calendar year, and is made possible by the abrogation of the existing embargo on the exportation of gold bullion which would have expired by limitation on that date.

It is not at all improbable that resumption will be actual.

With all the prosperity that this country now enjoys, why are there so many idle ships? Why is it that the vessels belonging to the merchant marine are not now carrying commodities from sea to sea instead of rotting and rusting in dock? This is an anomaly that is capable of elucidation. Next week this matter will be fully discussed by a writer who has probed it to its depths.

Grotesque Rock Formations

N THE Western trails of the United States are found stretches of ntry lying between the plains and mountains, known as the Bad ds. Here we find the plains have sed and the Rocky Mountains have to come into view. the Bad Lands seem ave labored furiously a vain endeavor to tate the topography both the plains and mountains in one le effort.

The result is exceedy picturesque. Here find some of the ngest rock formations sting anywhere on h. These great rock nations, while lackn the rugged grandeur the towering mounns to the west, nevertheless hold a peculiar rest of their own for student of geology.

Millions of years ago great glaciers came m from the north, eling all before them. They left indelible marks on the conformation of the landscape. The valley of the Mississippi was caused by erosion from these great glaciers. But at the edge of the glaciers the force was less terrific, and many of the more hardy rocks were enabled to withstand its onslaught.

Thus it was that the Bad Lands of the American West were created, today standing as so many grotesque rock formations, enduring monuments of the glacial period, shattered remnants of noble mountains that once were giants. Their edges have been worn away by erosion, and the elements of countless years have battered them, but they stand immobile. Many and varied are the outlines of these interesting rock formations, which are found scattered over the vast territory from Southern Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, predominating in the region closely approaching the Rocky Mountains. Utah and the region to the south, for example, possess hundreds of thousands of acres of these strange rock formations.

Strange rock formations in a National Forest Reserve. Credit U.S. Forest Service

Eighty-three Thousand Per Cent Profi

How a Bridge Acquired as a Gift Became a Gold Mine

By SAMUEL DANZIGER

TRAVELERS on the Pennsylvania Railroad between Baltimore and Philadelphia may see, on crossing the Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace, a long and low bridge for vehicles and pedestrians alongside the railroad bridge. Those who travel by automobile not only see this bridge, but remember it as the only place along the highway where the traveler must pay toll. The bridge has a remarkable history. Its recent owners acquired it at less than bargain-counter terms and have disposed of it to the state at a higher percentage of profit than bootleggers charge for their wares.

The bridge was originally constructed by the Pennsylvania Railroad and used for passage of all trains. Later it became necessary to raise the grade making it useless for railroad traffic, so a new bridge was built which is used by the trains at the present day. The Pennsylvania offered the old one to the town of Havre de Grace in return for a new right-of-way to give the necessary approach to the new bridge. But the citizens were canny and thought they could make a better bargain. They declined the gift and insisted instead that certain trains stop at Havre de Grace and carry passengers free across the river to Perryville. These terms were finally granted and the poor corporation was left with a bridge on its hands which no one would buy. Finally, a private citizen in the kindness of his heart accepted it as a gift, then formed the Havre de Grace and Perryville Bridge Company and transferred the property for $700. This took place many years ago in the days of horse-drawn vehicles and mud roads. Travel was very light and toll receipts amounted to little. Residents of Havre de Grace who had business across the river preferred to take advantage of their privilege to ride free to Perryville on the railroad to payment of toll for a two-mile walk.

This state of affairs could not last. It was too utopian—or perhaps bolshevistic. There came the time when Congress forbade the issuing of free passes, and the Interstate Commerce Commission construed this as applying to the contract between the town of Havre de Grace and the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The abrogation of the contract seems to have been one-sided. The citizens lost their free rides, but the road retained its right-of-way. It now became more economical to walk across the old bridge and pay toll, and the toll collector began to have something to occupy his mind besides watching the trains pass by. Then another stroke of good luck came to the bridge corporation. The State of Maryland decided to spend many millions in improving the highways. A system of roads was constructed which has made the state famous and popular among automobilists.

One section of the state highway between Washington and the state line on the way to Wilmington and Philadelphia ends at the Havre de Grace terminus of the bridge; the other begins at the Perryville terminus. All automobile traffic between Washington or Baltimore and Philadelphia and New York must cross this gift bridge and pay toll. Maryland taxpayers have made the corporation rich. Its net profit for the fiscal year preceding sale to the state was $40,000. But there is a rapidly growing sentiment that a toll road is, or ought to be, an anachronism. The Maryland state roads are free, but this bridge, although an important connecting link, was private property up to the early part of 1923. Early the year 1922 the company made kno the terms on which it was willing to s which were not the terms on whic had acquired the property. It as $700,000 for what cost it nomin $700. It asked the state to pay a pr of 100,000 per cent.

The spending by the state of milli of the taxpayers' money on good ro thus made it possible for a corpora to hold it up for hundreds of thousa more. For no more than $200,000 physical property could be duplica The state ha self created additional v by building g roads unless part played the Interst Commerce C mission in pro-railroad cision be cor ered a fac At any rate company ha moral claim.

However, only the br corporation alleged "re sentatives of people" bel such a ho ethical. A authorizing chase on the poration's terms and carrying the essary appropriation came before legislature in 1922. The state se slightly reduced the price, makin $690,000, and passed it in that sh The house amended it so as to auth the State Public Service Commis to close the deal and so it bec law.

The record of this commission di justify confidence in looking to it curb on corporate rapacity. In case, however, it was not quite so placent as its history had led clos servers to predict. It let the m rest for a few months, then held a surely hearing and finally induced corporation representatives to cor themselves with a smaller profit. stead of 100,000 per cent they ag to accept a beggarly 83,500 per The sale price was fixed at $58 and on these terms the deal has through.

This whole affair would be laugh if it were not an illustration of a spread evil, the almost universal ing of tribute upon the people by nopolizers of unearned increment.

Vehicular bridge over Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace, Maryland, acquired by Havre de Grace and Perryville Bridge Company for $700. Bought for the state by Public Service Commission for $585,000, the state thus paying for a value it had itself created.

"I Read *in the* Papers—"

ad in the papers that the Mak- Dam of the Nile in the British an, the greatest water barrier in the ld, has just been completed, seven ks ahead of time. This dam will nit a huge area of land to be used he production of cotton under ideal litions with native labor. The erican cotton-raising industry was nded upon cheap land and Negro es; the industry has since flourished use it constituted a world monoply. erica will now face the first real lenge to her supremacy as a cotton lucer under the very conditions that e given us our hitherto advantages.

ad in the papers that the Farm eau Federation has interested itself eviving the old-fashioned Fourth of picnic. The fact somehow brings p with a start to a realization that old-fashioned picnic *has* disap- ed. In other days everyone hitched went to a grove by the pond, had et lunch, played games and lis- d to the "orator of the day." I sus- the latter had something to do with disappearance of the picnic. What e futile utterance can be imagined the latter Fourth of July speeches? yet what day was more fitting for l to think upon our national founda- s and confer about our national olems? The Farm Bureau people that if the Fourth of July can be ued from banality by making it preëminently for farmers' picnics rein men of ability and vision can e real speeches full of meat, a good shall have been done. We agree.

ad in the papers that a corres- lent of the *Christian Science Moni-* studying the effect of our immigra- law abroad, remarks that the les who wait at European ports are most revolting people in the world, arently suffering from dire poverty, yet able to offer as much as $1,000 raft for a passport visé. He re- ks the overwhelming preponderance ws among them, and the suspicious mstance of hundreds of them turn- abbis overnight, to get in under the essional classification. Most of e, he says, cannot return to the ntries whence they came, because e countries are only too glad to be rid em. And as to Jewish Palestine— leads the world in refusing admit- e to Jews! The United States is itantly abused for not admitting n, which seems rather unfair when astine itself refuses to have any- ig to do with them. Yet collections still being taken in America, huge s raised, to support those great groups which appear to be so poor and which yet have all sorts of money for graft and traveling expenses.

I read in the papers that the ideal of the Big City is beginning to slump. With enough transit trackage within her limits to reach to Chicago and return, New York can't take care of her suburban passengers. Elevated, surface, subway and bus lines; trains leaving every minute or two, bus room for hundreds of thousands of people—and still the congestion is terrific, becoming worse. Three hundred millions must be spent on new subways during the next five years, and these increased facilities for escaping from town will take care only of the natural increase in the number of passengers who will have to be carried; the congestion, after the money is spent, will be precisely as bad. A limit may be reached beyond which it will be impossible to go. Have to stop packing them in.

I read in the papers that we spend our lives feverishly, and what we really need is the leisure which breeds thought and the idleness which brings a sense of proportion. The reaction may have already set in in the return of dancing London to the old-fashioned waltz. Time to think is one of the great needs of the present day. There has arisen an indolent mentality that "can't be bothered" thinking. It is being observed, especially in young people, that some will do almost anything to escape the trouble of thinking. In this way the intellect becomes flabby and the power to do the right thing at the right time is atrophied. The revival of the old-fashioned waltz may be symptomatic of a return to sanity. For the old dances required, at least, a little application, a little discipline, a use of the mind.

I read in the papers that this is "the age of extremes" in the region of art. This may be true, but there have been extremes in art, as in most other things, at all times. The pre-Raphaelites with their meticulous adherence to detail are but a memory; the impressionists, with their broad effects of atmosphere and color, have had their vogue, and then there have been, and still linger, our cubists and futurists. Was it not Ruskin who, seeing a picture which was creating a sensation at the Royal Academy exhibition, said that the artist had "flung a pot of paint in the face of the public"? Since Ruskin's time many pots of paint have been indiscriminately flung about; for a day or two the resulting splash was called "genius."

Cancer Can Be Prevented

(*Concluded from page 4*)

medical world has striven harder and harder to discover the cause and cure. The laboratory workers have had long innings and they have very little indeed to show for it.

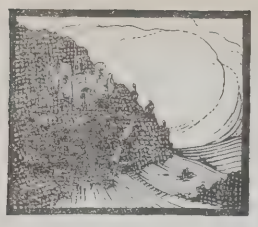
Meanwhile, the indications of what causes cancer may be found, by inference, among the uncivilized tribes of the earth. We have simply been studying germs when we should have been studying diet and drainage. What good would it do to discover the cancer germ? Have we not already discovered the germ of tuberculosis, without thereby removing the disease? We have minimized tuberculosis only to the extent that we have minimized the operation of its causes. We know now that sunshine, fresh air and good food are fatal to tuberculosis. Knowing these things, we need not worry about the germ that accompanies the disease.

There is so much proof that savage peoples have neither cancer nor any of the other diseases of civilization, and that their dietary habits are the cause of their immunity, that one might fill a book with it. Dr. Hoffman, the American statistician, who has investigated the subject perhaps as much as any man in the world, writes me as follows:

> "Your views regarding dietary or nutritional causation (of cancer) coincide with my own, based upon extensive research among native races. I recently returned from a trip to South America, where I lived for seven months among native Indians and mixed bloods. During the entire period, not a single case of cancer was brought to my attention, although everywhere I inquired—although every doctor was asked the question; and although personally I came into contact with more than 2,000 natives. The diet is very simple, and the habits of the people are very regular."

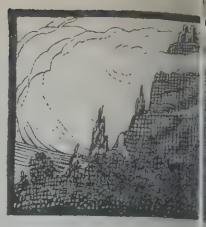
The world, in its search for the cause and cure of cancer has been on the wrong track. The answer has been within ourselves all the time. Drain the body of its poisons, feed it properly, and the miracle is done.

Chronic cancer cannot be cured. Neither can any chronic disease. But cancer can be prevented, as can all other diseases that arise from the same cause. On these statements I am willing to stake whatever reputation I may have. Nobody need have cancer who is willing to take the trouble to avoid it. And he will feel better and enjoy life more all the time he is taking the trouble. Incidentally, he will live longer.



Castles in Spain

Things That Have Influenced American Architecture



THE French invented the phrase "Chateaux in Spain" to indicate air castles on the assumption that there were no chateaux in Spain. True, the Spanish with their Moorish traditions employ the term "alcazar" for castles that the French call chateaux; however, the alcazars of Seville and Cordova and the fortress-palace of the Alhambra are combinations of military strength and architectural splendor that are unsurpassed in France.

Perhaps it was envy as well as passion that caused the French upon their expulsion from Spain in 1812 to blow up part of the Alhambra whose total destruction was only averted by accident, and also seriously damage other gorgeous Iberian structures.

Although the Alhambra is conceded to be the finest architectural monument in Spain it possesses many other notable examples of the combined labors of the architect, sculptor, and artist. There is nothing commonplace about Spanish houses; many are dead, but they "died in beauty."

Our present interest in Spanish architecture is that it shares with the so-called Colonial the distinction of being the inspiration of more good recent American residences than all other styles. As a sequence one notes that the importation into America of Spanish antiques to furnish these new houses now almost equals the quest for old English and American furniture.

The riches, physical vigor, and intellectual zest of America have made us the premier builders of the world. We originated the skyscraper and such masters as Cass Gilbert have made of it the most distinctive large building since the medieval cathedrals. The world likewise concedes us preëminence in domestic architecture.

Our architects and their clients have not been either national or provincial in their search for style; they have courageously tested out the best that the whole world affords and evolved out of it real American architecture. At the same time we frankly and freely concede such foreign influences as English and Spanish, for example, as well as other sources.

The strength and charm of Spanish architecture, sometimes termed Mission in American, has chiefly been utilized in residences in California, the Southwest, and Florida. A poor beginning based upon the old Spanish missions was made. Although a few of these missions are good specimens of Spanish architecture, trained architects and a better acquaintance with a greater variety of Spanish examples was necessary. This has been achieved and the poor start has been brilliantly retrieved.

Toledo, the Rome of Spain, and Andalusian Seville, Cordova, and Granada have supplied these examples of Spanish buildings.

Crowned with the glorious Alcazar and resting on steep granite hills, Toledo stands as though rooted in the rocks. Two gigantic and spectacular bridges, the Alcantara and the St. Martin, span the deep Tojo valley that almost encircles the elevated town. The whole town, the most Spanish of towns, seems to be in a fighting mood. Huge gateways and towers, the houses fort-like, the doors studded with heavy nails. The world-famous cathedral of the primate of Spain is even surpassed by the church of El Cristo de la Luz, a bold and brilliant cabinet piece of Arab construction.

The grandeur of Cordova culminates in La Mezquita, the cathedral. It is a reconstructed mosque and in size is only surpassed by St. Peter's in Rome. Although its pristine beauty was lost during the Christian alterations, the cathedral remains one of the world's notable buildings. Like Mark's in Venice, La Mezquita is assembled collection of architect loot; tangible evidence that the M and Christians brought home bacon from conquered cities.

Seville, known as the town of br courtyards, was the birthplace Velásquez and Murillo, the pain and it is the scene of these fan operas: Bizet's "Carmen" and Moz "Figaro" and "Don Juan."

The Giralda, a Moorish brickv tower 305 feet high, that has altered into the bell tower of the ca dral, is the best-known structur Seville although the Alcazar is se only to the Alhambra for architect worth. Giralda is the Moorish tern weather vane. Stanford White the Giralda as the model for the t of Madison Square Garden and Saint Gaudens model a figure of D to move with the wind; the Giral surmounted with a figure of Faith

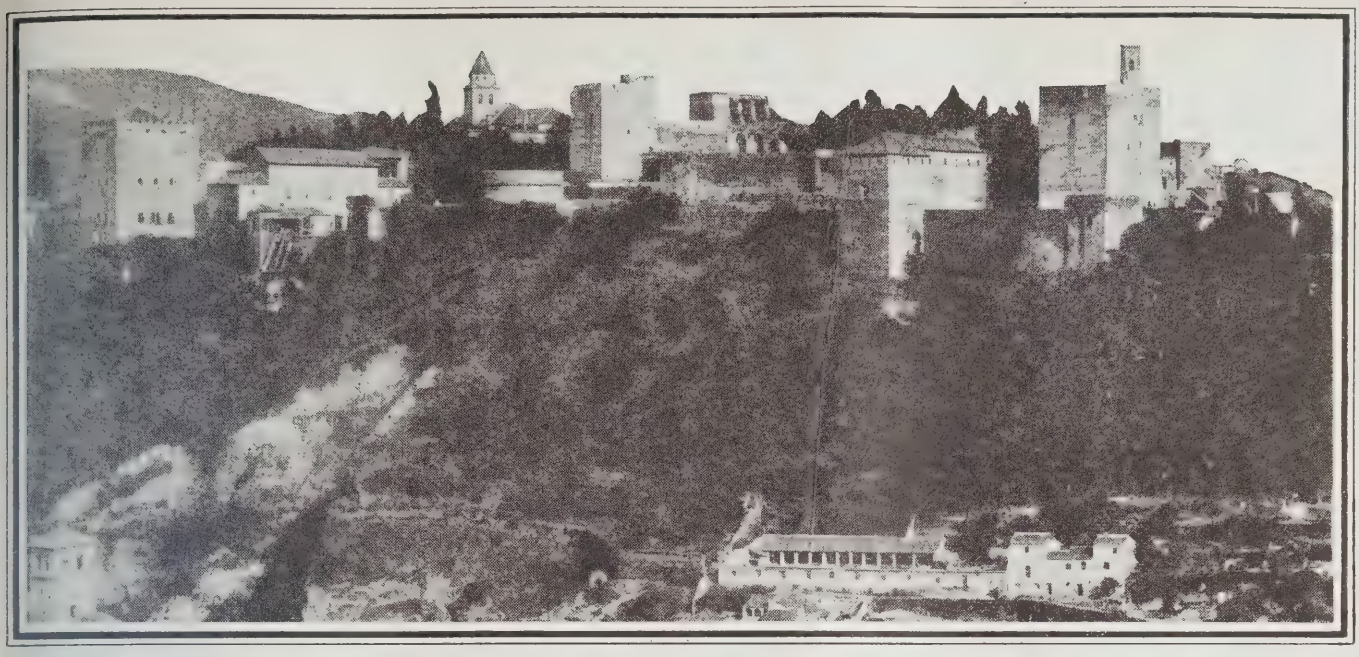
The palace of the Duke of Os from which a scene is shown, is a s place of Seville. It is in the Mudejars

The Alhambra at Granada i well known as one of the no groups of buildings in all the w that the picture is sufficient. fortunately the engraving does include the white Sierra Nevada, than two miles high, that are v to the south beyond this pic Americans can take proper prid the fact that it was the timely wri of Washington Irving that awak world interest in the Alhambra saved the remains of French explo and Spanish indifference from f into complete ruin. The Moo architecture distinguis Spain is an e tion of Byza architecture, the Mosqu St. Sophia.

Americans, greatest travel well as builders the world now sesses, would b inspired to f in the footste Washington I and Ralph A Cram and ex Spain in searc only of architec treasures but for the cou other features make the Ib peninsula dis tive.

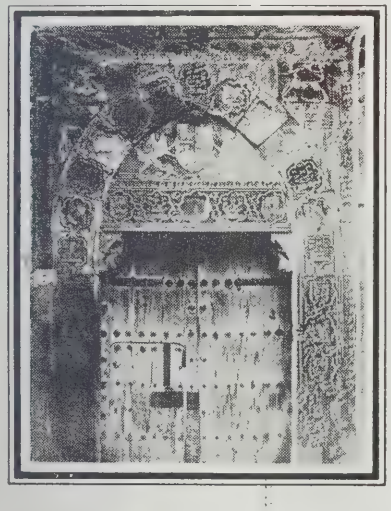
Left—La Giralda, Seville, 1196; Jabir, Moorish architect. Impaired by upper portion; Hernan Ruiz, architect, 1568.

Right—Tower of Madison Square Garden, New York, designed after La Giralda by Stanford White, who overlooked a unique opportunity to recreate the Moorish masterpiece without its Christian alterations.



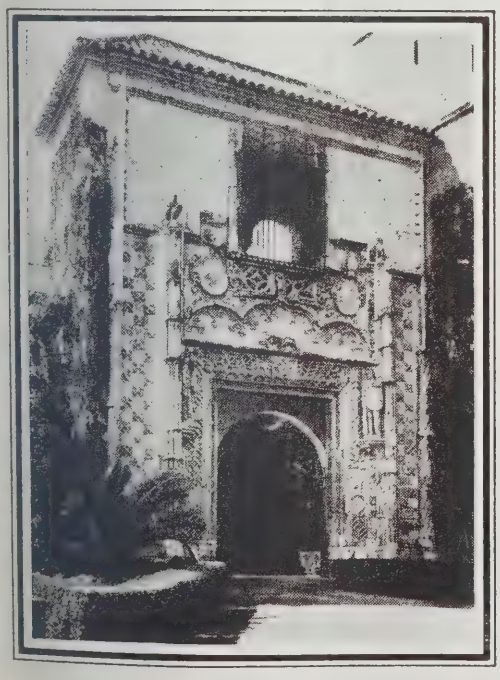
Above—The Alhambra and Sierra Nevada, Granada. The Alhambra was once the palace of the Moorish kings.

Below—Gate of King Don Pedro the Cruel, Toledo.



Above—Castle of the Carraola, Cordova.

Below—Stairway of an Andalusian house.



Above—Reception hall of a Spanish mansion.

Left—Marchena gate in the house of Count of Oserna, Seville.

"DOST thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that The sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave. . . .

"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that, for it is true, We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, remember this, They that will not be counselled cannot be helped; and further, If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles."

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 25 No. 36 JUNE 27, 1925 Ten Cents a Copy

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

HAMOKOA COAST. ISLAND OF HAWAII. (Article on page 7)

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

In the late war, when the American commanding officer of a western regiment found the Germans tapping an American telephone wire he detailed eight Indians to transmit orders in Choctaw which completely puzzled the Kaiser's best linguists and language specialists.

Bear traps, with rubber-padded jaws, are proposed by an Oregon trapper as a means of catching burglars and sneak thieves operating in the darkness. The trap will not break the leg but will hold despite all struggles.

A Tennyson room in a new museum in Lincoln, England, will be exclusively devoted to books, pictures, and manuscripts, and such of the poet's personal possessions as can be got together.

A correlation machine, with fewer parts than a typewriter, driven by an electric motor, has demonstrated calculations in ten minutes, which task formerly took two hours.

The infant death rate varies inversely with the earnings of the father, according to data furnished by 23,000 babies in eight American cities.

The mayor of Holloway, Ohio, a woman, tendered her resignation, declaring the office interfered with her home work.

A homing pigeon won a race between Paris and Brussels against an airplane.

The Boston and Maine Railroad has announced that it will inaugurate a system of "store-door delivery" at Boston, Lowell, and Lawrence, whereby merchandise will be picked up at the door of the shipper and deposited at the door of the consignee as a complete transportation process utilizing railroad and motor truck.

The hot dog—a distinctly American institution—has invaded Japan, and is meeting with high favor.

A bee may live as long as 68 hours after losing its stinger in stinging a person, but the average period is from 10 to 15 hours.

America's cigaret gain last year was 11 per cent, or a total consumption of 70,000,000,000.

Glasses are worn as a badge of superior social status in certain parts of China, frames without lenses often being worn.

Benjamin Franklin was for nearly forty years connected in some capacity or other with the Post Office Department.

Busts of two women, Charlotte Cushman, actress, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, novelist, have been unveiled in the Hall of Fame.

Wild turkeys are to be introduced into Oregon, a section of America to which they were never native.

Saxophones are driving out the bagpipes in Scotland. Music instrument dealers of Glasgow report an unprecedented run on saxophones, and several declare they have not sold a single bagpipe since the jazz tunes and the saxophones took the city by storm.

A single pocket gopher caused a break in an irrigation ditch in Arizona which cost $2,000 to repair. Where 156 miles of ditch bank was treated with poisoned sweet-potato baits more than 90 per cent of the pocket gophers were killed.

"The airplane is the most offensive weapon that has ever been invented. It is a shockingly bad weapon of defense, but it is the only defensive weapon against the airplane. Think of the cost of the few squadrons necessary for an air defense, as against the cost of any other means."—*British Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard*, in an address to the Cambridge University Aeronautical Society.

The first piece of gold found in Australia was discovered by a native, a bushman, who, seeing his master counting sovereigns, brought in a lump of Golconda weighing 106 pounds, and valued at $24,000.

British actors must not use the word "bloody," by ruling of the lord chamberlain, who censors plays in England.

Cases are on record in which collie dogs, missing one of a flock of sheep, have gone back and hunted it.

Cuban fleas, emerging from a package opened in the Dead Letter Office in Washington, swarmed over desks, files, and the clothing of the employes until it was necessary to exterminate the pest by means of fumigators.

A natural enemy of the locust has been found, a true insect which pursues them on the wing, depositing eggs within the locust's body. These eggs later hatch into maggots which kill their hosts.

The Navajo Indians kill a horse at the grave of a newly buried comrade that he may have a means of conveyance in the happy hunting ground.

The Oriental fruit-worm, Japanese beetle, citrus canker, potato wart, European corn-borer, camphor scale, and the gypsy moth all came in during the period of four years (1909-1912) which it took, on account of opposition, to secure a Federal law to put some check upon these pests.

John Quincy Adams, when President of the United States, swam in the Potomac in the early morning nearly every day in summer.

Mongolia shortly is to have its own money unit, the "Tugurik." It will be equivalent to the Soviet gold ruble.

The revival of the homespun industries in India promises to restore the lost art of making the Dacca muslins which were so fine as to be almost invisible.

Certain Indian squaws divorce their mates by placing the man's shoes outdoors.

June 27, 1925

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* * *

Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

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Presented in This Issue

Mr. Ford's Page this week sounds a timely warning concerning possible abuses of the new freedom which has been accorded American business. (p. 11)

Our laws are made by Congress and legislatures, but we are governed by bureaus. They begin innocently enough and presently are giving orders to the government. Practically every misnamed "welfare" movement, sponsored by political women who misrepresent the American Woman, is working for more bureaus. How some of these bureaus have grown is told by a Massachusetts woman who knows. (p. 15)

From mine boy to the Presidency of the American Council of Churches is the record of Samuel Parkes Cadman, preacher, lecturer and author. He thinks the church will have to take to the road again. With all his fame and aristocratic connections, he is still a street-corner preacher. An interesting personality article. (p. 3)

For a long time this paper has conducted weekly "Seeing America" tours in its pages. Our country is so rich and varied in its attractions and wonders, that it simply cannot be ignored. Ipswich of the Dunes makes an interesting little trip via print this week. (p. 21)

Have you fallen victim to the South Sea literature? Well, you have probably sensed that the reality cannot be anything like the authors write. And it isn't. Normal people like to look at it and come away. Like the desert sheiks, the South Sea atmosphere repulses. A well-balanced newspaperman went down there to see. His reports are reliable. (p. 7)

Few writers can recreate the old South through the medium of the present South as can Harry Barnet. His article this week on old Natchez is interesting. Readers will remember his splendid article on "Natchez-Under-the-Hill." (p. 30)

What do you know about the earthworm? Do you know that the Earth, as a planet, could more easily dispense with mankind than with the earthworm? He is a wonderful creature and absolutely essential to the sweetness and fertility of the soil. A really worth-while article is this by Mr. Du Puy. (p. 22)

Kansas has always been noted for its independent editors. They have owned their own papers and owned their own souls and have spoken their minds without fear, save of God. A race to be proud of. Mr. Chase is an authority. (p. 24)

Joanna Southcott's Box has been a poser for the Bishops of England. Over 100 years ago this Prophetess left a box supposed to contain messages for the present generation. But it was not to be opened unless 24 bishops were present. The bishops have thus far refused. It is one of the curious stories of the time. (p. 18)

American shipping — the story has lost its public interest; still, someone must be able to discuss it intelligently, and if that happens to mean you, here are some facts. (p. 4)

The romance of rascality has never been better handled than by Mr. Finger. But Thomas Lodge was not a rascal nor a rogue. He was probably the creator of what later became Shakespeare's play, "As You Like It." And after his roving days were done, he studied medicine and fought disease. One of the most likable and honorable of this series of "rascals." (p. 16)

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NEXT WEEK

Humor in the Home - *By Thomas L. Masson*
Spread of the Slav in Europe - *By Professor Albert Ernest Jenks*

On the Road of the Charcoa

Romance in the Wake of the Charcoal Carriers in Sunny Spain

By V. S. PRITCHETT

THERE is a cold damp smell in the house of Dona Luisa, a smell of lunch time's olive oil, a smell of cold food, a smell of charcoal burning. As you walk across the cold tiles of the hall you see through a doorway the figure of Dona Luisa. She is stirring up the charcoal until it crackles and glows in her *brasero*. She replaces its brass cover and puts her feet on it. In half an hour you will be driven out of the house by the fumes and will meet on the stairs the man bringing more charcoal. She will sit there and sleep while a corner of her skirt smolders mildly.

The charcoal man gets his yellow basket of fuel from the passage next to the café in the next street. The man in the passage buys it from a man who has a bigger passage and a cellar. The man who has a cellar buys it from a countryman. Forty miles of naked road within a cold blue horizon rim of iron plateau and shattered mountains, the jolting mule teams creak and jingle, with a dozen yellow baskets of charcoal piled upon them, and six or seven lambs thrown on top by a peasant who is going the same way. There are no trees. There is scarcely any thicket. The earth is bare, straw-brown, cold, red, seared with blue, and the basin valleys of the water-formed hills are purple with shadows and have a beard of frost. A whip cracks. It is the wind. Forty miles the mule teams straggle, bumping in the flat country, straining up the slopes, and sagging down again, the driver using a pine trunk for brake by fitting it on the hub of the wheel. At the top of the pass tired teams are resting, oxen unyoked, mules unharnessed, the drivers stretched full length on the frozen grass. Above is the stinging, candid blue of the sky softened by the flowing silver of the sun. For forty miles teams pass, and shepherds in sheepskin coats, fur hats and corduroys, their trousers bound up to their knees with crude leather strapping, stand on sudden eminences. On the few green hills goat bells are tinkling. The teams pass lonely men on donkeys, stepping with the lightness of solitude. Wilder, gayer men pass galloping their ponies. There are ponies carrying sacks of linen and meal. There are black donkeys and gray donkeys walking graciously with a load of sticks. For forty miles the little journeys and the big journeys meet and pass and mingle.

This is the road to France, but France is hundreds of miles away. This is Castile. This is a naked road, serpentine, rising and falling as though Castile were the back of a gaunt-boned animal. Sometimes it is a curving white road, sometimes a road like a bent wisp of straw. At sunset it is a rose-gold road and the ruts, the hoof marks and the footprints are strokes and wells of cobalt. The mountains behind are stripped of color. The scant cold shadows lie quietly on them. The mountains are like gaunt-boned pack mules and are carrying the first loads of snow on their backs. A great limb of the first range steps back and far away down into a welter of hills. In a hollow, in the blue print of the hoof, trembles a little town.

The teams of the charcoal carriers stop in this town by the church where there is an open place. There are half a dozen shops here, a *fonda*, a *venta* and a *posada*. In the *posada* the carriers go and sit on benches and drink. They talk in big open voices at one another about important things. They talk about their mules and about other people's lambs and goats and crops. They talk about their families and the trouble that is in them. They talk about the cobbler who died and the baby who was born. There is the smell of rope and wine and oil and dried fish and wood in the *posada*. There is a dog asleep on its stone floor. A driver kicks it and it gets up and runs cowed to a corner. The drivers laugh and spit. All that matters are the animals that li and the people who die and the babi who are born. As the drivers sit ou side on the stone bench of the *posa* they fall asleep in the sun or le against a doorpost and sing two lin of a tuneless song.

The little town is on the cliff of gorge. A river holds its mirror, strean over a weir, runs halfway round, hol the mirror again and then makes for t open country. The town is surround by a wall. It was built by the Moo Someone's washing is flying in one their horseshoe arches. The little to is bare, brown and crumbling. houses are falling to pieces. Its chur makes a show of standing bravely. T sideways are heaped with stones a boulders. One climbs from one cotta to another and sees the old Moori walls standing round the town wi only young cockerels and nimble goa and groups of children to defend the The oxen go through the gate and do to the stream to drink, in a stream on red with the blood of a Moorish sort Where the women are washing t white clothes where the river is shallo est, the twang of the bows and hum the arrows were loudest. N the women sing unfinished vers about forsaken lovers and t about the news of the tow Over the deep arch of the brid and up the path to the archw through the walls, a woman shouting at her donkey and be ing it. Two black donkeys a nibbling the turf by the ga There is frost on their noses a as the woman passes they bell jeeringly. It is the only ch lenge.

The honking of a motor ho sounds in the street. There the roaring and sputtering of engine, the cracking of ice in puddle and a general scurry chickens, goats and pigs into t square by the sun-dazed chur The Madrid omnibus is comi The omnibus is white with d and gray with drying mud. T smell of petrol is unusual in t little town. The omnibus is f of peasant men and women, their gloomy black clothes a green scarfs. The omnibus h stopped its engine and is surrounded the curious who step out from the do ways. A man trots down a sidew on a pony. He is carrying a wood trunk painted in red and yellow a blue. He shouts, "Asuncion, where thou!" He is Asuncion's brother a he pitches the trunk from the pony the top of the omnibus. Asuncion is her best black clothes and is weari fierce and heavy ear- (Concluded on page)

(C). U & U
Old Roman Aqueduct, Granada, Spain.

The Roosevelt of Religion

Dr. Cadman at Sixty Years a "Rapid-Fire" Preacher and Avalanche of Energy

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

MIDNIGHT, an automobile breakdown—and with it Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

And what two preachers on't know about the mechanics of an utomobile is enough to fill a diction-y. They were ten miles from Wilkes-arre, Pennsylvania.

The headlight of another machine ove into view. It came nearer, nd stopped. A voice from the range machine called out a uery as to what was the trouble.

"We don't know what's the atter. The blamed thing just on't go!" answered the voice of r. Cadman through the night.

An excited man climbed down ut of the rescue car calling as he ambered across the road, "I now who you are. You're Dr. adman. I've heard you over the dio so many times I'd know at voice anywhere."

He was right. The two met for e first time on the hills at mid-ght.

Which is illustrative of the w power that this man, Dr. S. arkes Cadman, has through a radio udience that is conservatively timated to be 2,000,000 in umber, which listens to him every nday afternoon, as he broad-sts from the Bedford Y. M. C. . in Brooklyn. He already had a tional fame through the publi-tion of his addresses in the rooklyn *Eagle*, but the radio gave m an almost national personal earing.

Dr. Cadman has just sprung to the focus of more spotlights than er before, perhaps, shone on a inister. Overnight one discovers that is man has assumed so much im-ortance that personality articles, life etches, and stories of and by him are ppearing everywhere. One month's op of magazines contained eight ticles about Dr. Cadman.

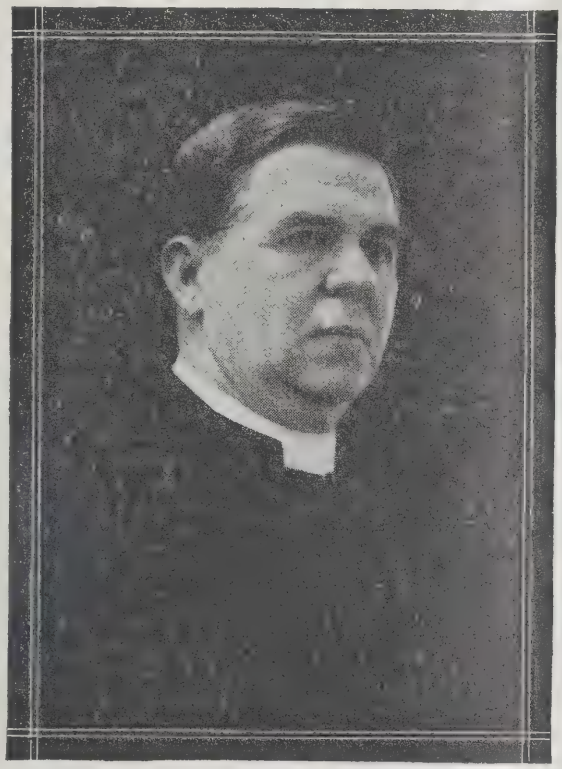
And yet there has been nothing dden about this popularity; it has me about through a long life of hard ork, strenuous effort, and great prep-ation.

In one of his question-and-answer eetings, for which Dr. Cadman is mous, he was talking, as is his anner, with great vehemence about me labor problems, when an ex-ted man in the audience jumped to is feet and yelled at the speaker:

"What on earth do you know about bor, anyhow? You never did a day's ork in all your soft life. You preachers ake me sick. Every one of you live ft and easy lives. You have a snap."

Dr. Cadman let him have his say, nd then, with a Chesterfieldian grace and consideration, he said to the man, "Just sit down a minute brother and calm yourself. Then I'll tell you something."

Then Dr. Cadman, who has recently been elected president of the



DR. S. PARKES CADMAN.

Federal Council of Churches, the highest interdenominational honor that can be offered a minister, told that man and that audience how he had worked as a boy in the coal mines of his native land, England, from 4:30 in the morning till 8 o'clock at night, for eight years, starting at the tender age of ten years. He told it briefly, but graphically, and his realistic story of a ten-year-old boy, sorting slate from coal until his hands bled every day, laboring in the darkness five hundred feet under the earth, quieted this obstreperous brother who felt that all preachers talked from mere book-knowledge when it came to labor.

"So you came from a generation that knew what real work was?" I put to him by way of a question in my interview.

"My father held out no special inducements to me and offered no promises as to my future. In England, you know, they don't play up the throne to youthful Briton, as they do the Presidency here, probably because the throne is already occupied. No, my father didn't believe in patting his sons on the head and telling them they would be great men some day. His was a sink-or-swim policy, but for those who survived it was sure to indicate habits of hard work. And, after all, here in America, even in this land of democracy, say whatever you like, there is no open road from a log cabin to the White House. Necessity is still the best spur."

It is because of this background in training that Dr. Cadman will inject a new spirit of democracy and social justice into the life of the Protestant churches of America, whose executive he now is.

A note of this spirit crept out in a sentence spoken while we were riding down Fifth Avenue from 89th street the Sunday afternoon I interviewed him.

"*I sometimes think the church will have to leave her gorgeous palaces and take to the road again.*"

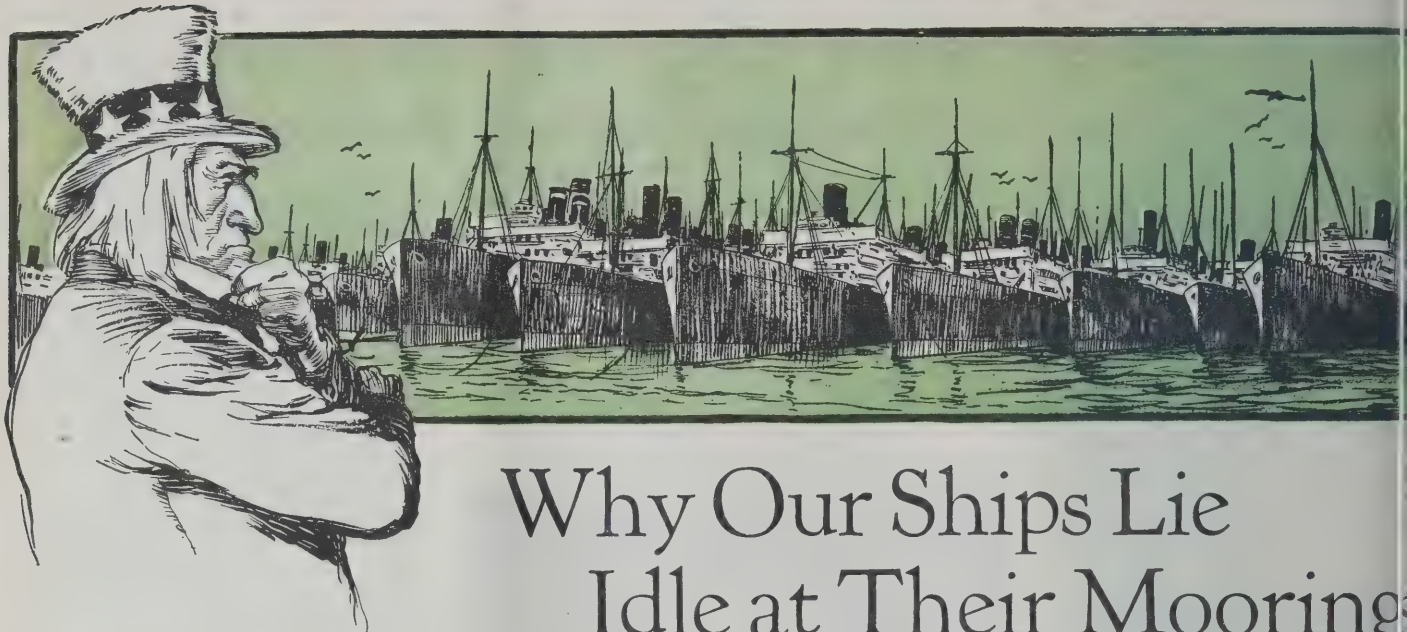
"Just what do you mean, Dr. Cadman?"

"I mean that she will have to get down among the lowly and the outcasts, the thieve and adulteresses; the sinners, and the sick, as Jesus did."

Dr. Cadman himself knows what it means to take to the "road again." In the days when he was the pastor of the Methodist church in Yonkers he used to go out on the street corners to the crowd that never went into a church. He was a pioneer in this type of ministry in the United States. His audiences used to get so enthusiastic over this type of preaching that they would shout questions at him, either friendly or critical questions, and he would answer them. Often these periods of questions and answers would take longer than the sermon. That was the beginning of his famous ministry of the Question Box.

To see him in action in one of these famous, catch-as-catch-can Question Box periods, I went to the 57th Street Y. M. C. A. in New York City one Sunday afternoon in May. For more than ten years Dr. Cadman has conducted the May Sunday afternoon meetings in this New York Y. M. C. A. The rest of the year he speaks in the Bedford branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn.

After a vigorous, versatile, scintillating address he spent twelve minutes in answering questions. They were shot at him like trip hammers, and he answered them like a machine gun in action. Not a wasted minute or second. Answers clear and (*Concluded on page 23*)



Why Our Ships Lie Idle at Their Mooring

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

A NUMBER of gentlemen—seven of them, to be exact—who are accustomed to meet in council at the Navy Building, in the board room of the U. S. Shipping Board, Eighteenth and B streets, Washington, D. C., are facing a problem singular in its complexity; not that the difficulty in itself is insurmountable, but that selfish interests hinder and confuse the matter; and, as usual, those who are most concerned in its solution, the merchants, the farmers and the manufacturers of the country, have had the least to say.

The matter deals with the future disposal of the great fleets of steel ships, both cargo and passenger, owned by the United States through its Shipping Board—an aggregate of 1,236 vessels.

To preserve the mercantile navy, the United States, through the Shipping Board, has developed its shipping business and established trade routes. It has devoted millions to improving port facilities upon the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes; for successful shipping needs much besides water craft; without deep water and good piers in convenient places, there can be no mercantile fleet worthy of the name. In recent years American ports have been improved on a scale to be comprehended only by comparison with the water fronts as they existed in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, New Orleans, Seattle, Buffalo and other cities in 1914, and with their appearance today. Without this constructive outlay, America would be as conspicuous for her absence upon the ocean as she was in 1914.

Had it not been for this costly and unremittant work, the present discussion of the public or private operation of our merchant ships would not be heard; in fact, there would be no operation whatever. But fortunately, of the 1,236 Government-owned vessels, 344 are now being operated on specified trade routes by the Shipping Board through its Fleet Corporation. Few persons have a conception of the vast carrying-trade afforded by these ships. Schedules of their sailings in general cargo, passenger and mail service include the United Kingdom, the Bordeaux-Hamburg range, Scandinavian and Baltic coasts, the Portuguese and Spanish Atlantic, Mediterranean, Adriatic, Black Sea, Levant and African ports, and the service to the West Indies and South America. Other fleets cross the Pacific to Hawaii, Japan, China, the Philippines, Straits Settlements, Dutch East Indies, Australasia and India. *While many of these vessels are not yet profitable, being operated by agent companies on a cost-plus basis*, nevertheless their apparent losses are said to be more than offset by their benefits to American overseas trade, and they have pioneered the United States flag into ports where theretofore it had been noticeable for its abse

Deducting the 344 operated s from the entire fleet of 1,236, t remain 892 vessels, which are all and laid up in various places; 247 a the New York district; 101 of them at Hog Island, Philadelphia; 393 the James River in Virginia; 109 in Gulf, while the remaining 40 located on the Pacific Coast.

These 892 ships, swinging idle impotent at their moorings, rusting hulls and partly disman fittings, lashed by chains in clo packed groups, present melanc spectacles to those who happen view them as they lie off shelt coasts or in inland waterways. T represent a heritage from the

The idle fleet on the Hudson River, at Caldwell, New York.

T. V. O'CONNOR, Chairman of the U. S. Ship Board.

war; hundreds of them, when refi may prove of service to our merc fleet; other hundreds, again, ar only for the scrap-heap—hastily ricated vessels, never of much prac

use, which have made money only for ship contractors in war time.

These ships call for incessant care and supervision; rust must be scraped from their sides, the hulls must be repainted. The latest report of the Laid-Up Fleet Division has advised the Shipping Board that the lay-up expenses for the above vessels for the ten months from July, 1924, to April, 1925, inclusive, show a maintenance cost of $2,289,143. This sum is divided into costs for wages, food, fuel, port charges and other expenses. The item for wages was $1,373,375; for food, $329,481; for fuel and water, $250,464; and for stores, $211,260. In the ten months involved there were 268,617 ship days, and at that rate, the average cost of laying up a vessel for one day would be approximately $8.50.

It is these ill-fated 892 ships, swinging at their anchor chains, about which rages the storm of arguments, discussions and representations. What is to be done with them? Who will take them off the hands of the Government? Who will essay the venture of operating them on the seven seas? Who is willing to pay for the job of dismantling hulls and fittings into the junk-heap?

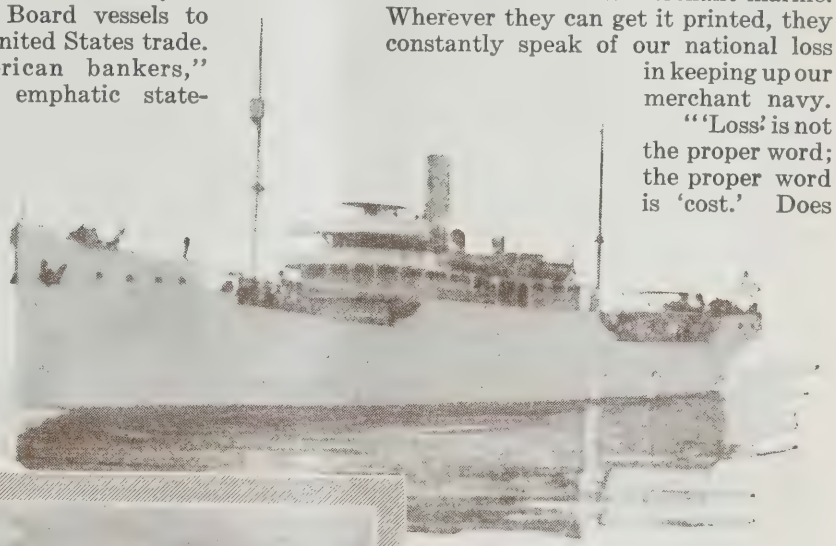
The man who has been called upon to shoulder these problems is Mr. Thomas V. O'Connor, Chairman of the Shipping Board; four years ago he was appointed to the Board by President Harding; last year he was designated Chairman by President Coolidge. Mr. O'Connor began his working life on the Great Lakes, which is in many respects as busy a shipping place as there is on earth; he has been fireman, engineer and captain on a tug; aside from the authority that has been conferred upon him, his peculiar experience in the shipping world gives poignancy to his views on the proper solution of the future of our mercantile marine.

When I met the Chairman in the Shipping Board offices, I found him exercised over an incident of recent occurrence. A shipowner, known and established in the business, had come to him with an offer to buy 18 of the Government vessels, which he was capable of utilizing successfully in the interest of American trade. The deal called for approximately $1,095,000; his available capital was $500,000; and yet he could not obtain the Shipping Board vessels because the New York bankers on whom he relied had so little faith in an American merchant marine that they refused to loan him an aggregate of $3.50 a ton upon tonnage in which he was investing $7.50 a ton. The bankers would not advance 40 to 45 per cent on the security of Shipping Board vessels to further United States trade.

"American bankers," was the emphatic statement of Mr. O'Connor, "are not willing to make loans or to give any encouragement to the upbuilding of an American merchant marine. The enemies of our merchant marine are the friends of foreign ship interests. They know that if a ship is tied up here, a foreign ship is immediately made ready to go upon the oceans. A man sometimes finds it better tactics to condemn what he does not like than to praise what he does like. A booster of a foreign merchant marine would not be heard or read with patience upon American soil. Friends of a foreign merchant fleet, therefore, find it to be good tactics to attack our merchant marine. Wherever they can get it printed, they constantly speak of our national loss in keeping up our merchant navy.

"'Loss' is not the proper word; the proper word is 'cost.' Does anyone refer to Government money spent on railroads and highways as 'loss'? No, they call it 'cost.' They know that by saving that cost we would suffer a loss. We boast of our highways as one of the wealth-producing properties in the nation.

"The bankers," said Mr. O'Connor, "who are disinclined to finance purchases of Shipping Board vessels for operation, are nevertheless quite content to provide funds for their scrapping; I am informed that banking funds of $2,000,000 are ready for such a purpose. Now we have over twelve hundred ships; 400 of these could be kept for operation, 400 kept in reserve for replacement and the remaining 400 scrapped, because the last-named can never be profitably used. Every shipping man knows this to be true; events may change these figures. The postponement of the scrapping of obsolete ships at sacrifice prices has been urged at different times; but it seems to me that the continuing expense of maintenance and the lack of prospect that these ships can be sold for operation are reasons enough for immediate action. There is no evidence that property of this character will increase in value, and we know that depreciation is as sure as the calendar. I am in favor of a sale in large lots or in small lots or both. Speed is the thing desired. Yet rather than see any usable ships sacrificed, I would even be willing to sell such at scrapping prices if responsible purchasers would Dieselize and operate them. Nor am I willing to see the trades which manufacture shipping



Above—One of the Shipping Board vessels.

Center—One of the dying fleets in New York waters.

Circle—The *Ice King*, refrigerator ship in the Hudson River.]

parts embarrassed, and I would favor making a proviso that, in scrapping, such parts should be reduced to the original iron, steel and brass, instead of being flung upon the market.

"In considering the scrapping feature of our sales problem, it must be borne in mind that a sale must be advertised by law; bids will be examined upon their merits, and the amounts will be made public. I am for the best bid for the most ships. The Shipping Board is the sole judge of what ships it is willing to sell for scrap and what ships it is willing to sell for operation. When we designate ships for scrap, I hope that they will be sold and sold in large numbers with no waste of time. To keep useless ships longer is an insult to public intelligence.

"In selling for scrapping, the information we seek is what a bidder will give per ton; how many tons he will take; how he will make his payments and when he will take the ships off our hands. In selling ships for operation, additional questions are involved, such as what improvements he will make; on what routes he will operate the vessels and for how long he will guarantee to continue operation under the American flag.

"For nearly fifty years, ships of other nations have been making enormous fortunes for their owners, and during that time America has been the most important shipping station on the face of the globe, and the freight money has come out of us. It has been subtracted from a bale of cotton and extracted from a bushel of wheat. It has been added to every kind of cloth, cotton, silk or wool, that has gone into a dress or a suit of clothes. The carrying item is one of the big items of cost; seed-wheat makes a big bill of cost for the farmer; plowing makes another big bill; planting makes another; threshing still another; hauling makes another. And hauling wheat to Liverpool makes a bigger haul than any of them. It

One of the 129 idle ships of the U. S. Shipping squadron in the Hudson River at Caldwell, New York.

may be said that most of our wheat does not go to Liverpool. My answer is, throw back upon us the wheat we send to Liverpool, and see where the price of wheat goes. A drain pipe may be very small, but plug the drain in your bathtub and see what happens.

"In the past year South America has ordered locomotive engines on an enormous scale. In years past, a freight of $4.00 a ton made American competition in this market absolutely impossible and all of these engines were bought in England. An American locomotive had to be shipped from here to England and from England down to South America. At the present time, with our American ships, we have direct routes from Atlantic ports to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. The result is that South America now buys most, if not all, of her locomotives from this country. The profits to American manufacturers run from the finished product to the mine, and the enlarged pay roll runs also from the locomotive works to the mine. The

Idle ships anchored off Staten Island, New York.

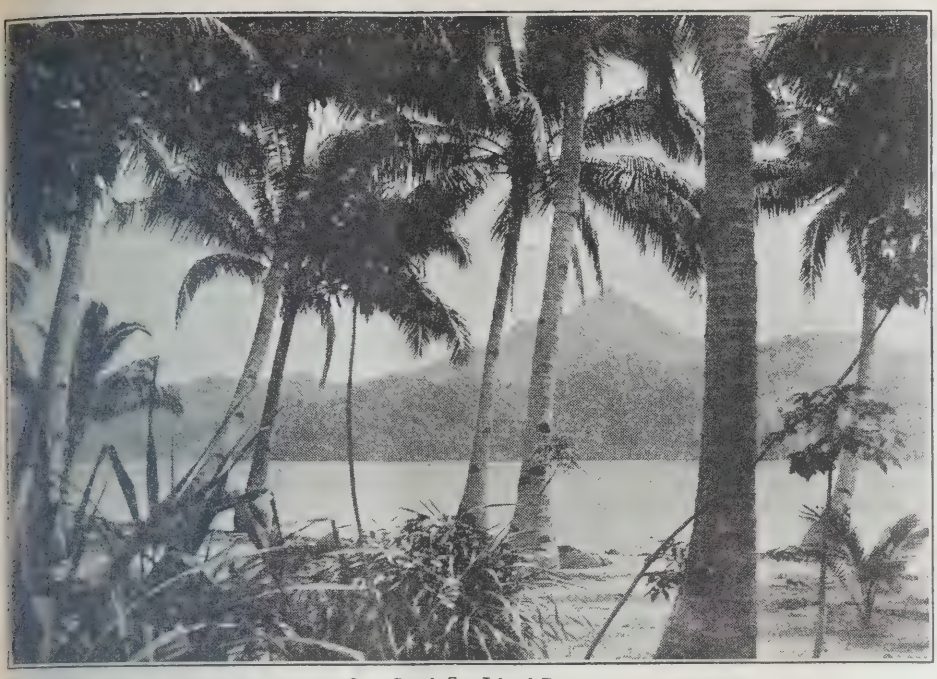
money spent for ships, by wa of the United States Treasur is quickly returned to the pock of the American taxpayer hi self, and what, as I have sai is frequently called loss, wou truthfully be called a small lo and a very large citizen profit.

"We as a nation are commi ted to the policy of individu ownership in business enterpris We do not want the Governme in any business if that busine can be taken over by men wh will run it with the care, indust and economy generally used b a person who is spending h own money.

"I am always in favor selling to a private operator if believe that he can stick it ou By this I mean stand t fighting of the foreign compani who have been in the shippi business for centuries and wh would cut rates until compe tion was destroyed and th raise them again. I want to find operator to take the job over, if I a sure he can protect himself. Priva operation can be more economical th Government operation. My experien unofficial and official, leaves me room for doubt upon this subject.

"If a man cannot pay his hou rent, he is put on the sidewalk, a if a shipowner cannot make both en meet, he will be driven from the ocea and dumped on the nearest bea Make no mistake about that. the current year we are spending our merchant marine $24,000,000, a in the last year for the Coast Gua alone, the United States spent mo than $24,000,000. For the safety navigation we are spending each ye $8,000,000 upon lighthouses and t lighthouses shine for the ships every flag. In 1924 we spent $8,000,0 for lighthouses, $24,000,000 for Co Guard and $53,000,000 for rivers a harbors, or $85,000,000 in all—and this for advantages accruing to sh whether owned in this country, Germany, Great Britain, Holla Sweden or Norway.

"Every ship in the private Ame can merchant marine must be Americ and our flag must fly in every import port. A quick trip and a quick tu around must be made by Americ officers and American crews, who sil under the American flag in spirit s well as in fact. Where we can't have private operation, we must ha public operation. If not enou American shipowners are now willi to go to sea under the American fl we will all go to sea together. In ot words," added Mr. O'Connor, "whe a private profit is not possible, all of us will cheerfully divide the cot. The American flag is going to sy upon the seas. In this adventure up the oceans 'U. S.' spells 'Us,' and 'U. S. A.,' 'Us Altogether.' "



On a South Sea Island Bay.

Where Palm Trees Wave

The Lure of the Southern Seas

By WILLIAM LEE CALNON

Outrigger canoe.

THE baseball game on the Malae of Pago Pago, in American Samoa, had gone its full nine innings last New Year's afternoon, with the Naval Station team triumphant over the Civilians and thereby holding the lead in the Samoan league. It was hot, very hot, on the open, park-like Malae and a group of us sauntered over to the invitingly cool interior of Ben Kneubuhl's general store and steamship agency.

A soda fountain with cooling drinks is one of the features of Ben's store, along with groceries, hardware, agricultural implements, dry goods, clothing, haberdashery, patent medicines, toilet preparations, Yankee notions and what not; as well as steamship tickets to anywhere.

Talk veered from the weather and the baseball game around to a French tramp steamer that had sailed the day before, after a couple of days in Pago Harbor. It had come in from Tahiti with only half a cargo of copra in its hold; though its decks, cluttered with big crates of chickens, pens of goats, sheep, calves, hogs and cows, gave it an overloaded look. The managerie furnished eggs, milk, and fresh meat as needed on the voyage.

"He didn't get much copra here. It's practically all shipped now for this season," said Ben Kneubuhl, referring to the "tramp." "So he has gone on to Apia and will make the Solomons or the Gilberts and maybe a few more on his way back to Marseilles."

"He'll get his load all right when he gets to the Solomons," remarked Captain Joe Steffany. "He'll be lucky if he picks up as much in Apia as he got here. Trouble with Pago and Apia is we're on the main lines. Ships coming along all the time picking everything up. Over in the Solomons and the Gilberts and those islands they have to wait for the tramps to come along and get their copra. If I were he I wouldn't stop at Apia at all. That used to be a great place in the old days, but it's just like this or any other place now."

Captain Joe talked in the tone of voice of the man in the pioneer days out West who decided to move to fresher fields and avoid the crowds when he saw his second traveler in a month. A grizzled veteran who has sailed the Pacific for nearly half a century, the captain knows every island in it and is one of the last of the old-timers whose early days were filled with encounters with cannibals ashore and battles with hurricanes at sea in three-stick schooners. For years he sailed between the Solomons and Western Samoa, carrying laborers to Samoan plantations and back again.

"Tahiti is about the only place that is like the old South Seas that you get to on the main lines," pronounced the captain oracularly.

"How about the Tongas?" inquired a naval officer. "You can get over there from Apia on a regular steamer."

"They're pretty good," said Captain Joe, "but to see the wild life you want to go to the Gilberts, the Marshalls, the Carolines, the Solomons, Santa Cruz, Christmas Island, and places like that."

"But if you depend on tramp steamers you may spend months in some places before you are picked up and can get somewhere else," objected another naval officer.

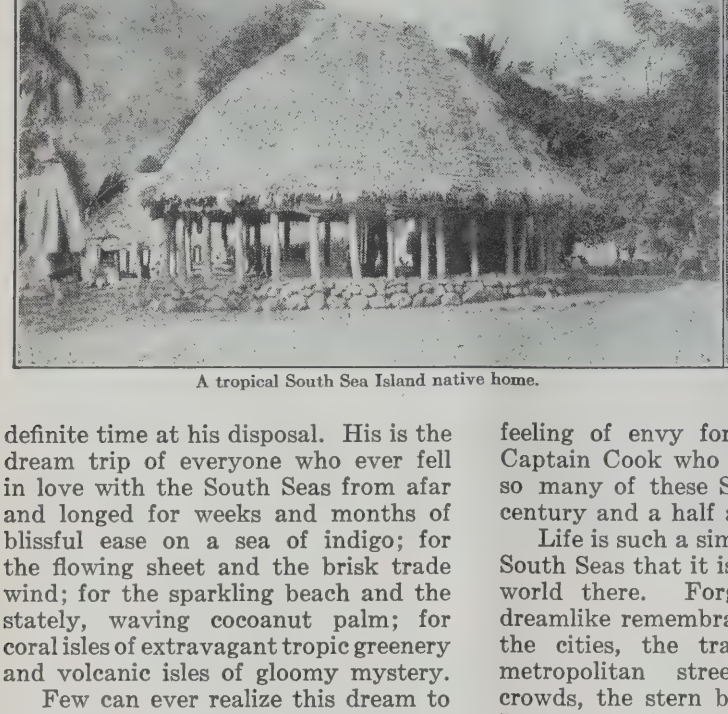
"Don't depend on 'em," answered Captain Joe. "Have your own boat and go where you please and stay as long as you please.

"Why," he continued, addressing the writer, "you and three or four or five others could buy an auxiliary schooner in San Francisco, fit it out, sail down to Tahiti for a starter and then go anywhere you want. You could eat and sleep on the boat even in harbor if you wanted to and save hotel bills. You could go places where your boat might be the first one that showed up in a year. It wouldn't cost any more than your steamships and hotels will cost on the trip you are making.

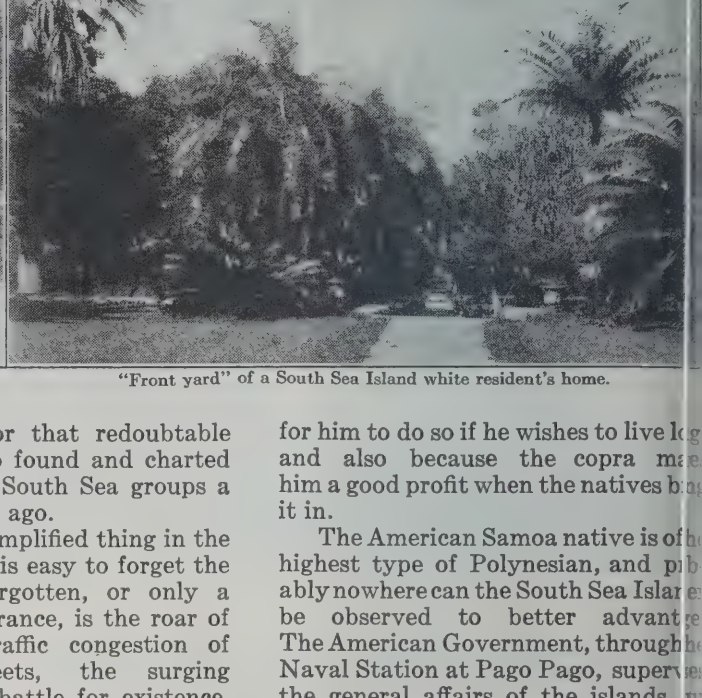
"And," he concluded, "when you got tired of cruising or had no more time, you wouldn't have to sail the schooner back to San Francisco. You could sail into Pago Harbor or any other harbor on the steamship lines and sell your boat any time you wanted to. Then you could go back by steamer."

Captain Joe was right and his suggestion an ideal one, provided the intending South Sea traveler has in-

Dancing the siva-siva on the Malae (public square), Pago Pago.



A tropical South Sea Island native home.



"Front yard" of a South Sea Island white resident's home.

definite time at his disposal. His is the dream trip of everyone who ever fell in love with the South Seas from afar and longed for weeks and months of blissful ease on a sea of indigo; for the flowing sheet and the brisk trade wind; for the sparkling beach and the stately, waving cocoanut palm; for coral isles of extravagant tropic greenery and volcanic isles of gloomy mystery.

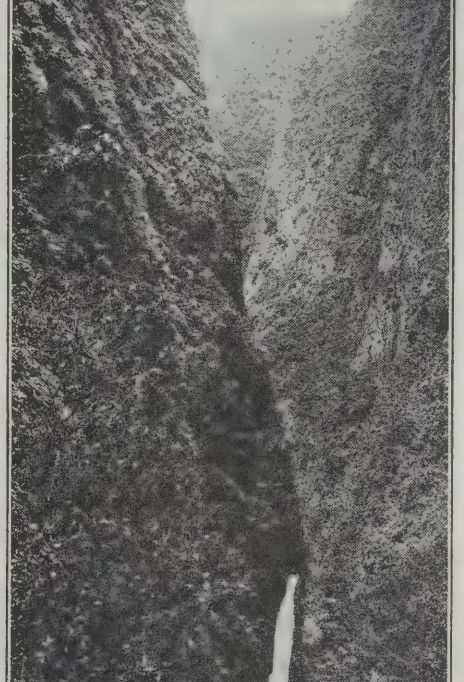
Few can ever realize this dream to its full extent, but many can take advantage of the established routes when they have a few months to spare and can see much of what the Pacific has to offer in scenic glamour, native life and tropical novelties.

One can start from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle or Vancouver and go to Hawaii, "the crossroads of the Pacific," at almost any time that suits the traveler, as there are many lines of steamships running to Honolulu. It is well to see this paradise archipelago first, and the islands of Hawaii, Maui, Molokai and Kauai, in addition to Oahu, on which Honolulu is located. They possess a charm that will never leave the mind of the traveler, no matter where else he goes, and familiarize him with the many things that he will encounter as he goes deeper into the South Seas.

Both American and British passenger ships run south from Honolulu every three or four weeks, and the places they reach include Samoa, both Western and American, the Fijis, the Tongas, Tahiti and the Society group, the Cook Islands, New Zealand and Australia. The traveler can find in visiting these all that he has ever heard or read that attracted him to the South Seas. If, still following the lure of them, he wants more and more, then he can take to the tramp steamers, or to his own boat.

One should never get the idea, though, that there is a sameness to the islands. Each is steeped in its own particular beauty; each has its own especial charm. Sea and sky and mountain and valley and beach and grove and jungle never seem to be the same anywhere. The sight of every new island after days at sea makes one feel like a discoverer, and then, knowing that he is not, gives him a feeling of envy for that redoubtable Captain Cook who found and charted so many of these South Sea groups a century and a half ago.

Life is such a simplified thing in the South Seas that it is easy to forget the world there. Forgotten, or only a dreamlike remembrance, is the roar of the cities, the traffic congestion of metropolitan streets, the surging crowds, the stern battle for existence. In the restful repose of the islands all these things seem alien, far away and



How volcanic ridges look in many South Sea Islands. Waterfall comes out of mountain side.

needless. The native knows nothing of them at all. For him the sun shines and the rain falls and the fruits and vegetables ripen to give him food. The cocoanuts grow and he slices the meat into bits which dry in the sun and makes the copra which the white men send ships for and pay for in money which buys the few things his simple needs require. The white man resident in the islands takes it easy because the tropical heat makes it imperative for him to do so if he wishes to live l and also because the copra m him a good profit when the natives b it in.

The American Samoa native is of highest type of Polynesian, and p ably nowhere can the South Sea Islan be observed to better advant The American Government, through Naval Station at Pago Pago, super the general affairs of the islands, the Samoan runs all his own af that affect his daily life, and has served unchanged all his cust The Naval Station personnel incl only a little more than 200 officers men and the entire white popula at any time is not in excess of These all reside on Tutuila. Ex for an occasional missionary there no white people on the other islands of American Samoa.

About once every six months U. S. N. tug *Ontario* makes a tri the other islands from Pago Pago. the easterly islands of Ofu, Olose and Tau, which comprise the M group, this semiannual visit of the is the only means of keeping in t with the outside world.

Piled on the shore, awaiting tug, are scores or hundreds of b bags filled with copra to be take Pago Harbor for shipment. U every available small boat the na get real busy on this occasion and lig out to the tug all the bags their boats can carry. They clamb the top deck of the tug just to get chance to dive into the sea from a height and swim half a mile or to shore as often as they get into their boats. They are a smi happy crowd. Life holds few worri problems for them.

In Pago Pago they have a m show twice a week in the pavili the Naval Station. The natives s the left side of the house and the patrons on the right, as a rule, bu rule is not rigorous. To the Ame visitor the Samoans at the show a entertaining as the picture, if not so.

Few of the natives know en English to read the titles of the pi scenes, but without this aid they quick to catch the (Concluded on pa

EDITORIALS

What Should They Pay?

IN THE midst of all this discussion of international war debts, there is a suggestion which many wait to hear, and which will do credit to the nation that announces it as a principle of settlement. That is, the computation of debts on a basis of the buying power of the dollars that were borrowed. If the dollars which the United States loaned the Allies were worth in purchasing power 60 cents or less, is it quite fair to demand in return dollars that are worth 80 cents or more? Money borrowed was only the symbol of goods to be purchased, for money did not fight the war but goods did; would it not, therefore, be strictly honest to require repayments on a goods basis?

The moral sense of most people will respond to this suggestion, but whether governments would dare, even in the name of honesty, to give public notice that a dollar is not always a dollar, is another thing. The money question is one of the most ticklish matters that lurk just beyond the edge of "pressing problems," and our political officials would probably dread bringing it nearer the center of the stage. Yet there are forces which will press it upon attention if plain problems of moral duty are neglected.

Neighbors helping each other in distress do so with good heart, satisfied if only the principal is returned. The repayment of international debts includes not only the principal, but the difference in the purchasing power of the money as between a period of war and a period of peace, and, in addition to that, the accumulated interest.

Getting Rid of the Trash

THE Attorney-General of the State of Ohio has ordered all Prosecuting Attorneys to stop the publication and sale of salacious and indecent publications, of which he subjoins to his order a list of twenty-one. They are all of the cheap variety, such as boys and girls of moron characteristics would read, none of them even cleverly suggestive.

The Attorney-General recognizes that many news dealers handle this sort of stuff without knowledge of its nature. It is not to be expected that the proprietor of a news stand will set himself up as censor of what writers have written and what publishers have printed and distributed. But the fact remains that, besides the drift of our better magazines to a misrepresentative protraiture of life, there are heaps of rubbish that never come under the eye of the ordinary magazine reader but of which examples may now and then be found among young boys. These publications resemble very much the old-time vaudeville shows in which the pictures were far worse than the performance.

Prosecuting Attorneys, however, have called attention to the official order in their several jurisdictions and the result will probably be the disappearance of much trash from the news stands of Ohio.

If officials of the states in which these objectionable publications originate will now proceed to their duty, which is to stop the nuisance at its source, the benefit will be multiplied.

The Mess Still Persists

THE Shipping Board is still going round in circles. The present Chairman is doing what all his predecessors have done, namely, stirring up of publicity to do what only statesmanly initiative can do. If publicity could have accomplished anything, the effervescent A. D. Lasker would have become a historic figure. He busted the barrel hoops on Shipping Board publicity until the very name in a headline drives readers away. To follow his trail is to repeat his failure. The main desideratum at this moment is to get the mess out of the public eye. The best of the ships have been taken already, at prices and on terms that would give the critic wide scope for fault-finding, if anyone were in the mood for it. But no one is. There would perhaps be only thankfulness and a good deal of public approval for the Chairman and Board that got rid of the ships by any possible method—no one would bother to ask too many questions, and the nation would sigh with relief. But articles in the newspapers will not do it, and attempts to revive the idea of a subsidized merchant marine will not do it.

"Goods Across the Sea"

THE recent speech of Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador, did not echo through the United States with quite the sounding reverberation that American correspondents of London papers would like the British public to believe. Nevertheless, if Ambassador Houghton can say things in London, it is open to Ambassador Howard to say things in Washing-

ton. And Sir Esme's statements were in the most practical vein of American common sense. He took "hands across the sea" for granted and spoke about "goods across the sea." If Britain cannot sell her goods, she cannot go on paying her debts—which is perfectly logical. Forty-four per cent of the foreign trade of the United States is with the British Empire, a large percentage of trade to have with one general customer. Take the United Kingdom alone—it imported from the United States in 1924 goods to the value of $882,000,000, while it exported to the United States goods to the value of only $404,000,000. So, without suggesting it, which would have been undiplomatic, Sir Esme left us to conclude that tariff regulation which restrained trade was not a good thing for either country. Neither is it.

But the mind that pushes back behind all speeches and present practices wonders how long the nations hope to live by taking in each other's washing, how long it will be before the engineering type of mind in economics makes a workable blue print of the world's affairs so that all can live and perform the most needed and useful service. The economic world thus far has been a tippy canoe, held upright by skillful balancing and frequently throwing its occupants into the water. We can see a condition and haphazardly try to meet it. We cannot see the basic principles and apply them.

Did Man Live Before the Ape?

NOWHERE is dogmatism more precarious than in the field known as Biological Science. Nowhere is revision and refutation more rife. Now and then a nugget of enduring knowledge is obtained. Now and then a guess or a venture lets down the bars into new and unsuspected fields. The glory of Science is in its inquiry, its open-mindedness, its creedal attitude of abject worship of the truth. Not in its dogmatism. The reverses of Science, in its comparative brief history, are far too numerous to admit of dogmatism.

Down in a lonely Arizona gorge, explorers have found drawn on the cliffs the pictures of animals which scientists have told us disappeared from the earth long before the ape appeared, that ape which also laid its remains in the earth before the Coming of Man. The story is told in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of June 6. Upon the walls of the cliffs were found pictures of men in combat with animals which lived, as scientists say, before Man could possibly have lived upon the earth—something like 12,000,000 years before.

If man lived before the ape tribe from which he is supposed to have sprung; if he lived at such a stage of culture that in his comparatively puny form he could do battle with the dinosaur, and later draw the picture of the battle, what becomes of the theory that man is a comparatively late arrival on the planet and had to wait for the ape-form to break the way for his coming?

Upon those walls are also carved the pictures of the ibex or long-horned deer of which no remains have ever been found in the Americas, but which live to this day in Asia. The man who carved the animal saw it. He had perception, intelligence, tools, perseverance, a sense of proportion, judgment and a creative soul.

Yet he lived before the ape from which he is supposed to have sprung.

It will be interesting to see what the scientists do with this new fact. A new fact humbles us all. It is only dogmatism that humiliates us. And truth has a way of confirming, now the Fundamentalist, now the Modernist, and at times confounding both, although the confusion, truth to tell, falls oftenest on the professional modernist.

Dogmatism ill becomes a race that has just begun to finger the first page of the book of life.

There may have been a race of men on earth before this present race.

The higher anthropoid apes may be, as some declare, a degenerated branch of humankind.

Anything is possible except the insufferable spirit of dogmatism.

Mr. Kellogg Confirms the Warning

EVEN the Hearst papers have stopped poking fun at Government officials who warn the country of anti-American activities in our midst. Not so very long ago such officials were accused of setting up a boo-man for the amusement of the public. Now that Secretary of State Kellogg has repeated the warnings given by his predecessors, people are becoming aware of the seriousness of the situation.

It is not Bolshevism from Russia that we have to fear, nor the effect of Soviet funds distributed through malcontents in this country. As Secretary Kellogg quite plainly indicates there is equal danger from those so-called reformers among us to have an incurable itch for tinkering with the Constitution and putting us under a form of Soviet socialism under the guise of humane legislation.

Readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT do not need a blue print to interpret Secretary Kellogg's remarks. This paper maintains among its other duties that of watchman on the wall, informing the people of active tendencies whose direction and purpose are camouflaged under deceptive labels.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE country is now approaching a period when we shall be able to see how much we have learned in the last quarter-century. That is, in an industrial way. It remains to be seen, and will presently be disclosed, whether business is to be trusted with freedom to find and follow a right line of development.

The first surge of business growth in this country brought with it a host of evils. Business itself was not responsible for this, but men who used business as a rake to draw in other people's money regardless of its equivalent in goods or service.

But every abuse brings a sharp corrective and the excesses of shortsighted business men brought down the restraining legislation which marked American politics from Roosevelt to the end of the Wilson Administration. Those were the trust-busting days, the days of regulation, the days when dishonest business fretted against "government interference" and when even honest business sometimes felt that it had ground for complaint.

However, the period of restraint indicated one fact beyond doubt, the American people have no intention of submitting to exploitation without using all legal means to prevent it.

The war came with its depletion of real wealth, and the period of reconstruction called for the utmost wisdom and energy that the world might be enabled to catch up with the long list of its urgent needs. To encourage business, not restrain it, to lift its burdens as much as possible, not increase them, became good public policy. The service of real business to the country began to be appreciated. The old policy of interference and excessive taxation was seen to be a hindrance to business and therefore to the people's prosperity. It became impossible longer to ignore that business and public prosperity were closely allied and interdependent.

People saw this point very readily. The enemy was not business, but exploitation which used business as its instrument. It was not big business that was the enemy, but business whose bigness was artificial and carried beyond the point of efficient service to the people. People saw this, and agreed.

It may be said that with the beginning of the Harding Administration, and to a greater degree through the Coolidge Administration, business was given the freest opportunity ever accorded it in modern times to prove that it would use freedom for the public good. That opportunity exists today. But coexistent with it is a question whether American business is going to justify it. That is an inquiry heard more and more, with an increasing tone of anxiety in it.

Are American business men likely to permit the recurrence of those faults which formerly brought down on business the suppressive operation of the law? It is a question which business men will do well to ask themselves, before people begin asking the Government again.

There has been, of course, in fifteen years much progress in moral engineering as applied to the conduct of industry. Whatever may be the signs of recurrence of old errors, the case cannot become so evil as it was; too many business men have learned the profitableness and security of the better way. The need now is to get these wider business men to leaven all the rest and particularly to keep alive in government circles the newer instead of the older ideals of business procedure.

WHAT if the courts have annulled most of the provisions of the Sherman anti-trust law, would that justify American business in resuming the abuses which brought that law into being? Are we to be only so wise in our industrial service as the laws compel us to be? American business has come to the hour of a certain freedom which it must justify by adopting principles and methods that put public prosperity first. The Administration grants business a chance to find and follow the right path. But it will quickly check any tendency to exploit the people.

Certain students of public affairs are saying that recent Supreme Court decisions practically abolish the provisions of the Sherman anti-trust law. Even if this were so, would it justify American business in going back to the abuses which brought the Sherman law into being? Are we to be only so wise in our service as the law compels us to be? If that is the program to be adopted by business men, it will certainly result in the next being ten times stronger and not quite so easily nullified by court decisions.

The present Administration is justified in granting to American industry the freest condition under which to develop, and there are no indications that it does this out of concern for any class, least of all out of a political respect for money. There is every reason to believe that the Administration knows enough about the two opposing trends of business in this country to exercise a sharp and sudden check upon the wrong tendency the moment it shows itself to believe that the "lid is off."

American business should justify the confidence of the President by pressing all its activities into the New Era method of industry and commerce, which consists in giving the highest quality and service, the highest wages and the highest consideration of public interest, for it is only this that breeds the highest and most soundly founded type of business.

When a Photo Is Not a Pictur

There's Art in the Camera, But It Must Be Developed by the Camera User

IT IS necessary when one starts out to use a camera to have in mind some working concept of what one is trying to accomplish, of what one is going to regard as a successful picture. This is quite as definitely true in the case of picture taking as it is in the making of a screen door or a dress. It is much more difficult in the former instance because art is a universal, boundless thing that is intermingled with everything in life, but whose true nature, and the uses which it serves, has never been ascertained with finality, as it is in the case of screen doors and dresses.

There have been many discussions and opinions of these things. Most artists and thinkers of our time are in agreement on a few working points: that the English Academy idea of a picture as something which exists to tell a story, usually sentimental, was a mistaken one; the idea, also, that the picture of a pink-cheeked girl, golden-haired and smiling is beautiful, but that one of a dirty old woman cutting her finger nails is not—those two opinions upon the function and the proper subject for a picture we have entirely discarded. Instead, we are certain that beauty in art is, as Guy de Maupassant said, a matter of selection and agreement. The picture may, or may not, tell a story, the subject may be a fairy princess or a deformed beggar, these things have nothing to do with art, that is, with the beauty and value of your picture. That which is of vast importance is that every line and mass, light and shadow should be so selected and so arranged that the result becomes an organic whole, from which nothing can be removed and to which nothing can be added without disturbing the perfect balance that has been created.

The difference between a good picture and a bad one is really identical with the difference between the talk of a deranged person and that of an intelligent one. The deranged person prattles on; he may have some idea that he wishes to convey but his words and sentences have no direct relation to one another and, therefore, no clear idea is conveyed. Just so with many pictures, they are incoherent and muddled, they are spots and dots, lights and shadows, but they contradict one another and all lead nowhere. In the conversation of an intelligent person there is unity of the whole and coherence of the parts, so that every word is there for no other purpose than to make clear and interesting the subject about which he is talking; each is selected and placed to further that end. Just so in a good picture, every line, mass, shadow, light, behave as these words and sentences behave. It is safe to say that if the snapshot camera picture, or any other, has these qualities in perfection—coherence and unity, a central theme, no contradiction of the parts, but everything, like the instruments in a symphony orchestra, playing its part to make a centralized whole—then that picture is a success, no matter what the subject may be.

It would seem, therefore, that our working concept of a picture, the ga which we are out to bag, is an rangement of lines, light, ma shadows, which are all brought gether in perfect harmony to conv a central idea.

This article is intended to be a positive, helpful guide to camera users. It seeks to define the difference between a mere mechanical operation and the taking of a picture where the judgment of the photographer is called into use in the matter of composition, light and shade, and the other things that go to make a real work of art.

"JUNE." The picture merits study for its success in overcoming the difficulties of photographing an object in full sunlight.

Assuming that we acc this concept of pictorial phot raphy and begin our journ along the pleasant road t leads toward its realization, shall presently find oursel encountering a series of frien guideposts, erected by w farers who have preceded Among these is Miss Ja Reece, of Dayton, Ohio, zealous photographer who traveled this road with s signal success that her perience may be confidently trus and her pictures used, to strengt with example the precept of the gui post. These pictures have been hig commended for unusual excellence juries of art critics both abroad and America.

The first guidepost to call itself our attention says:

It Is Well to Aim for Simple Pictu A pine branch against a wall is more likely to make a beautiful pict than are forty persons grouped ab in an ornate room.

The second reads

Spare No Time and No Ef in Composing the Scene or Sitter. The painter spares no He works hours and da weeks if necessary, to achi the effect that he desires. same care, patience and crit judgment are essentials to painter with the camera. his case these are to be panded to make his objec scene or sitter pictorially nearly perfect as it is possi In all the other arts of rep duction the scene may be alte upon the working model, artist can add a tree or s tract a house; in photogra the actual scene must be crea in its completeness, for camera takes what is presen the objective world and s the objects in that world arranged for the huge ca of the universe, the photograp needs to select and arra them so that in the minia universe of the photogra print they shall still cohere a unified and expressive pict

For example, it may hap when you go out to photogr a river that there will be tions of it and its environs lend themselves to such tr

Distinctive Results

in Photography Achieved Through Common-sense Principles

"PORTRAIT study," in the oval, upper left, suggests in its simplicity and in the expressive use of its light and dark areas Titian's "Man With the Glove."

ABOVE, right, in the portrait of Lorado Taft, the sculptor, and his "Fountain of Time," the photographer's skill is clearly evidenced by the ability with which the frail figure of the sculptor has been made to dominate the majestic figures he has created. This picture is now placed in Chicago.

THE beautiful combination of lights and shadows on the San Juan Capistrano, California, presented at the left, were won by the photographer after a patient wait of five hours.

position, and many that do not, however perfect they may be in the whole great arrangement of the world. Accepting the counsel of the second guidepost one walks slowly up and down by the side of the river scanning every aspect closely. One finds, and perhaps after a long search, a section where the stream winds along the shore in an undulating line. There are a few tall trees where the water will enter the picture, some lower ones where it will wind out; high trees on one side will inclose the river as between two sets of pillars, or prison walls; the low ones will enable the river with ease and gentleness to vanish into suggested distance. There is a line of trees on the far side of the water which repeats the shape of the river and so gives the rhythm that comes from repetition; there is low brush in the foreground through which the water may be photographed; there may remain a few limbs of trees to be broken here and there. One can then place the camera and wait for the moments when wind and sun and shadow give to the water life and vibration, and the picture can be photographed.

It may be well to interpolate here that it is both wise and considerate to take no one along when one goes out to hunt pictures with a camera. The hunter after quail and deer leaves his family and friends behind him when he goes out on his quest; if he chooses to have any companions they are co-hunters. The hunter for pictures may well learn of him. If he takes friends with him their impatience may draw him from the path of his intent, or his persistent singleness of object may deprive them of amusement and meals.

The second guidepost loses none of its force when the picture is to consist of the portrait of a human being. The average human face and body are not easily arranged into a clear and orderly and beautiful composition. The photographer needs to use all his ingenuity to accomplish it quite as completely as when his subject is a group of buildings, a bed of daffodils or a river. He needs to take time, to be observant, to make experiments patiently with his sitter, the camera, the light. The sitter, for instance, may be one who would make a pleasing picture when seen in profile if it were not for the fact that his nose is annoyingly short, or it may happen that his cheek bones are too high or his neck too long; the possible successful picture is, however, not lost, for experiment will reveal that by tilting the top of the head toward the camera and the nose away from it the nose achieves a satisfactory length, and you have the picture just as you want it; the high cheek bones will look normally high when the chin is tilted toward the camera, the accentuatedly long neck becomes of proper length when the camera is held high.

Your subject may be a sturdy little boy who is a large and important factor in his family. The essence of depicting him rightly is to depict him in the perspective in which his associates see him. But as you look at him through the lens of your camera you see just a little boy, nice, with strength and independence but unmistakenly diminutive in relation to the surroundings, which is just the thing he is not to his habitual human surroundings. In this case you cannot solve your problem by any change or adjustment of your sitter, but you will find that you can solve it by adjusting your camera, you can lower it bodily, put it on his level, the thing his associates unconsciously do with themselves and then take the picture before you. He appears just as you wish him to, just as he essentially is, a big, handsome little boy. Which sounds like a paradox, but is a pleasant matter of fact.

"IN THE PARK." A composition after the manner of Japanese prints that is worth emulating. Three-fourths of the objects in the picture are placed in one-third of its space.

The third guidepost relates to the exposure of the plate or film to the light:

Use Certainty and Not Guesswork in Time Exposure. Miss Reece recommends the following proceeding for ascertaining the length of time: close one eye, squint the other, and, while counting slowly and regularly, metronome fashion, keep that eye on the finder or ground glass. A moment will come when the picture seen there will be luminous. Lenses are like eyes, the number that you counted until the picture became bright in the finder is the number to count while exposing the film or plate to the light.

Guidepost number four:

If You Would Grow in the Art of Photography Develop Your Negatives Yourself. No etcher would have another than himself "bite" his plates, similarly no one who loves his pictures will let another develop them. Learn thoroughly how to do it, as you do to drive a motor car, so that the process of it becomes almost automatic, then set yourself to refining that sure, basic knowledge until you become a master in manipulating your plates in the developing process. Slow developers are more readily manipulated.

The next guidepost that we see reads:

Give Your Negatives the Advantage of Beautiful Printing. Here also there is a chance for art and a last chance to let your critical judgment come into play. It may happen that a negative is beautiful in all respects, idea, composition, the state of its development but it falls short of giving you complete satisfaction because it is somewhat too definite, too sharp. Here printing can rescue you from frustration, reverse the negative, print from the "wrong" side, and the whole is softened, and your finished print is precisely as you desired it to be.

There are still guideposts visible all down the road that stretches ahead of us but it may be sensible for us to let them go unscrutinized for the present and to sit down with Miss Reece's pictures to see what they may reveal.

It would be useful if we could go to the old mission of San Juan Capistrano with the photographs of it and stand where Miss Reece stood when she took it. We should certainly say, upon first view, "It is not so beautiful as she has made it." As we look longer, however, we see that it really is, that it possesses the possibilities which she has actualized and which it reveals only under favorable circumstances. She waited five hours, observing intently all the while, until the light and building together presented the picture we have here; she waited until there was the one strong, accented spot of high light, and the soft high lights permeating the spaces between the arches, until the ceiling and the rear wall were heavy with darkness, and there was the deep shadow in the lower right-hand corner from which the eye travels out into the light and on down to the baptismal font. She waited (Concluded on page 29)

Bureaus Grow to Bedroom Suites

How the Right of Self-Government Is Being Swamped in Centralization

By MARGARET C. ROBINSON

JAMES Russell Lowell was once asked by Guizot, the French historian, how long he thought the American Republic was likely to endure. "*So long as the ideals of its founders* continue to be dominant," was Lowell's memorable reply.

Have we forgotten what those ideals were? They were a strong belief in Christian principles, in the right of private ownership of property, devotion to law and order, and, above all, *belief in the principle of self-government.* The cornerstone of our national life is this belief in self-government. The founders of our Republic, who were thorough students of the science of government, knew all about kings and emperors, bureaucrats and tyrants, under whose rule the people had few rights, and these acquired by long and bitter struggle. Having the opportunity to start anew in America, these men were determined to secure for themselves and their descendents the right to self-government.

When the People Cease to Think

Bureaucracy accustoms people to let somebody else govern them, which is fatal to democracy. Germany's chaos today is the result of her people being so completely untrained in self-government. Their government so long dictated what they should do and think that now that the bureaucratic, paternalistic rule is removed, they are like a ship without a rudder. Next to Russia, Germany was the most completely bureaucratic government in Europe. The people had no practice in the management of their new affairs. Today the bureaus in Washington are as numerous as they were in Berlin before the war. This means that our power to govern ourselves is being removed, usurped by the Federal Government by means of bureaus. George Washington foresaw this danger clearly and warned his countrymen, saying: "Let there be no changes by usurpation, for this, though it may in one instance be the instrument of good, is the ordinary weapon by which free governments are destroyed."

In 1900 there were three commissions or bureaus at Washington, costing $820,000 a year. They have multiplied during 25 years by 1,000 per cent and their cost is $200,000,000 a year more than the entire cost of our government 25 years ago. Is it any wonder our taxes are heavy, for it is we who pay the bills.

Judge Thompson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, says: "Billions of dollars are expended every year in this country in an attempt by the government to do for the people *what they could infinitely better do for themselves.* Government job-holders are stepping on each other's heels and new jobs are being created daily. Tremendous as is the cost in millions and millions of treasure spent to maintain this hundred-headed bureaucratic monster, it does not compare with the cost in priceless fundamental principles destroyed. Every time the state or the nation is permitted to do that which should be done by the local county or city government, the people are surrendering a fundamental and sacred right."

We are, in fact, witnessing in the United States today a sharp conflict between two schemes of government. On the one hand is the American ideal of local self-government, which insists upon every reasonable opportunity for individual liberty and upon the preservation of the family as a social unit. On the other hand is the pre-war German and the present Russian plan of a strongly centralized government, controlling and directing the individual's activities, his domestic relations, and the solution of purely local issues according to a nation-wide standard, established and enforced by a central bureau.

President Coolidge has spoken again and again of the menace of growing centralization. He says it is making our Federal Government top-heavy. He says: "I am fearful that this broadening of the field of government activities is detrimental both to the Federal and State governments . . . Efficiency of State governments is impaired as they relinquish and turn over to the Federal Government responsibilities which are rightfully theirs."

Again he says: "If we are to maintain the nation and its Government institutions with a fair semblance of the principles on which they were founded, two policies must always be supported. First, the principles of local self-government in harmony with the needs of each state. This means that in general *the states should not surrender, but retain their own sovereignty, and keep control of their own Government.*"

Children's Bureau Grows Like a Beanstalk

Thomas R. Marshall, late Vice-President of the United States, said that he was long enough in Washington to see more than one small bureau grow into a full-sized bedroom suite!

No better example of this growth could be given than the Children's Bureau. When it was formed in 1912, it asked for an appropriation of only $12,500 and Congress was assured that it would never need more than $25,000 a year. In eight years it was asking for 26 times that amount, not counting the $1,240,000 which it receives under the Maternity Act.

Not content with this, the Children's Bureau is now trying to get the Maternity Act extended to take in Porto Rico, Alaska, and the Philippines, as well as the United States. Hawaii has also been taken in. This means more jobs, and more taxes, and so it goes in every bureau. If the Child Labor Amendment is ever ratified, the Children's Bureau will be given the task of executing such laws as Congress may see fit to pass "to limit, regulate and prohibit" the labor of American citizens under 18. The size of the bureau necessary for this task can only be conjectured. It would certainly be enormous.

Some Glaring Examples of Overlapping

Since the bureaus stand together and work together for their growing demands, they constitute a very menacing political machine which in time no President or Congress will dare oppose.

A recent issue of *The American Medical Association Bulletin* printed an article headed, "*Always One More Bureau.*" It said:

"That consuming passion for erecting one more bureau—and always one more bureau—in the government at Washington was never more grotesquely illustrated than in a certain passage of one of the recent reports of the new $50,000 commission of inquiry into agriculture.

"This commission discovers that there are overlappings of jurisdiction and duplications of work among the existing government bureaus. What, then, does it recommend? Why, of course, it recommends the establishment of a new bureau, a new 'interdepartmental agency,' the duty of which shall be 'to study this matter and to promote interdepartmental coördination.'

"Thus the commission contrives on its own account actually to suggest a new overlapping and duplication. It suggests a bureau for coördination when already, as a matter of fact, there are now two such bureaus simultaneously operating.

"One of them is the bureau of efficiency. Among the very first duties of this bureau is that of investigating 'duplications of work.' In the last fiscal year it made ninety-one inquiries into such duplications. Then there is the bureau (Concluded on page 27)

Romantic Rascals—No. 4

Thomas Lodge

By CHARLES J. FINGER

Author of "Highwaymen," "In Lawless Lands," "Bushrangers," "Tales From Silver Lands," etc.

WOOD BLOCK CUTS BY PAUL HONORÉ

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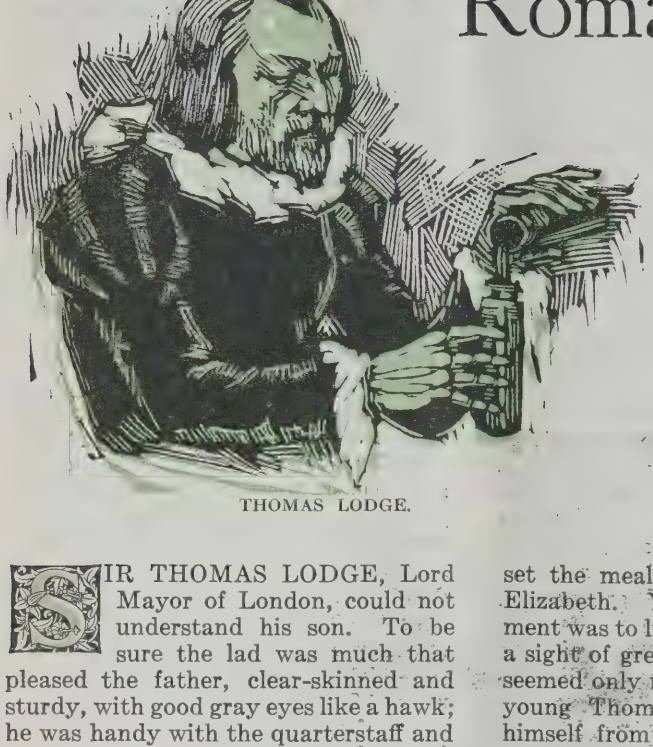


THOMAS LODGE.

SIR THOMAS LODGE, Lord Mayor of London, could not understand his son. To be sure the lad was much that pleased the father, clear-skinned and sturdy, with good gray eyes like a hawk; he was handy with the quarterstaff and a good wrestler, could ride well, could swim, could handle weapons deftly. But there was that strange, unaccountable taste for books. There was the still stranger taste for the companionship of bookmen. And as the lad was what the father called a "good tale-teller," who could be very frank and merry when the mood suited, it displeased the master of the house that young Thomas should choose rather the company of those who talked about books than older men who had done things. For instance, when Mr. Burder visited the Lodge home, there was Thomas off in a vast hurry to walk the Surrey hills with his friend Edmund Spenser, fellow scholar at the Merchant Taylors' School. And when the lad returned, laughing and bright-eyed, instead of listening to Mr. Burder's tale of how he, when mayor of Dover in the year 1563, had captured no less than six hundred French sh ps and sixty-one Spanish, there were the two with nothing better to do than to tell how they had been amazed and pleased at the sight of a stone bridge here, or a rose-twined cottage there, or, somewhere else, a flock of sheep grazing on some hillside where the shadows flew. Certainly, thought the father, such talk is far from valiant when right-minded lads should be in a glow about Drake, spoiling Spaniards, or about Hawkins, getting gold off the African coast by capturing Negroes and selling them as slaves.

So, to fill his son with proper pride in his country, Sir Thomas managed matters in such fashion that young Thomas might see royal glories at first hand, visiting the place where authority dwelt. It was no easy matter to gain entrance to the palace, but because he had been Lord Mayor in the year 1563, there were modified relaxations, so at last father and son stood in a darkened room, and, through a panel hole, looked down into the chamber where was being set the meal for Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. Yet after all, the experiment was to little purpose, for what was a sight of great solemnity for the man, seemed only ridiculous to the lad. For young Thomas could hardly restrain himself from laughing aloud when he saw a tall man with a gold-tipped rod advancing into the chamber, followed by another dressed in scarlet who carried a tablecloth, which, after kneeling three times, they spread. Then the rod bearer, having knelt three times more, left the room, reëntering presently with the saltcellar bearer and the bread-plate bearer, so there were more kneelings and genuflections, a careful placing of this plate and that exactly thus and so, then more kneelings before they left the room. As for the twenty-four Yeomen of the Guard, each one carrying a dish, and the Lady Taster who gave each one of them something to eat from a dish by way of testing for poison, and as for the twelve trumpeters and the two drummers who made the walls ring again with their noise, at all of them and their doings young Lodge grinned, and, at the end, when the plate bearers carried a dish to the queen who dined in a private chamber alone, he said that to his thinking, it was all idle folly and pompous nonsense. But the father was moved with deep emotion at sight of all that ritual and, being at home again, talked for awhile about Drake "singeing the King of Spain's beard," then touched on the inferiority of all foreigners and ended by saying that his son should be proud that he could call himself an Englishman. When the lad, with respect in his manner, said that he did not see how all the burning and slaying of enemies made for a country's greatness, the ex-Lord Mayor wagged his forefinger at his son and told him that he talked like a jackanapes and a faint-spirited foreigner.

"Sharp words to end a pleasant beginning, sir," said the son, reddening and knitting his brows. "But to change your mind, I shall join the ship bound on a buccaneering cruise to America, which is now fitting out in the Thames."

But on that cruise Thomas did go, for the father, who was sorry for thoughtless words and had no idea t his son was the wearer of a white feath sought out young Spenser, who sp in high praise of his friend's ver Then, mistily believing that lawyer author meant pretty much the sa thing, he walked into the city, some of his friends, and the upshot all was that Thomas was entered Lincoln's Inn to be a lawyer.

That was in the early part of year 1578, but before the summer gone Thomas flung his law books as having no mind for the reading of ot than the prose of Sir Thomas Moor the poetry of William Dunbar. instead of sitting in law courts, he sp much of his time at inns and ot lounging places, listening to out elbow writers, or himself reciting lads on the death of Douglas and Pe and the like. So the young man bur his bridges and destroyed his bo idling in the streets where prent called their wares; or hobnobbing v such fellows as Marlowe and Peele Greene and Kyd who wrote dran or watching the people at bull baiti or seeing the frays of sword and buc men, almost everyday occurrences; eating and drinking with penni pamphleteers such as Harvey, Nash, and Dekker, and Breton. It a happy-go-lucky life that he led, so times with money in pocket after rowing from old Henslowe the pa broker and giving a manuscript security, at other times running u score at the Golden Pheasant wh the rough-and-tumble John Hall always willing to supply a plate of and a pint of wine to those who follo the dangerous trade of author.

One day, into that life burst handsome and fiery young Earl Cumberland, M.A., of Trinity Coll Cambridge, and he was one who touc all hearts because he was honest fearless, soft of voice, genial to a fa loyal to his friends, but very conte tuous of the whole crew of writing n Most mercilessly he began hurling bal thunderbolts at the head of Tho who was his own age within a year. denounced in extraordinary variety volume, and with an assumption his victim yearned for nothing than mere indolence. Was Thom he wanted to know, going to spend

fe among a pack of ne'er-do-wells? Would he always allow pleasure to absorb his energies? Did he expect to arve a career among winebibbers and awnbrokers and actors? Did he aim t vacuity rather than action and fullness of life? Could he, a young man full f capacity, fail to see that a true poet hould also be a gallant knight with a word at his side, as was Sir Philip idney? He went on, with great enthuiasm, and at the end flung on the table glove which he took from his plumed at, a glove which had been given him y the queen. "That," he declared, is what I fight for. More, I am resolved to do what I an to the end that England shall come o rule the world and hat Spain shall acnowledgeour Queen!" Then out flashed his word and up went very wine cup, and very man was on is feet, every one noved with a high nd shining purpose s he shouted, "To he Queen!" As for he heart of Thomas odge, it was at once lled with the fierce oy of anticipated attle.

Nor were there ostponements. For freebooting expedition under Captains Clarke and Cavendish as fitting out to perate in Spanish aters and, when it ailed, Thomas Lodge as of the party. rom the year 1584, ntil the year 1589, n the neighborhood f the Canaries and he Cape Verde Islands there were erce activities. It as war to the death ith many a sound hip sent to the bottom of the sea. It as a time of hard nocks and hostiles, of strange ferocies and fine courtesies, of legalized iracy and attacks upon noncombatnts in the name of patriotism. For while Thomas Lodge was dazzled and ooded by exciting sensations, but the assionate desire to express himself in ords did not sleep for long. There ere days when he forgot the world of attling ships, and of roaring cannon, nd of chain-shot, to dwell in other heres. So, on that expedition his encil was busy and he wrote "Glaucus nd Scilla," then "Catharos, Diogenes," nd, most noteworthy, a tale called Rosalynde," not at all about bloody ten and deeds of derring do as might ave been expected, not about the thundering days of the Great Armada, but, instead, about rightful and usurping dukes, girl friends wandering in a forest and passing as lady and page, a wandering band of robbers and all that kind of thing, with, at the end, a happy clearing up of misunderstandings. When Lodge reached London he had it published, and men here and there found it interesting, especially a young play writer who had come from Stratford, one named William Shakespeare who had the trick of picking up odd stories and redressing and adorning them. As he saw Lodge's story, with a touch of humor here and there, with an under-

On this voyage his pencil was busy.

plot added, with a few extra characters invented, a lively play might result. So William Shakespeare set to work, used the buccaneer's plot as a scaffold, created a Jacques, a Touchstone and an Audrey; turned Lodge's wandering girl friends into brother and sister; made the two dukes as brothers, and, behold, there was common clay changed into fine gold and the play was presented under the title of "As You Like It."

But for Thomas Lodge, life in the raw weighed heavier far than literature; to tempt fortune pleased him more than to court fame. For a year he stayed in England, sometimes in his old haunts in the city among his cronies of the stage, but for most of the time he was a kind of epicure of life. In a favorite garden at the end of a stone-walled lane there was a seat under a mass of greenery, from which place he could see the ship-laden River Thames, and there he read the "Faerie Queene" of his friend Spenser. Sometimes he walked tireless miles with the poet by moonlight or in the starless dusk, through the fragrant country, talking always of adventure overseas. For a new idea was in his mind, and he was filled with a great desire to see that land discovered by Columbus almost a hundred years before. So when he heard that Sir Thomas Cavendish was fitting out a galleon, the *Desire*, for a semi-piratical cruise to Brazil, he was all eagerness to be of the crew. And when, on August 6, of the year 1591, the *Desire* dropped out of the harbor with cannon booming and trumpets blowing and flags aflutter, Thomas Lodge was aboard.

Then came the grim business at Santa when houses went up in flame, and, with rolling drums and threatening arms, the piratical crew of Captain Cavendish marched through the town leaving smolder and ruin in their wake. The Jesuit college with its priceless library might have become ashes like many other buildings, had not Thomas Lodge discovered the treasure. Having found it, there was no more piracy for awhile for Thomas Lodge. The hard-handed buccaneers went about as they chose, and the galleon swung at anchor in the bay while the warrior lords took their ease in the college, some living fatly, caring for nothing, but the pirate-writer rummaging among rare books of parchment, old treasures; the books of Dante, and Pletho, and Bessarion, and Gaza, and some of the MSS. that had once belonged to Niccolo Niccoli. Nor did the strange fellows leave their peaceful quarters on the breezy hilltop until the end of January, 1592. Then, because one of the crew spread about among his shipmates a tale that he had heard of wonders to be seen in Patagonia, of giants and cannibals, and of great birds "more than the biggnesse of a man," the ad-

(Concluded on page 27)

Was Joanna Southcott a Prophetess

Should the Bishops of England Consent to Open Her Sealed Mystery Box?

By PAUL TYNER

AN EIGHTEENTH-century wit once said that the great end and aim of English jurisprudence was to "get twelve good men in a box." However this may be, there is no doubt that the whole end and aim of a most ingenious and elaborate last will and testament left by a very clever and seemingly pious old Englishwoman, who died here about 110 years ago, was to get twenty-four good bishops to open a box. Paradoxically enough, the wording of this will has in practical effect caused the said bishops to keep the box closed.

The old woman was named Joanna Southcott, famous in her day as a "Prophetess," and even more famous in our day by reason of the rumpus that is being raised by her followers in their public and private insistence, not only that the bishops should open the box, but furthermore that they shall open it in the presence of twenty-four witnesses chosen from among these followers, along with an attorney and any "sealed person" who desired to be present. The opening of the box must further be preceded by two whole days of discussion between the bishops and the Southcotters and the reading by all the bishops of "The Book of the Trial of the Claims of Joanna Southcott," prepared by that good lady back in 1804. The reference to "sealed" persons has a special significance as will appear later.

Early in March, 1918, Haig and his army were retreating before the terrific advance of the Germans. When near Calais, whence it was expected the British would be driven into or across the Channel, Haig stoutly proclaimed that he would even there, "with his back against the wall," make a last stand against the foe. Then twenty-four bishops of the Church of England got together and yielded to the fervid protestations of the Southcotters that surely the "time of grave national danger" had arrived in which Joanna had predicted the box should be sent for by the bishops, and that its opening "would see an end of England's troubles."

The bishops, that is to say, yielded so far as to ask that the box might be taken to the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster for that purpose. But because the bishops would not promise to comply with all the other conditions mentioned, the present custodian refused to part with it.

The bishops hoped that this refusal had spiked the guns of the insistent ones and no more would be heard of Joanna and her box. They reckoned without their host, for within the last year or so the Southcotters have redoubled their energies and have been, in season and out of season, keeping the powerful engine of publicity going, in their endeavor, by force of public opinion, to compel the bishops not only to open the box, but to open it in precisely the manner and under just the conditions that the "prophetess" had prescribed. They bought advertising space liberally in the newspapers and maneuvered to get still more space in the guise of "news" —often succeeding in "making" news, as in the case of the presentation of a monster petition about a month ago to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Primate's refusal to accede to it—noting especially that "just as the petition was presented at Lambeth Palace a terrific thunderstorm broke over its roof and floods of rain poured down on the Midlands doing much damage to crops."

> The strange story of an English Prophetess whose will and whose writings have stirred up a world-wide rumpus one hundred years after her death —claims that she foretold the great war, airplanes, tanks, gas-bombs and all the rest—why her followers demand that twenty-four Bishops of the English Church shall open the box — present-day fulfillment of her prophecy of an era of healing free for all — remarkable new departure of the Southcotters in vigorous propaganda of absolute democracy as the coming form of national and world government—leader of movement claims to be reincarnation of "Shiloh," feminine avatar to whom Joanna Southcott expected to give birth. Bedford, Bunyan's picturesque home town, as a shrine of the cult. Archbishops of Canterbury and of York said to approve convocation of twenty-four Bishops of English Church to open the Mysterious Box in accordance with Joanna's will.

For several months early in the present year great posters stared out on the passer-by from the deadwalls and in the underground railway stations, announcing:

THE FATE OF MOSCO

and Even Worse Upheaval, Horro and Bloodshed

WILL BE THE FATE OF LON

Unless the Bishops Relent and Open Jo Southcott's Box within 60 Days

LET THE PEOPLE OF ENGL TAKE WARNING AND BEWARE THE WRATH OF A JUST GOD

Similar warnings were sent to King, the Prime Minister, the Chief Justice and the Archbisho Canterbury and York.

Well, the sixty days came and —and nothing happened. That say, no calamity beyond the ordi normal number of accidents and and the intensification of unem ment with its drain for doles o public purse. A great silence fell the Southcotters and—with all more exciting events of the acce to power of a Socialist governme Britain, the overturning of Poi in France, international tennis ma and echoes of troubles in India, land and Egypt—Joanna and he seemed likely to fade into oblivio far as public interest was concern

Then came a new turn in the of campaign of the Southcotters. lowing what theatrical press a might irreverently term the "pub stunt" of the recent big petition t Archbishop of Canterbury an sarcastic rejection of it, and an a simultaneous appeal of the Archb of York to the British Medical Co to appoint a committee to look the whole question of spiritual he London was flooded with circular pamphlets, and several public me were held under the auspices of Panacea Society," announcing another of Joanna Southcott's p ecies was finding fulfillment. was declared to be nothing less tha dawning of the new era of a "Visi of Healing" for all. The lead Joanna's followers, it was annou had most unexpectedly receiv revelation as to the method of healing. It was entirely different all other methods of spiritual heal vogue and vastly superior, inas as it was direct from God and une required no faith or even intelli on the part of the sick, and is given without money or price. I a "healing by water." That investigation by the writer prov water in which certain little s white tablets had been dissolve the solution swallowed or a

ernally, according to the nature of disease; this daily for several nths or more, and "strictly ac-ding to instructions."

The Southcotters have accordingly rganized under the name of "The nacea Society" and are issuing a ll-got-up little monthly, called *The nacea*, devoted to carrying the news this "visitation of healing" to all world, and incidentally to the prop-anda of Joanna's prophecies and erpretations of the Bible—keeping stantly to the fore the rousing of people to persistent and tinuous demands that the hops *shall* open the box!

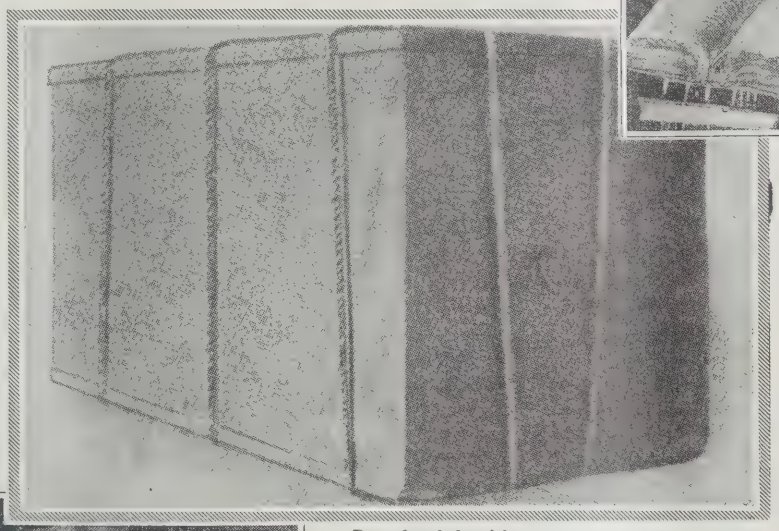
So a number of people America, where Joanna said to have more than 000 followers, as well as England where the num-is more modestly stated 12,000, are emerging from tate of blissful indifference bishops and boxes and are ing two questions:

"Who was this Joanna uthcott, anyway?"

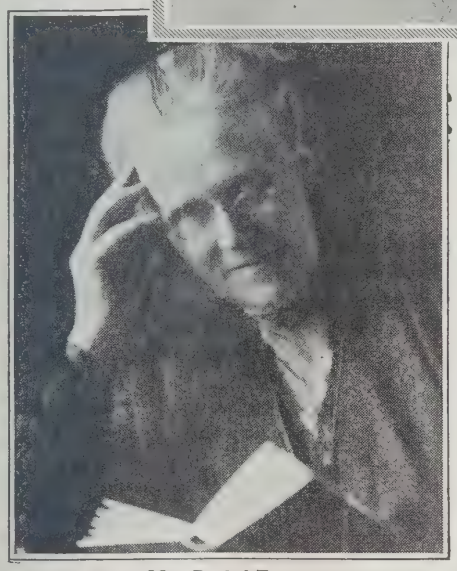
"What is in the old box make such a time about?"

Readers of The DEAR-RN INDEPENDENT have got o the habit looking to pages for onicles of glected truth. this case far it from me pronounce h finality or gmatism just at is the th in this e as between versions set th with ap-rently equal nesty of con-tion as to nna. The rest plan, bably, will to set both ies before THE ARBORN IN-PENDENT'S readers and let them ke up their minds for themselves. ay two sides, not that the bishops re allowed the Southcotters to put m on the defensive. In fact, as far I can find, there is no one really posed to the opening of the box and is not suggested by even the most iid and conservative of church ple that this box of Joanna's may ve to be another "Pandora's Box" ich, in the light of classic example, ght be better kept closed. Partisan-ip is all on the side of the followers of l Prophetess. But there is what may called a nonpartisan view of the ole matter placed on record by torical writers who had no interest the thing one way or the other.

As the result of further strong epistolary appeals sent out to ninety bishops and suffragan bishops, it is declared that the Archbishops of Canterbury and of York and five bishops have now signified their willingness to attend the opening of the mysterious box left by the seeress locked and sealed on her death about one hundred years ago. They seem to have succumbed to a gentler diplomacy and, conditionally at least, have consented to witness the opening of the box in the presence of a jury consisting of twenty-four of their own number and twenty-four "sealed" members of the Panacea Society. It is believed that the mystery will be revealed and the long agony of waiting and wondering ended within the next three months. The box is said to be in Bristol in the safekeeping of Mrs. Rachel Fox, a descendant of the clergyman to whom it was originally intrusted more than 100 years ago. Certain members of the society favor requiring the bishops to to go to the box in Bristol while others believe it would be more courteous to bring the box to the bishops here in London, or even to the seat of the Primate in Canterbury. There is also a possibility of the Bedford members demanding that the box shall be opened in a special room at headquarters in Albany Road, Bedford, which has long been prepared for it.



Box of sealed writings.



Mrs. Rachel Fox.

Joanna Southcott.

Joanna Southcott was born in Devon in 1750, the daughter of a farmer in the parish of Ottery St. Mary. As was the custom with farmer's daughters in those days, she went out to service in the Manor House and later in the rectory of the parish, keeping her eyes and ears open while attending to her domestic duties and, being serious minded, devoting much time to reading her Bible and other good books, so that she indulged in none of the games and pastimes that attracted more light-minded maidens, and never married. She was 42 years old when, according to her own record, she began to listen to "an inner voice" and became endowed with the gift of prophecy.

In short order, she drew about her a number of people of the neighborhood who were vastly impressed by her strange sayings. Many of these prophecies were in verse. Not having been taught to read and write, she dictated these prophecies to a young curate and some of them were printed and widely distributed. They came to the attention of William Blake, the famous mystic and engraver, and he induced her to come to London. Soon afterward she parted company with Blake, set up on her own account and began "sealing" the 144,000 of the "Elect" at the modest fee of 12 shillings to a guinea apiece, according to the means of the convert. In the course of a few years her adherents numbered nearly 100,000 persons of all classes. During the last year of her life, 1814, she gave out that, in accordance with her own prophecies and her interpretations of the Book of Revelation, she was about to give birth to a child immaculately conceived by the Holy Ghost and who would prove to be the Savior of the World—Christ in his Second Coming. But the expected birth did not occur. Instead, ten days after the designated day, Joanna passed into a trance and died. The medical man in attendance gave the cause of death in his certificate as "brain disease."

Joanna left two boxes, one, that which is just now the subject of so much controversy; the other a smaller box which, in accordance with her directions, was kept carefully locked and sealed until 1824, ten years after her death. This box was then found to contain a complete outfit of baby clothes beautifully made and embroidered. As to the big box still to be opened, we are told that it contains a number of manuscripts, the nature of which was kept secret by Joanna. She stated, however, that the bishops who would open the box "in time of national danger" would find in it writings which would impart a basis of union for all the creeds of Christendom and those of the Orient likewise, including the Jews. It is further declared that this union would not involve impossible fusion of the churches, but would enable them to form a strongly coöperative league against evil of every sort: a League of Justice that would insure the peace of the world, preventing wars and securing the happiness and welfare of all humanity. This surely is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

It seems a pity that so valuable a contribution to the solution of the world's pressing problems should be kept locked up in an old box hidden away mysteriously and kept from the knowledge of suffering humanity by what the Southcotters declare to be the stubbornness of the Archbishop of Canterbury and by what that eminent prelate lays to the stubbornness of the Southcotters, who are its custodians, in insisting on the prerequisite of forms and ceremonies which he pronounces so "fantastic and profane" that the hierarchy of the Church of England cannot lower its dignity to take part in them.

It is to be noted that Joanna wielded the pen of a ready writer, to judge by the fact that she wrote about one hundred books, many of which are to be found in the great national library of the British Museum. Sixty-five of these books, besides any original manuscripts (of which there are a vast number) "in the possession of Believers," are to be exposed for investigation on the first three days of the assembly which it is demanded the bishops shall convoke for the opening of the box.

A Chest of Oak Sealed With Seven Seals

As to the box itself, we are told by the Southcotters that it is really a box within a box. The inner box is described as a large chest of oak, iron-bound like a seaman's chest of the olden day and locked, roped and sealed "with seven seals." The outer box is a huge deal contraption about eight feet long by five feet wide and four feet deep in dimensions. It is bound with a stout hempen ship's rope and fastened with a padlock, both ropes and padlock being further fastened by large seals bearing the impress of a seal ring worn by the Prophetess.

The box was given into the custody of Joanna's friend and follower, the Rev. Thomas Foley, and has been handed down to his heirs from generation to generation. It is now in the custody of the latest of these descendants living in a town in West England, who guards it sacredly. Indeed, the Southcotters declare this box to be "the Ark of the Testament, Containing the Will of the Lord God and Expressing His intentions concerning this Country." Exact information as to the name of the custodian and his address is refused to "outsiders," and these particulars appear to be known only to members of an inner circle even among the initiated. By a strange irony of fate, the present Bishop of London, who is said to be a collateral descendant of the Rev. Thomas Foley and who, in 1814, on the death of Joanna became the custodian of the box, has distinguished himself among all the English bishops as most scornful of the pretensions of her followers, declaring her alleged prophecies to be stuff and nonsense, and the idea of twenty-four bishops bothering their heads about whether it is ever opened as simply preposterous.

Prophecies Which Made a Prophetess

It must be said that Joanna's followers, on their side, confidently base their claims to attention on what they consider the irrefragable evidence that Joanna was indeed a Prophetess sent by God in the fulfillment of no less than 200 of her prophecies. Many of these referred to important events taking place in the century following her death and including the breaking out of the great war, the use of airplanes in that war and England's bombardment from the air, as well as the use of tanks in battle and of poison gas and incendiary bombs. Stress is laid on predictions that "England is to possess Jerusalem when she shall join in war against the Turks," and shall govern Egypt. From the nonpartisan standpoint, the cryptical form in which these prophecies are cast is viewed as an indication that they were mere wild guesses, possible to anyone and heralded after the event. Anyone with common sense, it is suggested, might predict that there would be wars and earthquakes in the course of one hundred years and that new and strange war devices might be brought forth. Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall," looked into the future and saw aerial navies battling in the skies and dropping bloody rain. Joanna did not predict railways, telegraphs, telephones or wireless.

Naturally enough, the omnipresent skeptic and cynic will ask, "What is the catch?" Perhaps I had my own suspicions. But I am compelled to confess that a very full investigation has convinced me of the entire sincerity of the Southcotters. They are not getting any money from the general public to speak of—nothing like the money they have been spend publicity for the demand th bishops shall open the box. F more, that avid desire for th light for the exploitation o particular leader's personality, vious in most movements of th is here conspicuous by its a

The Coming Form of Rule

The only ality wh "glorified" of the P etess wh been dead for 110 years!

Nor have I been able to any purpose to build up an ins which shall wax wealthy and p through the propaganda of views or doctrines. Joanna Sou followers, today as during h time, are faithful and steadfas bers of the Church of England as such members of the chur they demand the attention of stituted ecclesiastical authoritie do not flock apart and hold services of their own, and they ar royalist than the King" in mar For instance, the leading articl first number of *The Panacea* is "Absolute Monarchy: the Comi of Rule." The writer of it insi all other forms of world rule are and that the only form of gov which can ever be really successf absolute rule of a King and Q Father and Mother, to whom th as children in the family, wil implicit obedience.

It is consolingly added th temporary chaos must and wi vene, there will be a way out a will quickly evolve. "Then w the absolute parental rule of t and Queen, acting as Fath Mother of the nations . . . af land has learned her lesson, solute Monarchy, under uni never-before experienced Div mediate rule, will set all things and they will never be crooke

There is an absence of an tion of desire to exalt the "belov as that famous Austrian psyc Dr. Stekele, terms it; an obsess personal importance and its c as public notice in any of the ties of "exhibitionism" of the t indeed, is all the other way.

The Abbé Lamennais, w French to this day regard as on greatest writers, in 1750, the which Joanna was born, wrote

"I see the East, and it is I watch its ancient temples fa dust. It raises its eyes as if another God . . . I see in th Woman. With steady hand s a light furrow, and wherever h share passes I see generations rising up to bless her in their so I see the devil fleeing away, an with all His angels coming t

But, as Maeterlinck says part of a prophet is, next to a commentator, one of the mos and thankless to sustain."

Quaint Old Ipswich of the Dunes

Strait-Laced in the Past and Retaining Its Mellow Savor in the Present

By MAY B. WHITING
ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY W. WOODWARD

STRAIT-LACED, ecclesiastical Ipswich, lighting the fires of learning in the wilderness, then watching the years p by, filled with stories many as the nds of the dunes! No other village old Massachusetts retains more of s old-time savor. Houses with beetling cond story are so common that they arcely attract the eye, Church Green even today the center community life, and, t on Ipswich Bar, arry Main still winds s cable of sand and rieks as the waves rush rough it.

Ipswich was founded 1633 by John Winrop, son of the Gover-r, to offset the French ttlement at Cape Sable. y order of the court ung Winthrop started t in March with twelve en to find the Indian llage of Agawam, where, was rumored, the land is uncommonly fertile d fodder abounded. ney found that the Inans had already cleared e slopes of the hills for anting corn and the arshes yielded great uantities of hay. For enty pounds sterling e Sagamore Musconoimet gave up his rights the whole district, setting his mark the deed which is now preserved in sex Institute in Salem. The newmers gave the name of Ipswich to e settlement in memory of the town England which had shown great ndness to the men who shipped from ere.

The prestige of its founding atacted the élite of the colony. Here me Governor Dudley and his daughr Anne, the poetess of the New World, th her husband, Simon Bradstreet, o was to hold the highest honors at the colony could bestow. Here ed the "first great Democrate," hn Wise, whose activities in the bellion against Andros gave Ipswich e right to bear on her seal the gend, "Birthplace of American dependence, 1687."

A few months after its founding overnor Winthrop journeyed on foot the new settlement to see how his n was faring and tarried over the bbath. Later some of the most urned divines of New England dwelt Ipswich. The first minister was athaniel Ward, author of "The mple Cobbler of Agawam," and of The Body of Liberties," a code of laws adopted in 1641 and recognized as the foundation of the States' sovereignty.

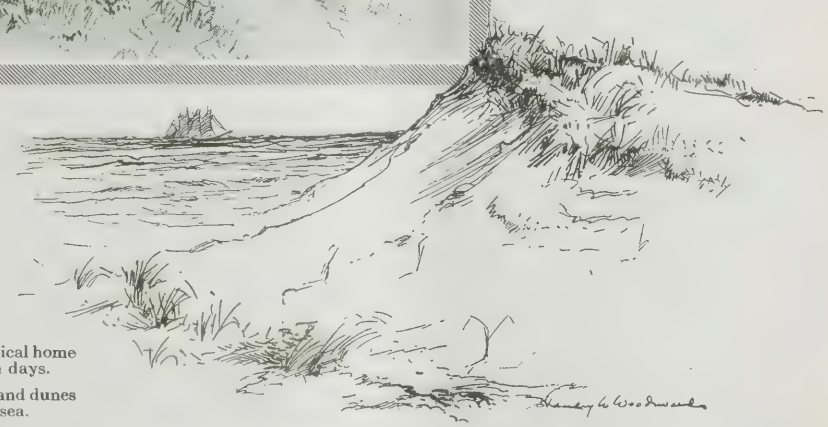
But in the midst of all this wisdom and sober thinking the daughters of Eve did not forget their birthright, and their frivolity sorely tried the good minister's soul. He thus berates the ladies of his parish: "When I hear a nugiferous gentledame inquire what dress the Queen is in this week, what the nudious tertian of the Court, I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle." A dreadful squelcher, indeed, but the chances are that feminine curiosity about the Queen's dress was just as rampant as before.

By 1646 the town had a good meeting house but its crudeness must have contrasted strangely with the high tone of the preaching within. It was surrounded by a stockade and patrolled during service. On its outer walls hung gaping wolves' heads, for the town offered a reward to whoever should kill one of these marauders and, to receive the bounty, the claimant was ordered to bring the head to the church and nail it thereon.

In the shadow of the sacred edifice were the implements of punishment, the stocks, the pillory, and the cage, and the town annals show that they were not allowed to fall to pieces through disuse. On one Sunday in May, 1702, Captain John Stevens had the audacity to drive through the village in a "calash," with dashing Jane Sandiman by his side, and for this "prophanation of ye Sabbath" he was duly brought to court. At the foot of the Green was the gaol where Goody Cole and other witches were detained awaiting their trial at Salem. Here the aged Giles Corey made his will, and here, in Revolutionary days, the British soldiers were guarded.

Standing on the Green at Ipswich, it is easy for one to bring back in fancy those happenings. It is not a sleek greensward, but a ragged hill where a granite ledge thrusts out its ribs on every side. When Whitefield preached to the crowd assembled there, the devil perched on the ridgepole of the church, and, infuriated at the holy words, leaped down and left the imprint of his hoof on a rock beside the very door where all who pass may see it today. To the Green, at sunrise, the hogs were driven, thence to the common beyond the town. An hour later the cows were gathered at the horn of Goodman Symnes and driven to the village pasture land.

Ipswich was the scene of a unique industrial venture. (Concluded on page 29)



Above—A typical home of the olden days.

Below—The sand dunes and the sea.

The Earthworm as Man's Best Frien

A Skilled Tiller of the Soil and Indefatigable Promoter of Fertility

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

HERE is an odd creature which plays an important part in the welfare of the world by a lowly and unusual means. It renders a great service to mankind, to its fellow members of the animal kingdom, to the plants that grow from the soil, all by the strange device of eating dirt.

This animal with the peculiar appetite, the only animal in the world with this food habit, is none other than the modest earthworm with which one baits his hook when he goes fishing. So little understood is the earthworm that most people consider that it renders its greatest service when it wriggles on a hook as a temptation to brook trout. Great would be the surprise of these people should they find out that, aside from this purpose, the earthworm has earned itself a place in the world alongside the cow, the horse, the little brown hen, in the group of most useful animals.

This dirt eater serves its chief purpose by making the soils of the earth more fertile than they otherwise would be. It is Nature's own cultivator of the soil. Through the ages it has stirred up the soil of all the continents of the world more than have the harrows of man. It has worked without ceasing through the centuries, mellowing the earth's surface and making it more productive.

Making the Earth Fruitful

It has always added to the world's harvests and harvests have always been the world's primary interest.

In the average one-acre garden there are 50,000 earthworms always working. They represent 400 pounds of brawn busy at the business of soil mixing. They are working in your garden but they are also working in your wood lot, in your meadow, your cornfield. You may not plan to cultivate the wood lot but they will none the less keep it stirred up against the possibility that you may change your mind. They will mix the soil of the everglades and of the lowlands where the Yukon flows down to the sea. They are at it in teeming India and on the Pampas where graze the herds of Argentina. All over the world the earthworms are working in the top soil and their labors make it better for growing the crops of today or tomorrow or that are to feed generations as far beyond us as we are from Adam.

The first aid which the earthworm lends to the fitness of the soil comes from the tunnels it runs through the ground. It creates a network of them in the surface soil. Along comes dry weather and the surface soil is too dry and hard for its operations. It digs deeper, perforates the second foot down. Then, as winter comes on, if this is a northern earthworm, it realizes that it must go still farther down, must get beyond the point where there is any chance of freezing. For this and other reasons earthworms may go down four feet, six feet, even eight feet.

These tunnels let the water in. It softens hard, dry places. The earth deep down becomes a storage reservoir for moisture that may save plant life when dry spells come. Plant roots follow the wormholes where they might not otherwise be able to penetrate. Thus do they reach new supplies of plant food.

An Expert in Tunnel Construction

The manner in which this earthworm, delicate, soft-bodied creature that it is, makes its tunnels through the ground, is very peculiar. If you will examine its soft, jointed body, made up, maybe, of 200 segments, you will find that it comes to a point at the head. This worm, placed in a pan of soft dirt, will sink its sharp nose into some crack in the dirt. It wedges between two particles of dirt. It then proceeds to press its inner body into the portion of itself that has got into the crack. This crowds the dirt to the sides. It edges in a bit more, swells itself out, enlarges the tunnel.

Having thus crowded the dirt out and made a passageway the size of its body, it secretes moisture from its sides and with it a bit of lime. This hardens and holds the tunnel in shape.

This type of construction, however, will not fit all requirements. Possibly the worm could not wedge in. There might be a heavy, black, putty-like mass of mud ahead of it. It is necessary to use some other method.

Has a Crop and Gizzard Like a Chicken

Very well, says the earthworm, I will eat myself a tunnel. Whereupon it goes at the wall with its mouth. It fills itself with black mud. Having thus eaten heavily of dirt it decides, by instinct, to make the most of the meal. Since it lives on vegetable and animal matter possibly there are some of these materials in this dirt that it has eaten. If so, it will extract them while the dirt cargo is aboard and make use of them.

The earthworm has a crop and gizzard as has a chicken. The crop lets the swallowed dirt into the gizzard a little at a time. This gizzard is filled with sharp, grinding bits of stone such as the chicken uses but, of course, much smaller. In this gizzard all the dirt that has been eaten is ground up, worked over. Everything in it, such as ing leaves, is set aside and used a The great mass of it, however, g through the earthworm's syste is discarded.

Before discarding this worke dirt, however, the earthworm ta to the surface. Anybody who wi the trouble to look can see piles o about, in the garden, along the p the edge of the pavement. Billi earthworms every night brin worked-over dirt to the surface, what as do the ants, and leave it by their holes, where it can be recognized.

The earthworm, however, w dirt that has no food in it for t purpose of digging a tunnel. To this an experimenter filled a ja fine sand containing no humus, packed it down. He then put an worm on its surface. That eart tried to make a hole by the cr method but the sand was pack tight. It then set about eating i down. It took it two days on a sand but in the end it succeeded

Bringing Up the Earth From Below

This brin dirt from b the second service of the worm. It br up from two inches down, four inches down, from six a foot, two feet, four feet piles it at the surface. It does w plow does but it goes deeper, steadier. It is at it everywhere time. One earthworm in one da not accomplish much but all o working through the centuries this surface dirt slowly workin and forth.

It would be hard to find a par meadow dirt that had not at so passed through the gizzard of an worm. In doing so it has been up, its quality as plant food ha improved. It is better soil.

A farmer in England once layer of quicklime over a meadow lay there unplowed through the years. Six years later he put on of cinders. Ten years after down the quicklime he was diggi holes across the meadow for a ne He observed that, one inch bel surface all across the meadow, through a layer of cinders, an inches down he passed through of quicklime.

The farmer remembered the lime and cinders he had scatter the meadow 10 years earlier. strange, he thought, that these rials should thus have sunk i ground. A careful examination s however, that they had not su the ground but that dirt ha

ght up from below by earthworms piled on top of them. Four years this field was again examined and quicklime and cinders were found inch deeper than before.

Careful observation, over long peri- of stones lying on the surface of the nd show that they gradually dis- ear. It is an interesting fact that recently plowed or otherwise ght to the surface is likely to show y small stones. Land long undis- ed offers no pebbles for the boy's gshot. They have been covered up he earthworms. Even stone walls, ent ruins, gradually work deeper into the ground.

he Earthworm Is a Night Prowler

In soils where earthworms are plentiful they are believed to bring to the ace an inch of dirt each three or four rs. It is fresh dirt thus given to the for the first time. It is finely ground in form to be used by plants. It is e dirt likely to drift into the low es. It has done much through the turies to smooth out the rough es on the earth's surface.

Then the earthworm proceeds to te its third contribution to the rovement of the soil of the world. It ld be known that this useful animal night prowler. Like the stealthy nts and the flitting bat it is abroad fly when conventional people are fortably tucked in their beds. By the earthworm is likely to sleep just erground with its nose very near the ning to its tunnel. If you suddenly pe away the earth it has brought up are very likely to see it making a k retreat.

When the light of day is gone, how- , it comes forth. It does this for ral reasons. Then it may meet r earthworms and nighttime is its ic time while there in its tunnel by it is all alone. Then, also, it may a bit of green food to vary its monot- us diet of dirt. Further it is safe night, for the birds that so delight ating earthworms are on their roosts. Yet the earthworm is a modest sort rager when it goes leaf hunting. It t be because it is not very well pped for careering in the great er world. In the first place it can- see at all. It has not so much as the blance of an eye. It does not need n down below and they would not much use to it when it comes to the ace, for this is nearly always done by night.

It Can Hear But Has No Ears

Neither can the earthworm hear. It has no ears. Its body is sensitive to t. It can tell the difference between t and darkness. Its body also is itive to vibration. It can tell when orkman is busy nearby with his ple or when the mole, its arch enemy, unneling in a nearby bit of earth. se senses are entirely aside, how- , from those of sight or hearing.

The earthworm has no nose and so cannot smell. It has no lungs. It absorbs air through its skin by a process that may be called breathing but which is not.

So there is left to it but two of the five senses with which it must do the best it can toward getting on. These are the sense of feeling and the sense of taste. With nothing else to guide it this modest, lowly animal must earn its living, must render its hugely important service in the world.

When the earthworm comes to the mouth of its tunnel in the nighttime it is very likely to be looking for garden truck for its supper. In its hunt for it, as a poor blind creature, it must be careful not to lose its way. It takes a great deal of pains to keep in touch with its home in the ground. Men, when they go into unknown caves in the underground world, where the worm is at home, often tie twine to some object at the mouth of the cave and unwind balls of it as an insurance against getting lost, that they may follow it back to the surface. Acting upon the same principle, the earthworm ties itself back to that underground world which is its natural abiding place. It does not carry a ball of twine but its own body may be so lengthened as to serve very nearly the same purpose. This blind and deaf and noseless creature leaves its own tail snugly anchored in its tunnel. Thus made secure it reaches out with its body in all directions from the hole in search of leaves.

Turning Vegetable Matter Into Fertilizer

With its toothless mouth it may seize small leaves or blades of grass and drag them into its lair. When a leaf is too big to be handled in this way or when the worm cannot get hold of it with its mouth it resorts to a different method of attack. It draws the pointed part of its body back inside its bigger rings as the tip of the finger of a glove may sometimes be pulled back. Thus it changes the forward end of its body from a pointed object to a very blunt one. This blunt-ended body, in fact, becomes a suction cup. It presses it against the leaf and withdraws the head farther within the body which causes the suction pump to take hold. With a leaf thus grasped it pulls its body back into the hole.

Vegetable matter that is thus taken underground by the earthworm serves two purposes. In the first place, the worm may cover a leaf with acids secreted from its own body, thus softening it and making it possible to eat it even with a toothless mouth. The great majority of this vegetation, however, is used for the purpose of blocking up the earthworm tunnels and thus making them secure from intrusion.

Whatever the object of the earthworm in bringing this vegetable matter underground, it serves a valuable purpose by being converted into fertilizer. Farmers plow under green crops, scatter straw upon the land, take great pains in one way or another to introduce vegetable humus into the soil because they know that this vegetable matter will cause that soil to yield better crops. This modest little assistant gardener for all the world has been working steadily at getting humus underground for millions of years.

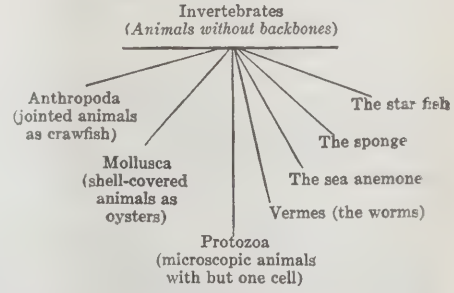
It Is an Animal Without a Backbone

The benefit that the earthworm has done by running tunnels through the surface soil, by constantly bringing up subsoil, by constantly taking vegetable matter below the surface, is one that is beyond the power of man to estimate. One might conceive that this constant service of the earthworm through the centuries has made the earth twice as productive as it otherwise would be. One might conceive that it has made the soil 10 per cent more productive. He might even estimate that the earthworm has made the soil produce a modest 1 per cent more than it would have produced otherwise. There is no way to determine the fact, but even this 1 per cent increase in the productiveness of all the soils of all the world would have been a stupendous service to man, to animal life, to plant life, would have been a service such as few creatures have ever rendered.

It may seem odd that this earthworm should be referred to as an animal. We must, however, go back to the fact that all living things which are not plants are members of the animal kingdom and are, therefore, animals.

The first great division of the animal kingdom is into two parts, subkingdoms: the vertebrates, which have backbones, and the invertebrates, which have no backbones.

The invertebrates are divided into eight branches or phyla, some of which, as the starfish, are not very important, and some of which, as the jointed animals, including the insects, are very important. They divide themselves as follows:

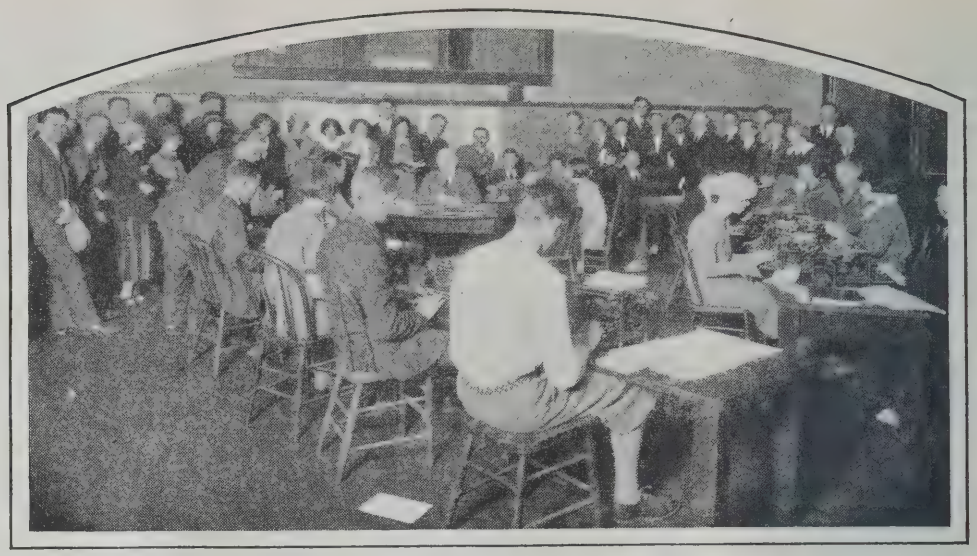


All the animals that we have so far treated have had backbones, have been vertebrates. The more highly developed animals mostly belong to the backboned groups. It would be a great mistake, however, to overlook the great groups of animals that are without backbones, groups of much more variety and stronger in numbers than are those with backbones.

The earthworm, of course, belongs to the *Vermes* branch of the invertebrates. This is a small branch with not nearly so many

(Concluded on page 26)

William Allen White, famous editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, spends several days at the University of Kansas every year, speaking to the classes in journalism.



He is see copy desk, ch the young women pr newspaper c has just giv dents some i his rich ex

Stronghold of the Personal Pre

Editors of Kansas Papers Who Are Not Mere Cogs in Machi

By FRANK M. CHASE

"KANSAS education," declared Chancellor E. H. Lindley, in the course of the education-political tangle in which he was the central figure, "should be as free as the Kansas press." Not only was the Chancellor's point well taken, but the comparison was particularly apt. For probably the press of no other state in the nation is more outspoken, more truly reflective of the real views of the editor, than is that of Kansas.

Why is this so? Why is the Kansas press so widely quoted, and why does it stand out in the nation's journalism?

One cannot go very far in studying the press of this state without discovering three well-defined characteristics:

1. The Kansas press is a free press. 2. The Kansas press is a personal press. 3. The Kansas press is a representative press.

The personal cast of the Kansas press appears quite naturally. There are no very large papers in the state. Their control, editorial as well as financial, is generally in the hands of one man, and his views are his paper's views.

"We frequently read or hear it said that the days of personal journalism have passed and that the personality of the editor has become lost in the machinery of the paper of which he is only a cog," said O. W. Little, secretary of the Kansas Press Association, in a recent statement. "This may be true to some extent of the great metropolitan papers but it is not true of the profession in Kansas. Never before were so many strong, virile writers to be found on the country dailies and weeklies in Kansas as today. I could name fifty or more of them whose names are familiar from one end of the state to the other."

A glance at a few of the names in Kansas journalism reveals something of its temper. E. W. Howe and William Allen White are the most famous of the men who exemplify its personal character. Some of the others—less widely known, yet frequently heard of beyond the borders of the state—are Henry J. Allen, Charles F. Scott, Victor Murdock, George W. Marble, Charles M. Harger, and W. Y. Morgan.

Closely related to the personal press, as it exists in Kansas, is the matter of representativeness, and in this lies a lesson of great significance in American life. As Nelson Antrim Crawford of the Kansas State Agricultural College has pointed out, the country press, with its nearness to the people, plays an important part in our democracy.

"The great city dailies," he says, "consolidating rapidly and under control of a few very r will come to represent less and real viewpoint of the mass of th Mr. Munsey, Mr. Hearst, Mr Mr. Scripps—none of these speak for Kansas. The n speaks for this state through must be of this state, and it is that states like Kansas be rep As Thomas Jefferson pointed ago, popular government wo in rural regions, and more a this is going to place upon the the Middle West responsibilit success of popular governme

Granted that the press of exceptionally free, that it is a press, and that it is repres the possession of its special remains to be explained. tradition accounts for a large

Kansas was settled by pe came to it for a purpose—to region free-soil—and among th editors and printers actuate same high motive. Whitti attention to the state in his anti-slavery poems, while by to Kansas and the widely reports of his impression further stimulated a j of the crusading ty result was not only to Kansas some of adventurous ne workers of the t to fasten upon fession in the sta dition of moral pur still exists. The high moral tone of th brooking no lowering in the papers they read, contributed to the same er

In addition, the constant but overwhelming adversity wh those early editors had to

Kedzie Hall, home of the Department of Industrial Journalism and Printing, Kansas State Agricultural College.

eveloped a ruggedness and a fighting pirit that was carried into the columns f their papers. They worked and ought hard, honestly, and unafraid, aving a heritage that is now admired om coast to coast.

It is significant, yet quite in keeping ith the spirit of those men, that what as apparently the earliest code of hics adopted by any association of urnalists was accepted by Kansas litors. This was the Kansas Code of thics, written by Willis E. Miller, nd adopted by the Kansas Editorial ssociation in 1910.

Of recent years, and in accord with ne modern scientific trend, another ctor has arisen to shape the press f the state. This is the influence of ne journalism departments of the niversity of Kansas and of the Kansas tate Agricultural College. While is influence is comparatively new, ne departments scarcely getting under ay until 1911, they have already put neir mark on Kansas journalism and ve even greater promise for the ture.

At the University of Kansas in-ruction in journalism began as early 1903, but, as the professor of English ho conducted the first course has put , "without a journal, without a ress, and without a cent." By 1911 ne work reached the status of a de-artment, a paper having been acquired the meantime. At present the de-artment has an instructional force of x and a well-equipped newspaper and b printing plant, while for several ears an average of more than three undred students have taken courses journalism each year. Of these oung people about one-third have een definitely preparing for news-aper work, and there are records to ow that a goodly number of the raduates have cast their fortunes with ne country papers of Kansas.

"It is inevitable that the students in ur department should appreciate the ttractiveness of country and small city journalism," says L. N. Flint, chairman of the department, "because every member of our faculty is experienced in that field and believes in it. Practically all of the twenty-two courses are as much for men and women going into country journalism as for those entering other fields, while four courses dealing with the business management of the small paper are exclusively for the country editor.

"Students in the department are at all times in close touch with Kansas journalism. They frequently appear on the program of meetings of Kansas editors. They listen to addresses by visiting Kansas editors. They conduct surveys on newspaper conditions and problems, through correspondence with Kansas editors and through study of the newspapers of the state. We tell our students that study of the opportunities in journalism will show that the advantage lies strongly with the country reporter."

Flint himself served as the editor and part owner of a Kansas paper before beginning his work as a teacher of journalism at the university in 1906. He has also spent a number of summers in some of the largest newspaper offices of the country, as well as being the author of two books and a contributor to many magazines and periodicals.

The associate professor of journalism, Helen O. Mahin, likewise has worked on both small and large dailies. Miss Mahin was the first woman in the United States to receive a Ph.D. in journalism, though is perhaps better known as the compiler of "The Editor and His People," a collection of the editorials of William Allen White. She is also the author of "The Development and Significance of the Newspaper Headline."

In a statement of the destination of the graduates majoring in his department, Professor Flint names fourteen men who have already become established as editors and publishers of Kansas newspapers. A much larger number, of course, are working, some in highly responsible positions, in the news and advertising departments of Kansas papers. Nine are listed as teachers in the colleges and high schools of the state, while some, finding attractive business openings in lines other than journalism, have embraced other opportunities. About fifty graduates of the department are working on metropolitan papers in various parts of the country. That more of the graduates have not become newspaper owners and editors is attributed largely to financial inability.

Far from seeking a large enrollment, the journalism department of the University of Kansas considers it one of its functions to weed out persons who have a misdirected ambition to enter a vocation for which they are not qualified. No freshmen at all are admitted to courses in journalism, and only those others whose records indicate an aptitude for the work.

Throughout the student's training in this department—not merely in one course labeled ethics, or some such name—effort is made to instill in him the highest ideals of the profession.

"By all odds," says Professor Flint, "the most important service of departments of journalism is the effective teaching of principles and ethics. Unless this is allowed to dominate the course, the work of a department sinks toward the level of training performing seals."

To this end his department has developed the case method of teaching newspaper ethics, being perhaps the first to employ it in journalistic instruction. Problems such as arise in newspaper offices are assigned to each student, and an answer required. Most of the students have opportunity to work in one of the executive positions on the university daily, and their experiences with questions involving newspaper policy are utilized in fixing ideals which might otherwise last no

Students getting practical printing experience, Kansas State Agricultural College, where printing has been taught since 1874.

longer than the classroom hour. Besides the situations presented by the university paper, editors and managing editors send in a great variety of "clinical material."

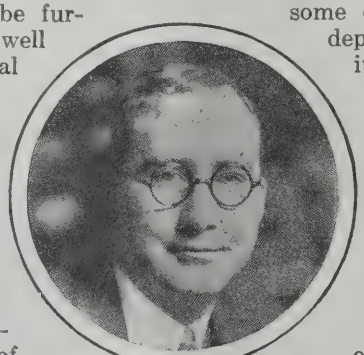
It is worth noting, too, that this department regards the influence of the press as greater today than ever before—not in the same way as in the days of Greeley, Dana and Watterson—but nevertheless greater, and that it regrets the tendency of small papers to abandon the editorial page. Though the country editor may not have the authority, due to special knowledge, of the large papers; though he may be a very busy man, and his readers may care more for local news, is the attitude, still he should not utterly neglect his opportunity to do something as interpreter and guide.

Owing to the character of the institution, the department of industrial journalism at the Kansas State Agricultural College gives a somewhat more specialized training than does the university. While the course prepares men and women for every phase of journalistic endeavor, the aim is to have them obtain specialized knowledge in some industrial field, commonly agriculture or home economics.

"The farms and the households of the United States are the basis of our contemporary life," explains Professor Crawford, head of this department, "and a person who knows what interests them has a place on any publication, whether city or country. We also regard it as part of our service to increase the voice of the farmer in our national life.

"The farmer is, as a rule, neither an experienced speaker nor an experienced writer. His isolation has made him relatively inarticulate. He needs the coöperation of the newspapers, and especially of the country press. The interests, not only of Kansas but of the nation, are dominantly agricultural, and until the press speaks more clearly for the farmer it cannot be called truly representative.

"As civilization has grown more complex and everyone's interests have broadened, facts must be furnished in the country as well as the city by professional agencies—the newspapers. The country newspaper has a peculiar opportunity for public service through acting as the professional fact-finding agency for the farmers of its community. Not only the profits of farming but the success of popular government itself is in danger if the farmer continues inarticulate."



Nelson Antrim Crawford, professor of Industrial Journalism.

Instruction in journalism at the agricultural college had its beginning back in 1874, when the president of the institution, himself a printer, organized a class in practical printing. Working in writing, copyreading, and proofreading gradually developed from this. In 1910 several courses under the name of journalism were introduced, the four-year curriculum being offered for the first time the following year. Printing, however, still remains a feature of the department, and one course of a year's duration—a scholarly history of typography—is required of all students majoring in journalism.

Professor L. N. Flint, chairman, Department of Journalism, University of Kansas.

At the present time about five hundred students are enrolled in the department, of whom one hundred eighty have chosen journalism as their major. The fact that all agricultural students in the college, in recognition of the need of farming for more trained spokesmen, are required to take at least one course in journalism accounts for a considerable part of the large total enrollment.

Entrance to the news room of the *University Daily Kansan*, which is published by the journalism students of the U. of K.

Agricultural papers naturally draw some of the graduates of the department. A summary of its graduates lists seven names in this field. A like number are editing country papers in Kansas, and five more are with the large dailies and press associations in the Kansas City territory. A number are in advertising and publicity work. Six are engaged in teaching journalism in colleges of agriculture, while many more are in similar work in general colleges and high schools.

Every member of the teaching staff, which numbers six, has had practical journalistic experience; this, in fact, is a prerequisite to their p tions. They also write a great dea their present capacities, their tributions appearing in a wide rang literary and scientific jour Professor Crawford hin is the author of two bo "The Ethics of Jour ism," and a volum poems, as well a contributor to nu ous literary per icals. He is president of the K sas Authors' Club of the American A ciation of the Teac of Journalism.

"One of our chief in teaching journalis Professor Crawford said, "is merely to train men and wo to write, but to teach them hov think; to get the facts in each prob to analyze it, and form a conclu based on actual conditions instead accordance with some time-hon custom or platitude. We try to dev in short, a realistic point of view."

The same might be said with e truth of the journalistic training at University of Kansas. Both de ments are forward-looking, and sirous of training men and women will maintain the Kansas traditi coping with reality.

Perhaps nothing attests more str ly to this forward-looking policy the attention given the high sc papers of the state. Both departm hold contests for these, and mee for the staff members each year. these papers, no less than on the dailies, the editors of the future trying their wings; and in guiding boys and girls aright, as well as own students, the department journalism are building for a long tinuance of a distinctive pres Kansas.

The Earthworm as Ma Best Friend

(*Concluded from page 23*)

members as one who had not stu it would think. There belongs the earthworm, the sandworm, w is found along beaches, the tapew which lives in the intestines of and animals, the leech, which in the bottoms of brooks, a few others. They are the only worms. They are the members o animal kingdom that have soft, joi uncovered bodies, which retain sort of body all through their lives.

It is quite the custom to spea the silkworm, of the measuring w of wormy apples, of worms that get in the cornmeal. None of t as a matter of fact, are wo

The earthworm is, however, o the true worms, the good citizen kind, an important contributor t welfare of the world.

Where Palm Trees Wave

(*Concluded from page 8*)

ints of the play, even the fine points at sometimes escape the view of edu-ted audiences. Action thrills them. eed appeals. How they will cheer en the hero in an automobile races a t train and beats it out. They catch e jokes in the comics as fast as anyone n and are as uproarious as children er them. Problem plays and "deep iff" bore them and are not shown in go Pago as a result.

The Samoans and all the Poly-sians have many legendary stories at they love to recount. Ordinary ries fail to hold their interest, but ey love fables and fairy tales. A ole village is willing to suspend all ner occupations and sit down to ten to a good fairy tale.

With the simplicity of children in ne ways, the average South Sea anders are straightforward in their neral dealings and have intelligence ich can be improved considerably th education. But nature has been generous to them that life calls but little effort and leaves much ne for dancing, singing and enjoy-nt.

If anyone—be he a sated traveler other parts of the world, or one o has traveled little—is looking for mething different," then between e islands and their peoples he can d it if he takes time off and hies to that languorous, alluring, tropical tion of the Pacific known as the uth Seas.

Bureaus Grow to Bedroom Suites

(*Concluded from page 15*)

the budget. One of the supreme con-uous efforts of this bureau is the coör-nation of the work of all the other bu-us and departments in Washington. he bureau of the budget has a chief ordinator. It has a deputy chief ordinator. It has a half-dozen assist-t chief coördinators. It has a little ck of 'coördinating boards.' Finally, t through the country it has 'area ordinators.'

"Now comes the commission on quiry into agriculture with the commendation that there be es-blished a third bureau for coördina-n!

"The next logical move would be, course, to erect a fourth and supreme ordination bureau which would co-dinate the three coördination bureaus eady in existence.

"Congress might offer a reward to y Federal commission which can nclude its inquiry and adjourn with-t trying to plaster another barnacle reau on the grievously impeded hull the ship of state."

Elihu Root, recognized throughout te world as one of our greatest lawyers and statesmen, says of Bureaucracy: "It is a complete reversal of the fundamental principle upon which our system is based." He says: "It will destroy the whole system and ultimately break up the Union. *The most distressing thing about it is that no one seems to care.*"

This was written several years ago. Today there is the beginning of an awakening of the people to this danger. Americans have not wholly lost the instinct for self-government—it has merely been dormant. The nation-wide defeat of the Twentieth Amendment was undoubtedly a protest on the part of all classes against the further encroachments of the Federal Government on the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution.

Romantic Rascals

(*Concluded from page 17*)

venturous soul of Thomas Lodge was fired, and the commander was persuaded.

Southward the *Desire* was headed, and they sailed until the mighty headland of Cape Virgins was sighted, where, because of great breakers plunging landward, and wild icy winds threatening danger, they entered the Straits of Magellan. Without map or chart they made their way through the first narrows and into the bay beyond, then there was a most tortuous and dangerous course around the peninsula and into the opening that leads to the great inland and shallow sea known as Otway Water, not clearly defined on maps to this day. There they ran aground and struck for many a long day, eking out their ship's fare with fish and mussels and eggs. But with Thomas Lodge, neither brain nor pen was ever idle, so, while shipmates worried and strove and despaired, Lodge wrote his strange novel called "A Margarite of America." "In those straits christened by Magellan," he writes, "in which place to the southward were many wondrous isles, many strange fishes, many monstrous Patagons . . . the time I wrote in was when I had rather will to get my dinner than to win my fame. . . When I rather observed men's hands lest they should strike me, than curious reason of men to condemn me. . . I wrote under hope rather that the fish should eat me than fame should know me." From which we infer more than Thomas Lodge tells, and wish that the author had chosen to write of the things that befell there rather than of fanciful creatures of his imagination. But then your adventurer is not often given to tell of himself. We know this much. From that voyage, only sixteen men returned, and of that number no more than five were in good health when the *Desire*, all rotten-timbered and leaky, reached Ireland on June 11, 1593. Lodge was one of the lucky five, sound as a bell in mind and in body, robust and energetic, and carrying his almost forty years like a boy.

But his wild oats had been sown, and there was within him a resolute determination to avoid complications and intricacies in the future. Believing that it was nobler to war against disease than to break other men's bones, he set himself to study medicine and took his degree at Avignon. For ten years he practiced as physician in London, in odd times making a study of and writing a book on the strange disease known as the plague, after which he retired to live in touch with the beauty of the earth. Still, idleness and Thomas Lodge were always strangers, so there came from his pen a couple of plays and very complete translations of Seneca and Josephus. So the gallant old figure marched, very full of energy, very determined, very happy in his friends and his cronies, and, having played his part on the stage of life, made his exit in the year 1625, a victim to the plague he had hoped to defeat, and which carried off in that year, in London alone, thirty-five thousand and four hundred odd men, women and children.

On the Road of the Charcoal

(*Concluded from page 2*)

rings. She says to her brother, "Do you think it will fall off before I get to Madrid?" He spits and reassures her. She gets into the omnibus with another girl and joins the heavy black figures with the dull earthy faces. All the way to Madrid, over the busy plains and over the swerving passes, past the teams of the charcoal carriers, past the solitary stick gatherers and their thin donkeys, the earthy people will bump and will be shaken, all the way to Madrid.

The coughing and sputtering of the engine is heard again. The omnibus spurts away and has to pull up suddenly for a flock of sheep. One of the charcoal carriers who has been standing at the door of the *posada* gets talking to a man who is tethering his pony to a post nearby. He is the brother of Asuncion.

"She's gone," he says.

"What time will she arrive?" asks the carrier by way of sympathetic interest.

"Don't know. This evening."

"Heavens," says the carrier, thinking of the lanky miles there are to Madrid. "Heavens!" he says, "What's the use of a railway to such a well-communicated place as this! Yes! Yes!" he says.

"Caramba!" says Dona Luisa, "Something's burning. My skirt!" She is awake again and is rushing to a bowl of water holding the smoldering corner of her skirt. "Seven o'clock. That new maid, Maria, Carmen, Asuncion, whatever her name is, should arrive in half an hour." Dona Luisa shivers and stirs up the charcoal in the *brasero*.

The Roosevelt of Religion

(*Concluded from page 3*)

succinct. No "hot-air"; all solid sense, with a lilt of laughter and a gleam of genuine humor to brighten it all up; a great, dynamic, friendly, unruffled man, patient as Job with the heckler; able to see the gleam of truth or honest inquiry in a rambling question; never scolding; he flashed like lightning.

In those twelve minutes just exactly eleven questions were fired at him. He answered every question, intelligently and satisfactorily.

"What is the difference in the regenerative and the altruistic spirit in man?" was the first question.

Dr. Cadman answered: "I want to judge a regenerated man by Paul and Augustine, and not by any old fellow. I believe that a regenerated man will have a new altruism born in his soul. Jesus' teaching was that of regeneration. Altruism alone will not do to save a man's soul."

A Jew asked the question: "Do you believe the gruesome blood-death of Jesus is a wholesome enough basis to found a religion on?"

Dr. Cadman: "The most important thing about the Lord's death was that he fulfilled the supreme law of sacrifice. Looked at in that light his death is beautiful and not gruesome."

A wild-eyed person, wanted to make a speech and not to ask a question, the gist of which was: "Why should we not have a scientific religion?" Dr. Cadman let him ramble on, saying now and then, "Go to it, brother! Have a good time while the going is good!" Then he shot his answer:

"The most scientific nation on earth brought the greatest chaos to humanity. No, we cannot have a scientific religion alone; great moral principles must control science!"

"Shall we have a Prohibition Bible?"

Dr. Cadman: "No, leave the blessed book as it is."

"Did Darwin or the Greeks start Evolution?"

Dr. Cadman: "I demand that Mr. Bryan's pet be let alone in this sacred hour. But, seriously, the Greeks did discover the principle of the Theory of Evolution, but they found no proofs for it. Darwin and Wallace found the proofs."

"Do you believe in the Virgin Birth?"

Dr. Cadman: "I believe in miracle, if that is what you mean. The miracle of the radio today is as great a miracle as the Virgin Birth. A greater wonder than the Virgin Birth was that a man like Jesus was born at all."

"Who is the archenemy of mankind?"

Dr. Cadman: "Man is his own archenemy."

"Who is God?"

Dr. Cadman: "Personalize God in terms of Jesus Christ or you'll get little help on that problem. Know Him and you will know God."

"Was Huxley honest?"

Dr. Cadman: "A more honest man never lived. He was an honest, brave, magnanimous agnostic."

I do not pretend that these questions and answers were verbatim. I took them down in that whirlwind of questions and answers.

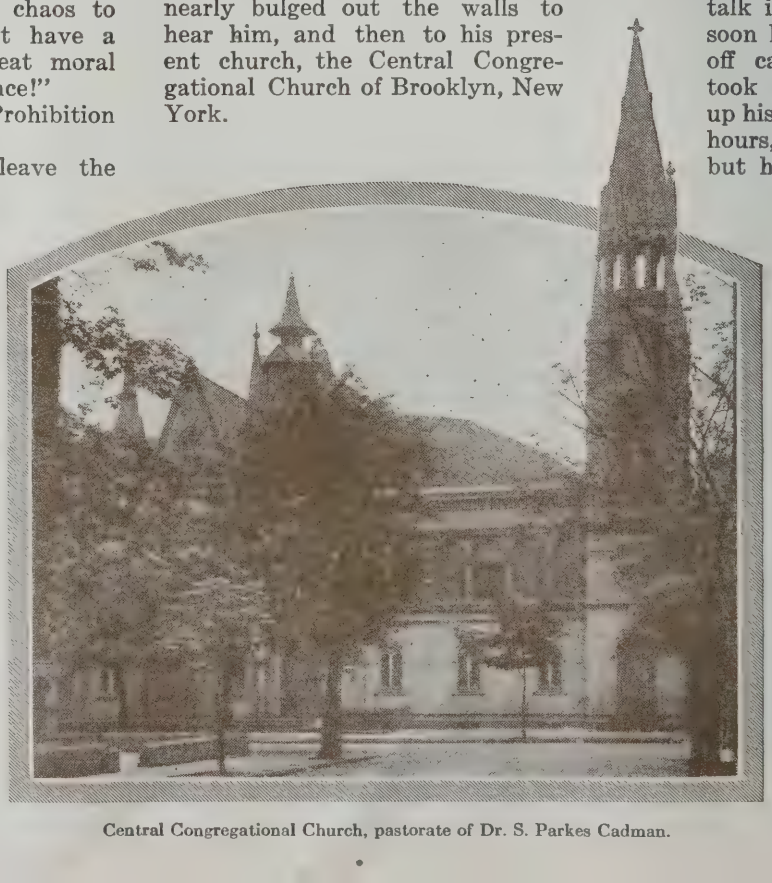
After it was all over, in our taxicab flight, I said: "You carried those answers off magnificently."

His response was, "I don't like to answer questions unless they write them down first. That is my usual rule. I made an exception today because it is the first May Day Question Box."

Dr. Cadman carries out this same question-and-answer period over the radio every Sunday afternoon from October to May. While he does this before a small audience of two thousand, a larger radio audience of two million are listening-in on these questions.

Down in Millbrook, his first charge, they got to calling this young preacher "Sam" before he was in town a week. There never was, and there is not now, any false dignity about Dr. Cadman.

After Millbrook he went to Yonkers, and then to Metropolitan Temple in New York City where the crowds nearly bulged out the walls to hear him, and then to his present church, the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, New York.



Central Congregational Church, pastorate of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

Dr. Cadman went to the M border as chaplain of the 23r York Infantry, where he tal straight to generals as he privates. One famous sern preached was on "Cussing" told that army that his serm intended for "generals or mule d

Dr. Cadman has had time with books. He read two th books by actual count before twenty. He reads more than a day now. He is an insatiable One day he said to me, "Rea Read everything and anything biography first. Read cor minutes. Read obituaries! every life of every man, prize fi preacher, that is published! Read! Read!"

He has written several boo are authoritative in their fiel on Wesley that will hardly be su as an interpretation of tha Methodist leader's life and p

I call him the "Roosevelt ligion" because he makes one Roosevelt. He is stocky, quick- bombarding in his style, r in his word-delivery; clever in h any heckling that may arise audiences; popular, friendly, His following is large.

I was out in Chautauqua w one summer. He is 60 years can make any man half as him tribute as a man of unb colossal energy.

It was a warm August r McConnellsville, Ohio. The t filled with a perspiring, restl dience of farmers. He st talk in his cyclonic fashion soon he took his coat off off came his collar. Fir took his vest off, and the up his sleeves, and went to i hours, until he was wring but having the time of His audience th was held tense sweep of his and his avala facts.

The day I-inte him in New Yorl already spoken tw still had two n dresses to delive his Sunday was He was to have t Biltmore Hotel sick member of o former parishes over to Brookly evening street and finally to with the evening in his own church And all that at of age. For energ and vehemence, him the "Roos Religion."

I Read *in* the Papers—

read in the papers that the New ork State Insurance Department is orking on a plan to exclude Lloyd's, ondon, the world's largest insurance rganization, because it has no licensed gents and also is without assets in merica that can be attached by a ing policyholder. It is claimed that loyd's accepts $50,000,000 in Ameri- an premiums annually, all of which is ent over to London. Suits of Ameri- an clients to recover disputed claims ust be brought in London. The nomalous position of Lloyd's was mphasized in a recent effort to sue the rganization in a Federal court that rew the case out.

read in the papers some memories f the late John Singer Sargent, the only rtist whose works were hung in the ational Gallery, London, during his fetime. Sargent was a true friend and entor to Robert Brough, A.R.S.A., a rilliant young painter who was killed a Scottish railway accident a number f years ago. Sargent canceled all his ngagements and hastened to Sheffield o solace the last hour of his young pro- gé. Robert Brough's work hangs side y side with that of Sargent in some of ne leading art galleries of Europe, and ne influence of the great portrait ainter can be seen in that of the young- man. I visited Brough's grave a ear or two ago. He lies in the shadow the old cathedral of St. Machar, berdeen, beneath a grassy plot over- oking the wooded banks of the river on, whose beauties he loved to depict.

read in the papers that New Eng- nd with 7 per cent of the population the country makes 35 per cent of the oes, and that Boston still retains its upremacy as the greatest leather mar- et in the world. Style is the outstand- g problem of the shoemaker; in one ew England center, for example, some 000 piece prices were fixed in one ear in the making of parts for new yles of shoes. The absurd feature of is style situation is that the human ot, a most important part of the phys- al structure, can only function prop- ly in one style of shoe and that of the ftest leather that individual require- ents will permit.

read in the papers a very striking arallel drawn by Dr. R. W. Mac- enna, a medical lecturer at Liverpool niversity, between his profession and iat of booksellers.

"A doctor," said he, "may not pre- cribe an infinitesimal grain of morphia r a patient dying of cancer without bserving a hundred and one irksome id gratuitous regulations, but you ooksellers are allowed to sell as much oral poison as you like, with no one to y you nay."

When a Photo Is Not a Picture

(*Concluded from page 14*)

until there was the less heavy dark shadow in the left-hand lower corner which balances the dark right-hand corner and the heavy ceiling and until the ivy had become a beautiful pattern of very deep shadows and lighter ones against the pale wall. Some darkness was needed, so much having been attained, to unite the font with the floor, and wall and the ceiling. It was secured by asking a man to walk into the composition and to place himself there where he could supply the needed bit of blackness. The matter of the foreground was as carefully studied; all stones were picked up and carried out of sight except the three which provide a point of interest on the left. If you would know how essential to the whole composition they are, obliterate them with a bit of paper of their value. You might also find it interesting and instructive to obliterate the accented spot of high light on the left, the highest light in the picture. The picture at once will become flat, lifeless. As the old sage said, and the student of photography increasingly learns, "Perfection consists of trifles, but perfection is no trifle."

The picture of the girl with the basket offers an instructive exhibition of how to overcome the difficulty, in a selected objective scene, of the presence of strong sunlight. In this picture the camera is going straight into the light. The girl is standing on an open porch, her back to the full blazing sunlight. To make the picture possible some coffee sacking was hastily procured, and three widths of it sewed together. The seams are visible and effective, and the expanse of sacking is fastened to the porch beams. The hat, filled with foliage, was used to balance the dark mass of hair, and it, together with the shadows of the tree trunk and branches cast upon the sacking, aids the white dress in making the picture one of lightness and summery grace. The dark shadow in the lower right-hand corner of the picture was essential and was secured by placing a bench in a position to throw its shadow there. The camera was pointed very high, at about the shoulders of the girl, by that means the face was accented and the lower portion of the photograph was given softness.

The picture of Lorado Taft and his "Fountain of Time" was taken in his studio; all the lighting is from the overhead skylight. The picture was taken at five o'clock because earlier in the day the salient shadows would have been unobtainable.

The dark trousers, the dark spot of the tie, and the shadow on the right side of the head dominate the pattern of light and dark. They center attention upon the small man who thus balances the heaviness of the shapes above his head, and they also hold the picture down, giving stability. Without them the composition is a floating, unstable thing. Next in importance to these three dark spots is the swinging line that extends from the right side of Mr. Taft's head to the left arm and crosses over to the toe of the right foot. That line and the dark spots make a unit of the picture with Mr. Taft the subject of the whole.

> If it had not been for French financial aid the American people could not have carried on the war of revolution. It was through Benjamin Franklin that these supplies of money were forwarded to the United States. Some of the original notes for these loans have been preserved. Next week THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will give the whole story.

Quaint Old Ipswich of the Dunes

(*Concluded from page 21*)

Many of the early comers were skilled lace makers, but the tools of their trade were lacking in the New World. Before long their friends at home smuggled over in firkins of butter bobbins and other small but essential parts of a lace-making kit, and soon an ingenious mechanic set up the complete machinery in Ipswich.

The undertaking thrived so greatly that the more ambitious planned to make their own silk and silkworms were brought from China in a pouch on the person of a coolie, and the slope of Town Hill was terraced and planted with white mulberry trees. The great mills of today can well advertise that Ipswich hosiery has satisfied for more than a hundred years.

Just below the mills on South Main street is the Old Stone Bridge, built in 1764, the first stone arch bridge in America. Colonel Choate was the moving spirit in its erection, and, as the story goes, he tethered his horse to a tree nearby to be ready to ride out of town in case, as the incredulous ones prophesied, the stone arches should not hold. Old Pomp, a jolly slave and the village rhymster, celebrated the event in this doggerel:

"Here's some more of Choate's folly,
He's torn down the Old Bridge
And turned out Walley."

Walley resigned from the pastorate of First Church the same year that the bridge was built.

Old Ipswich houses are a chapter by themselves.

Natchez—A Museum of the Old Sout

Preserves Many Picturesque Characteristics of the Olden Days; in the Land of Fire-worshipers Where Beauty Conquered Duty

By HARRY E. BARNET

"NATCHEZ, in the state of Mississippi, has parted with fewer southern characteristics of olden days than any town I know of," is the word you get generally when you're poking around below the Mason-Dixon's line, "and, at the start, it probably had more of them with which to part than any town I know." Consequently, you approach Natchez in a mood of heightened expectancy.

A place where the past lives, as far as it is possible for the past to live in the appearance of things, as well as in what people do and say as a matter of course, is a fugitive thing in the South. You have to do a lot of shopping around to find such places—generous slices of the romantic old South, that is to say. Economic shifts, and insistent new ways of living, are rapidly wiping out the visible history of the country that was before the surrender at Appomattox.

At sight, Natchez confesses a piquant life story. Men were picturesque there with wanton verve. The marks they made persist. True, some of them are faint imprints, others are delicate tracings. Broad marks show up in unexpected places, but if you follow long trails into the substance of what is before you, it is easy to freshen even the dimmest marks. Then you have a combination to which you unconsciously respond.

For example, the town bestirs your fancy. You half-imagine the silhouette of an Indian chief always at your elbow the while you loiter in the town. Natchez gets its name from the Natchez tribe of Indians. The country around Natchez was their country. And they worshiped fire.

"They possessed a tradition," is the tale of an old historian, "which unlike the traditions of any other nation gallantly ascribed the salvation of their race to a woman.

"This was that after the destruction of all the inhabitants of the earth save one family, which was about to die because of the continued darkness of the heavens, a young girl, spurred with the wish to save her race, threw herself into the fire which was used as a light.

"No sooner was her body consumed than she arose in the east, surrounded with such surpassing glory that her form could not be looked upon. Thus enshrined, she became the chief, her nearest family relation being elected her successor. Hence, was established a worship of the sun, and the living sacrifice of the sacred fire, together with the belief that so long as it blazed upon their altars the Natchez would be powerful and happy. Extinction of the fire would be the signal for their destruction.

Old home in Auburn Park.

"A brief period before the first explorers invaded their country, the signal appeared.

"A young chief became enamored of a beautiful maiden. His passion was returned. His interviews were stolen ones, and few and far between. On one occasion, when he was keeping the night watch over the sacred fire in the mound—which served as temple—he heard the plaintive notes of a day bird, and hastening to a neighboring grove, there he met his mistress, and changed the solemn vows of love.

"Returning to the temple, he covered to his horror that the flame expired during his long absence, the altars which had ever glowed the living fire were cold. And as sun illuminated the hills, and mad homes of the Natchez glisten i refreshing, and to then cred radiance there wa response of ascending sm of sacrifice. The c priests rushed to the ter

"Terrible, indeed, the wailings that esc from the soul-stricken shipers. The curse ha len upon the nation—ex tion stared them in the The young maiden was rificed, not only as a sac to the sun, but also tha surpassing beauty shou longer tempt the guar of the sacred fire to ne their vigils.

"After due ceremo the young chief was prisoned in the great m that served as a te there to remain unt wooed back the lost from heaven. But it w vain that he essayed trifling and easy tas lighting the combustib rapid friction. C whelmed by religious his strength of arm app to have departed. when from long and p labor the fire was abo descend, a tear of regr the memory of his mi would fall upon the ig wood and leave the minable task to be renewed.

"When the chief recovers th he will again appear at the and the Natchez in all their f glory will take possession of the homes."

Natchez has had its years o mendous exaltation, and its yea tremendous woe. It's about the you think in connection with the of the Indian chief, if you separa idea of punishment and forced toi his task, and center both upon th tation that brought him to whe fancifully is, as well as upon his sp perseverance.

Natchez was settled as pa French colonial development two before New Orleans was located. It said Natchez was to be the se

vernment. But, later, D'Iberville unded it at New Orleans, and Natchez as garrisoned. It was an outpost—hopes of becoming the Paris of Amer- were dashed.

Like the chief, Natchez kept at it, d, unlike the chief, it had success. It came one of the most important wns in the Southwest. Then it out-geously flirted with speculation. hen the bubble burst, Natchez was wn and out. The town set to work recover its prestige. Cotton-plant- prevailed, but war between the tes gave it a setback. Once more the wn picked itself up—and, in recent ars, the boll weevil relapsed its prog-s. Nowadays, Natchez is at it ain. This time, it is development of tensive commercial truck farming, d, from the outlook, Natchez is about see the sacred fire descend, for climate d soil fertility, in the Natchez coun-, will produce three crops each year, d, on a ten-acre plot, any reasonably lustrious man can earn more than a mfortable living.

That aside, the spirit of perservance the face of disappointment dominates itchez. You see it and feel it every-ere you go. It keeps the Indian chief d his efforts always in your mind. u fancy the spirit must be an inheri-ce along with the name. But this rit isn't of the fiery order. It isn't nething that spends itself in periodic ies. Just a quiet going ahead, so in itchez you are not confronted with ns of woes, as you are in many south-n towns. Natchez hasn't let itself go wn-at-the-heel, and bedraggled, from appointment. On the contrary, the vn keeps its best foot forward. Its eets are wide and clean. Its build-s are like time-stained furniture—t not of the junk shop.

Too, you hear little of the woes of tchez, unless it's by way of amusing niniscence. War between the states, cite an illustration.

She is a dear old lady—a southern man of a type little known adays in the North.

An Incident of the Civil War

"When the Yankees were stationed here," she remarked with a smile, "one of my Confederate ers sent me a box of writing paper—was very scarce then, you know, and ent for the paper, but the Yankee cer wouldn't give it up.

" 'Tell her if she is very pretty,' he t word to me, 'I'll give her a sheet at ime, if she'll come after it.'

"I wanted that writing paper," she nt on, "but there were no dress goods be had, and I simply had to have a y dress to help make an impression. had some very beautiful heavy cur-ns in our home. I made a dress out ne of them—a very handsome dress, , it was for the times, and arrayed the glory of that dress, I appeared re the officer, and asked for a sheet my paper.

"He looked at me, and gave me the whole box, without saying a word. That took the conceit out of me. My folks never stopped teasing me about the event."

Years of tremendous exaltation are the past that is uppermost in Natchez, and, because of this past, you think to yourself upon short acquaintance with the town, What a giant's checkerboard is Natchez! Loitering in the town, the fancy grows—it's easy to vision a strapper of the water realm, reared, and facing across Natchez a massy opponent, himself sprawled in wondrous topography.

Imagery of the giant from the depths, reared, and at the game, is foundationed by the location of Natchez upon bluffs overlooking the Mississippi River. Topography in which the other large one of your reverie is a-sprawl was described by explorers in 1700. Practically speaking, the description holds good today.

The Spaniards Laid Out the Town

"From the landing place, one ascends a very steep hill, about 150 fathoms high," runs this writing of old. "On top, one finds a country of plains and prairies, filled with little hills; in some places, groves of trees, many oaks, and many roads cut through and going to hamlets, or to cabins. Those who traveled three or four leagues say they found everywhere the same country from the edge of the hill. . . . The country is very much like that of France."

A Spanish colonial governor laid out the town. He located the church in what was intended to be the center of the town, and from the church door he planned Natchez in squares, the area, a mile square. Natchez was built according to plan. So it remains, still a mile square, the town still a series of squares. Buildings are about of a height —thus completing no mean surface for the fanciful checker game of the giants.

Leaving fancies that are conjured by facts, and sticking strictly to the latter, the biggest part of the romantic old South was an intangible something. "Not a social system at all," you're told, "but an atmosphere—'an unbought grace of life.' " Speaking generally of the old South, it ascended from conditions that long ago came to end, as the flame of an oil-burning lamp flickers and departs, when its reservoir is drained. Yet, the atmosphere hung on, thinning as the years piled up. Economic shifts, and insistent new ways of living, are fanning it along in the wake of the tangible old South. A breed of brusqueness alien to the South is taking its place.

But in Natchez you find the old atmosphere rather dense.

"Everybody here takes the time to stop and talk with you, and to be friendly," is an explanatory excerpt from a conversation. "I guess, because we've been bred to it. We're all about alike. Nobody tries to shove the other fellow out of the way. And we seem to get along just as well as if we did."

That gives you a slight hint. No one can fully describe the graciousness of the people of the town and its country.

And probably the "unbought grace of life" is not so thin in Natchez, as elsewhere, because it is toughened by ancient environment. More difficult to separate from its place, therefore. About 1765, Natchez became individual as far as social and ethical things are concerned. Young people of the town were educated in New Orleans, where they mingled with the French nobility and gentry then in the city. In that way, the polish of France made its way into Natchez. Marriages followed, as a matter of course. The result was the Anglo-Norman people of the Natchez hills. They were known the world over for refinement, culture and elegant modes of life. Their "unbought grace of life" was added to the general grace of life of the old South, making in Natchez a two-part, resistant affair of the latter.

Few cities of the old South could claim the same environment of distinctive homes as Natchez. For one reason—and again falling back upon ancient writings—"in probably no other part of the United States was wealth more rapidly accumulated than by the pioneers in the American settlement of Natchez." Natural advantages, and slave labor, make cotton-raising amazingly profitable. These attractions brought a high-class citizenship into the Natchez country. Planters were people of taste and education, and they accumulated big libraries, as well as immense art collections. The architecture of these homes show the refinement and culture that distinguished Natchez.

"The majority of these magnificent old homes—big rambling affairs, you know, were not in Natchez," is another explanatory excerpt from a conversation, "although we have a number of them in town.

Many Fine Homes Were Destroyed

"Rich planters did not live in town. They came here, but they didn't think it the thing to live in any town. Nearly all of them had their residences on their plantations, and, of course, a great many of these fine old homes that, incidentally, were known the world over—because Natchez and the vicinity were visited by noted men from everywhere —have been destroyed by fire."

Nevertheless, in these days, there are enough of these homes existing to satisfy any reasonably minded questing wanderer on the hunt for environment of the romantic old South, because Natchez was the center of them; and structures of the kind are becoming scarce in the South. Too, they're inhabited, mainly, by people who were born into the traditions of Natchez. Yet, occasionally, you hear a sigh from one of the younger generations, and this remark, "I wish I could live in a compact four or five room flat!"

One of the most ambitious southern homes ever planned in the vicinity of Natchez, and probably in the entire South, stands uncompleted just beyond the outskirts of the town. Approaching it, you get the best view of the sunken roads of the Natchez country. Instead of ascending hills, and decending them, cuts were made by the original road builders—whoever they were, red men or white men—through these hills. There are no rocks, stones or pebbles in the soil about Natchez, so the cuts were easily made. The sides of the cuts are covered with flowering vines; great trees line their brinks—riding through one of these cuts is like scooting through short stretches of fairy playground. Road surfaces are as smooth as billard tables.

Entrance from the main road into the grounds in which stands the uncompleted structure is along a private road, also cut through hills. The house itself stands in a grove whose trees are enveloped in Spanish moss. The house is six-sided, and built of brick. Surmounting the structure is an enormous copper dome. The interior is so arranged that an orchestra playing in any part of it distinctly can be heard in any other part. Magnificence to match Oriental and European homes of royalty was planned. Fireplaces were to be of Italian marble. Bases were set for ancient Grecian and other statuary. But war between the states intervened, and the house never was completed.

There has been strange fellowshipping in Natchez. The town started as a French settlement. Then, for a time, it was under British control. Settlers during that period were of strong character. As the center of a Spanish colony later on, Natchez was brilliant. Then the town was laid out in checkerboard squares. "Immigrants who came at this time brought with them culture, social position, enterprise and considerable wealth, and these elements controlled and characterized the community." Natchez, however, reached its highest point under American control. Here and there you find comparative touches about the town that betray this fellowshipping more than in any other respect, as in short section of a residence street. It can be duplicated several times in Albany, New York.

Probably the best notion of Natchez as a generous slice of the romantic old South is gained when you sit with the whittlers in the police station. Whittling, it should be said, is a southern, and a Natchez old-time habit—slowly dying out. You see men walking about with pieces of wood protruding from their pockets—and, indeed, the whittling habit was, at times, a good indication of how the land lay, if you were seeking a favor.

Library at "Arlington."

Witnesseth: one of the leading bankers of the town.

"When he was an ardent whittler and when he was shaving it off in chunks, and pushing it away from him, never bother him about a loan. Stay away from him," is the story you hear.

"On the other hand, when he was drawing it off, and taking it off i curls, very carefully, why, it hard to get a loan, if you wante

The wood is always red ceda houses of colonial, and later-da struction were largely built of re and the whittlers watch every ol that is torn down. They secure of joists, and beams, from the d tled structures, and saw them in foot lengths, which are passed as rare presents among their fri good whittling timber is scar must be of the proper dryne grain to be satisfactory. These are carefully guarded, and sli split off as they're needed. In th station, for instance, cedar chu longing to the whittlers who there are kept under lock and k

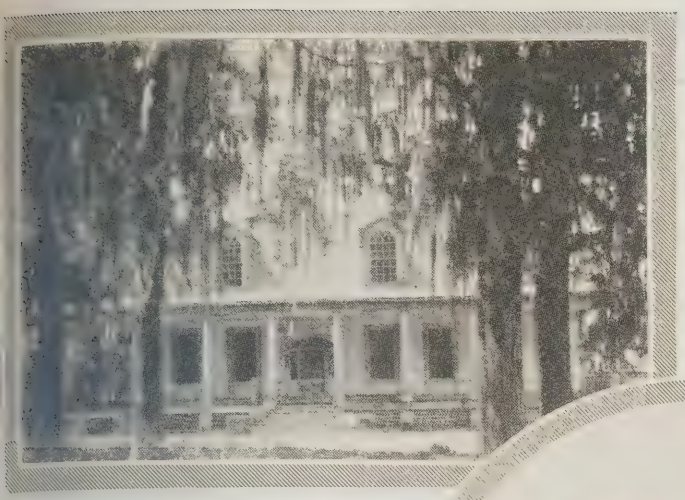
While you find whittlers in tions of Natchez piles of curly s marking places sidewalks wher have stood and v and talked—and casionally find th tlers at it whil shoes are shine cigar store—yet, lice station is he ters. There yo strange stories of treasure and of if you are admitt the fellowship of t tlers. You'll k when you are—so will select a choi of cedar, and sh the proper met holding your knif duce the prettiest curls.

The treasure, for the most p buried during war between th and never recovered. As for p they were in Natchez waters days, for ships laden with ric came to Natchez from foreig

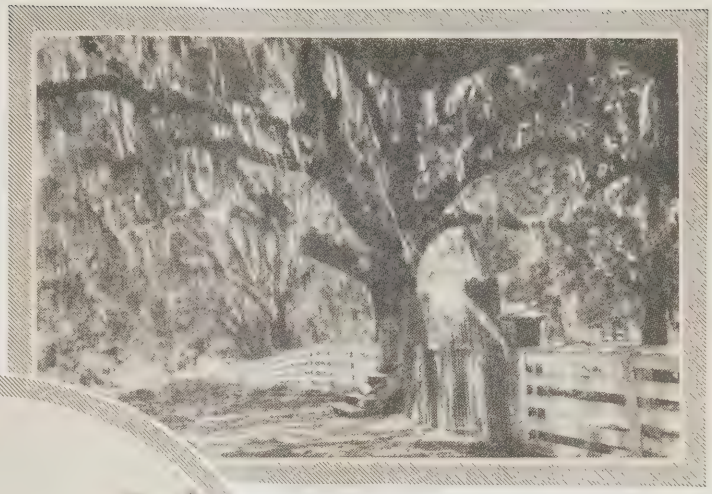
On the whole, the greatest sion Natchez makes as a gener of the romantic old South is radiance of genuine American dims everything else.

Dining room at "Arlington."

A bedroom at "Arlington." Note stepladder, necessary to reach the



Several houses are pointed out as being the scene of the marriage of Jefferson Davis. This one is claimed to be the authentic house where the ceremony was performed.



Aaron Burr, it is claimed, was tried beneath these trees. Spanish moss clinging to the trees gives the effect of being beneath a canopy.

Residence street in Natchez.

Headquarters of General Grant, 1865.

"Longwood," a famous home, started before the Civil War and never finished.

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"GOLD and silver are not *intrinsically* of equal value with iron, a metal in itself capable of many more beneficial uses to mankind. Their value rests chiefly on the estimation they happen to be in among the generality of nations, and the credit given to the opinion that that estimation will continue. Otherwise a pound of gold would not be a real equivalent for even a bushel of wheat. Any other well-founded credit is as much an equivalent as gold and silver; and in some cases more so, or it would not be preferred by commercial people in different countries. . . . . Holland, which understands the value of cash as well as any people in the world, would never part with gold and silver for credit if they did not think and find the credit a full equivalent."—*Benjamin Franklin.*

DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 25 No. 37 JULY 4, 1925 Ten Cents a Copy

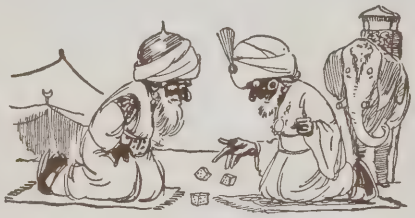
OF THE
JUL 17 1925
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

The proposed British Radio law, which would permit house-search for unlicensed sets as well as other tyrannical powers lately exposed in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, has been withdrawn under the urge of public indignation.

"We first forgot Christendom for Zionism and then forgot Zionism for Samuelism; and instead of making the Christian problem better we made the Jewish problem worse."—*G. K. Chesterton.*



Dice shaking was so popular in India, that in the post-Vedic days, two kings of Mahabharata—Yudhisthera and Nala—staked and lost their kingdoms while shaking the spotted cubes.

Dr. Tucker of the United States Commerce Department estimates the nation's illicit liquor bill to total 16 billions.

Though China has 800 native language dailies of which only six are real newspapers, the average age of all Chinese newspapers is only about two years.

A golden plover on the Pacific Coast flies 2,000 miles from Alaska to the Hawaiian Islands.

Glista Ernestine, Cornell's great Holstein cow which died last year, left a world's record in lifetime production by giving in her sixteen years of service 202,005 pounds of milk.

Hobson's choice is so called in allusion to the practice of Thomas Hobson (1631), of Cambridge, England, who let horses, and required every customer to take the horse which stood nearest the door.

Swain's Island, some 200 miles off the coast of Samoa and owned for three generations of American citizens of the Jenning's family, has been taken over by the United States.

Calcutta has only 470 women to each 1,000 men.

Henry Griswold, one of Wisconsin's most illustrious retired farmers, got 3,050 eggs from 16 pullets confined in a pen six feet wide, eight feet long, and eight feet high last year.

Because the natives of Abyssinia will not accept the Austrian Maria Theresa thaler unless it bears the date 1780, all new coins bear this date.

The world map by Hans Rust in the Pierpont Morgan library is said to be the earliest known printed map.

Half of India's population lives on one-sixth the area.

Bankrupt Jews of the sixteenth century were compelled to wear green hats so that people might avoid losses by trading with them.

More than 60,000 aliens were smuggled into the United States during the last six months of 1924.

Like the teeth of a horse or the rings on a tree can be used to tell the age, so the percentage of lead that minerals contain can serve as a key to the age of the minerals.

Dr. H. H. Donaldson recently established the fact that tall persons have heavier brains than do short ones, the difference often amounting to as much as 18 per cent.

The word "thoroughbred," often confused with pure bred, is a term properly applied only to a breed of light horses that were introduced into America in 1730.

At the present time, gifts to American universities are eighteen times as large as those for British, and even in 1913 they were fourteen times as large.

At the last census in India, taken four years ago, only one in 31 of the inhabitants of Chota Nagkur had ever traveled by train.

When our ancestors did away with pack trains to replace them with the stagecoach, horse owners were fearful that the horse would have its end, since the coach could carry so much more than a horse could pack on its back.

A new method of bread-making that will preserve freshly baked bread for a period of two years has been invented after ten years of experiments by Mr. Jean Matti, a Swiss baker.

No one can tell where the chimney swift stays from November to March.

The last survivor of the original "covered wagon train" that left Shelbyville, Missouri, in 1847, recently passed away in Spokane, Washington.

The consumption of porridge in Scotland has decreased by more than fifty per cent over that of twenty-five years ago.

It is said that Sir Douglas Haig remained healthy from the beginning of the World War to the end because he spent from three to five hours every afternoon in the saddle.

Few people in India know how old they are, having little interest in their own age or that of others.

New England has no whalers today, the last of the old-time ships of New Bedford having been lost at sea in August of last year.

Cecil Rhodes always had hanging in his simple bedroom two things —a map of Africa and a faded picture of an old, shriveled native woman who acted as chief negotiator between himself and warring native tribes.

A divorced Moslem woman can marry again only if her previous husband permits.

Before 1487 the Cape of Good Hope was called the "Cape of Storms," there being a storm there almost every day, no sailing ship ever having been able to pass it before the time of Diaz.

There is an average of from one to two earthquakes in Japan every day.

July 4, 1925

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Vol. 25, No. 37

* * *

Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Presented in This Issue

Mr. Ford's Page this week deals with the true character of patriotism.

This is the Fourth of July Number, and articles of ational interest find a fitting place herein. The young onnecticut school-teacher who made himself immortal one brief scaffold sentence—*"I only regret that I have t one life to lose for my country"*—has at last had his ace of execution identified by an old memorandum ok found in London. Nathan Hale was hanged in at is now City Hall Park, New York. (p. 20)

All readers, whether they like history or not, will see r the first time in any publication, a facsimile of the entical notes which passed between Benjamin Franklin d the French king when loans were made to the strug- ng colonies of America. Even the United States Treas- y cannot show such documents as we produce here. It a "scoop" in history. ese documents are pre- nted here through the urtesy and public spirit a direct descendant of e great Franklin. In- dentally, this article es new information on e extent of French as- tance to the American olonies. (p. 4)

It is good betimes to k upon the sturdy tree ence we have sprung. "A nation born in a day" ade July Fourth an anni- rsary for freemen every- ere. Yet there were g preparations, and ese are rehearsed in "The 56 of '76" by Mr. wden. (p. 12)

The part of the South- ern Colonies in attaining merican independence is alled in the action of e little town of Sunbury, eorgia, in leading the re- lt against King George II. What this thing eans that we enjoy to- dy, what it cost, is clearly dicated. (p. 24)

America's dress goods and style declaration of independence is another advance worth celebrating. It is largely the American woman's declaration. Jean Mowat, who knows about such things and tells them interestingly, writes about our growing self-reliance in the field of fabrics and dyes. (p. 22)

Paul Honore, whose woodcuts have adorned our pages, is here described by the author whose books and articles he has so worthily illustrated. (p. 6)

Again that very sensible woman, Mary Willis Shuey, takes some stale platitudes and shakes them. How many "White Hyacinths for the soul" are possible on an ordinary income? And what are "Hyacinths" anyway? In order to reduce our already mountainous mail, the Editor would like to hear from every woman who does *not* agree that this article is uncommon common sense. (p. 2)

Do we all tell the truth? Can we? Should we? Do we want to? Is it true that we are all untruthful? Very delicate questions. (p. 3)

Have you a little Humor in your home? America's famous expert in humor continues his success in reducing this elusive subject to common terms. (p. 16)

Characteristics of the Slavs completes the study begun last week by Professor Jenks. (p. 15)

English as she is pronounced (p. 8); a city of ruins and roses (p. 32); the evolution of the bathing girl (not in the Tennessean sense) but as to her costume (p. 28) are articles of interest.

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NEXT WEEK:

Prohibition, Yesterday and Today

From Babel to Beef Trust - - *By Huston Thompson*

"If You Were a Chinese" - - - - *By Stanley High*

Loaves and White Hyacinth

Mahomet Might Split Fifty-Fifty With His Soul, But He Married Money

By MARY WILLIS SHUEY

EVER since Elbert Hubbard advertised the precepts of Mahomet we have heard this quoted in sermons and broadcast by shirt-manufacturers: *"If a Man have two loaves of Bread, let him sell one, and buy White Hyacinths for his soul."* And it sounds so very noble that we take it for granted that it is a most estimable thing to do.

But I've been making out family budgets, and I have come to feel mighty sorry for the family of the man who spends half his substance for his spirit's sake! We don't allow that much in budgets for the souls of those of moderate incomes, even-as-yours-and-mine. Fifteen per cent is nearer the proper amount.

Of course, souls, as well as incomes, vary, and no two of us want the same things. We do not know what Mahomet required to satisfy his—but since those loaves really belonged to the Widow Khadijah, the chances are that she felt slightly interested in their disposal!

Mahomet settled his own bread-and-butter problem by marrying a wealthy widow fourteen years his senior—and promptly became moved by soulful impulses. And it is true even to this day that we can buy White Hyacinths most readily with *other people's money.*

If Mahomet had gone on driving camels and working up a healthy appetite we question whether he would have spent half his wages for his soul's sake. If he had married a woman who had no money, and had supported several children on his driver's earnings, he would probably have preached: "Charity begins at home." Our logic and our beliefs are that closely derived from our own lives and experiences!

Perhaps that is the reason I am not willing to split fifty-fifty with my soul. I know little of large fortunes, and the man who has a whole bakery from which to draw, but I *do* know about the two loaves of moderate incomes, and we can't split that way.

"Moderate incomes" do not presuppose moderate souls. The term itself is as flexible as "middle-age." Few persons admit that they are over it, and most of us are not even going to see that we have arrived until we are well along. To the majority of us "moderate income" means just what we ourselves have.

As long as that quotation was left to Mahomet and the advertisers there was nothing personal in it. But now we are beseiged on all sides by advocates of the "higher life." We hear that we are a nation of gross materialists, that we spend all our incomes for physical things, and leave nothing for the spirit.

We are told that we have left the simple life of our forefathers, and are going a spendthrift way to ruin and destruction. The younger we are, the worse we are! True culture, and all the White Hyacinths, grow in foreign soil.

But whenever the talk warms up I get out a pencil and do a little figuring. That keeps me from signing any checks for unheard-of republics. I may not be an authority on White Hyacinths, but we've budgeted ever since we married, seven-and-a-half years ago, and I can tell about living costs.

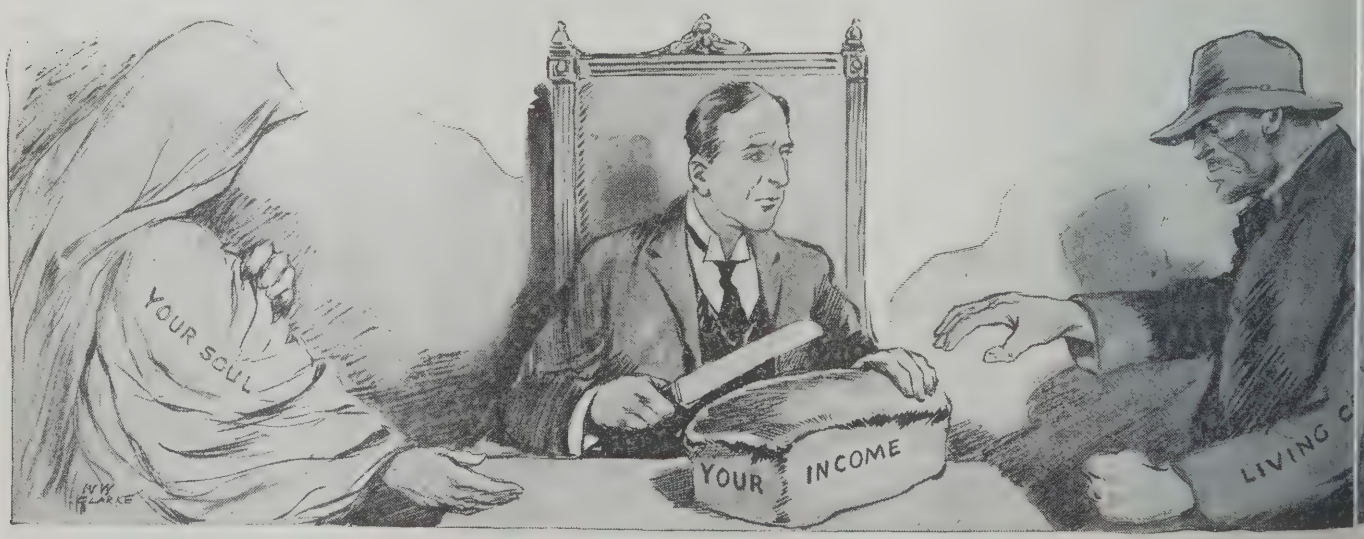
We can't have three small sons, buy our own home, have well-balanced, appetizing meals, comfortable, *livable* furniture, a cook, a car, clothes that increase instead of lower our self-respect, sufficient insurance, and a margin of savings—and then invest heavily in White Hyacinths. And I'm of the opinion that the things we feel are necessary for our material happiness are important things, even if they be classified under "Higher Life

Too many persons who pre the amount we should spen "higher life" have anemic-l children! They make me want back to the kitchen and giv four-year-old the bread and butt jam he is asking for, even if it tween meals. Instead of want buy White Hyacinths I want sure the children have enough and oatmeal and spinach, and t have a good, thick steak for So far no one has proved th proper number of calories of re interferes with spiritual develo

There was a New England who taught that plain living high thinking. If you'll look ove of the Thanksgiving menus o time and locality, however, conclude that "plain living" t was far from roots and herbs. plicity is in as good taste now as then. "Food for thought" is material, but even genius usua some hard-headed relative wh that the kitchen has meat and tables, and that there are clean on the bed.

It may be that I am earth-bo soul. I know there is nothing e in shoes for three pairs of bus feet. We've had to stick close t we who have married on small s and made the most of them. W been too busy slicing our loa growing families to bother wit We have had to work out o financial codes, and stick to and we do not believe that families can make radical cha the system we have used.

While the amount necessa different items will vary some ing to the income, the number family, the locality, (Concluded on



s It True We Are Untruthful?

Where Do People Get Their Facts, and Are They Facts When Thev Get Them?

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

ON'T shout at me because I maintain that very few of us tell the truth. It's not because we won't but because can't. Except upon proper occaons when I deliberately prevaricate, myself try to tell the truth. I tell iat I believe to be the truth, and en a minute later, or an hour, or a nth (or perhaps never), I find out at what I had believed to be the ith was in reality untruth. The truth is at it's always very difficult and most ually impossible to get at the truth. iat's where the trouble is.

"What is truth?" asked Pilate, sting. No one has yet given a satisctory answer to his question. Do u know what is truth in general? lon't. I am aware of my ignorance, d am so far on the way to salvation.) you know what is the truth about ything in particular? I am never cksure myself; I've so often found at I've been mistaken. Human idence, written or spoken, is so :en all at sea. Circumstantial evince, the testimony of facts, is far ore trustworthy. As a rule we see d we hear what we wish to see and ar. Our faculties frequently lead astray. We draw wrong conclusions. loof of this is to be found in the law urts every day, witnesses bluntly ntradicting each other and themves upon matters of observation. lit I am not setting out to write a atise on truth or upon the fallibility human evidence. It's enough now t say that we do well not to believe en half of what we see and very little what we hear. It's difficult to get at fts; without them we cannot tell the truth.

ittle Encouragement to Get at the Truth

And when we have found facts as often as not we don't know how to aw right conclusions from them. iat's a fact. We stare at the world trough others' eyes and hear with ners' ears. We don't do much real lking or listening for ourselves. iat's another fact. We see the world s we are told to see it; we hear what e are told we shall hear. Few of us come individuals; most of us are eep who follow the leaders of the ck. All that is bad. Those who do ake free are either glorified or crucid, mostly the latter. Indeed, there's le encouragement to get at the truth to get it out.

What becomes, for example, of a newsper editor who insists on his paper nding out the truth, the whole truth d nothing but the truth? Such a n doesn't often get into the editorial air; when he does he's got out of it uble quick. Fired! One word is said to him: "Git!" He's busted for life, unless he reforms his ways and becomes as other newspapermen. A nation has the newspapers it deserves, no better and no worse. Newspapers exist to fill a demand; they live to please and must please to live. The newspaper Napoleon is the man who knows what's wanted and provides that, and that only. That was the secret of Lord Northcliffe's prodigious success. He kept his finger daily, hourly, on the pulse of the public and handed out the stuff he knew would be demanded *tomorrow*. He took care to find out which way the wind was blowing. From this policy he broke away once; when he went for Lord Kitchener during the war. He was in the right. He and his paper suffered for a while. Then the public learned that he was right and took him and his paper to their hearts and homes again. But he had taken a risk, a bad one. Newspapers cannot afford to teach or to lead the public, or to precede public opinion. They must follow while pretending to go before. Newspapers are more hurt by suppression of the truth than by any deliberate lying. Part of the truth is as bad as a whole lie.

Talking Stark Nonsense About Degeneracy

What on earth am I driving at? This. The public too commonly take their facts from the press and their opinions also. That's very bad. I'm shooting at the fuss about, the gross exaggeration and misunderstanding of some recent disgraceful cases in American and British courts, fostered by the press. It's not for me to talk about the two young Chicago murderers, who should long since have been dead and buried. Only I will say this much; that their performances do not justify us in writing down all rich young Americans as degenerates because some few are so. You might as well say that all poets are naughty because Byron and Shelley kicked over the traces. Not much! But many in England, and I fear a good many in America, are talking stark nonsense about the degeneracy of blue-blooded, titled and wealthy Britishers. The truth in this matter is not seen partly because it is not really looked for, partly because the newspapers hide it, cover it up, don't give it out—because there's not any vigorous demand for it and because in fact truth is generally less strange, striking and exciting than fiction. It pays newspapers because it sells them to make a fuss when the Duke of Blankshire does what he ought not or when Lady Lightways runs away with her chauffeur or loves not wisely but too often. If a millionaire goes on the razzle-dazzle it's a spicy news item and is reported at length; when a pauper gets drunk it is not a bit interesting to anyone except himself and his undistinguished circle. Looking back over a number of years it is wonderful to me how few not how many have been the *cause celebres*, which is French for "unsavory cases," among the well-born and the rich. Of course, when they do come along the majority of newspapers make the very most of them, publishing as many nauseous details as they dare, shouting at the top of their voices, the result being that the public ear is stunned and the public mind is muddled. A bad smell gets at more noses than does a nice one. Now and again comes a sensational murder, generally committed by otherwise quite uninteresting persons. More noise and clamor, until the public comes to believe that crime is on the increase, whether it be so or not. The newspapers make such a hullabaloo that the modest voice of truth is unheard. Truth is a modest woman; keeps in the background; it is even stated that she dwells at the bottom of a well.

We recently had a case in the English courts in which an Indian gent of high degree was proved to have been heavily blackmailed because he got mixed up with a real lady. The public jeers at him, asks why he wants to come over to us and run amuck among unsavory women; wonders how many more there are of his kidney. Are there many more so rotten and such rotters? The public doesn't size up the facts, doesn't even look for them; is ready to condemn the whole congregation for the sake of one; the whole flock must be black because there was this one black sheep. Is that the way to get at and to tell the truth? Not much.

Washing Dirty Linen in the Courts

Then there came the Dennistoun case, in which Mrs. Dorothy Muriel Dennistoun sued the husband she had divorced, now married to Almina, Countess of Cardigan, for the breaking of an alleged agreement made by him to support her. There is no need to stir up the muddy details of this case, which were smelly, unsavory. One exclaimed: "What a crew!" This rotten scandal has aroused in many quarters the old cry that the British aristocracy has gone to the dogs and that "high" is really "low" life. That's not the truth.

People don't come to the courts to wash clean linen. (*Concluded on page 14*)

How France Aided American Liberty

"Poor Richard" Asked and Received Money to Carry on War of Independence

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI and CHARLES BACHE

(Copyright, 1925, by Franklin Bache.)

A note to France for a loan of 250,000 livres, at 5 per cent.

WAR is an expensive institution, turning men from productive enterprises to destructive activities. Not only the actual instruments of warfare are used up but all the nation's resources of food, of transportation, of clothing, and of finance are immediately devoted, in the event of war, to the successful prosecution of the same. One hundred fifty years ago our colonial forefathers embarked upon such an enterprise, devoting themselves without reservation to the cause of freedom and, in a measure, pledging future resources to attain the victory.

The financing of the American Revolution was an absolutely essential factor in the attainment of victory. At the outbreak of hostilities not enough powder and guns were available to continue for a year and the American sources of supply were utterly inadequate. Washington wrote at Christmas time in 1775: "Our want of powder is inconceivable," and three weeks later not a pound was left in his magazines.

Recently the historian, O. W. Stephenson, at the University of Michigan, made an exhaustive study of the sources of the powder used by the Americans in the first two and one-half years of the conflict. Mr. Stephenson has established from newspapers and from letters and official documents of the time that two million and a quarter pounds of powder were used in this period. Of this amount two million pounds, ninety per cent, came from France while less than one-tenth was produced locally or was on hand from the English war with France of 1753-1762.

No historian today would dispute the fact that American success at that time would have been impossible without this aid from France.

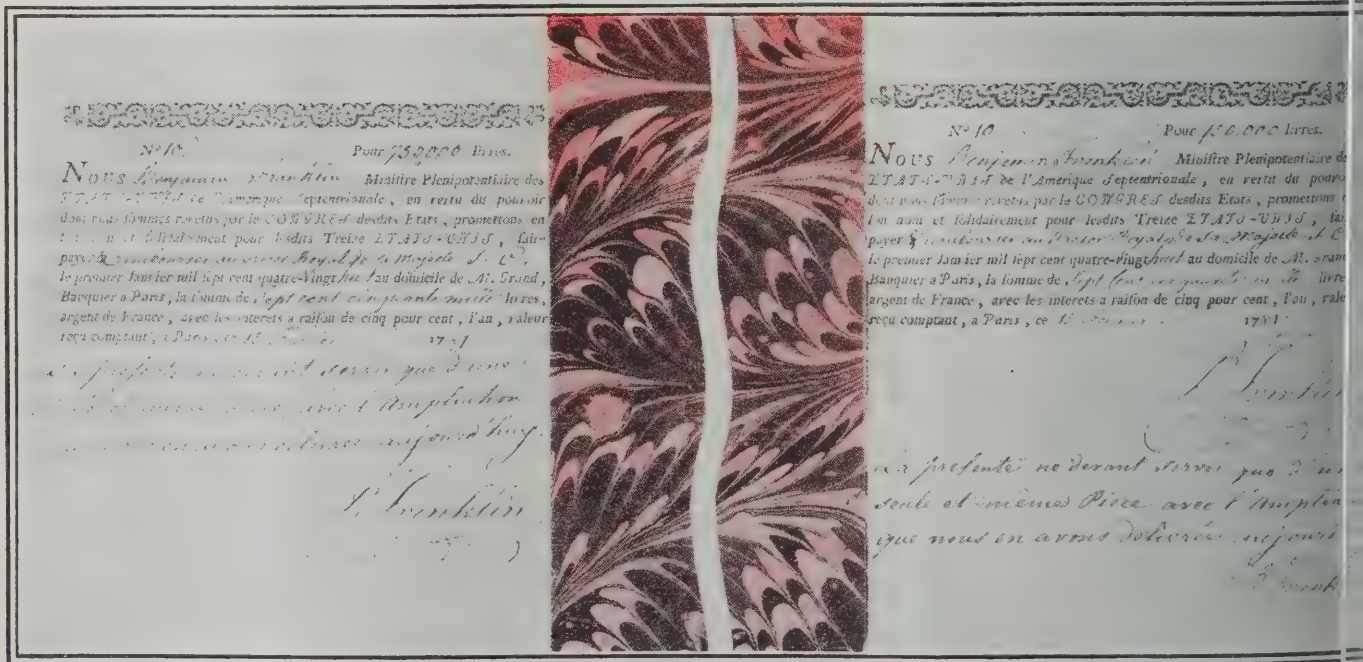
In financing the American Revolution all the neutral states of Europe were approached for loans. They were overrun by agents both of Congress and of the separate states. But the foreign loans upon which the success of the American Revolution was based were made only by and through France. Records of foreign financial aid show only French from 1776 until 1781.

Just about the time of the Battle of Saratoga, late in 1778, which was the first real gleam of sunshine for the American forces, Benjamin Franklin was at a dinner where someone remarked about the "fine spectacle" which the war made. "Yes," Franklin remarked, adding characteristically, "but the spectators do not pay." The surrender of Burgoyne came at a time when the French support have weakened. Beaumarchais Passy with Franklin and imme drove posthaste to Paris to Vergennes and the King. In hi Beaumarchais broke an arm he carried the news.

In 1881 Rafael A. Bayley, United States Treasury, publish special report in the U. S. Ce 1880 a work, "The National L the United States, from July 4 to June 30, 1880." Bayley not in addition to loans, *French s or gifts were granted* between 1779 *to the extent of ten millions*

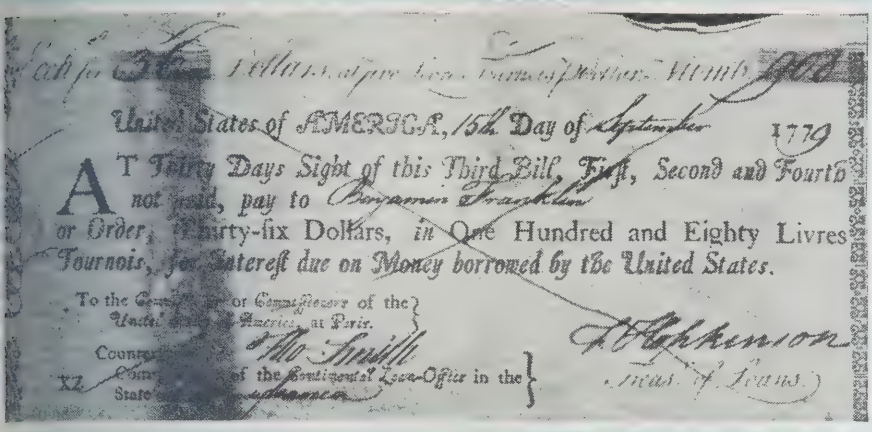
On October 2, 1780, in a l John Jay, Franklin stated:

> "At length I got over a R tance that was almost invincible made another Application to Government here for more M . . . my Memorial was receive the kindest and most friendly ner, and tho' the Court here is not its embarrassments on Accour Money, I was told to make m easy, for that I should be ass with what was necessary . . . I much pleased with the generou



Among Benjamin Franklin's papers, in the possession of one of his descendants, are duplicate copies of some of the notes made on behalf of the United State given to the French Government. The notes were printed in duplicate. These were "indentured," cut apart with an irregular edge for identification. notes have never before been reproduced.

haviour just experienced I presented another Paper, proposing in order to ease the Government here (which has been so willing to ease us), that the Congress might furnish their Army in America with Provisions in part of the Payment for the Sum lent us. This proposition I was told was well taken; but, it being considered, that the States having the Enemy


United States of AMERICA, 15th Day of September 1779
AT Thirty Days Sight of this Third Bill, First, Second and Fourth not paid, pay to Benjamin Franklin
or Order, Thirty-six Dollars, in One Hundred and Eighty Livres Tournois, for Interest due on Money borrowed by the United States.
To the Commissioner or Commissioners of the United States of America at Paris.
Countersigned, Thos Smith
Commissioner of the Continental Loan-Office in the State of Pennsylvania
Treas. of Loans.

gle draft showing how Franklin and others gave their fortunes to their country.

in their Country, and obliged to make great expenses for the Present Campaign, the furnishing so much Provisions as the French Army would need, might straiten and be inconvenient to the Congress, his Majesty did not at this time think it right to accept the offer. You will not wonder at my loving this good prince. He will win the Hearts of all America."

Indicative of our absute dependence on ench aid to continue war to a successful end the following expression m a letter of General Washington:

"Our present situation makes one of two things essential to us; a Peace, or the most vigorous Aid of our Allies, particularly in the Article of *Money*."

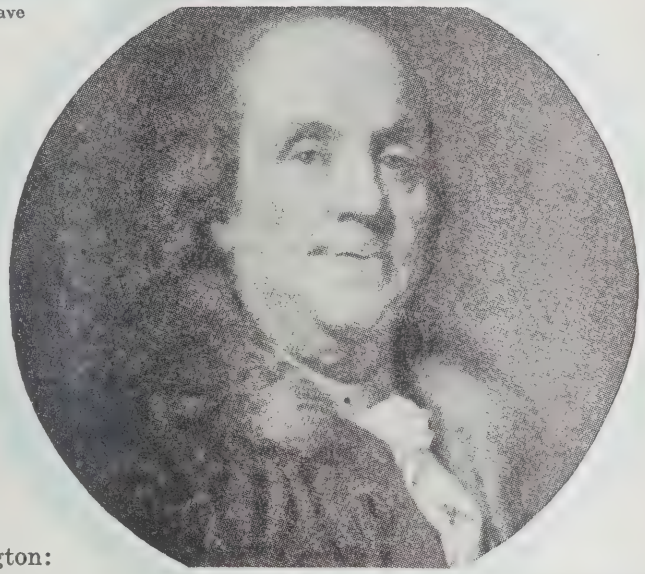
This letter of Washington's was oted by Franklin on February 13, 31, in transmitting a letter from ngress to the King asking an addi- nal loan.

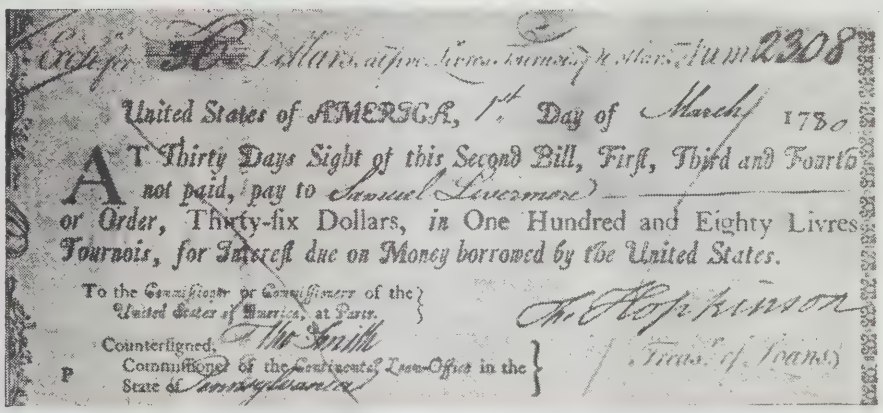
To Samuel Huntington, on March 1781, Franklin wrote in connection h the request from Congress for oan of twenty-five million livres:

"He (Vergennes) assured me of the King's good will to the United States; remarking, however, that, being on the spot, I must be sensible of the great expense France was actually engaged in, and the difficulty of providing for it, which rendered the lending us twenty-five millions at present impracticable . . . but that . . . his Majesty had resolved to grant them the sum of six millions not as a loan but as a free gift."

Concerning these gifts Franklin wrote to Robert R. Livingston on August 12, 1782, as follows:

"All the accounts against us . . . made the debt amount to the even sum of eighteen millions, exclusive of the Holland loan (ten millions), for which the King is guarantee. I send a copy of the instrument to Mr. Morris. In reading it, you will discover several fresh marks of the King's goodness towards us, amounting to the value of near two millions. These, added to the free gifts before made to us at different times, form an object of at least twelve millions, for which no returns but that of gratitude and friendship are expected. These, I hope may be everlasting."




United States of AMERICA, 1st Day of March 1780
AT Thirty Days Sight of this Second Bill, First, Third and Fourth not paid, pay to Samuel Lovemore
or Order, Thirty-six Dollars, in One Hundred and Eighty Livres Tournois, for Interest due on Money borrowed by the United States.
To the Commissioner or Commissioners of the United States of America, at Paris.
Countersigned, Thos Smith
Commissioner of the Continental Loan-Office in the State of Pennsylvania
Treas. of Loans.

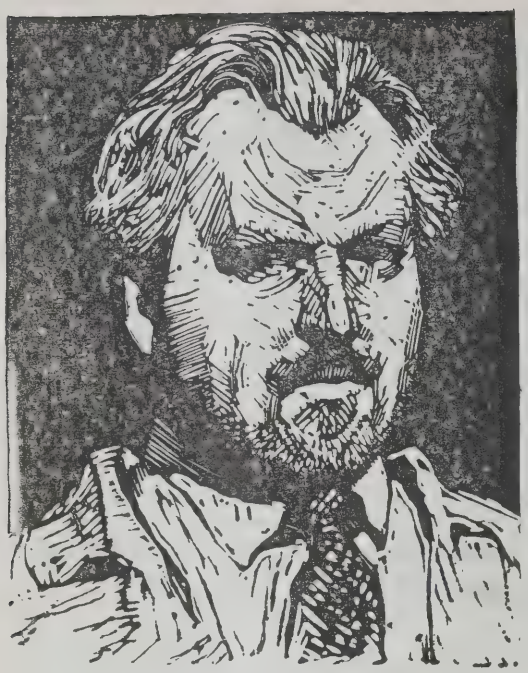
Another Revolutionary contribution. Circle—Benjamin Franklin, after the famous portrait by Duplessis.

Subsequently, on March 7, 1783, after securing in times of great stress six more millions, Franklin acknowledges the gift of the first year's interest on this new loan. French loans and gifts were the only foreign aid received except the one million from Spain, granted at the request of France. Dutch loans began first in 1782, after the preliminary peace negotiations.

The French gifts and loans to America were due largely to two men, Caron de Beaumarchais and Benjamin Franklin. The one represented the element of comic opera in a highly successful rôle while the other represented the American democracy, to the awakening public of France, a symbol of a new age. Both were absolutely devoted to the American cause and probably neither would have been as effective without the other.

The claim to fame of Beaumarchais in the field of comic opera is not to be disputed. Figaro is a character bearing striking resemblance to Beaumarchais himself. Not only on his own part did the author prosecute romantic escapades but on behalf of the King and the Court this son of a watchmaker participated in intrigues and the aftermath of romantic meetings. Upon this type of material are founded his plays, rendered immortal also in music by the genius of a Mozart and a Rossini. These plays contributed no little to the French Revolution.

The time of 1776 to 1779 was not a time when the Americans could pick and choose their friends, and the Comic Opera King served them more devotedly and more effectively than had he been a great statesman. Most fortunately Beaumarchais had the ear of the King and the facile pen which enabled him to put the American cause effectively before that amiable monarch. These efforts began in 1775 and were crowned with success in the recognition of the *(Concluded on page 30)*



Woodcut of Paul Honore, by himself.

Paul Honore's Wor as Wood Engrave

By CHARLES J. FINGER

THIS is why I went to Detroit to see Paul Honoré, who, though he had illustrated three of my books, was almost unknown to me.

A very earnest young man, a little wild-eyed and odd as to his hair and necktie, told me one day that I was hopelessly in the tail of the procession as regarded ultra-modern art, and advised me to talk with some up-to-date artist. That was after the young man had experimented with me in the interests of what he called esthetic innovation, and the manner of his experiment was this. He held up a picture made by Dasburg, a modern of moderns, telling me that the artist had eliminated the recognizable object as detracting the eye. I quote him. When I burst out with a question, asking him what it was called, he said my question was foolish. Then, immediately, he asked me what I made of the picture and, after long consideration, I made answer that it seemed to represent broken eggshells floating in a kind of void. He put the picture down, telling me, quite impatiently, that its real purpose was to stimulate sense of the esthetic quality and said that the work or art might be entitled "Improvisation." Then he went on with the next, and, a little scornful, I think, held up something by Arthur G. Dove, calling on me to give it a name and to speak quick, without thought. He wanted, he said, my fresh impression. So I hazarded a guess saying that it might be a tepee in a cyclone; then came a swift second thought, and I said, earnestly, that perhaps it was microbes attacking a phagocyte, highly magnified. Again I was wrong. It was, he told me, "Nature Symbolized." There were other pictures, things weird and wild, helter-skelter arrangements of globes and segments, eccentricities which he said were cities and landscapes; then, with a kind of sweet resignation he put away his portfolio and told me to see some modern.

I chose Honoré, mainly because I knew that I could trust his pictures and understand his language. There was another reason, too, and it was this. Once, for the *Century Magazine*, he had illustrated one of my adventure stories the scene of which was set in Tierra del Fuego. Now that being an out-of-the-way land, desolate and forbidding but with certain characteristic features, Honoré might easily have slapped things together casually, flinging into the background mountains and precipices with reckless aim, and, given good luck, might have got away with it. But he did nothing of the kind. He indulged in no unrestricted flights of fancy but held true to my description and to the text of the tale. Certainly, for my part, the appearance of the place was indelibly stamped on my memory for I had been shipwrecked there, had suffered cold and half-starvation. So text and illustrations hung together, and well was it that they did. For, in the same issue was an illustrated article by Rockwell Kent written about and from that identical corner of the world, nor did the Kent pictures conflict in any way with those made by Honoré. One artist bore the other out perfectly. I did not have to look at either Kent's nor Honoré's pictures with mistrust.

Well, Honoré and I had a long talk and I felt better after it. I saw dozens and dozens of his pictures, and some made by his pupils, and in each and every case I was able to tell the flowers from the birds, and the houses from the horses. Honoré no incomprehensible jargon, ma explanatory lines in the air wi thumb, was as sane and under able as an ordinary business mar workman. His studio was in a of converted stable and was clu with screens and drawing pape plaster casts. There were a few uncomfortable chairs and a uncomfortable sofa by way of ture. There was a great fireplac seemed never to have known an but the chill comfort of burned ping paper and old newspaper envelopes and advertisements. his back to that fireplace, a li table before him, Honoré sat— within an ace of six feet in h deep-chested, light-bearded, an imaginative fellow with a quic and a swift accurate hand. talked he produced, almost magician, sketches and pictures, them without hunting for them that table just as a ma takes the to requires from And there w me, somethi most uncan times when h duced pictu this and that canny, becau though we worked on th job with hu of miles sepa us, and witho respondence, were pictures things I had ined and vi about, almo actly as I h agined then ways he had the spirit thing. Then pleased m mensely, wa evidence of a taking acc Never did he sixteenth-c character eighteenth-c dress. Alwa had gone in dependent vi tion. That I a glance. Fr ample, in th tures of Ned the armored

From a wood block by Paul Honore.

nger, Honoré had taken the trouble see and to go over the convict ship. had handled and measured the nor the bandit made and wore. So, ually, his picture of the ironclad shranger is far more accurate than e pictures which appeared in the strated journals of Kelly's day. ose were drawn from imagination. Then there was the agreeable live- ess of the man's work. Also the sence of the monotonous stiffness so en found in woodcuts struck me. en there were effects of light and ade, only to be gained, I imagine, deliberate workmanship. Best of was his power of expression. He owed me pictures for "Romantic scals." There they were; the poet- ate earnest and imaginative; the ly harum-scarum heir to great ates who became chimney-sweep; e self-esteeming constable who craved be admiral; the artful and foxy ud who said he could rejuvenate the rn-out—there they were, fellows compounded of ferocity, imagina- n, daring, artful artlessness. In es and scratches made on blocks of od there was character. Did he aw a highwayman clearing a five- rred gate, the action was there. oking, you felt the rush of air, the ift movement, the gathering of the rse for the leap, the beating of rapid ofs. His ships move with majesty d the flashing spray is at the bows them.

I hope I am not superlative. For I not trying to set Honoré on any ely height, nor endeavoring to wn him with any undeserved rels. But I am phasizing the t, as sharply as an, that he is ound man and ist; that he is e with a deli- y of responsi- ity; that he is e of many fol- ving his bent l profession m whose work trust does not liate; that he is a skilled workman, ar-seeing and ll of integ- y, who shuns ackery and per- nious sensation- m. I lay stress o that last, main- because there are faddists a-plenty circles artistic just as there are in cles literary and scientific and educa- inal. And the faddists make most nse and attract most attention, just a a noisy, clattering, loose-geared, adjusted traction machine on its y to the junk pile makes more dis- bance than a hundred smooth-run- g cars doing their work efficiently al well. That simile is drawn from Honoré, for he spoke of the noisy crowd and pointed out the fine work of quiet men such as Eby and Falls and Gusman and Chamberlain and Edward A. Wilson and Triedler and Charles Locke and Esherick and Thomas Nason, and many others.

But Honoré refused to denounce, as I, thinking of the wild-eyed young man, denounced those who hold that

"Nature Symbolized"—Arthur G. Dove.

they have emancipated themselves from the trammels of authority. He was fair and judicial. "They are experimenters sometimes, not always frauds or fanatics, those who style themselves Dadists and Naturalists and Synchronists and Cubists and Futurists and Vorticists and other ists to designate special pleaders for particular theories. It is possible that out of all that esthetic emotion and what seems like eccentricity something may come that is of value. Good has grown out of other movements which were thought strange in their day. Consider the pre-Raphaelites and how that movement produced Burne-Jones, how it affected the work of William Morris and Walter Crane. It marked a step forward. So also did Cubism. To be sure it was dragged into absurdity by light-headed followers of Picasso, but was at bottom an art of fine perception and out of a kind of ferocious realism grew a subtle quality of line. After all, the artist was trying to see things straight and to set them down as he saw them."

"Improvisation"—Andrew Dasburg.

"The ideal of Bunyan," said I.

"Not only Bunyan but hundreds of others. As for the broad result, any man of common sense should be able to draw a line separating earnest men's work from the work of attitudinizers all full of words and fanciful theories and absurdly exaggerated claims. There are excited young men everywhere, and everywhere there are crafty intriguers full of bombast."

We talked of the claim made by some who held that nothing distinctively American had appeared in art.

"That is nonsense," said Honoré. "I remember that when I was in England, years ago, Walter Crane was writing on what he styled the American New Departure. He was not deploring it by any means. He was rather calling attention to the development of wood engraving and its application to illustration. I pass over the case of Whistler. But to come within the field of art most familiar to the common man, the field of the cartoon. There you have the thing plain. For almost fifty years American cartoonists have done work as distinct from that done by the men on *Punch* and the other English papers, or for the matter of that from the French and German illustrated papers, as was the work of Leslie Ward and Cruikshank different from that of Caran d'Ache or Leandre. If you want examples, think of the clever work of F. B. Opper or Zimmerman or Keppler or Davenport or Dalrymple or Sol Etynge or Frank Bellew or W. J. Linton or Timothy Cole or A. W. Drake."

Presently the talk went back to my youth with those faddist pictures in which there seemed to be neither form nor beauty nor order nor imagination, and the case of Georg Grosz was mentioned. I said that to me the work of Grosz recalled the work of insane artists, or else of those suffering from paralytic dementia, or else the impudent obscenities chalked on walls by silly boys. Honoré knew of the Grosz work and recalled with a laugh that it had been hailed by one critic as "distinctly American, strong and primal."

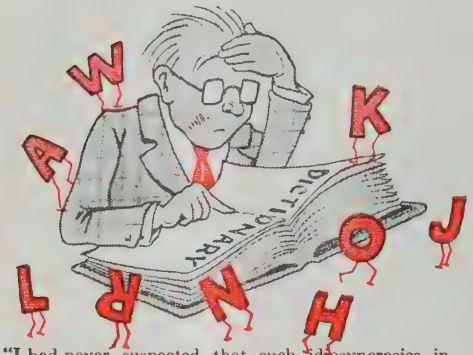
"The excuse made for Grosz," he said, "is that he expresses hatred of evil. That seems to me to be an evidence of loose thinking. Hatred of evil and folly and injustice can be, and has been, expressed without exhibition of bad taste and without falling into the silly or the disgusting. What about Hogarth? Or what about the work of Art Young, or of Gropper, or of Bob Minor?"

By that time Honoré was busy making a charcoal sketch of me. He had broken the conversation off short, saying that he was no (*Concluded on page 27*)

Getting Caught in English Tra

Adventures of an American Who Thought He Knew About Pronunciatio

By BRANDER DE RENNES



"I had never suspected that such idiosyncrasies in pronunciation existed."

I HAD never suspected that such idiosyncrasies in pronunciation existed, and I fell into a good many pitfalls before I got out of the country, and got a good many shocks from first to last.

I had a little business to do along with my pleasure, and an American friend in London gave me a letter to an English business man. I say a "friend"; but he was not at all a friend, else he would have pronounced the Englishman's name for me; but the truth of the matter was that he wanted me to get caught. He'd been caught himself, and he wanted to let another squirm. The Englishman's name was Colclough. I pronounced it as it was spelled when I addressed Mr. Colclough, and he blandly said, "Pronounced Cokely, if you don't mind." Of course I didn't mind in the least; but I was awfully shocked.

Mr. "Cokely" was a good sort in spite of his name, and he gave me several business cards, but without pronouncing the names on them. I took them unsuspectingly, never dreaming that there were any more freaks in pronunciation, and thinking "Cokely" only a coincidence. I found out soon after, however, that it was a habit and not a coincidence.

One of the cards read Messrs. Harenc & Harenc. I pronounced it Harenc, giving every letter its due; but I was up against shock number two when the clerk superciliously pronounced it Haron.

I was beginning to wake up. I looked at the other cards carefully, and they seemed very innocent. One read Hayhurst & Hough, and the other Ralph & St. John. They were dead easy; there could not be anything to twist about them; they had a good American appearance. No pitfalls there! So I sailed in on the first one, and when it came back to me Hurst & Huff, it was a worse shock than the first. Then I got fresh and just low-down American, and said, "What's the matter with the Hay?" and the fellow who attached an R to all his A's said, "I beg your pardon?" And then I remembered that one must not expect a sense of humor to appear in England, and I said blithely, "Oh, nothing, nothing," and he looked a little dazed and amazed, and of course set me down as one more of those crazy Americans.

I was getting timid by this time; so when it came to speaking Ralph & St. John out loud I trembled a little. Of course there was only one possible way to pronounce the two names that I could think of, but still I was not quite sure, so I shirked my duty and just merely asked if "these gentlemen are in." The boy in buttons and no chin said Mr. "Rafe" was out, but Mr. "Sinjin" was in. So I saw Mr. "Sinjin"; but I could hardly speak, I was so dazed.

"The boy in buttons said 'Mr. Sinjin' was in."

After that it got to be a sort of still hunt with me. I ran down every queer name I could find and set it down in a little black book just to show slow-going Americans at home what was doing in the language. It is an incredible list. Some of the twistings are so grotesque that my good Yankee friends won't believe me when I pronounce them. It's like learning English all over again.

I met a lovely woman, who was introduced to me as Mrs. Bewly, and I lost my heart to her; but that's another story. I found out afterward with another terrible shock that she spelled herself Beaulieu. I said, "How can you do such things?" and she never what I meant. But, Bewly or B she was adorable.

I played golf with a fine cha Andrews, and called him Clave —alas!—spelled him Clavers he did the trick as Claverhous

A Mr. Bly turned out according to his card, to be Blythe, and Mr. Cunsbro ca very handsomely on paper as borough.

It seems that the average A knows all about the eccentric such well-known names as C deley and Belvour and Buccleu Mainwaring and Marjoriban Madeline; but I didn't. I pron them as they were spelled a duly astonished when they wer lated for me like this: C Beever, Mannering, Marshban Mawdlin.

I bought some golf clubs of named Klore; but he spelled it

The milliner who made a my mother had a nice sign over her shop tha Bethune; but I knew she herself something else, you fool me, and, sure enoug inquiry I found the tri Beeton.

Gladstone's old home is Hawarden, but pronounced I felt sorry for that; for I think the Grand Old M above such things; but t get the habit in England, i for there's that other gr man, the Earl of Wemy calls himself Weems.

A Mr. Ruthven was in ing party with me. He himself Riven. A little girl face like an angel, and the ma half a dozen angels, told me h was Muriel Sillenger, and I as slyly to spell it for me. It tur to be St. Ledger. "It's a p said right out loud. She said, is?" with her angel eyes upon I answered with a deceptive "That you don't belong to m she never knew how sorry I was

The most ful woman in is Lady Pole and do you k Ladyship pro it Pool-Cary!

And these a tenth of the perversions in black book. who do the things with the tongue, the themselves or t zens of the "Sa

EDITORIALS

Reconstructors of Europe

GOVERNMENTS change, the pendulum of Europe swings from radicalism to reaction, old statesmen take new posts and coin solutions, and the Old World boils and bubbles along, doing what it can to solve its problems.

And through it all, unsung and unheralded, the New World reconstructors of the Old go their pleasant ways by the tens of thousands, doing good and knowing it not.

They are over there now, and every departing steamship has a full booking. They carry American dollars: dollars that have been marked off the budget already and bear labels such as "pleasure," "education," "culture." To the far corners of Europe they go, scattering along the way the only coin that has never faltered in value this last decade. Peoples who have wrung a pitiful living from a harder world than they ever knew before, but nothing for the simple necessities and never a sou for the cracked teapot or the old sock that should carry insurance for a rainy day, have felt the glow of American gold. American dollars scattered over Europe have done much to start the wheels of trade moving. Even in countries where, since the war, women have gone barefooted beneath the walls of castles now emptied of owners become as poor as the poorest.

No one can measure this flow precisely. It ranks with what the economists call "invisible exports." Europe has exported pleasure, education, culture to the United States; and Europe takes her pay.

But there is one practical measure; a hard, rule of thumb, banker's yardstick. Each day, for months, in London and Paris alone, American travelers have exchanged five millions of dollars for pounds and francs—with no intention of ever taking them home. And this is only a part of the story. Some estimate that Americans spend half a billion dollars a year abroad annually, and have done so since the war ended.

Not large, stacked against the debts of war; but five hundred millions!—a sizable sum when scattered far and wide over Europe, quickening the life of trade.

Some of these travelers will come back to schoolrooms, some will be reading papers before women's clubs this fall, others will plunge into business fresher for a look around; and probably none will know that he has been a "reconstructor of Europe."

Firecrackers

DURING the war Great Britain learned to celebrate the Fourth of July. George Washington, her leaders said, should be honored in England. He was an English gentleman, and he did only what any English gentleman should do—he resisted the bullying of an alien despot.

During the war Britain developed a new conception of empire government; recognizing her colonies publicly as self-governing dominions, and the empire as a society of free nations. Since then she has extended autonomy to Ireland and Egypt.

Excepting, perhaps, the Pilgrim's Society, Britain has now forgotten the Fourth. She shoots off her firecrackers on Guy Fawkes' Day, in memory of a plot that failed.

What a tribute to an idea, and what a warning to misguided despotism, if the firecrackers snapped and the guns saluted in celebration of an Independence Day "on which the sun never sets."

New Buildings for Old

IN A little house on top of a New York skyscraper there is a man with a pipe and a slide rule whose job it is to measure the rate at which we are rebuilding America. In columns of figures that would baffle most of us he has written a strange story these last four or five years.

We were very low a little more than four years ago. Gentlemen who knew the terms of fiscal economics said we were being "deflated." And at the same time a lot of us were homeless, or crowded beyond endurance.

But we must be patient, we were told. It would be foolish to start building things when costs were still high.

Our necessity knew no law, however, and in spite of all the advice in the world those of us who could afford it set about getting for ourselves the new homes we desired. Stagnant industry perked up and again began to take an interest in the things of this world. Orders began to trickle in. Orders for things that go to building houses. Then orders for other things people wanted began to circulate, as the building industry paid wages and the wage dollars moved from hand to hand.

It was an instinct as old as life itself that pulled us out of the doldrums of a near-panic—the instinct of homemaking. New homes

everywhere. A little later, new factories. And, finally, a veritable boom in the construction of buildings of commerce, store and office buildings. In a little more than two years we have spent, without feeling the pull on our purse, as much money in rebuilding our country as that sum owed us abroad which Europe may be able to pay off in a couple of generations.

The man with the pipe has smoked and said nothing, figuring the while. The other day his assistants ran the last card through the very intelligent machine which fills one side of the room, and he manipulated his slide rule for a minute; and out went the announcement that "The volume of new building contracted for in April reached the highest monthly total on record."

The figure for thirty-six eastern states was $546,970,700.

For the country, around six hundred million: twenty million a day, giving us new buildings for old.

Russia Buys More Murders

SUBSCRIBERS to relief funds for Russia will be interested to know that $10,000,000 in Russian gold has been sent to foment revolution in China and the murder of American and British citizens.

American subscribers to famine funds for the "Starving Russians" will be equally interested to know that Russian money is going by the millions to buy wheat flour from Canadian mills.

We are an easy-going people, and we quite naturally follow our instincts as to what is the right thing to do, but we are not entirely dumb. Eventually the facts get through to our consciousness—why not now?

Robert M. LaFollette—1855-1925

MULTITUDES who disagreed with Robert Marion LaFollette's political methods admired his sincerity, and millions who doubted the wisdom of some of his most characteristic proposals accepted the honest loyalty, the superb Americanism and the unwavering spirit of service in the man. He dies a full threescore years and ten, in the month of his birth, and with a record of personal achievement and political influence which will rank high in his generation. When the amount of painstaking labor which he had accomplished is taken into consideration, the marvel is that he avoided a breakdown as long as he did. Those who knew him intimately knew the extremes of his laborious application to the subjects which he had in hand. He had an almost abnormal capacity to absorb knowledge. His passion was for facts. Some of those who estimated him highly felt that the energy which he expended in the search for knowledge had the effect of depleting his inspirational powers, that facts so heavily weighed him down that inspirational wisdom had less than its full chance with him. When one of his sons was ill with an obscure disease and the doctors were nonplussed, Senator LaFollette applied himself to the study of the disease with such masterly skill that, through many days and nights of personal attendance and nursing, he brought the boy through. The deep affection and devotion which existed in the LaFollette family was a most beautiful thing, hardly to be guessed by those who saw the Senator from Wisconsin in the midst of a parliamentary fight.

Senator LaFollette was all his life a poor man. He seldom knew what it was to have an ordinary surplus. When through writing or lecturing he would sometimes make a little extra money, he quickly devoted it to the spread of those ideas which he believed necessary to the people's salvation. Yet it must be owned that though he was prominently before the nation for twenty years, he did not capture the popular imagination to the extent necessary to make him a national character in the candidatorial sense. He was a crusader more than an executive, stronger in the opposition than in the government. His service in the opposition was of great benefit to the nation. The people who could not see the wisdom of his being in the White House were glad of his service in the Senate. And he was not without his triumphs there. When he returned to the Chamber, after the illness which preceded his fatal one, the whole Senate rose to him in a tribute unparalleled in this generation. They were saluting the character of the man.

Wisconsin who knew him best and believed in him most profoundly will feel his loss. He served the State and through the State the Nation in a way that won Wisconsin's love.

The Rising Tide

THE tides of Race consciousness are ruled by laws which have not been charted; we see the effects thereof but we cannot tell whence they come. The world has been awakening to the fact of Race for some time. It is the only irresistible internationalism now functioning among men. Race is an insurmountable, unavoidable human fact. The Chinese evidence it, as do the Jews, the Continental Africans and the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic peoples. The Chinese outbreak is essentially an expression of Race. The point is, not to lose the point in fear or denunciation, but to study the development as we study natural changes in any other sphere.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE Fourth of July signifies that you cannot stop a person or a people that knows where it is going. Only he can be stopped who has no purpose, no direction, no destination. The men and women who came to this land, when it was only land and nothing more, knew where they were going. They were headed in the direction of freedom to think, freedom to work, freedom to create conditions of life that satisfied their need.

It is always folly to oppose such a program, because it keeps step with the irresistible law of life. It marches with the sun. And as a matter of fact it is only folly that ever attempts to oppose such movements, folly that goes by the name of Politics. The first planters of the American idea were not opposed by human experience, by philosophy or religion; they were not opposed by their fellowmen of similar degree anywhere; but only by politicians. They were not even opposed by Statesmen, but only by politicians—a distinction which makes the folly more apparent.

The American Revolution was not directed against anything that had gone before; it was a revolt against the refusal to permit pioneers to enjoy what they already had. The American Revolutionary Fathers were British citizens who objected to being deprived of the rights of British citizens. Independence became the indispensable condition under which those rights could be retained and enjoyed.

The old-style written history which serious reconstructors of history have described as "bunk" gave us a false idea of the Revolutionary spirit. The old school textbooks showed us a people imbued with enthusiastic and enterprising support of the principles of liberty. But the documents of the period show us a population that refused to pay the tax that supported the war, desertions on a large and continuous scale from Washington's army, wholesale graft and self-seeking in Congress, and a disposition everywhere to give up the struggle at any time. Only a few spirits kept the war afloat. France supplied the gunpowder, the guns and the cash.

It is always so. The people are always helped forward much against their will. Humanity is not so naturally progressive as we sometimes say it is. It does not move so much as it *is moved* by forces beyond its control. Were it not for leaders, whose self-fulfillment depends on completing the mission they were sent to perform, we little know how slowly humanity would progress.

What are we independent of in America? Of nothing that really matters. We are independent of any foreign government to be sure, but not of government itself, not of the conditions of the world, not of the laws of materials and economics. We have won a certain degree of political liberty, but until we free ourselves from vestiges of corrupt practices, from wastefulness and aversion to work, until we free ourselves of all the things that keep our outlook small and mean, we have not attained liberty or independence.

> *AMERICANS are probably the worst misusers of the term "Patriotism" because so few of them know how much their freedom cost, how it is preserved, how it surpasses what other people have. Waving the American Flag and exploiting the American People is not patriotism. Raising the national anthem and lowering the wages of the workers is not patriotism. It is the most subtle and effective form of treason. Nations are undermined from within by forces that pretend to be patriotic when they are only parasitic. We need economic patriotism, as well as political.*

Patriotism, which is a greatly misused word, serving as a cloak to cover as many knaves as it does fools, is nevertheless a real and basic element in national life. It means love of the people from whom we sprang and of the soil that sustains us, respect for the people's rights and active effort to enlarge their opportunities. Patriotism is only secondarily political. In its pure form it is a family loyalty, a genuine concern for the welfare of our own land, with some to spare for the peace and prosperity of all other lands. That is patriotism. An admixture of other sentiments dilutes it.

No man is a patriot who beats down wages to his workmen or labor performance to his employer. No man is a patriot who erects artificial commercial or industrial combinations that make the people's living harder to get. No man is a patriot who engages in a business the prosperity of which spells injury to any part of the community. He may wave the flag all he pleases and label himself "100 per cent"—if he is exploiting the least of these our fellow-citizens, he is not a patriot.

On the other side, treason to any element of the people's prosperity is treason to the State. The State does not exist on political sentiments or opinions alone, but on the economic security of the citizen. Political patriotism never makes up for economic treason. It is not the alien enemies of our government that we should fear, but those loud "patriots" who regard the people and the country as sheep to be sheared.

Test patriotism by this, and the Fourth of July might become the anniversary of freedom indeed.

The Signers—56 of '76

Our Declaration of Independence Had a Slow and Natural Development

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

THE first American declaration of independence was made by the provincial assembly of Massachusetts in June, 1764, after the premier of Great Britain announced his intention of asking Parliament to levy a duty on stamps. The word, "independence," does not appear in the resolution, but it certainly breathes the spirit of independence and clearly defines the attitude of the colony toward the proposed unjust measure; so although not literally a declaration of independence, it should be considered as practically such and certainly a vital preliminary to the document patriotically born more than twelve years afterward.

"It is resolved," the Massachusetts men agreed, "that the sole right of giving and granting the money of the people of this province is vested in them, or their representatives; that the imposition of duties and taxes by the Parliament of Great Britain upon a people not represented in the House of Commons is absolutely irreconcilable with their rights; that no man can justly take the property of another without his consent, upon which original principles the power of making laws for levying taxes, one of the main pillars of the British constitution, is evidently founded."

Many of the colonies prepared petitions and forwarded them to their agents in England; however, the Parliament refused even to receive these pleas. Such action did not bind Great Britain and the American colonies any closer together. The passage of the stamp tax bill in March, 1765, continued the alienation of American affections.

The Virginia assembly happened to be the first colonial legislature to meet after the news was received. Patrick Henry introduced protesting resolutions which were adopted and which constituted a third near-declaration.

Patrick Henry waxed highly eloquent in proposing his resolutions. He fully believed that the king had acted the part of a tyrant.

"Caesar had his Brutus," he blazed forth, "Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—"

"Treason! Treason!" interrupted the presiding officer and many of the members.

Halliday Historic Photograph Co.

Reading the Declaration of Independence from the balcony of Faneuil Hall, Boston.

"And George the Third," the speaker repeated in a calmer tone, "may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

This should be counted as the fourth preliminary declaration. It vitalized the entire House of Burgesses, and next it inspired the people of Virginia from which it then radiated and inspired the whole country.

America maintained a stubborn resentment toward the Stamp Act. Effigies ridiculing it and the enforcement officers were displayed. Business became stagnant. Even marriages decreased in number because stamps were required on the licenses. This state of affairs coupled with a memorable speech made in Parliament by William Pitt resulted in the repeal of the act in February, 1766. The rep carried a joker, however, insisting the right to make laws to bind colonies in all cases whatsoever.

The colonies, believing that t had gained a real victory, were ha for a time, even quite jubilant. T a change of the administration in summer of the same year and sickness of Mr. Pitt, America's c champion, the next y gave the desired op tunity to Grenville, ex-minister, to del a vengeful blow. pushed through a providing for a colo tax upon glass, pa white and red l painters' colors and Concurrently the Bri passed two other m dling acts, one establ ing a new board customhouse officers America and the sec restraining the New Y legislature from funct ing until it should fur the king's troops certain required arti

General indigna ensued. The dist ances in Boston were as to cause the Bri to station troops th The soldiers irritated people, and the pe irritated the soldiers. Finally, in Ma 1770, there occurred a street figh which eleven citizens were killed wounded. This was the "Bo Massacre." America never forgot bloodstains that crimsoned the s of old King street on March f

Boston was memorably heard f again three years later. Britain withdrawn all the taxes except one of a few cents a pound upon in a futile effort to maintain its r to tax the colonies. Three shiploa tea were sent to Boston. The pe wanted the tea, as it was priced vitingly low and was of good qua but they would not buy the tea thus tacitly give their consent to British alleged right of taxation.

At midnight, the citizens disgu

mselves as Mohawk Indians and
nped the chests of tea into the
bor. This sudden onslaught has
nd a place in history as the "Boston
a Party."

The towns of the provinces
d meetings to protest against
British oppression. Boston
k the lead. That city's com-
tee appealed to the whole
Massachusetts for unani-
us action.

"We have abundant reason
apprehend," this seventh
-declaration set forth, "that
lan of despotism has been
certed and is hastening to
ompletion. The late meas-
s of the administration
re a direct tendency to de-
ve us of everything valuable
men, as Christians and as
jects entitled to the rights
native Britons . . . We are
afraid of poverty, but we
dain slavery. Let us con-
er that we are struggling for
best birthrights and for our
eritance which, being in-
ged, renders all of our bless-
s precarious in their enjoy-
nt and trifling in their
ue."

On the twelfth day of
rch, 1773, the House of
rgesses in Virginia named
tanding committee of corre-
ndence and inquiry to keep in
ch with her sister colonies and thus
enabled to act as a unit instead of
arately.

The second Continental Congress
vened on the fifth day of September,
'4, in Philadelphia. With the lone
eption of Georgia all the colonies
l delegates there. It speedily pro-
ded to commend the action of
ston and the province of Massa-
setts. Next it published a declara-
n of rights in ten numbered para-
phs which concluded as follows:

"All and each of which the aforesaid
uties, in behalf of themselves and
ir constituents, do claim, demand
l insist on as their indubitable rights
l liberties which cannot be legally
en from them, altered or abridged by
r power whatever without their con-
t by their representatives in their
eral provincial legislatures."

The provincial assembly of Massa-
setts announced its intention of
eting in Boston on the fifteenth of
ober. General Gage, commanding
British troops there, forbade the
sion. They evaded him, however,
going to Concord where they
ted John Hancock as their president.
ey shifted again so that on the
enteenth they were in Cambridge.

There they proceeded to put the province in a state of defense; they appointed a committee of safety and a committee of supplies. One-fourth the militia was ordered frequently drilled and held in readiness to serve at a minute's warning; they were appropriately called "minutemen." It was these men who, on April 19, 1775, resisted the British troops dispatched to Concord to destroy the military stores that the colonists had collected; there our forefathers fired the shot which seemed "heard around the world."

"The Shrine" in the Library of Congress in which the original Declaration of Independence is kept.

The Massachusetts legislature authorized the borrowing of one hundred thousand pounds, and an army of thirteen thousand men. It also released the citizens from obedience to General Gage. This, being a separation from Great Britain, was just one more pre-declaration.

Congress still held out the olive branch though the war was really on. While preparing for defense, a majority of the members insisted upon another attempt at reconciliation. This was made. The petition recounted various misdeeds of the king's administration, then asked:

"Can the descendants of Britain tamely submit to this? No, we never will. While we revere the memory of our gallant and virtuous ancestors, we never can surrender those glorious privileges for which they fought, bled and conquered. Admit that your fleets and armies can destroy our towns and ravage our coasts: these are inconsiderable objects, things of no moment, to men whose bosoms glow with the ardor of liberty. We can retire beyond the reach of your navy and, without any sensible diminution of the necessaries of life, enjoy a luxury which you will want—that of being free."

Congress reminded the king that the loss of liberty in America would only be a prelude to its loss in Great Britain.

On June 15, 1775, Washington was selected as commander-in-chief of the Army then being raised for the defense of American liberty.

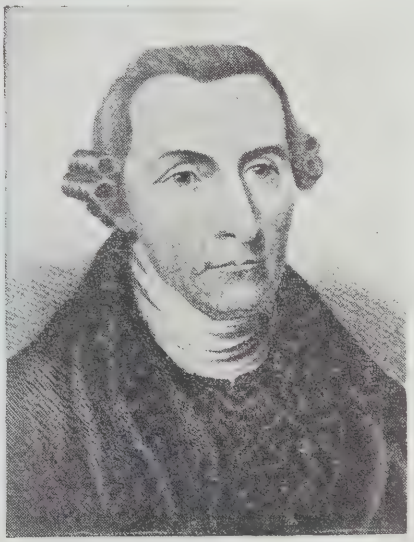
During the autumn, winter, and spring, Thomas Paine extensively circulated his pamphlet, "Common Sense," which urged independence from Britain. The host of converts increased; by next June many persons were clamoring for independence.

Consequently on June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, introduced his famous resolution "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states."

The next day Congress named itself a committee of the whole to consider the proposal. Two days later Benjamin Harrison, chairman of the committee, requested that the matter be laid over for the consideration of a full Congress on July 1, also that a special committee be appointed to write a declaration breaking the alliance with Great Britain.

Accordingly, a committee of five men was named on the following day. Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, headed the group as chairman. The other members were: John Adams, of Massachusetts; Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania; Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston, of New York.

Pennsylvania indicated its willingness to concur in the matter of independence. Shortly afterward the delegates from New Jersey announced that



Patrick Henry, of Virginia, was probably the chief agitator for separation from Great Britain.

they had been directed to do likewise.

Precisely as planned for July's opening day, Benjamin Harrison read the draft of the declaration. Then he offered the resolution "that this Congress will, tomorrow, take into consideration the Declaration respecting Independence."

In the ensuing debate the charge of treason was made against John J. Zubly, a German member of the Georgia delegation. Congress expelled him. Next the formal document was corrected by Congress. Then the debate on the revised draft served as a prelude to the memorable action of July 4, when the entire Congress, with the exception of three Pennsylvania members, formally adopted the immortal paper. Here and at this time our holiday, the Fourth of July, originated.

DOLLY MADISON

John Hancock, the president of Congress, signed his name in bold characters. He explained that he hoped to save the British king the trouble of using spectacles in deciphering his signature.

The old bell-ringer of the building rang the bell, throughout a period of two hours, so energetically that it probably cracked then with the joyous peal, though the injury was not discovered at that time.

Congress had convened in Philadelphia and had promulgated the Declaration of Independence there. But New York was fervently stirred too; as soon as the people received the news they pulled down a gilded lead statue of George the Third and changed it into bullets. At Boston the Declaration was publicly read from the balcony of Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of American Liberty."

On July 19, an engrossed copy of the Declaration to contain the signatures of all the delegates was ordered by Congress. Two weeks later the copy had been prepared. Fifty delegates indorsed it at that time, and six afterward.

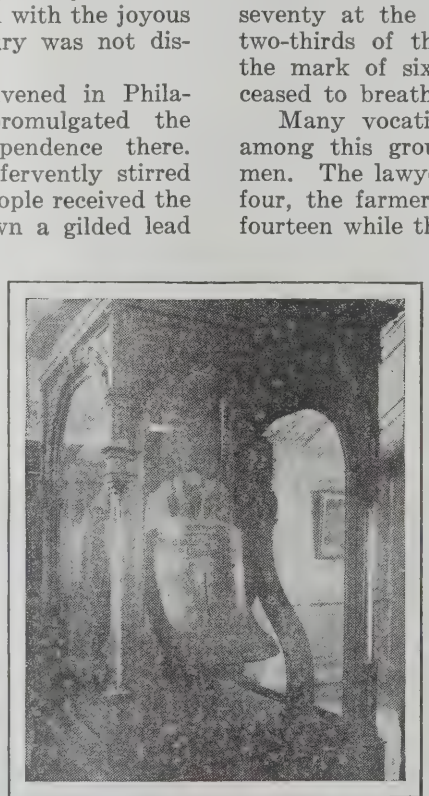
There was both solemnity and jocularity on the second day of August when the delegates, by placing their names to the document, gave birth to a new nation. The various incidents accompanying the act, however, will be told not here but in succeeding articles.

"Thomas Jefferson was wont to relate when in a reminiscent mood," one historian has recorded, "that the signing of the Declaration of Independence was hastened by swarms of flies that came into the hall through the open windows of a livery stable nearby and assailed the silk-stockinged legs of the honorable members. Handkerchiefs in hand, they lashed the flies with what vigor they could command on a hot August afternoon. But, despite their efforts, the annoyance became at length almost intolerable, and the members made haste to bring the momentous business to a close."

The youngest signer was Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina. His twenty-seven years contrasted strongly with the threescore and ten on the shoulders of the oldest signer, Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania.

The longevity of the signers was really remarkable. Three lived beyond the age of ninety, ten exceeded eighty, eleven reached seventy, and fourteen were between the ages of sixty and seventy at the time of their deaths: two-thirds of these patriots attained the mark of sixty years before they ceased to breathe.

Many vocations were represented among this group of fifty-six sturdy men. The lawyers numbered twenty-four, the farmers ranked second with fourteen while the merchants took the third position with their total of nine. One was a minister; three were hoping to occupy pulpits later. Four were physicians; one of the fifty-six was a manufacturer.



The Liberty Bell in its glass case.

During the War of 1812, we nearly lost possession of our treasured birth certificate. A woman saved it. The enemy swarmed into Washington, and when the danger of capture became imminent, Dolly Madison, who had lingered at the White House, fled, taking with her the official Declaration of Independence. In 1894 the tattered but cherished paper was hermetically sealed and placed in the care of the Department of State. It is rarely shown now.

Is It True W Are Untruthful

(*Concluded from page 3*)

Because some folk wear and displ dirty linen is no manner of reas for believing that most are cloth in the same unpleasing fashio Surely that much of the truth visible. But the newspapers dor say so; and gossip-mongers do like to state it. One swallow does n make a summer. No more does o blackguard or blackguardess ma society a dirty entrance hall to Had Mr. Justice McCardie, who tried t case, expressed himself clearly a definitely: "Cases like the present not in any way represent the gene life of well-to-do people in Engla They give a wholly false impression English social and family life." Tha truth. A whole and wholesome tru Yet there are thousands who do grasp it. Because a few—a vast min ity—individuals are very nasty it concluded that the many are a beastly. That's not a truth. In ev country there are certain old and you folk, males and females, who beastly. It has always been so; probab will always be so. But if a whole tion went rotten, or the whole of a class in any nation went rotten, it wo go and step out of business. Tha that. That's truth.

It was my fortune, good or b some years since to be on the ins of English society—with a big S to mingle with the mighty. I quit because it bored me; I found it d There are three classes in Engl society: (a) The clever few, who ma names for themselves despite th rank and titles; (b) The vast majori who are uninteresting, conservati good, hard-working; (c) The minute nority who "go to the deuce and make excuse and never come back no mor It would be as idiotic to judge soci by class (a) as by class (c).

The truth, the whole truth, is t men and women are much of a mu ness in all countries and in all ran A sprinkling is uncommonly good uncommonly bad; the huge majo is just about like you and me. That's whole truth. Get at the facts yourselves and you'll agree with At any rate I hope so.

Perhaps one of the most comm crimes is perjury. This crime a rule is not committed in the byw of civilization where the moral se of the people is supposed to be at lowest ebb, but in the courts of l of highly civilized countries, ri under the noses of the judges. To "the truth, the whole truth, a nothing but the truth" seems alm impossible with a large proportion witnesses. This is perhaps one of worst forms of indifferentism. Peo may not lie deliberately, but they the truth carelessly.

The Slav—Old, Yet Full of Youth

A Paradoxical People Whose Fluid Nature Is Apt to Overflow

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS
Professor of Anthropology, University of Minnesota.
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THE tenacity of the many Slavic characteristics which have persisted throughout the widespread geographic distribution of that people show that in their original area their progenitors developed not only a distinctive language but a distinctive temperament and culture pattern. I shall present some of the outstanding Slav characteristics with especial attention to those which have world significance.

Though the Slav is old, he has the elasticity of youth. He seems to have been on and retained the fluidity of the slow-flowing waters of his original home nest. As history shows, the Slav has flowed into the various molds which nature or man has provided, whether geographic or political. A marvelous flexibility of temperament and intellect has given him a suppleness of mind and the faculty of imitativeness and adjustment almost incomprehensible to other races.

From this fluidity comes the extremism of the Slav. Though he runs readily into any mold, he does not hold shape. He is prone to flow beyond the bounds to any and all extremes. President Masaryk, in his volume, "The Spirit of Russia," says this extremism is due to the fact that the Slav, in looking to the East rather than to the West for his cultural stimuli, never took on the spirit of Roman formalism leading to compromise. Hence the conflicts of ideas and ideals in Slavic life end in exhaustion, rather than in compromise.

Slav extremism explains much that is contradictory in their character. Balzac speaks of the fluid nature peculiar to the Slav . . . which gives them an amazing inconsequency of conduct," and tells the story of the Countess Caraboosse who, at the christening of old Gerard, overlooked by the fairy who endowed that attractive people with the most brilliant gifts, came forward to say, "Keep all the gifts that my sisters have showered on you; but you will never know what you wish for." We find in the Slav the most extreme orthodoxy, and liberalism to the point of nihilism. We find the depth of understanding compassion, and the fiercest cruelty. We find one day the death penalty abolished because of its inhumanity—the next day restored because "we must kill with all our souls."

This extremism has enabled the Slav by his genuineness to make great world contributions to literature and art. He has depicted, without shadow of compromise or reserve, to an extreme from which other writers shrank, life in its most vivid reality. The Slav writers have not only laid bare their own souls, but they have shown us the soul of humanity. All modern realistic literature has taken its pattern from their masterpieces.

This genuineness and feeling for reality makes the Slav a great "actor." His suppleness of mind and his ability to follow thoughts and emotions to the farthest extremes make him for the moment the person he represents.

In the political life of the Slavs, especially those groups less mixed with alien blood, their fluidity and extremism have produced an anarchical spirit fatal to political stability and ordered progress. The Slavs have not been constructive political leaders. They have never governed themselves as an advancing people. It may almost be said of all Slav groups, as has been said of the Russian peasants—"they have always been led around by the nose by some one."

Nestor, the first chronicler of Russian history, tells us that the Russian nation had her beginning in the year 862 when the tribes of Novgorod invited Scandinavians to their land to rule over them. Whether the story is literally true, the cause of the invitation, as given by Nestor, is an unquestionable picture of Slavic instability. Of these tribes he says: "Among them was not a shadow of justice, family rose against family, and this disagreement occasioned frequent conflicts. They were torn among themselves to the point that at last they said, "Let us seek a Prince who will govern us and speak to us according to justice." Since that time the predominating blood of Russian rulers, nobles and leaders has been Swedish, Tartar, German, or Jewish. The name of the last ruling family, with Czar Nicholas as its head, was Romanov-Holstein-Gottorp. The founder of that family was a Teutonic immigrant from Prussia. The Bohemians, perhaps the most stable Slavs, reached their zenith of culture under Teutonic leaders. The Jagiellonic dynasty which made old Poland great was of Lithuanian origin. The various branches of the southern Slavs had short periods of comparatively stable power, probably under leaders with foreign blood, in the Middle Ages. With the one exception of Montenegro they were all later under the Turk for 400 years. Little Montenegro in her country of soil-less mountain rocks fought a winning fight against the Turk. But she made no pretense to advanced culture. Her limitations were patent. Servian history during the hundred years of her freedom from the Turk was the terrible record of the revolutions and cold-blooded murders of an undisciplined people. The new Slavic governments were all set up under external influences.

"Torn among themselves"—this phrase alone is Slavic history. The historians of the Middle Ages tell us that there are few medieval subjects more confusing than the distribution and nomenclature of Slavic peoples on account of "the incessant combinations and dissolutions of national groups." Their inherent inability to make firm combinations, the ease with which they may be pitted against each other by foreign foe, has ever been their political undoing. It was the cause of the defeat of the early Baltic Slav in his long conflict with the Teuton. It has been for centuries the cause of the troubles of the Balkan States in which all Europe was finally involved.

The blind gusla player. Market place in Cetinje, Montenegro. His melancholy narrative song is reflected in the faces of his auditors.

They are well aware of this defect in their character.

" 'Tis but Slavonic kin among themselves contending,
An ancient household strife, oft judged but still unending,"

says Pushkin. After (*Concluded on page 19*)

Bringing Up the Family on a Sense of Humor

Is Ridicule More Painful Than Downright Wickedness?

Are Wi... More Humorc... Than Their Husban...

A baggage room—the only place in the world where two persons can be alone.

By THOMAS L. MASSON
ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

THE somewhat intimate revelations that follow in this article are not intended as a species of self-exploitation, but are presented only because they reveal certain useful principles for the upbringing of families, as the outgrowth of actual experience. What I mean primarily is that you can be as personal as you like in an impersonal manner, if the thing is done so that the application is universal. I should also add that my own system of humor in families is by no means perfect. Occasionally it has backed me into a corner from which no retreat is possible. When you bring up a lot of people from their cradles to discriminate, even on the shortest notice, among nice shades of humor, the results are not invariably satisfactory, and one may have to do a lot of explaining; as for instance when one of my married girls, who had come into possession of a 7¾-pound boy, asked me if I did not think he was the most beautiful baby in the world, and I replied: "Certainly my dear, but you must admit that he has taken enormous pains to conceal it." This not too robust jest is really presented as one of the things generally to be avoided, because it belongs in the group of satirical sayings which only sting, and seldom do any good. Indeed, I have in mind several acquaintances who have developed this sort of thing (vulgarly known as "the dirty dig") so that they have come to be shunned by everyone—indeed, have developed into a kind of outcasts. In the present instance, however, I was simply trying to convey the wholesome truth that, no matter how beautiful your own possessions may seem, it is just as well to screen your sense of proud ownership from a heartless public.

Humor of any sort is much like dynamite. It depends not only upon the application, the quantity and the persons involved, but upon the environment as well. And by environment I mean the atmosphere of understanding. Many estimable persons would no doubt have been peculiarly horrified at a conversation I once held with that inimitable wit Oliver Herford upon the best manner of preparing a baby for the table, and which extended into many intricate gastronomical details, and which was finally concluded by his remarking, with gentle gusto:

"After all, I prefer my babies boiled, with brown gravy."

But allowing for these risks and other possibilities for trouble caused by humor *de trop*, which will no doubt be evident to intelligent friends, I must say that in my own case and in my own family the results of humor have been wonderful; and much of it I must hereby acknowledge has been far below grade. In its right aspects, humor is nothing but a form of truth which acts as a searchlight upon indiscretions. A little humor, applied at the r... moment to that hideous mass of c... bined ignorance known as a fa... quarrel, will almost invariably b... it up. I suppose that nothing on e... is more effective in calling up the r... depraved qualities in human natu... greed, envy and even murder—... a division of property in fam... We had such a division in ours. ... only way I can account for the ... that it occasioned no trouble is bec... of our aggregate sense of humor. W... anyone got sore over some fan... omission in his share, we, as the h... would explain urbanely that h... naturally mean and basically se... were keeping all the best rugs, ta... chairs, et cetera, for ourselves, ... were distributing only those art... which we had no use for; furthern... we said that in case each one o... should marry again (a possible ... tingency which we had bestowed ... wheezes upon) our respective se... husband or second wife, as the ... might be, would probably grab ev... thing in sight. The mere exposu... this possibility, in some unacc... able manner which even now I ca... quite explain (except that it ... humorous), seemed to quiet ev... body. One daughter evolved h... slogan, which all used in a minor c...

"Suffer injustice with equanim...

The fact is, of course, that h... of this sort is a kind of disarman... And I certainly hope that the g... reader, who may quite possibly ...

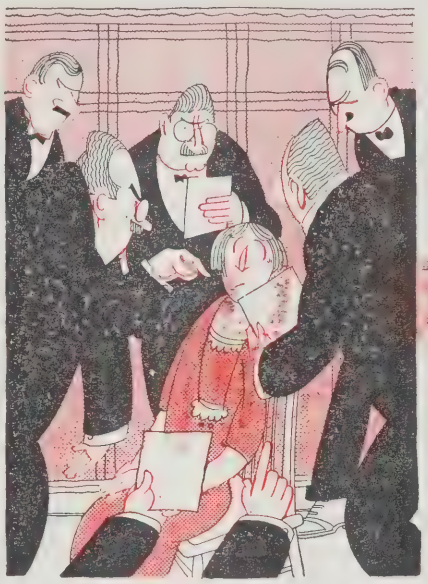
w be confronted by a similar situa-
n to which I have only briefly re-
red, will get the thought that all
is outward joking was actually a
nd of antiseptic, that it served its
rpose to lighten the strain. Also
at by thus making the desire for
ssession incidental to life itself, each
e was, to be strictly accurate, getting
actly what was right. For in the
al adjustment this was the one thing
hich was apparent to all. In the end
stice always comes; and what humor
es is to break up bad feeling—tide
ings over. It is the same kind of
ing, in families that, for example, lies
ck of the League of Nations. War
n always be stopped if it can be
ferred; and any wicked thing can be
ferred by holding it up to ridicule.
here have been a dozen or more times
thin my own recollection when di-
rce would have been quite inevitable,
either my wife or myself had not
ddenly burst into laughter at the
diculous figures we were cutting.
may seem strange to say so, but
mor is nothing but tolerance. I
ok back now upon some of the hor-
ble things I myself have done to my
mily with a much greater horror than
herwise, because, they were treated
the time with the tolerance of
mor. To be ridiculous is much more
inful than to be downright wicked.
hat is the trouble with our criminals.
ey are taken much too seriously.
nding flowers to a murderer in jail
not half so effective as if they were
bbages. If gunmen were regarded
silly clowns instead of heroes, they
uld all die out.

Indeed, the value of the right kind
humor is so great that I am appalled,
I look about me, to see how little
is used or understood. This is true
t only in families but in our public
hools, where humor of the right sort
almost invariably repressed. This
pression is apt to result in a kind of
se humor—outbursts of horseplay,
actical jokes, et cetera—for human
ture always gets out of hand in ab-
rmal ways when not permitted to
w through normal channels. I
member not long ago attending a
blic school affair. One of the per-

formers, who happened to be a girl of great humor and unusual dramatic gifts, began an original and I judged impromptu recitation which was so funny that the whole school burst into loud laughter. This caused the humorless principal to step forward on the platform and say:

"I will not tolerate applause. It must be stopped at once."

I have seen this false spirit of dignity constantly manifested in our public schools. The right discipline, and this of the severest kind, can be maintained much easier by the cultivation of the right kind of humor, than without it. I shall make no attempt here to define the various kinds of humor such as satire, irony, wit, and so on, merely observing that by humor I mean not only cheerfulness, but cheerfulness united with true insight and imagination.



If I ever marry again, I am going to have my wife examined by a board of financial experts, et cetera.

Those who are familiar with the life of Abraham Lincoln will understand what I mean. It was this kind of humor which enabled him to manage his Cabinet—and particularly Secretary Seward—in the way that he did. It was the kind of humor which made him say, upon one occasion when he addressed a company of pretty girls in a girls' seminary, after he had been sitting on the platform for some time facing them:

"Ladies, I have been looking at you and you have been looking at me, and I rather reckon that I have had the best of it."

One day I chanced to be in the Egyptian corridors of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park, New York. There was a mummy there in a glass case, one of the Egyptian kings. He was lying on his back, face up, his attention focused on the ceiling, and in studying his features and his general air of abstraction, I recalled to mind what Mark Twain said when he saw his first mummy in Egypt:

"If he ever comes to life again, cable me at my expense."

I believe it was this recalled levity of Mark Twain's that put me in a sort of irresponsible mood of reckless cheerfulness, as most of his observations invariably do. At any rate, there was a young woman there of about twenty (if it is possible in this or any other age to pass accurately upon the personal chronology of a woman) and looking rather like a student, who, through her tortoise shells began asking me some timid questions about that particular mummy. She evidently thought from my own solemn air and my ubiquitous atmosphere of unintelligence that I was some sort of a college professor. I answered her as best I could, telling her briefly all I knew of Thotmes and Rameses and King Tut, and the method devised for perpetuating their visible remains. Then I added, referring to the distinguished royal gentleman who was so quietly reposing in the glass case: "As for our friend here, I can only speak from hearsay, as I did not know him personally."

That nice young girl looked at me in mild surprise and said quite positively: "But how *could* you?"

I hasten to observe that this recorded incident is not intended as any reflection upon the feminine sex, as my experience shows me that women as a whole have in many respects a much keener (although quite different) sense of humor than men. As a matter of justice this same girl almost immediately added with a smile: "Oh, I see what you mean," and we both combined a common sense of cheer over this immature echo of Mark Twain's original remark.

But is it not plain from this, and a matter which anyone can verify, that almost all people you meet are under this spell of their own affairs and thought?—that is to say, all people take themselves too seriously. They are unable to stand apart from themselves and look at themselves as if they were someone else. And this is what genuine humor does. And this genuine humor I am extolling is founded on a unity of Love, Humility and Cheerfulness. It is to face all things as being incidental. And to do so with song. When King Saul was

A little humor applied at the right moment will almost invariably break up a family quarrel.

afflicted with an evil spirit, it is recorded that he sent for David and that,

"David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

And there was the right spirit of humor expressed in the remark of Leonidas, the Spartan hero, doomed to die at Thermopylae, who is reported to have said:

"Let us dine cheerfully brethren (comrades) for tonight we sup with Plato."

Shakespeare's Polonius Was a Bore

This is the attitude of one who is able to look forward out of a present situation, however desperate and tragic it may be, into another situation more closely allied with permanent values. As for humility, which I have counted as one of the attributes of the kind of humor I am writing about, this is somewhat allied to the inferiority complex, which recently the more exalted psychologists have declared is the background of all great humorists.

The idea is that, if you feel perfectly awful about yourself—that you are no good, et cetera—you anticipate others by admitting it. You laugh at yourself, thus keeping others from laughing at you. Thus you get the best of them, for you have nothing to lose. Socrates assumed that he knew little or nothing. Mark Twain's attitude was not dissimilar. Whatever may be said about all the lights and shades of this attitude—and I am sure my readers will overlook my not boring them further with these psychological digressions—it is certainly the reverse of that expressed by another young woman who sat back of me at a performance of "Hamlet" by Walter Hampden. As those familiar with Shakespeare's masterpiece know, the character of Polonius is a bore intended as such, and I have always thought Shakespeare purposely had him killed off first in the play to emphasize the correct treatment of all bores. The actor who took the part purposely made it more convincing—his Polonius was obviously the bromide. The young woman back of me, after Polonius had made his exit in the first act, suddenly turned to her companion and said in a loud whisper:

"He doesn't know his part; he keeps repeating himself."

Cocksure Attitude of All Crude Minds

This is the cocksure attitude of all primitive and unseasoned minds, minds not naturally imaginative, or else untrained outside of themselves. This girl would have been deeply mortified if she had been told the truth. Literal minds like this should not however be criticized too sharply. The fact is that they constitute a large part of the world's stability—assuming, of course, that the world has any stability. "It is the average stupidity of all Englishmen," someone has said, "that has enabled them to muddle through everything." In any classroom, it can easily be seen that those modern unimprovements known as "funny cracks" must be sternly avoided. It is precisely this confusion as to what real humor is, which causes all the trouble. Because humor is an enormous aid toward accurate thinking is why it needs to be cultivated. The literal attitude is too apt to be inaccurate, as it takes into consideration nothing but itself, nothing but what it can see. What it has done for me and my family—on the basis that, being mostly over, "now it can be told"—may be shown only by the recital of actual occurrences. That women have, as I have hinted, a keen though different sense of humor from men, and that my wife is not lacking in this respect, is indicated when she did not take it amiss when I wound up my proposal in the baggage room of the New Haven Railroad. Indeed, I have always thought that her somewhat reluctant acceptance was due to her respect for my extraordinary intelligence in selecting such an ideal place. I had to live down this reputation for intelligence later on, because my effort to live up to it did not always make the grade. Indeed, having begun on the train, a sudden inspiration made me wind up in the baggage room, a spot I recommend to all lovers—the only place in the world where two people can be alone. Anyone who doubts this has only to stand there for a moment inhaling the concentration of travelers waiting to get their baggage checked.

About Writing Jokes for a Living

The next event of any cheerful importance was this—that, having become more or less comfortably married—for in the beginning our habitation was painfully cramping—I had to force my production of ephemeral humor (I abased myself by writing jokes for a living) to take care of increasing expense. After our first child was born my attention was thus called to the more (outwardly) cheerful aspects of the production of human beings, and my imagination being thus extended, I wrote a series of jokes about triplets, from the proceeds of which I was able to pay my first doctor's bill. Little did I realize at the time what would happen from this humor-forcing process, for my mind being thus concentrated upon triplets on paper, the colossal fact was that we almost immediately had twins. This shows the cumulating effect of humor. Having been cheerfully assisting at the imaginary births of unnumbered triplets: result twins in my own limited home. Had I carried my fancies more numerically further, and had written jokes about quartets, I have no doubt we should have had triplets. As a rule what you think—even humorously—is about one lap ahead of the actual. Meanwhile our doctor's price had risen. He was in the same boat with us. Where I had been smart enough to raise the price of jokes from two to three dollars, he argued that he had to have more for babies. Even at that his price of one hundred dollars (that was a long time ago when the cost of being born was fractionally less than at present) seemed high, but our protests were in vain. After the affair was over, I recall quite vividly that the very first thing my wife said, when informed that there were two, was:

When Lincoln Had His Little Joke

"Well, honey, we got even with the doctor, anyway." Yet they tell us that women have no sense of humor.

This, of course, is merely a slight (from the masculine standpoint) illustration of the power of humor in lightening up periods of one's life, either short or long, which carry with them the elements of pain or tragedy. But the power of ridicule, when it is used judiciously and based on right principles, is amazing in its balancing effect. Thus Abraham Lincoln knew how to use it in his treatment of Clement L. Vallandigham, in 1863. This disturbing spirit, it will be recalled, was disloyal to the Union, and was finally arrested for making speeches against enlistment. Whether his arrest was legal or not is a question still discussed by historians. He might easily have been shot or hanged and thus, owing to the temper of the time, have created sympathy which in turn would have hurt the cause of the Union, when the Union needed every friend. Lincoln, sensing the danger, sentenced Vallandigham to be conducted over the Southern boundary, to be hereinafter confined within Southern lines. The absurdity of this sentence made the whole affair ridiculous and it came to be regarded (as Rhodes the historian states) "as a huge joke."

It is the widespread absence of this abiding sense of ridicule at the present time which makes crime and divorce so prevalent. To advert for a moment to a later period in my own life and family history—for this is not intended as a dull chronological record—one of my own boys ran off and got married without permission or prospect. In the course of my life I have known a number of fathers and mothers who have been confronted by a seeming misfortune like this and who have handled the affair so badly that many lives have been ruined and in some cases whole families have been broken up. Two instances occur to me. A wealthy widower had two daughters. One of these girls was courted by a young man who at the time had no resources, but he was respectable and was getting on. There was no other objection. The old man, a good deal

Humor as a Clearer of the Air

(Concluded on page 2

The Slav—Old, Yet Full of Youth

(*Concluded from page 15*)

e first Balkan war, the Slavic papers id frankly, "We have beaten the urks; now do not let us quarrel among rselves." But the warning was in in, as the second Balkan war showed. This age-long political disability is e first of the three Slavic characteristics with which the world must ckon. That so large a part of the pulation of the civilized world should unable to keep its own house in der and should be ever an easy prey foreign minority rule stands as a esent and future menace to the peace the world.

We turn to another aspect of Slav aracter. Subdued emotions have ways been characteristic of the Slav. s we have seen, they were early fosred in the gloomy forest-swamp abitat. They were later conserved by e monotony of the vast forests, ains and steppes of Russia. They ere fostered by the hard and rude e of the early Slav in his contact ith an inexorable environment. They ve ever since been fostered by the verty of the peasant compelling a ode of life not greatly different from ehistoric and early times. "Every ussian village is much like another," id a newspaper correspondent in 1916. A market place and one-story houses ing a narrow unpaved slough called street. Lying between these breeding aces of typhus and cholera are long etches of dark forest, squashy fields d roads that lose themselves in inundated tracts.

Homes Where Squalor Prevails

Toward evening the loneliness and monotony of the scene creates crushing effect of gloom."

An immigrant from Russia, a sident in America, writes: "Let me sure you that, no matter what kind phantom of poverty you may build, will never approach the poverty-icken dirt and squalor in which y countrymen live. Their huts are nstructed by placing one upon the ther trunks of trees each grooved so a to fit over the one below. Between te crevices are stuffed masses of moss. he roof is formed of planks on which i laid a thatch. All the hovels are tting their light during the day rough a little pane the size of a ot square, and are illumined at night a candle or by a little kerosene mp. Most of the huts are without imneys, and of one compartment. he entrance to the hut is so low that is necessary for one to bend to enter. hen you are inside you wish you were ot, for you will find yourself in darkss and slush, as not one of these huts as a modern floor. And the atmosphere in these huts! The mere thought o it makes me shudder and gasp in horror." Said a Ukrainian in America, a priest, "We Russians likes our and bitter foods—just like our life in Russia."

Subdued emotions have also been conserved by the almost universal oppression of their alien and autocratic rulers. "A long black night, the year," says the Bulgarian under Turkish rule, speaking for the entire race as it has bowed in enforced submission to the oppressor.

The Philosophy Which Whispers "Nichivo"

From his life of melancholy hardships has come the fatalistic attitude which is a part of Slav nature. "The Russian soldier is to me the most philosophic individual in the world. I have seen him in the hospital with arms and legs gone, head mashed in and ghastly wounds of all sorts. And, if he has the strength to speak at all, he whispers 'nichivo'—the equivalent of which in English is 'what difference does it make, anyway'"—said Stanley Washburn during the World War.

A dogged submission to inevitable fate is the theme of Slavic literature, music, and art. "But what am I? Of whom, to whom, am I complaining? 'Tis plain, God willed it so. If I am to be lost, then so be it," says one of Gogol's characters. One feels the hand of fate at his very heart as he lives with the characters in a Russian novel. It is impossible to stand detached and view them from afar. Whether it be Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" or Dostoievski's "Sonya," that most tragic figure of fiction, or Turgeniev's dumb "Mu-mu," the certainty of their impending doom is always present. Joseph Conrad, the Slav, though he wrote in English, has given us a true Slavic fate story in his masterly "Lord Jim."

As to Slavic music one can never forget the wail of the one-stringed gusla under the hand of the blind player in the market place of a Slav village, any more than one can shake off the spell of the fate *motif* of a Tschaïkovsky symphony. Of this theme in his "Fourth Symphony," Tschaïkovsky, greatest of Russian composers, said: "The opening theme represents fate, the power that thwarts our aspirations toward happiness, that jealously watches lest happiness should get the upper hand—a power which, like the sword of Damocles, continuously hangs over our heads, a power that perpetually poisons the soul. It is overwhelming, invincible. Nothing remains but to resign ourselves to it and to lament in vain."

The Slav sculptor, Ioukoff, has again immortalized the theme by his art. His masterpiece, "On the Edge of the Abyss," is a terrible production of creatures in agony suffering under the hand of the same relentless fate.

From the melancholy fatalism of the Slav has come another of his strongest characteristics, that of patient endurance. The early Slav in his forest swamps endured. Enemies of whatever nature finally gave way before his patient endurance. He was thus prepared as he spread out from the home nest to bow alike before the tyranny of geographic environment and political rule, but always to survive.

The Slav bends but he does not break. He has passive courage which seems to manifest itself in procrastination, almost in inertia. But it also manifests itself in endurance. In unbounded patience the Slav is hardly excelled by any people of the earth.

This fact of endurance is the second great characteristic which the world must reckon with in any consideration of the Slav, either for the present or the future. In spite of his disorderly house, in spite of the bitterest oppression of alien masters, the Slav survives. He has an almost uncanny staying power. He has an almost magical recuperative power. Through all political vicissitudes he still remains a world force of tremendous potentiality.

The Power of Russian Literature

Out of the melancholy and fatalistic attitude toward life comes also Slavic compassion. The first result of a great sorrow is a new sympathy for others in sorrow—a new understanding of all sorrow.

The power of the Russian novel lies not alone in its depiction of the reality of suffering but in its revelation of a compassionate understanding of humanity. This understanding and compassion extends especially to those in the lowest depths of life. It passes the pale of his own group to include those who suffer in every caste and race. It comes to be an almost universal sympathy, an almost idealistic humanitarianism. With this humanitarianism, and a mystical religious sense which he has always possessed, the Slav in his best moments has seemed to feel within himself the possibilities of a great spiritual development. Slavic writers have recognized that spiritual growth and power are not the product of material prosperity, but of suffering. Dostoievski and Tolstoy alike preach redemption through suffering. Of Dostoievski's "Crime and Punishment" Stevenson said, "Henry James could not finish it. All I can say is, it nearly finished me . . . Many find it dull . . . to others it is a room, a house of life, into which they themselves enter and are tortured and purified."

As to America, we shall profit by the rich heritages our 10,000,000 Slavic fellow citizens bring, while we guard against being weakened by those of their age-long characteristics which are alien to American institutions.

Lost Page of American Revolution

The Story of Nathan Hale's Heroic Sacrifice; What a British Soldier's Notebook Disclosed

By H. T. COOK

"I ONLY regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." These immortal words that Nathan Hale, the young New London school-teacher, uttered, as he stood upon the scaffold with a noose around his neck, still stir patriotic emotion, even though the event happened almost a century and a half ago.

Historians tell us that the young patriot was buried near the spot where he was executed. The site was unmarked, but it is supposed to have been under an apple tree which grew where a statue of him now stands in City Hall Park, New York City. This bronze representation of the young captain with his arms bound is one of the most pathetic figures ever wrought by a sculptor.

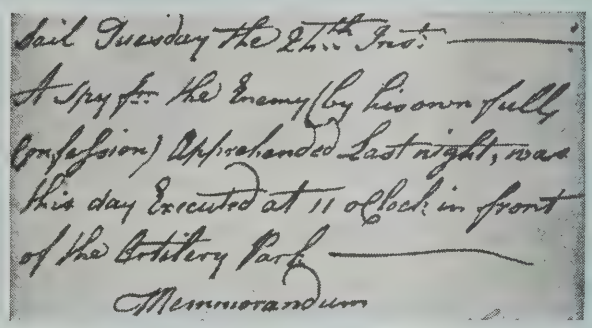
While it has been generally accepted that Hale was executed in City Hall Park, no official record can be found to establish this fact. There has been found, however, recently, in a second-hand bookshop in London, a memorandum book, which evidently belonged to some British soldier during the Revolution, which has clarified the mystery somewhat. The relic is of great historic value and is now in the possession of the New York Historical Society.

One of the entries reads:

"Sept. 22, 1776; A Spy from the Enemy (by his own full confession) Apprehended Last night, was this day Executed at 11 o'clock in front of the Artilery Park."

City Hall Park during the Revolution was called Artillery Park.

The story of Hale's heroic death, and the memorable words he uttered when he was standing on the fatal ladder, will ever remain an inspiration to American hearts.



Sail Tuesday the 24th Inst.
A Spy for the Enemy (by his own full
Confession) Apprehended Last night, was
this day Executed at 11 o'Clock in front
of the Artillery Park
Memorandum

Page from memorandum book of British soldier, found in London bookshop.

Hale was only twenty-one years old when he died. He was born in Coventry, Connecticut, June 6, 1755, and was the sixth child of a family of twelve. He entered Yale College in 1770 and was graduated with the highest honors three years later. After leaving college he became a teacher in New London, Connecticut, intending eventually to enter the ministry. Hardly had his career begun when tidings arrived of the outbreak at Lexington. His spirit was fired, and at a mass meeting of his townspeople in Minery's Tavern, he dedicated his life to the cause of American liberty.

"Let us march immediately, and not lay down our arms until we have gained our independence!" he said in most ardent tones. Before the meeting closed, a company had been formed, and at daybreak it was on its way to Boston.

It was during the siege of Boston that Hale displayed his great ability as a leader. In consideration of the services rendered there, he was commissioned a captain.

During the summer of 1776, the American Army suffered most. The battle of Long Island had been disas-

Schoolhouse where Nathan Hale taught, now a museum.

trous, and a hasty r
treat had been made
Manhattan Islan
The outlook was di
couraging. Men we
ill and were dying
appalling numbers; desertions we
many; the army was being rapidly de
imated. Lack of food and the failu
to receive pay were breeding insubord
nation, and not more than fourte
thousand men were fit for duty. Acro
the East River was a British army
about twenty-five thousand season
troops, and in the lower bay a powerf
navy lay stripped for action.

For the first time since Washingt
had taken the field, he was worried a
depressed. On every side he saw
choice of difficulties confronting him.
a letter to the President of Congress,
writes:

"It is evident the enemy mean
close us on the island of New York,
taking post in our rear, while the shi
ping secures the front, and thus,
cutting off our communication with t
country, oblige us to fight them
their own terms, or surrender at disc
tion; or by a brilliant stroke endeav
to cut this army in pieces, and secu
the collection of arms and stores, th
well know, we shall not be able soon
replace."

The question was: How could t
enemy's plan be most successfully
posed and defeated? To Washingt
there seemed but one way of discov
ing Howe's plans, and that was for
competent person to enter the Brit
lines and procure intelligence of th
designs. The duty of finding a volu
teer for this delicate enterprise was l
to Lieutenant-Colonel Knowlton, w
had distinguished himself at Bunk
Hill, and had some of the best fight
under him.

Summoning his officers for a conf
ence, Colonel Knowlton explained
them the situation and the vital imp
tance of the mission. But his plea w
met with cold response. The work
quired of them, so they argued, w
degrading for men of honor and refi

ent. Colonel Knowlton was about to
e way to despair when Captain Hale,
aciated from the effects of a recent
ness, entered the room and volun-
ered to undertake the work requested
his Commander-in-Chief. In vain
ale's brother officers tried to dissuade
n, but no argument deterred him
m his resolve to serve his country.

"I think I owe my country the ac-
mplishment of an object so important,
d so much desired by the Commander
our armies, and I know of no other
de of obtaining the information
an by assuming a disguise and passing
o the enemy's camp. I am fully
nsible of the consequences of discov-
y and capture in such a situation, but
a year I have been attached to the
my and have not rendered any mate-
l service. Yet, I am not influenced by
e expectation of promotion or pecu-
ary reward. I wish to be useful, and
ery kind of service necessary for the
blic good becomes honorable by being
cessary. If my country demands a
culiar service, its claims of the per-
mance of that service are imperious."

Accompanied by Colonel Knowlton,
ptain Hale presented himself to Gen-
l Washington and received final in-
uctions.

Assuming his professional character
schoolmaster, he was taken down the
und at night and landed at Great
ck in Huntington Bay, where he
ldly plunged into the enemy's lines.
ptain Hale was gone about two
eks, and in that time made the
nds of the entire British camps, in-
ding New York, of which the enemy
d taken possession September 15.
e schoolmaster completed drawings
their defenses and jotted down in
tin the information he had gathered.
er completing his dangerous task,
ptain Hale retraced his steps to
ntington, where a boat was to meet
n and convey him to the Connecticut
re.

According to some writers, Hale was
rayed by a cousin who recognized
n sitting in Widow Chichester's tav-
ern waiting for his boat; but no proof exists for the authenticity of this report. It is more ely, however, that in the dark he took the small boat from the tish flagship *Halifax*, which had m sent to shore for water, for his own, l did not discover his mistake until found himself a prisoner in the hands the enemy. He was taken aboard ship, stripped and searched. The ns and Latin memoranda were found den between the soles of his shoes. this evidence, he was adjudged a , and immediately hurried to New rk, where he landed on Saturday, ptember 21, the day of the great fire ich destroyed four hundred build-rs. The prisoner was taken to Gen-l Howe's headquarters in the Beek-n mansion, Fifty-first street and st avenue.

Memoranda Were Found in His Shoes

It is said that General Howe had retired in the greenhouse at the rear of the mansion, when the young patriot was brought before him. Hale denied nothing. He admitted he was a captain in Washington's army, and that he had been sent on a secret mission, but regretted that he had failed.

After a brief parley he was sentenced to be executed at daybreak the next morning. He was taken in charge by the notorious Cunningham, provost marshal of the Royal army, who boasted of having been responsible for the death of several hundred Federal prisoners, who were confined in the old sugar-house prison.

Captain Hale was thrust into one of the numerous cells beneath the prison, and here his death warrant was read to him by Cunningham. As the keeper was departing, the young patriot requested that his arms which had been securely bound might be released, and that he might have some writing materials and a light. Cunningham brutally denied him these favors, as he did also his request for a Bible. Later, however, a young officer of Captain Hale's guard interceded, and a light, pen and paper, as well as a Bible, were given him.

His Death Warrant Read to Him

The Captain passed the night writing. One letter he indited to his mother, another to his sister, and a third to his sweetheart. What happened after he finished his writing we have no means of knowing, but it is likely that he devoted the rest of the time to prayer.

At daybreak the door of the cell was opened and Cunningham, accompanied by a file of guards, entered. They found Hale ready to meet his fate. To Cunningham the patriot handed the letters which he had written, and as a dying request asked that they be forwarded to his family. Cunningham read the letters and in Captain Hale's presence destroyed the last message of the man about to die. When asked later why he had done this, Cunningham said: "I did not want the rebels to know they had a man who could die with such firmness."

They Hanged Him at the Dawn of Day

The dawn was just breaking when Captain Hale was marched to the place of execution. Then, while the patriot stood on the rounds of the ladder, with a noose about his neck, Cunningham demanded of his victim his last dying speech and confession. It is said that Captain Hale glanced at him with a look of contempt but paid no heed to the man's sneering remarks. Then turning to the others he impressively uttered the imperishable words: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Fact Versus Fancy

IN SPITE of pictures made to flatter national vanity, or to make heroes super-heroic by adding trappings, it is a fact that in Washington's army uniforms were exceedingly rare and the appearance of the troops very unsoldier-like. "Eleven thousand men," wrote Lafayette in his memoirs, vol. 1, p. 19, "ill-armed, and still worse clothed presented a strange spectacle. Their clothes were parti-colored and many of them almost naked. The best clad wore hunting shirts, large gray linen (cotton) coats which were much used in Carolina . . . They were always arranged in two lines, the smallest men in front."

A true picture would show men in ordinary straw or cloth hats costing a trifle, and a kind of smock, homemade, belted round the waist and hanging loose about the hips, much in the style of a Russian peasant's blouse. Trousers were of a material somewhat similar to that of which present-day overalls are made. Sydney G. Fisher is authority for the statement that "into the ample looseness above the belt were stuffed loaves of bread, salt pork, dried venison, a frying pan or a coffee pot."

America Takes Her Place in Textiles

American Dyes and Dress Fabrics Are Now in Line With Europe's Best

By JEAN MOWAT

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

THE advancement of America into a position of importance in the color and fabric world is largely due to the war. During those early years we were able to secure some dyestuffs and fabrics but as more nations were drawn into the conflict and it became more intense the European world lost all interest in supplying these items to any nation.

American chemists were forced to give attention to the making of dyes and before the war ended had turned out many new formulae which have since proved their worth. During those days of experimentation whenever an article faded women loudly proclaimed it was because of poor dyes, and bewailed the lack of the good old days when German dyes were considered supreme.

Those days have long ago passed. In 1924 more than 300,000,000 yards of cotton materials were dyed in the United States with American dyes or ninety per cent of the goods handled. Before the war ninety per cent of the goods were dyed with German dyes. All materials dyed by American-made colors are given most severe tests, not just the usual chemical ones, but exposure to sunlight, rain, soil and then any number of washing tests both with pure soap and those having a caustic base to determine just the reaction.

So far there is only one test which has not received the O. K. tag and that has to do with the individual himself—perspiration. The acid in this will affect the dyes and yet it is only apparent across the back, and under the arms when one becomes very warm. This is a problem which confronts the department store's adjusting bureau a dozen times a day and the only recourse is to have the article re-dyed, the same shade or darker, to keep the customer's good will and her trade, although the store is in no way responsible for this and the blame cannot be attached to either the manufacturer or the dyer, for the latter is not dealing in such intimate fundamentals.

The other day a woman brought into one of the department stores a beautiful piece of gingham, in a dress length, which she claimed had faded. An examination proved she was right. A comparison with the material on the bolt was made and this revealed no streaks. The sales check showed the purchase had been made within the week and the matter was taken to the attention of the buyer. He examined the merchandise and then questioned the woman as to what she had done to the gingham.

"I just soaked it several hours in salt and water to set the colors and then hung it on the line to dry. I didn't want to make it up without shrinking and I certainly didn't want it to streak. Just look at that, and I'm certainly glad I didn't make it up. That's some of those American dyes I suppose."

The buyer studied the material and the customer. "Madam," he said, "we will give you another dress length on consideration that you never try any of these ideas again. The material has been shrunk by the manufacturer, it has been dyed to withstand ordinary wear, washing and sunlight but I assure you if a solution of salt and water would make any dye fast there isn't a manufacturer who would neglect to use it.

"It is a very cheap product. The material is warranted not to fade under ordinary conditions but a salt bath to any such delicate tissue as this is more than sufficient to ruin the best set dyes. Never use anything but pure soap in washing dyed materials, without a caustic base, and you'll have no trouble about the colors. Dry the garment in the shade and this will also prevent fading as well as streaking."

In commenting upon this incident the buyer said to me: "Women have some queer notions which must be dislodged if dyes are to be as good as rated. Many think a solution of salt or vinegar will help to set a dye when it does much to 'unset' it. Such home brew ideas are very expensive to the trade and we try to teach our customers the importance of pure soap in all washing and the need of shade for drying colored materials."

The story of the success and progress made by the dye industry in this country reads like a romance, according to Dr. Charles E. Herty, president of the Synthetic Organic Chemical Manufacturer's Association. "In the field of dyes alone 177 new products have been officially announced to the Appraiser of the Port of New York," he said, "and I am happy to record the fact that of this number 162, or ninety-two per cent, have come from firms which make the active membership of this association.

"The quality of the products has been so constantly improved that upon the willing testimony of consumers I do not hesitate to say that today our consumers are getting from American plants the highest quality they have ever used. But an equally great triumph has been won in the matter of prices of dyes.

"Without the slightest fear

It is a problem that confronts the department store a dozen times a day.

tradiction, I state, upon the basis official records, that, taking the ghted average of dyes as a whole, erican consumers are today paying for dyes than are the consumers in other country of the world; and e than that, if the present-day ue of the dollar be taken into con-eration, American dyes are being cheaper today in America than e German dyes before the war."

This authoritative statement seems ndicate that the American woman today "slams" dyes made in this ntry just because some of them fade dently does not know the true ation and yet it is a fact that ers and clerks have to fight every in the week. A noted foreign nufacturer recently in this country le on a two years' tour of the world, ching at every important manu-uring or consuming point in view dyestuffs, said that a change of ssal importance to world markets at present taking place. Frans nken, of Tilburg, Holland, a dye ker, further amplified this thought saying, "There can be no question t America will soon manufacture the ater part of the world's supply. ore the war Germany manufactured ut 50,000 tons annually. This com-ed practically the entire demand, h the exception of a small quantity le in Switzerland. At the present e England, France and the United tes manufacture about 25,000 tons. world's consumption has increased. Germany has, efore, fallen off about half, ough she still holds the l. Switzerland has not n affected by the change; still holds the same place efore the war. While as American-made dyes are expensive in most cases, e can be no doubt that time is very near when erica will stand out pre-nent in the manufacture niline dyes."

The great advance in ile manufacturing has en closely related to dyes as a result much of the nistication of colors can be ed back to this source, al-gh the American dyer and nufacturer of textiles ot working with the e very close link-up t distinguishes e of the foreign ructs. Part of is attributed to that too much or will not sell, ich is right. In ope a manufac-urer with an ideafor ultitude of tones fine cotton will only have the on dyed in the sual manner, but will apply colors to yarn. That is, the skeins of yarn (ready for weaving) are passed over colored rollers and the usual drying process follows. This effect of so treating white yarns which are worked in with the dyed yarns makes for most unusual and interesting color effects.

The word *foreign* as a label on fabrics acted as a great spur to the average shopper previous to the war. I once heard a famous dressmaker say that before the World War there was, if the salespeople were judges, nothing but foreign materials ever made or offered to the average customer. But as the war continued there did not seem to be any less material shown and it was very lovely in both design and coloring.

"I'm sure I don't know what we will do when these goods are sold," said one woman who was hostess at a patriotic tea during the early war days. "For so many years we have been dependent upon Europe for our lovely dress goods that I fear we will have much difficulty in finding desirable materials. Perhaps we will have to wear paper dresses, or ones made from sheeting because we do raise cotton in this country." Such expressions were not uncommon and many women bought for the day when dress goods would be scarce and the counters and shelves of the stores bare!

The war began in August and by that time the autumn buying had been completed as far as materials were concerned. The leading dressmakers had always made at least an annual pilgrimage to the fabric and style centers, London and Paris, to place orders for "exclusive" materials for their own use. The next July (1915) one dressmaker who had dealt with an important foreign house for some years saw the American manager and asked him what the prospects were for fine materials from his house for the autumn. He promised that she would be well cared for, and not to do any worrying over conditions. A few weeks later the Paris representative who had always called upon her when she was abroad, came to her establishment and displayed the line, as full and as complete and colorful as at any time in the past decade. "I don't understand how you have been able to turn out these materials with a war on," she said. "Haven't you lost many of the men from the mill?"

"Yes, several have responded to the call," answered the man, "but our organization is still intact and we expect to keep it very largely so."

"But I am greatly confused. You are a Paris house and a war of any duration will mean big losses to your firm. How do I know that I can even have this order delivered, or how dare you come here soliciting business when you aren't even sure you can deliver?"

"Madame," and the representative, with his slight French accent, drew himself up to his full height. "I am glad to inform you that our mills weave this merchandise in America. So great was the demand for foreign materials that we were compelled to sell our output as such, from Paris, to stay in business. It was not thought possible that such fabrics could be made in America, so we had them wrapped in Paris and sent back to you. We *can* deliver the merchandise, just as you order."

In relating this story to me the famous modiste said: "You could have knocked me over with a feather! I was never so surprised in my life and yet I expect that 'foreign' idea has been put over on us right and left because we could not or would not see that our country was progressing and here we are, in a great war, and our merchandise as lovely as anything we have ever had. Even I thought it was all imported. Well, I am sure that we can all prove our patriotism by using these mate-

The time is near when America will stand out in the manufacture of American dyes.

(*Concluded on page 31*)

Sunbury, Leader in Fight for Liberty

When the Brave Defender of Fort Morris Said, "Come and Take It!"

By JOHN T. FARIS

JAMES OGLETHORPE had an eye for the beautiful and for advantageous situations. His choice of the site of Savannah proves this, as does his selection of St. Simon's Island for his home and for a defense against the Spanish. More than once during his journeys along the coast, his eyes rested on a high bluff on the Midway River—named, probably, because it was about halfway between the Savannah and the Altamaha River, which formed the northern and southern boundaries of the colony, where the live oaks and the magnolias drank in the sunlight, and where it was possible to see far out over the waters of the sound to the green islands beyond.

But it was not until 1758 that definite plans were made to build a town on the pleasing site. Mark Carr, who in 1757 had received a grant of five hundred of the delectable acres, arranged with five men to develop three hundred acres as a town to be called Sunbury. One hundred acres were to be set apart as a common, while the remainder was to be sold in lots for his benefit. Evidently the name was chosen in honor of Sunbury on the Thames, in England. One of the five men was later chosen to assist Benjamin Franklin in his difficult mission to England for the solution of the difficulties with the Mother Country which later led to the Revolution.

Above—In Midway Churchyard, Georgia. Below—The ivy-covered wall inclosing the cemetery is built of brick brought from England as ballast.

The district to the north of the Midway was already occupied by many settlers, among others the members of the Midway congregation, a church organized by the descendants of Puritans from Massachusetts who, in 1697, had moved to South Carolina, and in 1752 had gone to the fertile lands of the swamp regions close to the Midway. At the time Sunbury was founded, there were in the Midway about three hundred and fifty whites, and perhaps fifteen hundred Negroes.

The faithful trustees of Mark Carr, encouraged by the presence of these pioneers, laid out on the Midway nearly five hundred generous lots and three public squares, which they called King's Church and Meeting. Wharves were built, population was attracted, and within three years the governor of Georgia declared Sunbury a port of entry.

A history of Georgia which was published in Savannah in 1811 told how prosperity persisted in spite of the bad name given by a fatal plague that took away many of the inhabitants. He added the picturesque fact that seven square-rigged vessels had been known to enter the port of Sunbury in one day. The town was not yet twelve years old when "it was thought by many, in point of commercial importance, to rival Savannah." In 1772 fifty-six vessels were entered and cleared at the custom house. Although the town was twelve miles from the sea, on a river only twenty-two miles long, the depth at the wharves was fifteen feet.

The extent of the trade and ambition of the town has been told by Charles C. Jones, in a paper prepared for the Georgia Historical Society. It "commanded the rice crop from the adjacent swamp regions. Indigo was planted on the island just below, then called Bermuda, and now known as the Colonel's Island." The trade was not only with the West Indies, but also with the Northern Colonies. "From the former, supplies of rum and sugar were obtained, and from the latter rum, flour, biscuits and provisions. To the West Indies were shipped rice, corn, peas, indigo, lumber, shingles, livestock, and barreled beef and pork."

It is related that Governor Wrigh of Georgia thought this trade with th North was injurious to the Province Georgia, because "they take but litt of our produce, and drain us of ever trifle of Gold and Silver that is brough here, by giving a price for Guinea Moidores, Johannes's Pistols and Do lars far above their real and intrins value, so that we can never keep an amongst us."

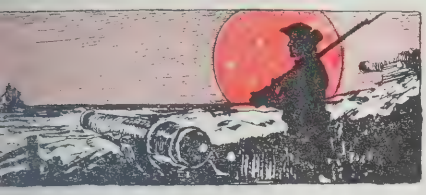
The interior trad proved to be so lucr tive that Sunbu even thought of ha ing a canal conne tion betwee Midway and Nor Newport rivers; would have been ne essary only to dred a channel betwe Bermuda Island a the mainland.

Vessels from En land preferred Sava nah to Sunbury, b they were glad enou to load goods fr the Midway tow These were taken coasting sloops a schooners who navigators kne how to take f advantage of t network of inla passages along t Georgia coast. N far from the to there was a landi where staves a shingles were load for Savannah. century after t town was in its glory the site of t landing was known, as well as location of the old shipyard wh owners were equally skillful in repair vessels, and in building them from keel.

A glimpse of Sunbury and its nei borhood has been preserved in writings of William Bartram, Philadelphia naturalist, who tramp from Pennsylvania to Florida in search for rare plants for his priv garden in Philadelphia, and for friends in England. After stopping Savannah, he went on horseback "Sunbury, a seaport town beautifu situated on the main between Midw and Newport rivers, about fifteen m south of the Ogeechee River. The to and harbor are defended from the f of the seas by the north and so fronts of St. Helena and St. Catheri islands." He seemed somewhat sur prised, on the day of his arrival, to h the opportunity of passing the even

the circle of genteel and polite ladies
d gentlemen."

The population of the town in-
eased until there were about one
ousand inhabitants. During the
mmer there were, in addition, many



itors from the country; planters
rned to take their families there to
oid the malaria in the swamps sur-
unding their homes.

Prosperity culminated in the days
st before the Revolution, in which,
om the beginning, Sunbury had a
ble share. The parish of St. John, of
hich the town was part, possessed
e-third of the entire wealth of the
ovince. And one of the well-to-do
en was Dr. Lyman Hall, a rice planter,
ember of the Midway congregation,
ose valiant advocacy of action to
ure redress from Great Britain led
his choice, on March 2, 1775, as a
legate from St. John's Parish to the
st general Congress. It is recorded
at when, in May, he went to Phila-
lphia, he carried with him, as a gift to
e patriots in Massachusetts, one hun-
ed and sixty barrels of rice, and fifty
pounds sterling.

Two of the Signers from Sunbury

His election to and seating by the Continental Congress preceded by
veral weeks the decision by the remain-
of Georgia to follow the example
St. John's Parish in opposing King
orge. When the colony acted as a
ole he became a delegate from all of
orgia, and not merely from a single
rish, and so felt justified in taking
rt in the voting as well as in the
bates that led up to the adoption of
e Declaration of Independence. The
dependent action of St. John's Parish
nding a delegate to Congress was a
otest against the slowness of Savan-
h and other portions of the colony in
king a stand. Indignation at Sun-
ry was so great that the town
olved to interrupt trade with Savan-
h, and even applied to the Commit-
e of Correspondence in Charleston,
uth Carolina, for permission to trade
th that city, "according to the act of
n-importation to which they had
eady acceded." Although South
rolina refused to allow them to do
is, since they were a part of the
lony of Georgia, which had not yet
en united action, they persisted in
eir enmity to Savannah.

When the Declaration of Independ-
ce was ready, three delegates from
orgia signed it, and two of the three
re from Sunbury, Lyman Hall and
tton Gwinnett, who lived in St.
Catherine's Island, within sight of the streets where he was a constant visitor.

It is not strange, then, that leaders in Great Britain were told that St. John's Parish was the heart of the rebel movement in Georgia. A proud Georgia orator has paid tribute to her patriotism:

"Alone she stood, a Pharos of Liberty in England's most loyal Province, renouncing every fellowship that savored not of freedom and refusing every luxury which contributed to ministerial coffers. With a halter around her neck and the gallows before her eyes, she severed herself from surrounding associations and cast her lot, while as yet all was gloom and darkness, with the fortunes of her country, to stand upon her rights or to die in defending this proud spot of Georgia's soil!"

When Fort Morris Was Held by the Patriots

Not content with what their representatives were doing in Philadelphia, the citizens enlisted in the State Militia, and took measures for local defense. A fort was built. On July 5, 1776, Congress determined to garrison two forts in Georgia—one at Savannah, the other at Sunbury. The Sunbury fort was called Fort Morris; it was a substantial inclosed earthwork, mounting twenty-five cannon, which were so placed as to command both land and water approaches.

The fort remained in the hands of the patriots until 1779. Late in 1778 General Augustine Prevost sent against Fort Morris, by sea from St. Augustine, a detachment of infantry and light artillery, and by land, under a force of British regulars. Patriot troops who opposed this last expedition succeeded in turning them back, though not until they had burned and pillaged wherever they went. Among other buildings burned was the Midway Meeting House, nine miles from Sunbury.

One of those who disputed the advance of the British was Colonel John Baker, whose son later wrote a poem in which he told of the desolation wrought by the invaders and the Indians who accompanied them:

Where'er they march, the buildings burn,
Large stacks of rice to ashes turn:
And me (Midway) a pile of ruins made,
Before their hellish malice staid.

Nor did their boundless fury spare
The house devote to God and prayer:
Brick, coal, and ashes shew the place
Which once that sacred house did grace.

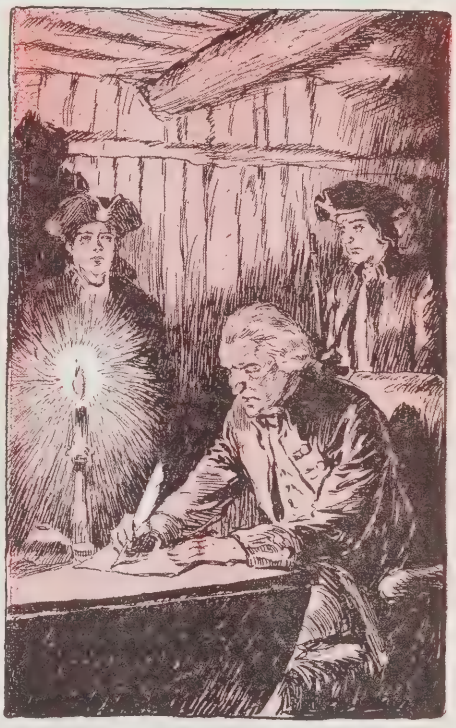
The churchyard, too, no better sped,
The rabble so against the dead
Transported were with direful fumes
They tore up and uncovered tombs.

But the force sent by sea managed to reach Fort Morris. Then the leader summoned the commander to surrender, telling him that his fate was sure, threatening to destroy all property if the surrender was not made, but promising that all should retain their property if they would agree to "remain neuter until the fate of America is determined."

Like a true patriot, the commander of the fort made answer:

"We have no property compared with the object we contend for that we value a rush, and would rather perish in a vigorous defence than accept of your proposition. We, Sir, are fighting the battle of America, and therefore disdain to remain neutral till its fate is determined. As to surrendering the fort, receive this laconic reply: *'Come and take it!'* "

Furthermore, the intrepid leader of the defenders of Fort Morris told the besieger that if he carried out his threat to fire the town, he would set fire at one end, when the British fired it at the other end. Then he concluded: "And let the flames meet in mutual conflagration."



The arrogant leader of the invaders decided to withdraw, intimidated by the boldness of a Scotsman who had but few more than a hundred men to build earthworks to oppose a large force. But the enemy did not know these facts. And so a promising campaign was brought to naught by the pluck of one patriot. No wonder Georgia was proud of him, or that the legislature gave him a sword on which were engraved the words, "Come and take it."

Holding the Fort Against Heavy Odds

The besieger decided to put to sea once more. Sunbury was let alone for a few weeks, but in January, 1779, he returned and again demanded surrender. The doughty commander, in spite of the order of General Howell to make no defense, told him that "duty, inclination and means pointed to the propriety of defending the fort, against

any force however superior it might be." But his boldness proved to be greater than his ability; before long he was compelled to yield to the British, who, having already taken Savannah, were preparing to reduce all of Georgia.

During the period of British control, Sunbury and the surrounding country were all but depopulated. The patriots continued to show their characteristic bravery, but the odds were too great for them, and when the enemy withdrew at the close of the Revolution, the town was a ruin.

The Town Was Famous for Education

For years attempts were made to revive the place. Its chief citizen, Lyman Hall, became Governor of Georgia, courts were held there, and commerce grew, to a degree. But in 1798 the county seat of Liberty County —years before the name had been given to three parishes, of which St. John's was one, in recognition of their primacy in patriotic activities before the beginning of the Revolution—was removed to Riceboro.

For some years the town was famous as an educational center, because of the presence of Sunbury Academy, established by the state in 1788. But the population steadily declined, and shipping fell off. In 1804 a hurricane wrought fearful havoc, and made the residents feel insecure. Disease followed, and in 1824 another hurricane completed the destruction. In 1829 *Sherwood's Gazette* of Georgia told the melancholy tale that there were but twenty houses and one hundred and fifty people left where fifty years before there had been such wonderful evidence of prosperity.

It is recorded that the last vessel of any moment that visited the town was a Swedish brig which, in 1814, came in and took away a load of cotton. For nineteen years longer the Liberty Independent Troop went to Sunbury each Fourth of July for a celebration. Their coming was the event of the year; then the United States revenue cutters in neighboring waters would enter the river and make the old residents feel that the days of shipping had returned.

Ceased to Exist Over Seventy Years Ago

It is now seventy-five years since Sunbury ceased to exist. The buildings have disappeared. The streets cannot be detected from surrounding cultivated ground. The graves are hidden among the undergrowth. A recent visitor to old Fort Morris, for which Sunbury should ever be remembered, has told how large trees are growing on its parapets. The footpaths are obscured by an undergrowth of weeds and briars. But when the ramparts of the old defense are reached, they can be traced in detail, to the joy of those who wish to see all that is left of the last fort in Georgia to lower the colonial flag to the ruthless invaders.

The Story of the Old Burial Ground

And this was "the home of Lyman Hall and Button Gwinnett, signers of the Declaration of Independence, of John Elliott and Alfred Cuthbert, United States Senators from Georgia; of John A. Cuthbert, member of Congress; the birthplace of John E. Ward, Speaker of the House of Representatives, president of the Georgia Senate, and United States minister to China; for some years the residence of Richard Hawley and Nathan Brownson, governors of Georgia; and numbering among its citizens clergymen, teachers, physicians, lawyers, merchants and planters whose influence was appreciated in their day and generation."

Some of these famous men were buried in the old Midway burial ground, at the side of Midway Church, amid the live oaks that have been growing for two centuries. Few come to the neighborhood, except once a year when a service is held in the historic church, and those who attend walk among the overgrown graves marked, many of them, by curious stones, or by markers of the everlasting cypress.

Loaves and White Hyacinths

(*Concluded from page 2*)

and the tastes of those concerned, the average family of moderate income will divide its loaves about as follows:

	Per Cent
Shelter	20
Operating Expenses	15
Food	20
Clothing	17
Savings	10
Miscellaneous	3
White Hyacinths	15

Shelter, at 20 per cent, means that it can go for rent, or buy a home through a building association. That is one of the surest ways for a family to save.

Operating our homes—running expenses and service—takes 15 per cent. Food for a healthy American family means another real cut in the income, though the amount can be lowered by a careful study of food values. Clothing takes another slice, and savings, and the odds-and-ends that are hard to classify in columns.

That leaves just 15 per cent for our White Hyacinths, but can you do better?

We must have homes, and food and clothing, and there is something soul-satisfying in savings, even to those of us who are far from Vermont!

Books, magazines, amusements, church, and charity contributions—these are our White Hyacinths. We need them as much as we do the loaves, but we do not have to spend as much for them. There are public libraries where we can get the books and magazines we want, except the ones that seem to *belong* in our families. But the butcher must be paid. We war canned things in the pantry as well a books in the library.

We want to give to church an charity appeal—but I know that thos of us who budget really *do* give th per cent we decide is compatible wit our incomes, while a great many pe sons who do not budget are honestl under the impression that they give great deal more than they do. The are so many appeals, and the haphaza giver becomes confused in his figure We give our slice, even if we do refu the whole loaf.

Oh, I'll admit that it doesn sound as well at first thought to s that we spend 85 per cent of our i come for the loaf-ly things! Mahom *reads* much more nobly! But we who a budgeting raise our own Hyacinth On our credit side we have healt children, orderly living, ambition and all our bills paid. That is mo satisfying to the soul than a lar order of florist's Hyacinths. The kin we grow at home give us more actu pleasure.

So when our "advanced" grou talks so glibly of "materialism" look around for the Khadijahs in t background, putting up the ext loaves.

And on, further back, for the wom who baked her own bread, and ma her own soul.

"HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE"

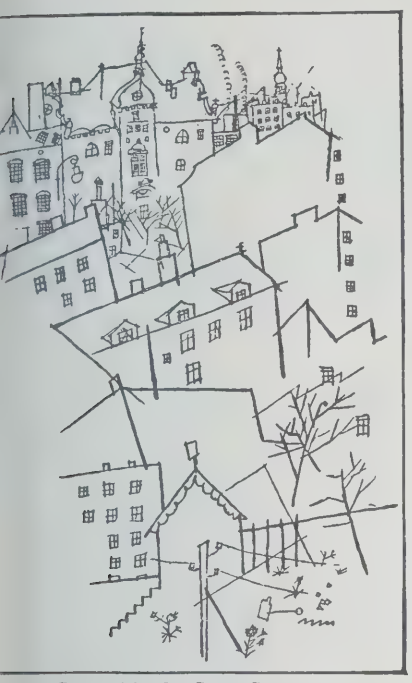
How sleep the brave, who
sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers
cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed
mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their
clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

William Collins [*1721-1759*]

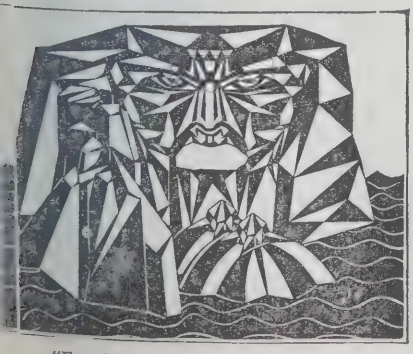
Paul Honore's Work as Wood Engraver

(*Concluded from page 7*)



Composition by Georg Grosz.

ker, had no special theories, was only ving his apprenticeship. Between les he talked about his mural paint- , about the work of Frank Brangwyn, ut woodcut effects in poster work. He spoke of criticism and said that critic has a perfect right to glorify, o condemn, or to do what he could stablish his standards of taste, but t by no means meant that young earnest experimenters should be culed or met with gibes and sneers. it was quite possible that out of sent-day experiments might come principles, and if these came, they uld be incorporated with that which lready accepted. No matter how the experimenters and pioneers der, being sincere and having n the wild oats of their prentice as they will come back to funda- ntals in time. And then, like all men, they will look on their art as revelation of the ideal as a prin- ple of activity in human life. Which ns, in effect, that whatever zones anarchy they may have passed ugh, they will end in believing in r as a first law.



"Fons Vitae"—Rudolf von Huhn.

Bringing Up the Family

(*Concluded from page 18*)

of a snob and utterly devoid of that power of detachment revealed in a sense of humor, fired the suitor out, forbade his daughter to have anything to do with him, and broke up the whole affair. The young man went away. He loved the girl but was independent, and also sore at his treatment. The girl obeyed, because her mother had made her promise to stay by her father. Six months later, when the old man came to the slow realization that, after all, maybe it wasn't so bad, he wrote a lofty letter to the boy and asked him to come back. The boy, who in the meantime had had his salary doubled, wrote back and said, "Nothing doing. You had your chance. I am not a piker."

The other case was of a girl (whose father was also very rich) who ran away with a chap who has since proved a model husband. They live near me now. The father immediately disowned the girl, and, although this marriage is a great success, the poor man has to this day never forgiven his daughter. Apparently he has not enough of true humor to absorb his embarrassment and chagrin over her correct choice. Think of all the accumulated resentment, false pride and perverted thought which, over a series of years, flowed in to poison this most sacred of relationships; for I still contend that, while the mother-and-son love has figured more largely in the annals of human nature, the father-and-daughter love is equally powerful. If in the cases I have mentioned a sense of humor had been one of the household ornaments (no better antique than that) it would have been impossible to have had a continuance of strained relationship. No matter how severe have been the crises in my own family, at some point the ridiculous aspect of the affair has always suddenly struck us all a heap. In the case of my own boy, nothing, seemingly, could have been more tragic, more intensely impractical and idiotic. He was one of that kind of persons who cannot adjust themselves to the machinery of civilization, who had no protective intelligence. These people, who are really more numerous than we realize, are always bewildered by the world, and this boy was precisely like that. His irresponsibility was complete, for it included himself. Consumed by his affections and so democratic in his tastes that he once gave away his clothes to a poor devil hanging around a railroad station (one of those acts which afterward never brings any regret, no matter how good the clothes were). He was the friend of all derelicts within a radius of twenty miles, hopeless in his studies, beloved by all because I suppose he never excited any envy. After he had spent all his money, was completely out of luck, he ran off and got married. His mother was horrified. I was horrified. All the neighbors were horrified. But our solidified sense of humor, now accumulated about us like the mantle of Elijah, saved the day. We took these poor innocents in and laughed at them, although I am free to confess that at times it choked us. I recall that some nice unmarried ladies, who had the best intentions in the world, attempted to commiserate with us on our regarded calamity. We replied:

"Never mind. If you should want to get married come around and live with us. The thing's in the air in our house. We'll guarantee results in three weeks."

I am by no means upholding this sort of thing. I think it is dreadful. If I ever get married again I am going to have my wife examined first by a board of financial experts, and then make her take a course of interior decoration, so she will be able to select the right kind of wall paper. There are other things I shall have her do. But in the case of my boy, while it was bad enough, to have done anything else would, or might easily, have been ruinous. As the event proved, humor was too much for him. He couldn't stand the silent pressure. In a few weeks he decamped with his fine little wife and thenceforth began to make good.

If you have gathered my meaning from all this, my point is a simple one. Nobody is purposely bad. Our mistakes are generally due to a combination of ignorance and bewilderment. When enlarged upon, these invariably grow into a process of self-destruction. A right sense of humor, always applied to everyday affairs, is merely the ability to compare ourselves at critical moments with something larger and better. Dr. Samuel Johnson once attended a party where a fat, perspiring lady, full of her own importance, arrived late in the anteroom and complained to the doctor that there was no chair to sit in.

"Ah! Madam," replied the doctor, "where you are there are never any chairs."

This poor lady never knew the doctor was guying her. She would, though, if she had been living in my family.

Webster says that wit is more purely intellectual than humor, and that it implies swift perception of the incongruous, depending for its effect chiefly on ingenuity or unexpectedness of turn, or patness of application. On the other hand, humor implies broader human sympathies than wit, and a more kindly sense of the incongruous, often blended with pathos. Therefore, let us be humorous if we can; wit may follow if it will.

The Evolution of the Bathing Girl

By ZETA ROTHSCHILD

Just going to have a dip (from Paul Pry's Trip to Margate). First bathing girl.

ON YOUR right is the first representation of the bathing girl!

Coyly posed on the top step of her bathing machine, she is about to venture into the water. She is enveloped in a garment for which we have no name. Made of some dark stuff, it covers her from neck to ankle, including arms. But thanks to a breeze that has penetrated the canvas awning, we learn that she does not wear stockings. We also deduce that this voluminous gown is her only covering.

At the foot of the steps stands the lady guide who, after leading the horse attached to the other end of the bathing machine into the water as far as he can or will go, is ready to help the lady bather take her dip.

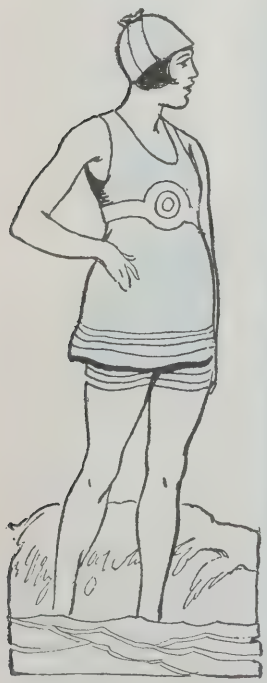
Bathing, one hundred and seventy-five years ago, was just coming in as a fashion. John Wesley from his pulpit was preaching the doctrine, cleanliness is next to godliness. In addition to this pious incentive which alone might not have sufficed to persuade people to take up the new fad, the doctors were hailing bathing—especially sea bathing—as a cure for all ills. Sea-bathing became the medical innovation of the decade. Without broken bones, there would be no need for hospitals, grouched those who prophesied only bad results from too much water. It never occurred to the eighteenth-century Briton and his spouse that sea bathing might be a pleasure; to both of them the ocean was a medicine to be taken internally as well as externally. They went to the sea in the same spirit they went to the chemists for a tonic.

So for the sake of her health did the fair dipper of our engraving approach the surf at Margate. Early in the morning she went to one of the bathing rooms on High street and, after registering, awaited her turn for a bathing machine. Each room had only seven machines in its service so, while she waited, she amused herself thrumming on the pianoforte, read the newspapers from London or exchanged symptoms with the other invalids who filled the room. They would argue about the benefits of the sea water; they said "it strengthened, and it weakened—it made people fat, it made them lean, it thinned and it thickened the blood, it hardened and it relaxed, it was good for everything, it was good for nothing." Even to sit still and smell the sea mud was beneficial, claimed one.

Eventually the model of our illustration was told her turn had come. She left the company and descended the steep steps that led from the rear of the bathing rooms down to the beach and her bathing machine.

This bathing machine was a Margate product, the invention of Benjami Beale, a Quaker. It seems that a one time some hoydenish folk had gon down to the beach in a covered ca and, after driving into the ocean u to the horse's neck, had jumped int the water. History doesn't mentio their costumes, but the procedu shocked the gentle and farsighte Benjamin who had viewed the spectac from the beach. Shortly after th incident, Benjamin, who was a co structive censor, if there is such thing, offered the bathing public bathing machine which shielded t bather from the eyes of the public and out of the water.

At one end of the bathing machi was a horse; at the other, steps and cornucopia-shaped canvas. The bo was a very small room of wood mount on a cart. Our bathing girl entered one end fully clothed. She probab unfastened her wig, hopped out of h hoops, carefully put aside her artifici beautifiers and donned her bathi suit. Getting ready for a bath wh George III ruled was not the simp



Bathing suits in America in 1871.

t it is in the term of President olidge!

When our lady was attired in that rdy, billowing covering we see her in, e was ready to descend the steps and nge into the ocean. While she was tting ready, her guide had been ding the horse into the ocean. uarded and assisted by this attendant, e bathed in the privacy of her rnucopia. Only an X-ray could have netrated her retreat. It was not a ry long bath, for guide, machine and rse waited until she was ready to turn to her shelter. Then she was awn up on the beach where, still the machine, she made ready to eet her friends in the bathing rooms on the beach.

For her bath, including machine d lady guide, she paid one shilling d threepence, a goodly sum in those ys. Small wonder that at first the thing machine did not prosper and at the widow of the inventor spent e last years of her life at Draper's mshouse—that unique institution here every one of its eight inmates ved in her own cottage with its very vn garden. There the old lady, who ed to be ninety, would give her ends a dish of tea and tell of the ys before the folk from London came wn to Margate to go into the ocean.

Margate, and other bathing places at soon shared its popularity, owes a eat share of its prosperity to the thing machine. For, despite the ge of its doctors and the approval of e pulpit, it is doubtful whether this tra-modest generation would have red to bathe in so public a place as the ocean.

When Dr. Johnson Bathed at Brighton

"The pleasures of bathing," reads an advertisement of this period, "may, der their friendly shade, be enjoyed so private a manner, as not to end the strictest and most refined licacy."

The bathing girl and her contemporaries were the making of Margate. Until the bathing boom struck the town, it had led a rather depressed existence among fishermen's shacks and deserted malting houses. But now the fashionable "persons of delicacy" came down from London in their coaches or by post chaise. But the *hoi polloi* came in hoys by water. These hoys were sloop-rigged vessels, varying from 8 to 120 tons burden. They sailed from the Ralph Quay, Billingsgate, to Margate Pierhead and if the weather was good, made the trip in nine or ten hours. If the weather was not so good, the journey might take from two to three days. The advent of the first steamboat, *The Thames*, which docked at Margate in 1815, meant the passing of the hoy, for it made the trip in eight hours.

Then the people flocked to the seashore as never before and Margate counted its guests by the thousands.

Other coast towns shared in this growing fancy for surf bathing. Dr. Johnson favored Brighton and took his daily bath there for several summers, where his fellow bathers could hear the learned man "roaring and bellowing Latin hexameters and English heroics" as he dressed in his machine.

George IV favored Weymouth and soon made this resort the mecca of the fashionable of his generation. The town folk, delighted at both the honor and the dividends that His Majesty's patronage brought them, decided to serenade him with a local band. So one morning, just as the King was about to pop the royal head under the water, the band struck up "God Save the King."

How Things Are Done at Trouville

Sea bathing does not seem to have made much of an impression on the French until the nineteenth century. Some of their customs they borrowed from the English but tempered them with Continental conviviality. Although the Frenchmen adopted the bathing machine they refused to be separated from their women folk in the water. While the English isolated the sexes in the ocean, across the Channel, fathers, mothers, children and sweethearts bathed together.

The English commented on this illogical attitude of the French. To appreciate modesty and to make use of the bathing machine to preserve it was understandable. But then why break down the reserve so necessary between the sexes by allowing men and women to enter the ocean in each other's company?

But those travelers who crossed to Trouville to see the sights of the French summer resort came home with admiration for foreign ways.

On the beach at Trouville three or four barefoot women with "Service des Bains" written on their caps took care of the bathing machines. A *buvette* held stimulating liquids for those who became chilled. For a sou, the bather could get a can of hot water from the large copper which was wheeled up to his door.

But what impressed the Britisher most was the sight that met his eyes between the sea and the machines. In the short walk between the two, for here the machine awaited the end of the bath on shore, he got a glimpse of the ladies in their Gallicized bathing suits. He marveled at their trimness, he had only words of praise for their brevity and compared them favorably with the costumes of his countrywomen.

Transformations in Styles and Materials

The bathing suit adopted and so attractively worn by the French women was a three-piece suit. It consisted of a loose blouse and a tunic which came to the knees. Underneath was worn a pair of trousers to within a few inches of the ankle. Though it completely covered the body, it was not unbecoming.

One Englishman was so favorably engaged by its modesty and style that when he returned home he wrote about the Frenchwoman's bathing costume for his favorite weekly and advised his female readers to adopt it and discard forever those abominable "shifts of frieze" which Englishwomen were then wearing.

To those not familiar with mid-Victorian lingerie, a shift was a voluminous chemise. Of material more noted for durability than transparency, it was the woman's chief and only undergarment. Evidently she copied it for her bathing suit.

As for the material, a modern dictionary says frieze is "a kind of coarse woolen cloth or stuff, with a shaggy or tufted nap on one side."

Before the end of the century a great change took place in bathing suits for the Englishwoman. She did not adopt the French style of long trousers and skirt but went much further toward comfort. In the last decade of the last century she wore an abbreviated costume that no American girl would attempt to wear on the beach today. Her bathing suit was a one-piece garment, very low-necked, no sleeves, above the knee, of a flimsy material, and buttoned up the front.

It was, even including the modern array of Kellermans and similar styles, about the most revealing bathing suit of the ages!

Englishwomen Make Great Changes

Of course, the Englishwoman never expected anyone to look at her. Her bathing machine now waited for her drawn up on the beach and she had to cross about twenty feet of sand with the water only lapping at her ankles. The only time she was visible was when she hunted for her bathing van.

And even during that short time she considered herself safe from prying eyes. A bath in the ocean was still just a bath to her and a decidedly personal matter of no interest to the world. No refined person would think of peeping through the keyhole as she took her morning tub; therefore, as the ocean was only a larger, outdoor tub to her, she wore but one more garment as a concession, and considered herself amply covered for a bath, and of no interest to her fellow bathers. She bathed in a section reserved for women and in no way could see why anyone could question the meagerness of her bathing suit. This feminine garment was really the first B. V. D.

A few words on what the men have been and are wearing seems appropriate here. An American visiting the English bathing beaches for the first time in the summer of 1895 was horrified at the sight of an Englishman ready for his dip in the ocean. Until this period bathing suits for men had been very much of the one pattern for one hundred and

twenty-five years. One-piece suits buttoned in the front, or later a two-piece garment, both of a fashionable horizontal-striped material, never went out of style. But this period, when the women were wearing the brief one-piece suit, the men wore only swimming tights. And not a word did the Brighton authorities have to say as the men made their way from the ocean to their bathing machines in this scant costume!

Some Englishmen felt hampered by even the tights and, at most resorts, those who preferred bathing in the buff were permitted to take their dip before eight in the morning.

This, the most undressed period of bathing suits, on either side of the Atlantic, was in the reign of good Queen Victoria!

Our attitude toward surf bathing has been more in accord with the French; to both of us surf bathing is one more way of getting pleasure out of life.

Also, men and women in this country have always bathed together—but without bathing machines, for this custom was never imported; we have always spent some time before and after bathing on the beach in the company of friends, both male and female.

Such familiarity, such boldness, shocked our friends across the sea. Since that day, however, they have seen the light, and men and women enjoy sand baths together as well as ocean dips.

The bathing girl at the beginning of the century looked as if she were wearing her last winter's serge or mohair dress, cut off at the knees.

The princess dress was now the rage and bathing suits were made à la princess. They were worn over corsets and fitted snugly with darts and plaits. She was as rigid in her dress, as tightly corseted for a swim as she was for a formal dinner.

Gradually and logically a change began to take place. First the small waist began to go, and with it the corset. Women in their daily dress began to leave off more and more of their undergarments. There came a simplicity in women's attire which the bathing girl adopted as appropriate to her needs. Knickerbockers, short skirts, all did their bit to bring about the abbreviated costume so popular today. First her bare arms appeared, then her bare legs, her knees, and now she is quite comfortable. What a new style in bathing suits could be is difficult to imagine if the fashion for elimination continues.

Photography has probably been the cause of the striking and abbreviated bathing suit. The rotogravures, the Sunday supplements, the magazines, and the movies have all put a premium on the pictures of the girl in a bathing suit, and mostly girl and very little suit at that. Beauty competitions on the beach have also been a great encouragement to the one-piece suit.

How France Aided American Liberty

(*Concluded from page 5*)

United States in the Treaty of Amity and Commerce early in 1778.

On June 10, 1776, Beaumarchais received one million livres from the French Government to be expended for supplies for the Americans. A second million was obtained from Spain through the intercession of France. A third million came from the Farmers-General of France, to be repaid in shipments of tobacco, indigo, and other American products.

Even before these loans, arms and powder had been gathered by Beaumarchais for shipment to America. A fictitious firm, Roderiguez Hortalez, and Company, was organized in June, 1776. To this firm the French arsenals sold powder and cannon which were providentially not stamped with the French Royal Arms. For two years France participated in this fashion before openly espousing the American cause. These initial and determining steps were made possible by Beaumarchais.

In Francis Wharton's "Revolutionary Diplomatic Correspondence," published by the U. S. Government in 1889 in six volumes, the statement is made: "For nearly a year prior to the arrival of Franklin he (Beaumarchais) was the exclusive business agent under whose superintendence supplies were sent to America, and by these supplies the American armies received material without which they could not have maintained themselves in the field."

In the public press from the conclusion of our War of Independence down to the present day, the loans made by France and by Beaumarchais have been the subject of almost endless dispute. The loans were all eventually repaid. But the subsidies, stated by no authority at less than ten million livres, were gifts and never have been repaid.

The English historian of the American Revolution, Trevelyan, notes with some satisfaction that the war in which France involved herself with England at this time, by this aid to America, cost France "nearly a milliard and a quarter . . . and the royal government of France . . . was submerged in an ocean of bankruptcy.

James Breck Perkins, in his "France and the American Revolution," says:

> "France secured the independence of her American allies, but the material advantages she obtained were small recompense for a war which had cost her seven hundred and seventy-two millions."

Further, the interest on loans made by France during 1779 and 1782 was forgiven until 1783. Little interest was paid until 1790, ten years after the loans, as American conditions were very unsettled until after 1789 and the adoption of the Constitution.

Albert Gallatin, later Secretary of the Treasury, in his "Sketch of the Finances of the United States," published in New York in 1796, gives the arrearages of interest which were not commonly paid when due. This brough the total debt to more than 43,000,000 on December 31, 1789.

As conceded by all authorities the minimum of the Gifts of Money for which payment has never been asked by France or offered by America:

Gifts never paid	*Livres*
1777 Before Treaty of Alliance between France and America (at least)	2,000,00
1781 Though petition for loan of 25,000,000 is not granted, free gift is made of	6,000,00
1782 Interest and various costs remitted approximately	2,000,00
Total	10,000,00

Loans ultimately paid	*Livres*
1777 From the Farmers-General	1,000,00
1781 Obtained by France from Holland for America	10,000,00
Various advances made prior to July 16, 1782, as adjusted, consolidated and agreed to between the two Governments on that date	18,000,00
1783. Loan	6,000,00
Total	35,000,00

The interest rate was less than th current rate in Europe at the tim In 1783 France was actually payi 7 per cent and charging America 5 a even as little as 4 per cent. T security was not then considered exceptional, nor even good. A men like John Jay in Spain and Jo Adams in Holland found it impossible this time to negotiate loans for Americ although the countries were sympathe cally inclined toward the colonists.

Payments of principal began to f due upon the French loans in 17 but at this time the chaotic conditi of affairs in America made payments principal and interest equally unc tain. Not until after 1789 was a attempt made to pay the debt i curred. In 1790 the events of the Fren Revolution made a settlement imper tive. At this time some twenty-fo millions of livres were paid and t loans not yet due were replaced other securities so that not until 18 could the French debt of the revoluti be said to be fully extinguished.

In the War of the Revolutio France not only made us loans, wh every other nation refused, but remitt interest for long periods, extend times for payment of principal and addition *gave* us millions of livr

America Takes Her Place in Textiles

(*Concluded from page 23*)

ls and pushing them for they certainly compare with the finest of the ports."

The impetus the war gave to erican manufacturing has been held l this lead has brought out most ely fabrics both in silks and woolens, hough the cotton advancement has , as a who'e, kept pace with these textiles. When it comes to voiles, cales, ginghams and silk and cotton xtures there is not much foreign mpetition but when one enters the d of fine cotton fabrics for dress e encounters foreign merchandise at nost every turn. In this one field ne has the foreign manufacturer en able to win back some of his pre- r trade and in some few instances to ve increased it.

American silks equal and rank with e finest made in any country and the ne can be said of the woolens. The esent flannels, delicate in color and gantly bordered, are the season's l and yet when this same material s a style fabric twenty-five years ago iety-five per cent of the business s done on foreign merchandise. day, it is just the reverse, only a sible five per cent is imported.

The present importance of Ameri- fabrics has meant more to the mers of this country than the stylist gines. As a result of the increased nand for American-made materials re are many more producers of the materials.

There is enough cotton raised to e for our needs—approximately 00,000 bales. The farmers of the ited States produce one-third of the ol that is used in this country. Very le raw silk is grown here. About iety per cent comes from Japan and cheaper grades—such as are used manufacture pongee and shantung— nes from China and also from the d silkworms of the Orient, with a all amount of fine silk coming from tly. The finished product is often rned to these countries and is n by the "foreigners" living there.

The importance of the artificial i, or as it is now officially known, Rayon, is not to be carelessly thought ut. It is excellent in combination h any of the wool, silk or cotton ns and as it is a by-product of the ber and cotton waste it is very uable from a commercial standpoint. Y the world consumption of Rayon s only one per cent of the cotton duction and it will never displace of the present textiles.

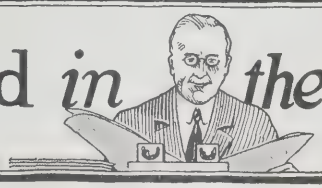
One firm in the Central West has a most capable man as buyer, a n who is considered the best in- med silk and woolen buyer in this ntry. When a new piece of material mes into the department it is sent ov to the laboratory for analysis. The report is given as materials, whether silk or wool, cotton or a mixture of any of the three or even the introduction of Rayon.

Also its resistance to sunlight, to washing and general wear. This report is posted for the salespeople to see and when a woman asks, "Will it wash?" the sales person can answer that question.

When a mill salesman is sent to cover this territory and offers a new woolen or silk for this buyer's consideration and possible order he is questioned in detail as to its construction, the type of yarn used, the dye and whether or not it has been well tested out by the manufacturer. The questions are always highly technical and many a man has failed to secure an order because he "did not know his merchandise," according to the mill report.

It is said that ninety per cent of the silks sold over the country today are "weighted," that is, giving the "hand-feel" as it is termed, but this is so scientifically done that there is no cracking, no loss in wear and absolutely no loss in the beauty and drape of the fabric. All wool is rarely that, because some cotton is introduced to give it both service and the drape or tailoring that such garments require. All cotton gives service of a lasting type, especially if the long staple cotton is used as one finds it in tissue ginghams.

"I Read *in the* Papers"—



I read in the papers much discussion of Jacob Epstein's sculpture for the W. H. Hudson Bird Sanctuary in London. Epstein, of course, has done what he did in the statues of Abraham Lincoln and Jesus of Nazareth, and has carved brutal ugliness to represent moron intelligence. The statue of Jesus is not quite so respectable as that of a desert whirling dervish would be, and Lincoln is a negroid idiot carved in a form which Nature in her cruelest sport seldom gives a man. Now comes the horrific caricature of the fey, gentle Rima of Hudson's "Green Mansions." She is represented as a tortured and bumpy anatomy which achieves immediately the force of a repulsion. Whether Epstein hates his environment and is pouring his hatred out on Anglo-Saxondom through the medium of his chisel, or is simply expressing an innate craving for ugliness under the delusion that he is finding strength, are questions widely discussed. It is perhaps charitable to think that Epstein is an extreme case of ego, which, of course, damns him as an artist. Art is supreme humility. The artist sits before his object, subordinating all to it. The rule for writer and sculptor is the same: fill eye and mind with the object; cast out self; be true to the truth of things as things reveal it to you. Epstein has not done this. He is continuously carving one thing, the soul of Epstein, and it is not beautiful.

I read in the papers that some correspondent has interviewed M. Balieff of the "Chauve-Souris," the glorified variety theater which has made as much of a hit on this side of the water as it did when it was located in a Moscow cellar. In the course of the interview, the correspondent exclaims in amazement that Balieff's show is made up of high spots lifted and adapted from Tolstoy, De Musset, Turgenev, Mussorgski, Chopin and other "highbrows." For the hundred and forty-ninth time within the past two months the word "highbrow" vaguely irritates me. Does the correspondent not know that every Polish factory hand enjoys Chopin? That Tolstoy and Turgenev have sold among the struggling people of Russia to the extent of millions of complete editions? That Mussorgski's rhythms go over the radio every night without apology? For how much longer must our writers continue to advertise our incapacity for enjoying all art that is enjoyable by this eternal gabble about highbrow and lowbrow?

I read in the papers that an American girl stenographer, who took passage for England and Germany, intending to work during her vacation and then return, was not permitted to land in either country and the American consuls were unable to help her. She had saved up her money for ten years to make the trip, and had about one hundred dollars for sight-seeing, which she hoped to eke out by doing stenographic work. When she told her expectation to British immigration officials they refused to let her leave the ship. The German officials were so disturbed by the presence of an American desiring to work that they locked the girl in her cabin until the ship sailed. If she had said she was a "tourist," there would have been no difficulty. Propagandists against American immigration laws who picture the United States as the only country that limits immigration and denounce us as inhumane forget to give all the facts.

Visby, a City of Ruins and Roses

It Stands on the Isle of Gottland, the Home of the Old Goths

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

LYING southeast off the coast of Sweden, wrapped in a haze of legends and traditions of past greatness, lies Gottland, the island of the old Goths, Sweden's most remarkable territory from a historic point of view.

The saga relates that the discoverer and first settler of the isle of Gottland was a man named Thjelvar. We also learn from the same source that the island was then in such an unstable condition that it was submerged in daytime, and rose to the surface of the sea at night, but Thjelvar exterminated with fire the trolls and evil spirits that infested it, and never since that time have the waters broken over the island.

The history of Gottland is most interesting. Centuries before the Viking raids, the ancient Goths, one of an ancient Teutonic race, made trading voyages to distant ports. Eastward they migrated and proceeded on the Russian rivers down to the Caspian and Black seas, to the Near Orient, Rome, and Greece. Tens of thousands of Arabian silver coins, masses of Roman emperors' gold coins, oriental ornaments from these places and even from far-off China, have been found in the soil of ancient Gottland.

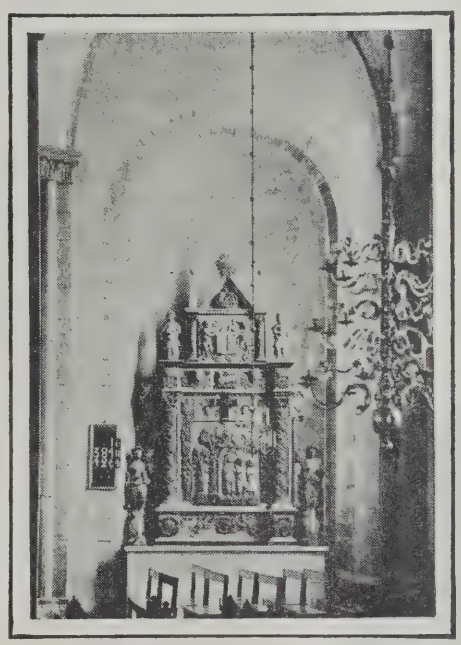
The city of Visby ("Vi"—anciently a place of sacrifice, and "By"—community) arose on the west coast of Gottland, on an eminence, rising in terraces from the sea. Gradually it grew until it advanced to a position of commercial importance. This was due to its intermediate situation in what was then the chief trading route between the Near Orient and Northern Europe. The town was one of the first to join the Hanseatic League, that confederacy of North German cities organized for mutual protection in matters pertaining to commerce and trade.

It long occupied a leading place in the trade and politics of Northern Europe. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries its wealth increased immensely, attracting traders from all parts of Europe.

Visby is today the seat of a bishop, the port of the island and a favorite watering place. The houses cluster beneath and above a cliff 100 feet high and the town is thoroughly medieval in appearance.

It was during this period of prosperity that the churches, whose ruins now excite the wonderment of visitors, were built, and also the great city wall, which today is the only one of its kind in Northern Europe.

Vineta, the capital of the Wends, at the mouth of the Oder, was for centuries a large and mighty city,



South altar in the Cathedral of Visby.

inhabited by industrious burghers and possessed of great wealth. In 1184 it was completely destroyed by the Danish soldiers and the burghers then moved with their treasures to Visby. Since then the fate of Vineta has taken the form of a legend, which is to the effect that the city was submerged and that it can still be seen at the bottom of the sea.

During their prosperous days the burghers of Visby built no fewer than seventeen churches, of which eleven still exist as ruins. Many of these ar picturesquely beautiful and impressiv The greatest ruin is that of St. Nichola the church of the Dominicans. S Catherine's is widely known and ad mired for its beautiful arches an stately columns. The Holy Ghos church, of octagon form and tw storied, is entirely original in i conception. The twin churches St. Hans and St. Per, as well as th sister churches of St. Drotten an St. Lawrence, are represented by wel preserved ruins.

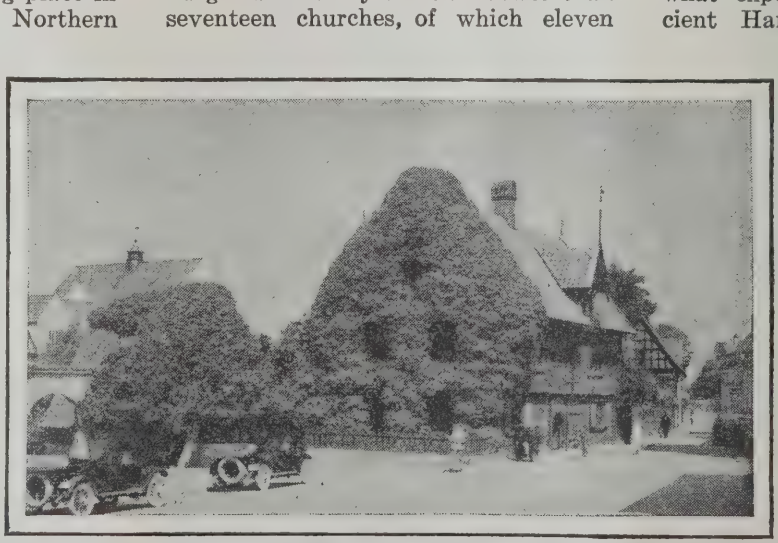
St. Catherine's ruin is the mo beautiful of all. The columns ri heavenward in solemn majesty, perfect as when the roof was fir arched across them six hundred yea ago. Where in olden days pious co gregations listened to the solem chanting of monks and nuns all now silence and deep peace.

Then there is the old Burmeist House with wall and ceiling decoratio dating from 1650. Green vines almo hide the windows and doorway.

The old city wall of Visby, whi is acknowledged to be one of t most interesting structures of its kin is quite out of the ordinary in Nort ern Europe. It would not be unco mon in Bavaria or the south of Fran but there are no Northern Europe city walls of the same proportio comparable with that of Visby impressiveness. It is 10,000 feet length and has thirty-seven tow varying in height from fifty to six feet. Its artistic beauty is furth enhanced by the aged yet cle tinted limestone of which it is bu and the effective contrast with t sea beyond.

Modern buildings include the Go land museum of antiquities, and t high school, with a museum a library. The artificial harbor, som what exposed, lies south of the a cient Hanseatic harbor, now fil up and covered with g dens. The town is t terminus of railways north and south. It is t headquarters of the ar division of Gottla troops, and there some modern forts.

The island is about 5 miles long and 40 mi wide. Many good ro form a means of co munication throughc the island. There approximately 50,0 people in the island which 10,000 are in city of Visby. Th living outside Visby for the most part farm



The Burmeister House, old *patricier* house in Visby.

Visby during the Hansa period, from an old painting. Visby is a treasure-trove of quaint old stone structures.

ENTRANCE to the churchyard. Heavy green vines and creepers cover the old gray stones giving them an appearance of great antiquity and charm.

THE city wall, shown above, was built in the thirteenth century, and is about 10,000 feet in length with 37 towers from 50 to 60 feet in height, still intact.

Left.—St. Nicholas' ruined church, the church of the Dominicans.

Street in Visby, at right. These old buildings have remained undisturbed for centuries and the streets and lanes are for the most part very crooked and steep.

From the sea Visby presents a panorama of ruined churches and towers of modern cathedrals.

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"FOR the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of streams of water, of springs and lakes; a land of wheat and barley, of vines and fruit, of oil and honey; a land wherein thou mayest eat and not famish, where thou shalt not lack anything; a land whose ore is iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig copper. Beware lest when thou hast built goodly houses and dwelt therein, and thy silver and gold and all that thou hast is multiplied, beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God. Beware lest thou say in thine heart, 'My power and the might of *mine* hand hath gotten me this wealth.' But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth, that He may establish His covenant which He sware unto thy fathers."—*Deuteronomy* VIII: 7—18.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

l. 25 No. 38 JULY 11, 1925 Ten Cents a Copy

JOHN COTTINGHAM, ANOTHER "ROMANTIC RASCAL" (see page 20).

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

Since a number of deaths from tetanus have resulted after using bunion pads after vaccination, the Public Health Service has issued a warning against their further use.

In 1522, William Tyndale said, "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth a plow shall know more of the Scripture than thou doest." That is why this year, 1925, is the 400th anniversary of the completion of Tyndale's Bible. Just 86 years later, the Authorized Version appeared.

Eskimos do not drink oil. They actually consume less "food for power" than the average Scotsman or Norwegian, according to Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

Paper making must have flourished early in Bohemia, for among the effects of King Vladislav is a 1499 entry prohibiting the export of old clothes in order that the Abbot of Zbaslar might buy them and convert them into paper.

Irish sea herring are all autumn spawned.

For his work on the cockroach as a cancer carrier, Dr. Louis Sambon has been awarded the Gold Medal of the Society of Pestology for 1925.

Joseph Conrad is said to have formulated his sentences mentally in French and then translated them into English.

Only four states now remain without a tax on gasoline for motor cars. They are New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Illinois.

A hive full of bees brought in by the manager and released quelled a free-for-all fight which developed in a Berlin Inn.

Taxidermy, as a decorative craft, was crudely practiced by the Carthaginians as far back as 500 B. C.

In Russia kerosene costs five and one-half cents a gallon, while gasoline sells for eleven cents.

A baby boy was born 6,600 feet up in the air in an airplane enroute from Budapest to Naples.

Cigaret consumption in the United States has increased from three and one-half billion in 1905 to 75 billion in 1924.

"The budget of the Jewish Kehillah of Berlin for the year 1925 is no less than seven million gold marks. When compared with the fact that the budget of the city of Berlin for the same year is 350 million marks, one gets an idea of the stability of the Jewish Kehillah here. In size the Jewish Kehillah of Berlin is the third in the world, following right after New York and Warsaw."—*Jewish Daily Bulletin.*

The murder rate in the United States is forty times as high as that of Switzerland.

In early Bible times, a pedagogue was not a school-teacher as now, but a servant, usually a trusted slave, who conducted the children of a household to and from school.

Owners of fancy dog shops are doing a flourishing business in London this summer, for it is the vogue for women to have pets to match their gowns, or dress schemes to correspond with the coat of their favorite dog.

The radiation of ultra-violet rays from the blue sky is far greater than that from the sun itself.

Because Russian farmers refuse to sell grain to the Soviets for credit, there is a struggle between the farmers and the city inhabitants.

A mahogany tree planted in the botanical gardens of Honduras only 113 years ago and felled for the Wembley Exhibition in London contained over 4,000 board feet of fine quality wood.

At a recent sale in England, 130 pounds was paid for a copy of "the letters wherein Henry the eight made answer unto a certayne letter of Martin Luther."

The Hudson's Bay Company, having kept records since 1845, finds that there is an increase in the number of rabbits, foxes, and lynx every eleven years.

Polar bears have been reported swimming 100 miles from land.

Oil made from grasshoppers is being used as airplane lubricant.

In Malay, "twenty men will work a half a day to land six dollars worth of little fish."

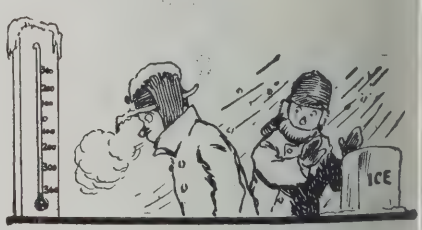
Inspired by American successes, the French people have founded silver fox farms of their own in the Dauphine and in Savoy, on the slopes of the Alps.

The saliva from the upper jaw of the Gila monster of Arizona is not poison, but that from the lower jaw will kill a rabbit in two minutes. Little injury to man has resulted because of the difficulty the monster has in penetrating the skin with its lower jaw.

The rat population of Britain is as numerous as its human population.

A new gas has been discovered by scientists as a result of the observations made during the recent total eclipse of the sun.

Prague has fitted up a new marriage chapel in its old city hall because an unknown soldier was buried in the chapel where marriages formerly were held.



A new thermometer registers accurately temperatures as low as 380 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

A filamentless bulb, the light being produced on two poles, one positive and the other negative, has been invented. There is no connection between the upper ends of the poles, which are heavy wires radiating a powerful light.

July 11, 1925
* * *
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* * *
Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

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Presented in This Issue

Mr. Ford's Page this week deals with the Machine the point of view which denounces it as the symbol naterialism. (p. 11)

Huston Thompson says that business which grows on mergers instead of on service is like the Tower of el—it totters and falls. He knows more about the le of the dangerous kind of Big Business than any n in the United States, and he illustrates what he ns by actual incidents. (p. 3)

The Abolition of Liquor came near preceding the lition of Slavery in our American program of Progress. coln was for the first before political conditions st the second into first place. After Slavery went, nation turned its attention again to Liquor, with hibition as the result. It is not new. It is one of the st of American moral reform programs. (p. 2)

You have been reading the spapers about the elevaof guns on our battleships, the racket it raised been nations. Ten to one wondered what it meant. e is an article that clearly ains it all. (p. 12)

"If You Were a Chinese" t would you do? The reviolence in the Orient has use which we shall do well eek and weigh. Mr. High Methodist missionary secry with a considerable wledge of China and nese character. (p. 5)

They say most of the best ers are leaving New York. n Masson delightfully deoes what literary New k is really like. There is arently a good deal of hip" in professional literary res. (p. 16)

Another Romantic Rascal, n John Cottingham, has his lurid career outlined by the pen of Mr. Finger. Truly the arts of evil are not new, and there is no inventiveness in criminals. How John preyed upon society and at last paid society a greater price than he had bargained for is very entertainingly told. (p. 20)

Please don't fall into the habit of closing your mind when you see the word "architecture." It indicates America's new lead in a great art. The ancients built low and long because they had only stone piers; we have steel to thrust into the skies, and glass to ease the weight of structures, and as a consequence we are leading the world in architecture today. Albert Wood, A. I. A., who has some notable work to his credit, wrote about it in a way easy to grasp and enjoy. The illustrations are good. (p. 32)

A second article on the behavior of Americans abroad appears this week. Some people object to such articles as disloyal. It is, however, better for us to criticise ourselves than provoke the critical spirit in others. American tourists are of much higher grade than their manners give foreigners to believe. Foreigners, however, measure more by manners than by morals. We have the morals; let us acquire the manners. (p. 8)

Keep cool these torrid summer days by reading an Epic of the Arctic. (p. 18)

Do snakes milk cows? Mr. Aaron has had lots of fun tracing the stories of nature fakers, and his story in this issue, illustrated by himself, is of much out-of-door interest. (p. 7)

The new Night Mail goes by air, and one of our contributors went with it. A thrilling tale of continent-hopping in the dark. (p. 21)

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When Women Knelt in the Snow

Prohibition Began in a Little Ohio Town

Prohibition Commissioner Roy A. Haynes.

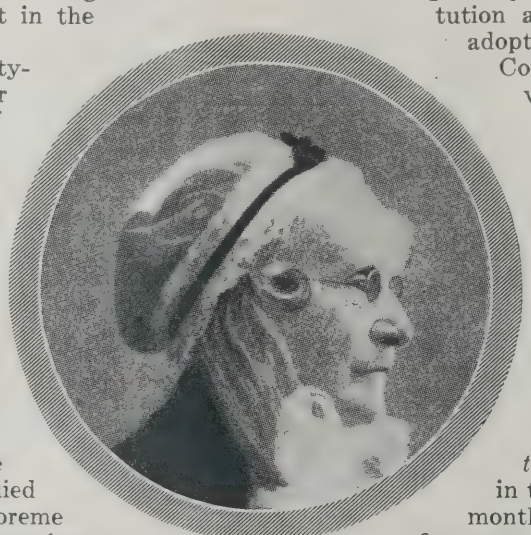
IN THE town of Hillsboro, Ohio—the year being 1873—seventy women marched out in a snowstorm the day before Christmas and prayed in front of the town's fifteen saloons. In four weeks there was not a grogshop in the place. America was American then, and the moral appeal won.

From the same town of Hillsboro—the year being 1920—came Roy A. Haynes to be United States Prohibition Commissioner.

His grandmother was one of those who knelt in the snow nearly fifty years before.

This would indicate that national Prohibition is in sincere hands. Haynes has his faith by family tradition as well as conviction; it is in his inheritance as well as in his deliberate thought. To this fact the nation owes more than it will probably realize, for if there is any field wherein the spontaneous generation of corruption may be expected, where wholesale trickery could be practiced, where the soul of the Government could be sold out every day and scarcely anyone be the wiser, it is in the enforcement of Prohibition.

However, standing in the shadow, forestalling all this, is the grandmother of Haynes, the courageous woman who knelt in the snow.



ELIZA J. T. THOMPSON

There were fifty-five applicants for the position of United States Prohibition Commissioner when the appointment came before Warren G. Harding. Roy A. Haynes was not among the fifty-five. But the President sent for him, laid the case before him, studied with him the supreme difficulty, the danger, the extent of personal sacrifice necessary, and Haynes answered in the same spirit that boys responded to the call for troops. It was not an office of honor; it was a hard and in many respects a most unpleasant job.

There is nothing fanatical about this man. He is not the typical "temperance crank." It is true that he believes strongly that liquor is doing more harm to this country than an invading enemy could. It is true that he believes that the "public welfare" clause of the Constitution covers the question of right to prohibit liquor—and cocaine, heroin, and other narcotics. Yet one can fancy him sitting down in a convention of bootleggers and having them agree with him that there is something in this whole matter which challenges the respect of intelligent men.

"I can't see this Eighteenth Amendment," said a candid man to Haynes one day.

"But you can see the Constitution, can't you?" was the answer.

And that *is* the answer. Neither liquor nor Prohibition is the question any longer; the question is the Constitution. There are residents of the United States who can't "see" the law which protects property. They are Bolsheviks. Their principles differ from that of the Constitution of the United States. They are just as logical in holding their opinions *and acting on them* as is the respectable citizen who cannot "see" the Eighteenth Amendment. For *that* is just as basic and integral a part of the Constitution as if it had been adopted by the original Constitutional Convention presided over by George Washington. Indeed, *no amendment has ever carried by so large a popular vote.* And it was one of few amendments which had *a time limit fixed for its adoption. Seven years was the limit.* But within two years and one month a total of forty-five states had ratified.

It is not a question of liquor, prohibition, personal liberty, Volstead Act or anything else now; it is a question of the Constitution, which every public officer, from policeman up, is sworn to defend and uphold.

An official in an eastern city wanted enlarged powers for his police force to deal with violations of the Prohibition law. He was asked to show the oath which his police officers took upon appointment to the police force. In the oath was the clause "and to uphol Constitution of the United Sta He was told that under that c he had all needed power; the Eight Amendment is an integral, indiv and indestructible part of the stitution of the United States. U that clause he discharged scor incompetent officers and dried u leaks.

One is somewhat surprised to the attitude of Mr. Haynes towar citizen who still supports the trade in liquors. And one learns, how increasingly dangerous it bec to drink anything purporting t American whisky. At first the p seemed to believe that all the inf tion given out about poison w was mere scare propaganda. It i percolating the intelligence of mi that there was no propaganda it—it was cold fact; which accoun the bootleggers of "American wh finding their trade dwindling day.

At first there were quantiti real American pre-war whisky curable. All the stories we for heard about large distillery "deliv and "robberies" and huge mover of liquor on false permits were The Prohibition officers will they were true. Here were 507 tilleries manufacturing 265,00 gallons of spirits a year. (The a consumption in the United State 140,000,000 gallons.) To care fo monstrous output there were bonded warehouses. On Janua 1922, manufacture stopped. But were the 300 bonded warehouse to the roof with the choicest ican barrel goods.

(Concluded on 7

From Babel to Beef Trust

nce the Building of the Big Tower at Shinar False Expansion Has Not Paid

By HUSTON THOMPSON

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OW big, after all, is Big Business? In my seven years as member of the Federal Trade Commission, listening er day to the special pleadings of ation attorneys, examining the nent, cost and profit data of nds of great business organiza- I have come to understand that ch of the so-called bigness of kinds of Big Business there is fat than fiber and more girth o. Goliath was a pretty big in his time, but he couldn't a slingshot like the little fellow they called David.

rient Thinks It May ess Baggage Some years ago I was delegated to conduct a distinguished Chinese through one of our most flourishd-western cities on the slopes of ckies. It was in the earliest days flying machine, and the spectacle of these American conquerors of flying over the city, coupled with agnificent stretches and sky-s which we were inspecting, in- in me so lively a pride in the and size of America and things an that I dilated to my guest, me eloquence, I thought, upon ness of our country, of its build- ts commerce, its accomplish- and its future. The Oriental's ere polite. He noted politely all tatistics, agreed politely with the ions I drew, and was most r impressed. But on the way o the hotel he remarked quietly, ll the air of a civilization and ound infinitely older than any n one: "But, my friend, this of which you show me so much , after all, the test of success? ur people happier for it, or more We of the Orient sometimes t may be excess baggage, and a ap. Is it not perhaps easier to light?"

ier to travel light! Often in the ven years, sitting behind the of the business world, I have bered this comment when I have the commanders-in-chief of oly and their corps of attorneys countants defending, to their omplete satisfaction, the case ir great combinations. I have ed whether in our American tion, which the venerable ey M. Depew recently praised it is "now guided by business d bankers," the word "big" has en made into a fetish and idol razen and false than any before my Chinese friend's ancestors bed.

live but do we learn? The ecy toward combination in American business is a periodic one. It began in the 1880's, and we devised the Sherman Law of 1890 to destroy its obvious errors and injustices in the light of what we then thought of them. Ten years or more later the Steel Corporation and other vast combines made their appearance, and what we had learned about monopoly in the interval was incorporated into our public and legislative attitude toward these "trusts." Another ten years and a new outbreak of combining brought government suits against the Standard Oil Company, the Steel Corporation, the International Harvester Company, and many others, and a new point of public view expressed in the Federal Trade Commission Act and the Clayton Act of the first Wilson Administration.

Today another decade has elapsed, and another prolific era of combining is here. The General Electric Company, already a vast and intricate combine of power and light companies, is reaching out to absorb dozens of new companies; the Bethlehem Steel Company, second only to the United States Steel Corporation in the steel industry, has absorbed the Lackawanna Steel Company; the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company and the Cambria Steel Company, powerful units in the industry; Armour and Company, one of the "Big Five" packers, has absorbed Morris and Company, another of the five; the Standard Oil Company of Indiana has acquired control of the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company and the Midwest Refining Company; the vast Continental Baking Corporation is absorbing many of the principal bread companies of the country; and in numerous other industries the same almost frantic process of combining is under way.

What Have We Learned About Big Business? What public opinion, what legislative and judicial action, shall be brought to bear against this most recent of the ten-year cycles of combining? What have we learned about combinations and Big Business in this last ten-year period? I am inclined to think that we have learned a great deal, but that we are being hypnotized by powerful propaganda and personages, and an uncanny eye into believing that we have learned some things that we have never really learned and never will, because they are not true.

From important industrial quarters there are coming statements that America cannot afford longer to wage war on Big Business, that monopoly is not so bad as it has been painted, that our anti-trust laws must be modified or abolished, and that the most effective and efficient way of conducting our commerce and industry, after all, is through great combines.

Look at the Giant Trees of California It would be idle to deny that this is the trend of a powerful and articulate faction of present-day opinion. It would be equally idle to deny that in this opinion there is a grain of truth plucked from our forty years of experience. But it would be idler still not to examine this opinion carefully and divide the false from the true, if such a division exists. If experience has taught us that certain kinds of bigness are practical necessities to be permitted rather than fought, it has taught us in equal measure that there are other kinds of bigness which are as artificial and uneconomic today as they were in 1890. And unfortunately the present-day apologists for Big Business are too enthusiastic or too biased or too ignorant to admit a difference. They would have us swallow the whole dose, orange juice and castor oil. The arguments they use apply to the right kind of bigness, to the orange juice, but they fail to mention the castor oil.

My Oriental friend, I am sure, did not have in mind the bigness that is a natural growth under natural law. Size of that sort needs no apologists. It is logical and should be free to grow and expand as the giant trees of California, with their impenetrable, satiny, insect-proof bark, and their sap-channels from root-tip to the tops of the furthermost limbs, unimpeded by any obstacle of man or nature. Business that has taken its honest chance in an atmosphere of genuine supply and demand, that has expanded through its own efficiency and sturdy initiative in a fair field, is an asset to any community. It is the other type of bigness that presents the only real problem, the artificial bigness that rots the whole industrial forest with its deadwood, that feeds like a parasite on its customers, that extracts a monopoly price out of the consumer and carries with it a myriad of excessive and unnatural costs which can only be sustained through a camouflaged subsidy in the guise of inflated prices artifically maintained.

Against artificial organizations, against the types of combinations that are growing up again today, the most damning evidence comes from their own books and from the mouths of their own commanders-in-chief. Take, for example, the mightiest of all American

combines, the United States Steel Corporation. Twenty-five years ago, when the banks and the pawnbrokers of Wall Street were framing this elaborate structure out of many competing and efficient units, Andrew Carnegie, the grand old man of steel, who had forged a real steel company out of the fire of free competition and honest service, hurled at them a defy and a prophecy in these words:

Bigger They Are the Harder Is the Fall

> "We should look with favor upon every combination of every kind upon the part of our competitors; the bigger they grow the more vulnerable they become. It is with firms as with nations—scattered possessions are not in it with a solid, compact, concentrated force."

The bigger they are the harder they fall! The Iron Master is gone, but his prophecy lives after him in the evidence on the books of the great company which he refused to join. The United States Steel Corporation is today a composite of some one hundred and thirty corporations, and is popularly considered the most successful of modern combinations. It controls between forty-five and fifty per cent of the entire steel business of the nation, and its officially announced prices are the flags by which the lesser "independents" set their own price courses. It has its own ore fields, its ships and railways, its coal reserves, its pig-iron furnaces, rolling mills, finishing plants and distributing agencies. In other words, it is completely integrated. With every apparent physical advantage, every opportunity to cut down waste and duplication, it would seem to be a perfect model of a modern industrial colossus. With all of this it is perhaps a shock to the disciples of size to read the profit record of this organization in a recent report of the Federal Trade Commission, based on data taken from the Corporation's own reports. This record shows that by the business man's own and only standard—profit on the dollar invested—the United States Steel Corporation is outstripped by its lesser competitors who "travel light."

In 1915, the Commission's report shows, the Steel Corporation earned 6.8 per cent on the dollar invested, while the average rate of return for all other companies reporting was 9.6 per cent. In 1916 it earned, out of its enormous war profits, 18.6 per cent on the dollar, but the other companies earned 28.6 per cent in the same year. In 1917, with the entry of America into the war, the Corporation earned 24.6 per cent, but the other companies earned 36.4 per cent. Throughout the whole period covered by the report the highest average return on investment was earned, not by this colossus of the industry, but by the organizations of intermediate size and lesser multiplications of investment and overhead. And this in spite of Judge Gary's own statement that the Corporation can manufacture steel at an actual physical cost of five dollars a ton lower than that of any competitor. The margin between this advantage in real costs from integrated mass production and the relatively low actual profits that result is eloquent of the sort of thing that happens to an honestly earned dollar after it has been sat upon by an inordinate investment and an over-fat overhead. Each of the one-hundred-and-thirty-odd companies composing the great combine is probably an efficient, ably conducted unit, but on top of them all is the central organization with its high-salaried officials, its expensive offices, its costly propaganda, its fabulously paid attorneys, its go-betweens and legislative representatives, and its costly devices for keeping the whole expansive mechanism in a central control. The ghost of Andrew Carnegie may well laugh.

Rise and Fall of the "Big Five"

If the Steel Corporation is an example of efficiency whose honest efforts are frustrated by the parasitic burdens of artificial overhead, the great meat-packing combinations are illustrations of efficiency actually destroyed by these burdens. The rise and fall of the five big meat-packing companies, known as the "Big Five," is a story with a plot—and a moral. Armour and Company, one of the two largest of the five, began business in 1863 on a modest scale under a single operation. Step by step, however, it has expanded until in recent years it has done an annual business of nearly a billion do It has expanded naturally by incre its meat production and utilizing by-products of its plants. But i also expanded to an even greater e unnaturally, not only absorbing petitors, but undertaking the n facture of hundreds of products compete with its own products, are not directly related to the pr tion of meat.

Selling a Birthright for a Mess of Pottage

Similarly, and Company the other giants of the i try have conducted an artificial e sion side by side with a natural undertaking one unrelated line another, to destroy the competiti substitute foods with their own proc The power and capital these pa had acquired in the meat business which gave them so dominant a tion in that business, were exp little by little in these artificial sometimes very unremunerative cursions into unrelated busin until recently the whole structur grown fatally top-heavy, and so the packers have come to realize their splendid birthright is sold mess of pottage. Their eve fate was foretold, no doubt uncons ly, by Mr. Armour himself, wh clared in testimony before the S Committee on Interstate and F Commerce in 1919:

> "I find it is a matter of rec that the small packers always m more money than the big pack because they only do a limited bu ness, and that is recognized. Ev small packer will tell you that makes more money than the la packers in a percentage way."

Mr. Armour, it will be noted, a away the whole plot in his final ing phrase "in a percentage An utterly artificial and cumbe combination, if controlled by individuals, can stay in busin long time on a profit of, say, $25 000 a year, no matter how sm percentage on investment this i represents.

Testifying again before a com of the House of Representatives Armour stated:

> "There are a great many in pendent packers, and they are making more money than we . . . because the expenses of the packer are greater in proportion his size than the little packer .

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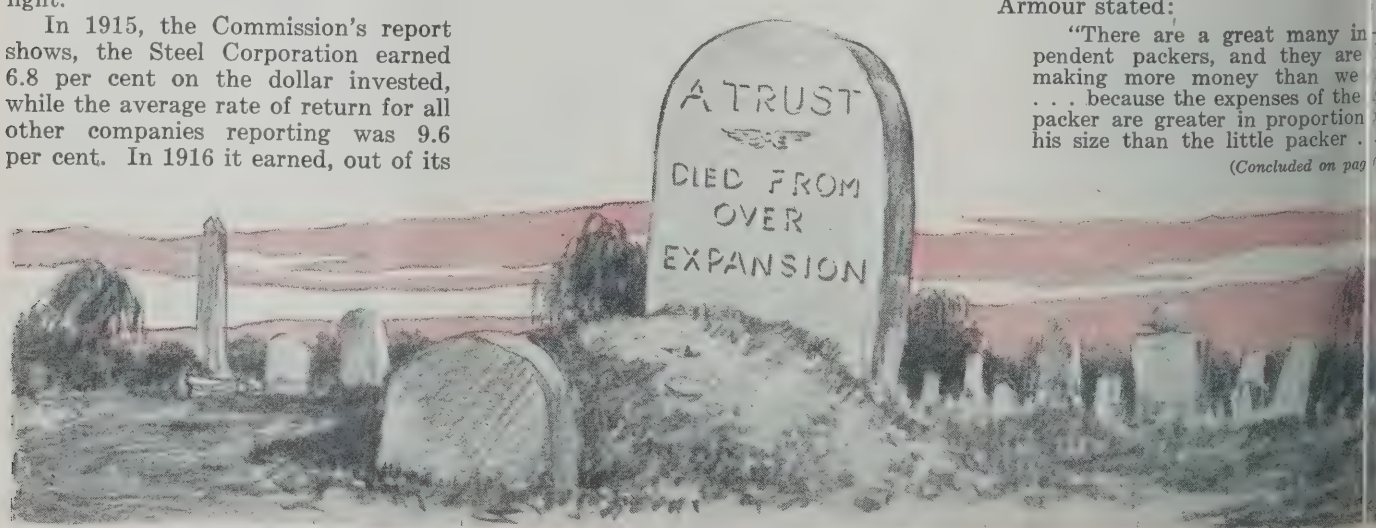


"If You Were a Chinese"

How Would You Feel If You Were Publicly Classed With Dogs?

By STANLEY HIGH

T WAS in one of the great Pacific port cities of North America. My China-bound boat was due to sail the next , and with bag, baggage and pass- I visited the immigration office de the dock to get through with customary examinations. A young ese doctor was with me—a grad- from one of the greatest of erican medical schools returning hina to practice in a mission ital. At the immigration es the usual crowd was on d: tittering tourists; busi- men, sophisticated and d with the complexities of el; missionaries—and their ilies. My friend, being a ese, was taken in charge n inspector and led off to her part of the building appear an hour later, the alities finished.

'I've something to show " he said.

'Show away," I replied, followed him down a t of stairs and into that on of the building where e was set aside to handle examination of Orientals. rooms, there, were divided nto great pens. Into these a ley crowd was herded: Chinese, ans, and Filipinos, waiting their with the inspectors. Some of e returning Easterners had evi- ly arrived several days in advance had camped together in these pens. t of them had been there at least night. The place was overcrowded odoriferous.

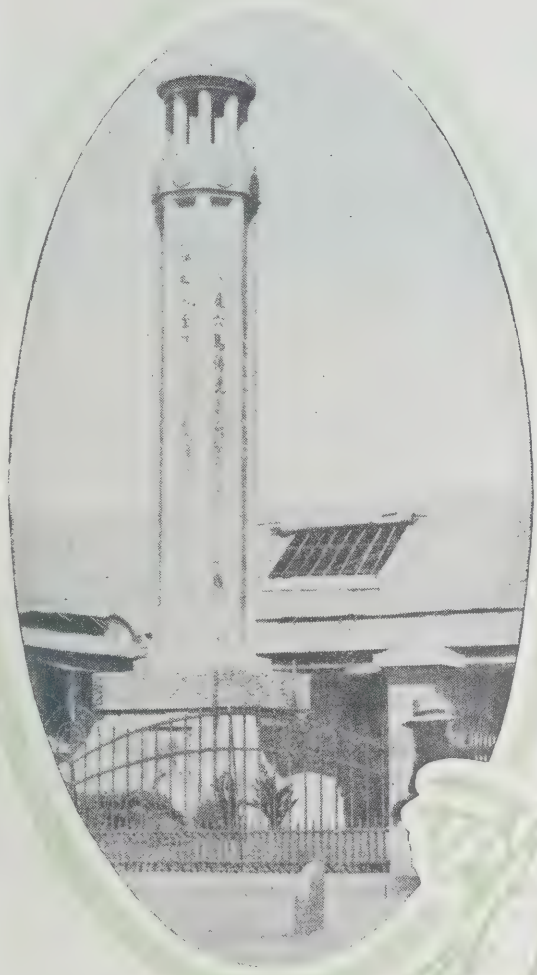
'Look at that," said my Chinese d, and he pointed to the wall inside ne pen where, with heavy pencil, ral Chinese characters had been ten.

'What do they mean?" I asked.

'They mean that my people are zening," he said. "Translated e characters read: 'Warning! will do worse than this to you when re strong.'

'How would you feel," said my or friend, "if you were a Chinese?" hanghai is a Chinese city—the port of a nation of 400,000,000 le; the country's industrial center; crossroads of the Eastern world as lon is the crossroads of the Western. dominating modern Shanghai is International Settlement. It is China, but a foreign city, that one coming up the Yangtsze from the ner to Shanghai.

eyond the International Settle- t—which has appropriated the est section of the city—one can something of China. There, in



A monument erected on one of the busiest corners of Peking to commemorate China's humiliation at the hands of Japan in the issuance of the twenty-one demands

narrow, congested streets, lined with dimly lighted shops and cluttered up with beggars and coolies, children, business men in long, flowing robes, and the venders of strange oriental sweets who announce their wares in shrieking chants, there, beyond the foreigners' Shanghai live the natives of the city. And the barriers that divide the Shanghai of the Chinese and the Shanghai along the water front which the foreigners control are many and unmistakable.

Walking down the bund in Shanghai one day I stopped at the entrance to one of these parks. A young Chinese student from a mission school was with me. Beside the entrance to this park a long list of regulations was posted.

"Can you wonder that we students resent this foreign city?" he asked. "Look at that last regulation."

I did. It was as follows:

"Dogs, unless on leash, and Chinese not admitted."

"How would you feel," the student continued, "if you were a Chinese and found that sign, posted by foreigners in your most important city?"

Westerners in China have frequently acted upon the presumption that the Chinese were an inferior race, legitimate prey for the exploiters. That the Chinese have a pride of race as deep—probably deeper—as that of the average westerner has been generally overlooked, save by the missionaries who, almost alone of Occidentals in the East, have come to an appreciation of the greatness of the people with whom they are working.

I know a missionary—formerly vice-president of one of the great mission colleges of China—who relates that when he went out, as a young man from England, a member of the House of Commons one day asked him about his plans.

"I am going to China to teach the Chinese," said the young man.

"Well, you are a brave man," said the English politician, "if you think you can teach anything to the Chinese. Do you realize that the Chinese discovered and developed the most widely used food in the world—rice; they discovered and developed the most widely used drink in the world—tea; they discovered and developed the finest cloth in the world—silk. You are a brave man if you think you can teach anything to the Chinese."

Out of the richness of their history, therefore, the Chinese have developed an intense—and wholly justifiable—pride of race. This pride, to be sure, has suffered during modern times. China, for a number of reasons, has not kept pace with the material developments of the west. Weak in guns and in armaments the Chinese have fallen an easy prey to those who came to divide the country for selfish gain. But China's weakness has not dimmed the memory of the former greatness of the Middle King-

dom, but has served, rather, to increase the conviction that some day, when the nation has come abreast of the times, it will once again be "strong" and able to reassert its rights against foreign aggressions.

The war, for a number of reasons, accentuated this nationalism. For the war suddenly revealed to the Chinese the fact that western nations were not so morally superior and, for some time to come, would not be so strong as they had claimed to be. Even before the war the disillusionment with the myth of "white supremacy" was developing rapidly. When Japan, an Eastern nation, defeated Russia, a western power, in 1906, China, with all the East, was aware for the first time of the potential strength of the colored races. Then, after the Russo-Japanese war the Chinese first began to see something of the less idealistic picture of western civilization.

One of China's pioneer missionaries related to me how, during that war, he was in Harbin, a city in Manchuria in the general zone of the hostilities. The population of Harbin was largely Chinese. Into Harbin, however, there flocked a large number of Russian refugees, among them many women, followers of the army. The picture of western white women, degraded, as these women were, was something wholly out of keeping with the conception of white civilization which had, for long, been held before the eyes of the Chinese. This missionary tells how he was put to it to explain the situation to the bewildered Chinese who had believed that all white women were of the high type represented by the wives of missionaries.

Since the war the increasing irritation against foreign domination, particularly among the student Chinese, has been apparent. It was thought for a time that the Washington Conference successfully halted this development and inaugurated a new era in the relations of the states that border the Pacific. China attended the conference as an equal with the Powers and a great many promises were made to China, all in keeping with the conciliatory spirit that dominated the meeting. Foreign post offices were to be surrendered, foreign wireless stations dismantled. More important the customs duties—previously fixed at a very low figure and collected by foreigners—were to be increased. Further, a commission was to undertake a study of the question of extra-territorial rights—which lift the foreigners in China above the jurisdiction of Chinese laws—and make suggestions concerning the relinquishment of the foreign concessions which, like the International Settlement in Shanghai, constitute in most of the port cities little foreign communities in and over which the Chinese have no authority.

Chinese farms are small, some no larger than an American dooryard.

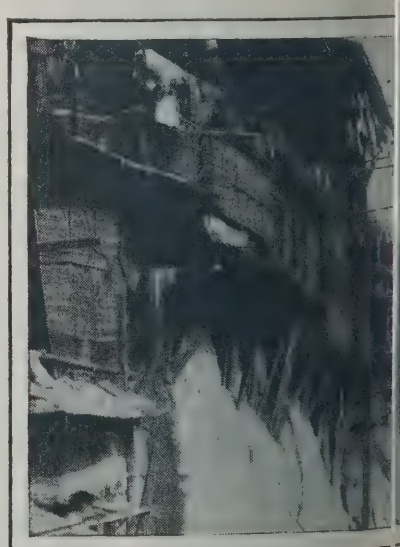
These last reforms, those relating to customs and extra-territoriality, were by far the most important considered at Washington in regard to China. For three and one-half years, now, no steps have been taken to carry them through. These promises to China were incorporated in the Nine Power Pact which was to come into effect when all of the nations involved had ratified it. France, owing to a dispute with China, has not ratified and, as a consequence, the promises given have not been kept. This, too, has served to arouse the already developing nationalism and has led the students—who represent the most powerful nationalistic influence in the country—to an even greater distrust of foreigners.

An incident in Shanghai served to arouse this smoldering antagonism. A strike occurred in February in the Japanese cotton mills in Shanghai. Industrial conditions are deplorable in the foreign mills of Shanghai and they are said to be particularly deplorable in the Japanese mills. Force, in this instance, was used to suppress strikers. The students, aroused aga what they believed to be an infri ment of the rights of the workr organized a great protest and in demonstration that lowed a police of ordered his men to and several of the dents were killed a rather large nur wounded. The resul this action brought general strike. Br and Japanese busi has been paralyzed. only in Shanghai bu other cities there se to be a well-organ attempt to drive Br and Japanese inte out of the country.

Unquestionably uprising has been bla on the Russian Sov There is little doubt that the "Reds," eagerly looking symptoms of revolt against the Po wherever they appear, have welco and, to some extent, helped to fu this disturbance. But the Soviets only taken advantage of a situa and it is a superficial explanation lays upon the Soviets the responsil for a development that was ge under way several years before revolutionaries of Russia shattered throne of the Czars.

Another point needs to be clear. The present agitation is dire almost wholly against Japanese British interests, for those interest held, by the students, to be joint blame. In the French concessio Shanghai business is reported t proceeding "as usual." The str have not, as yet, threatened Ame concerns. But against the Japanese the British the movement has devel proportions which make it threatening than any situation has arisen in the East during the decade. And the suddenness which this spirit (Concluded on pa

Portion of the Peking city wall.



Houses along the wall of the city of Chung K

o Snakes Milk Cows?

ome Popular Errors in Natural History

By S. F. AARON

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

A common black-winged and blue-bodied dragonfly commonly called snake doctor, snake-feeder, or devil's darning needle.

T IS not altogether silly superstitions regarding animals and plants that are the hand-me-downs from ancient legends, e ridiculous inventions of more n folk tales that most interest ther than as curious psychological

To this class of absurdities be- he hoop snakes, the stinging " lizards, the dance-compelling ulas, the kissing bugs, the cow- g snakes, the bird-charming ser- the venom-blowing spread , the ear-sewing snake doctors, oung-swallowing rattlers, the r-foretelling hornets and a horde untenable stuff. And yet some has been reaffirmed by those by educational opportunities, not be unenlightened. Witness rantula story as oft repeated th; the kissing bug referred to, nearly a generation ago, by a president as a dangerous menace ild had been bitten on the lip, leeping, probably by a mosquito), m reference by a nature writer attlesnake engulfing its young its stomach for protection and arly reference in news items of rnets nesting high or low as fore- the winter's severity. It is a on the breath of knowledge by ng to admit the acceptance by ed persons of these foolish tales. is with the high school professor pent one-half of a recitation telling his sympathetic students ar he had come to death, while g in his garden, by bringing his close to a spreading adder— ly the least harmful and trucu- all fair-sized snakes. One loses patience with the self-lauding sage converted to Christianity spired with the need of holiness who begins his tale with the statement of seeing a serpent charm a bird. But most amusing in this regard was the assertion of the intelligent hotel-keeper in a fishing resort frequented by educated men many of whom listened with credence to the account of the black snake that milked the cow. She had, when the act was discovered, become so pleasurably accustomed to the relief of her overloaded udders that she would, toward milking-time, leave the herd and approaching the thicketed lair of the ophidian utter a pleading bawl; whereupon the snake would emerge, rear itself under the cow and get busy. One comment upon this yarn was:

"Well, Mr. — —, if I had heard anyone but yourself tell that I would not have believed it."

There was a visible swelling with pride on the part of the narrator and then the naturalist took a hand:

"Very interesting. Did the snake continue until it seemed satisfied?"

"Milked that cow dry! Stripped her, every drop!"

"Was she a good milker?"

"Young cow; her first calf. She'd give about two-thirds of a bucketful."

"Could the snake, being so distended, get away without—"

"Oh, it wasn't bothered any; it crawled away quickly enough."

"A large specimen, one of the biggest you have seen?"

"Not at all; about four or five feet, I suppose. Got away and I couldn't measure it."

"Very wonderful, indeed, considering that the stomach of a five-foot black snake is about five and a half inches long and an inch in diameter, with a distending limit all along of about four inches and an excess in length of perhaps seven inches, so that it will, with the distention of the lower throat also, hold a young rabbit. The maximum capacity of the entire throat and stomach would not possibly exceed two quarts. A milk bucket holds eight quarts, does it not? And about two-thirds would be at least five quarts."

And then from another source:

"Your story, Mr. — —, reminds me of the man who fed a whole bucketful of milk to his young pig and then put the pig in the bucket. There are probably only two cases on record of the actual condensing of liquids. But perhaps your snake acted only as a hose connected with Mother Earth."

Our host, however, refused to discuss the subject further.

Now, there is one trouble with this checking of errors: some feelings are sure to be hurt. There are a number of really learned writers and teachers, deservedly popular also, who cannot help drawing the long bow. This began long before the time of Aristotle and has persisted. In America apparently not one of our nature students has been able to refrain from recording things they could never have seen. Catesby and Kalm throughout, Audubon widely in picture and text, Nuttall more rarely and even the most careful Wilson's account of the mocking-bird's song is an exaggeration, while it is hard to credit the story of the ruffed grouse that flew down the mountain with its one young in its bill.

But with the later and greater popularity of nature study and the literary efforts inspired thereby there has seemed to be hardly any limit, within or out of reason, to which the nature writer, in books and periodicals of all kinds, even to the daily press, might reach. (Continued on page 15)

Bunny, taken unawares, kicks at being bled by the weasel.

Watch Your Step

Does the American Tourist Misrepresent America?

By GEORGIANA LOCKWOOD

"AMERICA'S fame abroad is determined largely through what Europeans see of America," declares Robert E. McAlarney, production manager of the picture corporation of Yale University. If this be true, the movies have a good deal to answer for, among them the notion that America is a crude land, all speed and no control, where quantity, not quality counts; where all men have bad manners and all women are either vampires or amazons; where 95 per cent of the population is vulgarly absorbed in dollar-chasing, and where the other 5 per cent is equally vulgarly occupied in scattering its pile of accumulated dollars in a round of riotous living. Such absurdities, undeniably cherished by the mass of Europeans, may, according to McAlarney's theory, be directly traced to the showing of antiquated slap-stick comedies and "high society dramas" abroad.

A totally different explanation is now advanced by a United States consul, many years in the European service, who places the blame for misrepresenting America abroad not on the movies but on the unthinking American tourist. Coming from such a reliable and impartial source, this view has especial interest in a season in which a record-breaking number of American tourists are crossing the Atlantic.

"There is no more selfish being than the American who comes to Europe on a vacation and 'cuts loose' in a way that he would never think of doing in his home town, where he enjoys a more or less deserved reputation as a respectable citizen, and only dares do over here because he thinks he is far enough away from Main Street not to be recognized. Yet we are apt to smile indulgently at his adventures and even to encourage him to boast about them.

"If John Jones got very drunk or engaged in a brawl with a taxicab driver or waiter in his home town there would be gossip which would injure John Jones socially and professionally, whereas in Paris or Berlin no one has any idea who John Jones is. But one thing they all will know, that the person who made himself or herself (for there are plenty of feminine Johns) unpleasantly conspicuous, was an American, and the unfavorable comments which are inevitable will be directed not toward John Jones—who, after all, deserves them—but toward Americans in general, who are innocent."

"As you probably know," the consul explained, "a large part of our time is taken up with extricating Americans from difficulties into which they have got themselves. Investigation in these cases, I am sorry to say, usually proves the American to have been in the wrong. When a traveler combines total ignorance of the language, laws, and customs of the country he is visiting, with a vague suspicion of all 'foreigners' and unwillingness to adapt himself to anything that isn't exactly as it is at home, he is running a great risk of getting into trouble. This risk usually becomes a certainty when he also fails to provide himself with essential information from consular or other reliable sources before starting on a journey."

"Won't you give an example of the sort of situations out of which you have to help traveling Americans?"

"One of the worst mix-ups that ever came to my attention, was one right after the war, in which were involved two young fel American students at an I university, who decided to s their spring vacation atte a Sunday school conventio some such international gath of Christian students, whic to be held at Vienna.

"Not having much m they decided to make the on foot, and set out thirst adventure. They got it. All smoothly until they reached a mou pass on the Austro-Italian b Here they were stopped by I soldiers who refused to let them ceed until they had been iden

"Perhaps the boys didn't qui it through their heads what wanted. Perhaps they were just f spunky; but they grew indignan more insistent in their demands they be allowed to proceed w further ado until the soldiers impatient. 'Who are you and are you going?' they demanded. are American citizens,' they re 'What proof have you that yo really what you are and not Au spies?' At this one boy reluc produced his passport, but his panion stubbornly refused to over his, apparently being afra would never get it back.

"The Italians declared the story most improbable, especiall part about the Sunday schoo vention, and expressed their that the boy who had refused to his passport had never had s thing, and that the other on probably stolen his. Without ado they were marched off ur military guard to be locked up p investigation.

(Continued on pa

EDITORIALS

Butler Finds It Hard

GENERAL Butler, the Marine officer on whom Philadelphia pinned its hopes for a clean city, admits that until now his efforts have failed. He now proposes to create a police force within the police force, a unit answerable only to himself, and try what that will do. The experiment will be watched with much interest even if with small hopefulness.

The fault with Philadelphia is Philadelphia. Citizens are not themselves in the fight, they are spectators of a supposed struggle between two gangs, one gang being the police and the other the lawbreakers. Citizens in such circumstances are just as aloof as if it were a distant struggle between the Zulus and the Hottentots.

Complicating the situation is the natural sympathy of police forces with lawbreakers of a certain type. The policemen of America have not yet aroused to the fact that bootleg booze has killed more of their uniformed brothers than any other influence in the land; in every city there are police officers who are the friends and protectors of the illicit liquor sellers. General Butler has run up against that state of affairs: he has found a police force largely unwilling to protect the citizenry that pays it, while it actively protects a lawbreaking group —that probably pays it more.

Prevention of liquor violations is not impossible. Towns with a police force of only one member—the town marshal—do it; great cities can do it. Every illicit place is known to the police. But an undeniable natural sympathy between police and the liquor business exists, and it can be overcome, perhaps, only by a wholesale clean-up of the old type of police officer.

Philadelphia went outside for a police chief; why not go outside the usual police material for policemen? Thousands of husky young college men are zealously desirous of serving the people. Why should they not begin by cleaning up society at the bottom and at the top? Some inform us that there is a Youth Movement—where can it better be utilized than in rendering our cities better places in which to live?

Here is a field of municipal experiment in which the nation awaits some city to lead it. Policing a city is an honorable duty; it is a public service that might well appeal to young men of breeding and training. If General Butler had 1,000 college men of physical stamina and moral conviction, *and the citizens of Philadelphia behind him,* that city of ancient renown would not stand before the country in such shameful aspect as she now does.

A Story With a Moral

HERE is a true story. It concerns a lesson that was learned by the manager of a successful business. Upon his staff was an efficient employe, whose decade of service had brought an increase of responsibility far in excess of the increase in compensation. One day he notified his superior that he had accepted an unsolicited offer from another concern. Asked the reason, he stated it was a matter of salary—he was to receive 50 per cent more than his present wage.

"But why did you not consult me? We can afford to pay better wages than they, but we can't afford to lose such men as you. I will see their offer and increase it if you will stay with us."

"It is too late," replied the subordinate. "I have pledged my word and shall keep it. If I have been receiving less than I was worth to you, I have been treated unfairly. I never questioned your good faith; your present proposition could not restore my confidence in it. It seems like leaving home to go, but self-respect demands it."

Neither man is in his old line now. The manager is retired, while the subordinate is a successful employer of men, to whom he applies the rule that "the laborer is worthy his hire."

Senator Ladd

THE Senate and independent political thought suffer a second serious loss in one month in the death of Edwin Fremont Ladd, North Dakota's representative in the upper chamber of Congress. He was one of the few men of scientific training and outlook in that body. Much of his so-called radicalism was merely his scientific directness in examining public business. When the scientist and the engineer come more largely into politics there will be more of the constructive radicalism that marked Senator Ladd.

Born in Maine, he began early to apply chemistry to agriculture. In North Dakota he drew up pure food and other pure quality laws which have become models for Canada and

England. His thoroughness in his work brought him great opposition and many damage suits, of which latter he never lost one. The paint companies which fought him most bitterly now admit that he put their business on a higher plane, to the benefit both of manufacturers and users. He had a mind that fellow-scientists respected, and his work was so soundly based that most of it stands.

Politically, Senator Ladd knew nothing of pose and did not assume the attitude of radical. He examined each matter on its merits and took his stand as the weight of the facts indicated. It was this unbiased assumption of position and an equally cool maintenance of it that made him easily the most feared of the progressive group in the Senate. The fiery Lafollette and the less influential Brookhart and Frazier, and the petulant Norris, never caused the fear in old-line Republican Senators that Ladd caused. None of the so-called progressives ever took up the Money Question on the floor with the deadly scientific acumen that Ladd showed. It is because of the removal of his tremendous knowledge of the Money Question that most relief is expressed in some quarters. In intellectual grasp and thoroughness and courage, he was perhaps the strongest single member of the Senate. There are other strong men there, but they are not seeking to right what is wrong in our system; Senator Ladd was always seeking governmental betterment, not for a class or a party, but for the nation.

In these days of public distrust of legislators in general, it will repay publicists to study the work of Senator Ladd in the Senate, weigh the facts which he produced and the arguments he adduced from them, and see if in this man's outlook there were not some of the elements inseparable from future progress. Though the Senator himself may be forever silent, his work had the quality of life. His State and the Nation have lost a devoted servant.

The White Man's Burden

GREAT BRITAIN steadily moves toward the position of Guarantor of the Peace of Europe. With a courage that matches the peril of the proposal, the Empire ceases to be merely the ally of France but moves toward the higher place of judge between France and Germany. It is now clear that Britain, to allay the fevers whence wars spring forth, will give Germany no less a guaranty against French aggression than she will give France against German attack. Britain thus offers her faith, her prestige and her power as a neutralizing element thrown into the caldron of European fears and suspicions.

The extent of responsibility which this entails is not clear. To guarantee either country against attack by the other, means considerably more than a promise of alliance with the attacked country as against the aggressor. It means a guaranty against the aggression ever being made. And this in turn involves something else: it involves an oversight of each nation's tools of attack. If France goes on piling up armaments, or if Germany goes on restoring her military strength, of what value would Britain's guaranty be should either France or Germany assert the right to use its armament? There would seem to be no other way than for Britain to stipulate, in return for her guaranty, that the military preparations of both nations cease forthwith, since now reliance on Great Britain makes them needless.

Will France and Germany accept such terms? True, they have not been suggested as yet, but are they not involved in a guaranty against aggression from either side? And if they are not openly suggested they are at least dimly limned in the Chamberlain statement that this guaranty would be a real step toward disarmament since it would allay fear. Indeed, cessation of military preparations would be essential to the integrity of the guaranty.

Thus Britain checkmates the poker-laying of both France and Germany in their attempts to line up the Empire for war. Britain offers the guaranty in such wise as to line up both France and Germany for peace. It is one of the great developments of the times.

Collars!

ACTING apparently on behalf of civic order and beauty, the police commissioner of New York City required that not later than June 15 all taxicab drivers while on duty must wear a white collar and a necktie.

The white linen collar, now universally made of cotton, is yielding to the soft collar in the interests of personal comfort and efficiency and the New York police commissioner, like all officials, is looking backward instead of forward. The successors of the present generation may have sufficient common sense and courage to discard the collar altogether as woman has done. The average man wears a shirt band and collar that are both too tight with the result that the flow of blood to the head is hampered and the vastly complicated apparatus of the whole neck structure is adversely affected. The present use of starched collars is merely the adoption of an affectation of aristocrats who lived one hundred years ago.

It is amazing that in this age of so-called efficiency men insist on wearing collars around their necks although they would be horrified at the suggestion that their infants be similarly confined.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

MAN and the Machine is a favorite subject with those who know little of either. The ready assumption and glib assertion go together, that the introduction of machinery has made a machine out of the man, that the increase of mechanical aids is the measure of man's slavery to wheels.

The contrary is the truth: the function of the machine is to liberate man from brute burdens, and release his energies to the building of his intellectual and spiritual powers for conquests in the fields of thought and higher action. The Machine is the symbol of man's mastery of his environment.

One has only to go to other lands, or turn the pages of a book of travel, to see that the only slave left on earth is Man minus the Machine. We see burdened men and women hauling wood and stone and water on their backs. We see artisans clumsily devoting long hours and incredible toil for a paltry result. We see the tragic disproportion between primitive hand culture of the soil and the meager fruits thereof. Unbelievably narrow horizons, standards of life lower than the level of the beasts, poverty always on the edge of disaster—these are the conditions that greet us where men have not learned the secrets of power and method as they are embodied in the Machine.

The urge toward the Machine is one of the deepest in social life. The sling, the arrow, and the spear are man's attempt to lengthen the reach of his arm. His hammer is but a harder and more powerful fist. The knife is an auxiliary of his teeth. In these primitive tools man has sought to enlarge himself.

To release himself to more human duties, man has trained beasts to carry burdens. The oxteam and camel represent man's mind plus brute strength, for the release of man from the sphere of the brute to the larger occupancy of the sphere of man. The sail is man's release from the slavery of the oar to the higher sphere of the mysteries of navigation. The swift horse was man's dim sense that time had value, not for the horse but for himself and his human concerns.

Higher still than these is man's knowledge how to mingle stone and ore for the shrine, and fire and water for the secret of power. Then the oil of the earth and sparks of fire were brought under tribute, and man compelled a series of small and regular explosions to save his hours, and save the wastage of his strength, and greatly multiply the fruits of his application. With electricity and the ether waves, with motors and wings, his history has been a succession of emancipations from that gravity of necessity which held him to the plane of brutehood.

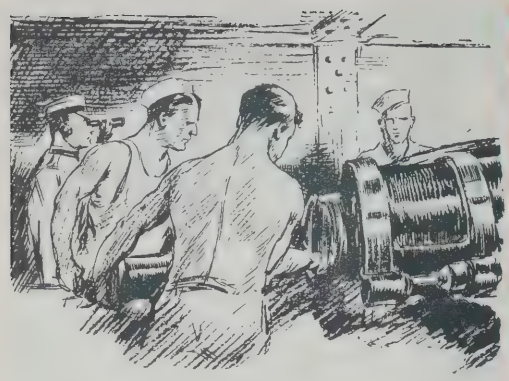
When man enlisted the aid of hammer and knife, of horse and camel, of sail and wind, did he increase his slavery, or did he increase his liberty? He became more and more a freeman in the earth, of course. That is the primal purpose of man's development. Why then assert that because he has harnessed engines and motors, electricity, steam and air-waves, he has increased his slavery? Only those do so who have not observed the service of the Machine in the liberation of Man's energies to their proper fields of action.

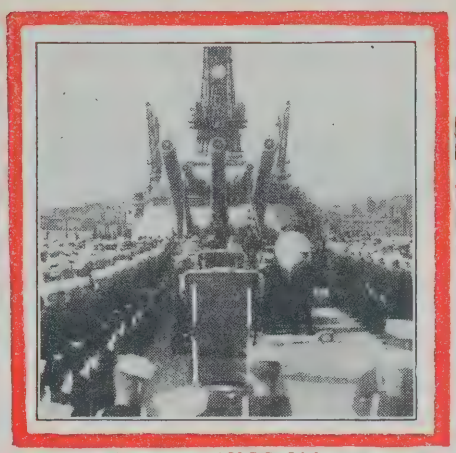
> *MAN minus the Machine is a slave; Man plus the Machine is a freeman. Contrast the people whose bodies are their only machines, and people who have modern mechanical inventions, and see who is slave and who is free. People who are capable of and fit for freedom liberate themselves from physical thralldom by substituting mind for muscle. The sail liberated man from slavery to the oar. The Machine releases man's energies from physical channels to higher activities. The Machine is man's dependable and multitudinous servant. Yet there are those who say that the Machine enslaves Men. Quite the contrary is true.*

It is too true, and a sad but temporary page it makes in human story, that the Machine has sometimes been used by those who owned it, not to liberate men, but to exploit them. This course, however, *was never accepted by society as right*, it has always been challenged, and as the use of the Machine became more widespread it effectually checked the misuse that had been made of it. The right and serviceable use of the Machine always makes unprofitable and at last impossible the abuse of it.

Our Western civilization has not yet begun to reap for itself the full benefit which the Machine can bestow. And the reason is that the need of the world for the tools of living is so great, and the fact that we are the only ones to supply them is so apparent, that we have postponed our own full measures of benefit to send throughout the world these discoveries and creations of ours and enable less fortunate nations to find higher levels of action. It seems to be our destiny to be the servant of less self-helpful peoples. And, after all, that is the only true superiority, the possession of the greater ability and also the greater wi lingness to share our benefits with other peoples.

When the enlightenment and liberation of which it is our good fortune to be the pioneers becomes generally distributed and the more pressing economic need of the world is met, then we may expect a social adjustment of effort which will extend to all of ourselves the benefit we thus far have been willing to forego in the service of other peoples. The type of civilization that produces and distributes a surplus cannot be called slavish or sordid or selfish.





After deck of U.S.S. *Idaho*

Should Naval Guns Shoot Higher

Increased Elevation Means Greater Range and Therefore More Efficiency

By J. J. DEWEY

IT IS fairly well established by this time that our naval experts had little or nothing to do with the framing of the famous "Limitation of Armament Treaty." In fact, a prominent ex-Secretary of the Navy has charged that not only were the real experts prevented from having a hand in the treaty, but that the naval leaders were muzzled to prevent them from informing the country what was really going on. It is not surprising then to find the Secretary of the Navy going to Congress in haste a few months after the treaty went into force to obtain authority and the necessary money to elevate the guns on thirteen of the battleships left us by Mr. Hughes, to put them on a par, so far as range of guns is concerned, with those of Great Britain. It seems the question of gun elevation was entirely overlooked by those who were negotiating the treaty for America. The result was that only five of our eighteen ships had a firing range that would keep them within shooting distance in the case of battle. Congress immediately went into action and, without a word of debate or a particle of opposition on the part of anyone, on March 4, 1923, about a year after the treaty was drawn up and shortly after it was ratified, passed the following:

"For making such changes as may be permissible under the terms of the Treaty providing for the limitation of naval armament concluded on February 6, 1922, published in Senate Document No. 126 of the Sixty-seventh Congress, second session, in the turret guns of the battleships *Florida, Utah, Arkansas, Wyoming, Pennsylvania, Arizona, Oklahoma, Nevada, New York, Texas, Mississippi, Idaho,* and *New Mexico* as will increase the range of the turret guns of such battleships, to remain available until December 31, 1924, $6,500,000." A vigorous protest from Great Britain caused Congress to repeal this authorization.

For a time the question languished, but recent disclosures of deficiencies in our Navy brought it to the front again and Congress had it up for consideration in the last session. The stand taken by the President has settled it for the time being, but it is a subject of such vast importance that it is bound to come up again. In the meantime, the average citizen is asking: "Why is it necessary to elevate these guns?" "Why does one political party oppose it, another favor it?" "Does the Arms Treaty forbid it?" The function of the modern newspaper seems to be to record events, not to explain them, so little hope can be entertained for enlightenment from that quarter.

Why is it necessary to elevate these guns? Because our earliest ships have an elevation of only 15 degrees, while those of Great Britain have an elevation of 20 degrees. Why is there a difference? Our naval officers felt that 15 degrees was as far as you could go with elevation and obtain accurate shooting. That they have changed their opinion is proved by the latest ships we have built, for the *Colorado, West Virginia, Maryland, Tennessee* and *California* all have an elevation of 30 degrees. At the time their opinion was sound, but developments since in fire control and airplane and captive balloon spotting has greatly lengthened the effective range of fire. An increase in the size of the gun together with a corresponding increase in the size of the shell has made it possible to carry on a battle at ranges hitherto undreamed of. The 12-inch shell fired from the gun of the same classification, the kind mounted on our first dreadnought, the *Delaware*, weighs 870 pounds. The guns of our latest dreadnoughts, the *Maryland* class, fire from a 16-inch rifle a shell weighing 2,100 pounds. Thus in a little more than 15 years we have almost trebled the weight of our projectiles. An increase in the range of guns is useless unless a corresponding improvement is made in the method of detecting and accurately determining the position of the enemy at great distances and, what is more, directing an effective fire that will reach their position. Improved methods of fire control and the use of the airplane and captive balloon have solved this problem. It becomes imperative, therefore, to adjust the older units of our Navy to these new conditions of battle.

From the accompanying table it will be seen that only five of our eighteen ships have the new requirements as they alone have an elevation of 30 degrees. In the English Navy three, the *Nelson*,

The *Delaware* on the high seas.

, and *Hood*, have the maximum vation, and in the Japanese and *tsu* and *Nagato*. Japan has recently reased the elevation on the remain- of her battleships to 25 degrees. e seventeen other ships of the Eng- Navy have a 20-degree elevation ile thirteen of ours are limited to 15 rees. Since the whole English fleet, h the exception of the four vessels of *Iron Duke* class, can outsteam ours it uld be the easiest thing in the world the English to stage engagement in the nt of war at 25,000 ds, thus eliminating rteen of our eighteen sels and making five t the whole English t of twenty vessels. ce the Japanese bat- hips are from one to knots faster than s and have a maxi- m gun elevation of nty-five compared to fifteen degrees on the ps of ours that we e spoken of, they ld employ the same tics and thus compel five dreadnoughts to hstand their whole t of ten ships. "From nilitary standpoint," Chairman Hale, of ate Naval Committee, ntly, "as far as the stion of the elevation he guns of our capital ps is concerned, no ument can be made inst it. Of course, battle fleet which has the greater nber of fast ships and the greater nber of long-range guns can keep of range of its opponents and can ver its fire unopposed by ships ex- et those of the same range or speed or se which are faster and have a longer ge of guns. I do not think there is question about that; and there is question that a battle fleet that is er than its opponent can choose its ge and decide what the range shall and that is a great military ad- tage. I will go further than that say that the battle fleet that has equal range of guns with its oppo- et but faster ships has a military ad- tage in that it can run in and de- r its broadside and get out of ge whenever it sees fit to do so, the navy that has slower ships, ompensate for their lack of speed, uld have a greater range of guns n has its opponent." From the going statement it can be seen y it is necessary to raise the guns our capital ships and why also the y Department is most anxious to e it done.

There is only one critic of any rtance who holds it is unnecessary elevate our guns and he bases his nion upon the mistaken assumption h the Jutland fight showed the limit in range. Beatty's opening range in the North Sea fight was about 18,000 yards but most of the fighting was done at ranges of from 12,000 to 14,000 yards. The reason the battle was not fought at 18,000 yards was because the German fire was more accurate at that range than the British who, with their better speed, immediately closed in to deprive their opponents of their advantage. Another factor the critic has overlooked is the abnormal low visibility which prevails in the North Sea, lower than almost any other place in the world. Captain Dudley W. Knox, U. S. N., answers this argument in the following statement:

"Jutland was fought nine years ago, when the limit of accurate gun fire was about 19,000 yards. Meantime airplane spotting has been developed and has greatly increased this limit. There is every reason to suppose that battleships can now do accurate shooting at more than 25,000 yards, and progress is being made every year. The British battleship speed averages several knots faster than our battleships. They could choose the range, far or near, at which the fleet action would be fought.

It does not require any technical knowledge to understand *that they would be simple-minded not to choose a range at which a large portion of our fleet could not shoot back. Under such circumstances any superiority which we might possess in displacement, the number and power of guns, et cetera, could not be brought into play, and could not possibly save our fleet from a quick and very decisive defeat.* The cheapest and most practical way in which this great discrepancy of strength between the American and British battleship fleets can be brought to anything approaching parity is by increasing the reach of the older American ships; that is, by increasing the angle of their elevation."

It is more difficult to answer the second of our questions: Why does one political party oppose it and the other favor it? The answer to that brings us into the realm of politics face to face with problems with which, to paraphrase a scriptural expression, the unlearned and unwary wrest to their own destruction. It has been sort of an axiom in American politics for one party to oppose whatever the other party sponsored and favored. Since the President, the leader of his party, is opposed to gun elevation it is good politics for Republicans, seemingly, to get behind him and support his attitude. For the same reason it is good politics for the Democrats to oppose his position. It certainly is to be deplored that a question of so vital importance should be made the football of politics. Democrats and Republicans voted to accept the Arms Treaty as it was presented to the Senate and therefore bear a joint responsibility. The treaty contains many flaws, most of which we are only just now finding out. Both parties should turn in and see to it that the mistakes of the treaty are corrected so far as correction can be made without jeopardizing the treaty itself.

The third of our questions is: Does the Arms Agreement forbid the gun elevation we propose to make? There were five contracting powers in the drafting of the naval treaty, England, Japan, France, Italy, and the United States. Two of the signatory powers have already increased the elevation of their guns without bothering to inquire of the other powers whether they considered it permissible according to the terms of the agreement. None of the other powers, Great Britain included, made any move to protest even though it knew what was going on. As soon as the United States announced that the guns on our battleships were to be elevated Great Britain immediately filed a protest with our State Department at Washington. Secretary Hughes, in a letter to Chairman Butler of the House and Naval Committee, gave the following information in regard to the English protest: "In a communication under the date of March 15, 1923, the British Ambassador at Washington reviewed the reports that had been made as to the increase in the elevation of the turret guns of British

TABLE I
UNITED STATES
Guns

Ship	*Diameter of Bore*	*Length in Caliber*	*Maximum Angle of Elevation*	*Maximum Range* (Yards)	*Speed of Ship Knots*
West Virginia	16	45	30°	34,500	21
California	14	50	30°	35,500	21
Idaho	14	50	15°	24,000	21
Arkansas	12	50	15°	24,350	21
Wyoming	12	50	15°	23,500	21
Florida	12	45	15°	22,000	22
Utah	12	45	15°	21,600	21
GREAT BRITAIN					
Rodney	16	45	30°	34,500	30
Hood	15	42	30°	30,300	31
Royal Sovereign	15	42	20°	24,300	23
Resolution	15	42	20°	24,400	23
Malaya	15	42	20°	24,300	25
Barham	15	42	20°	24,300	25
Benbow	13.5	45	20°	23,800	21
Renown	15	42	20°	24,300	31.5
Tiger	13.5	45	20°	23,800	30
JAPAN					
Mutsu	16	45	30°	34,500	23
Yamishiro	14	45	25°	28,700	22.5
Kirishima	14	45	25°	28,700	27.5

TABLE II

Ship	*Present Maximum Range* (Yards)	*Maximum Range if Changed to 30° Elevation* (Yards)
Idaho	24,000	35,500
Arizona	21,000	32,400
Arkansas	24,350	35,500
Florida	22,000	32,000

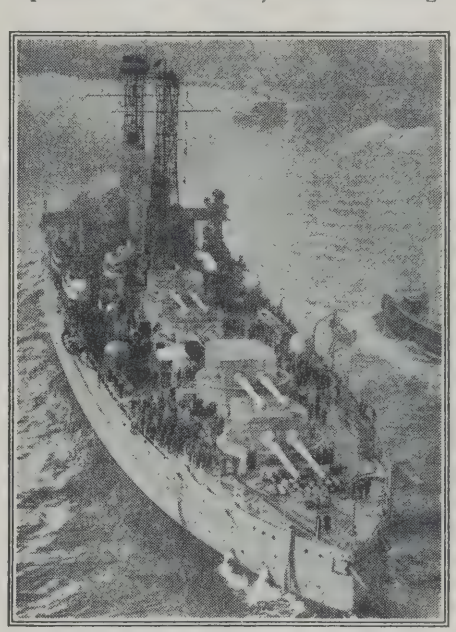
U.S.S. *Maryland*, electrically propelled battleship.

ships and made the categorical declaration that no alteration had been made in the elevation of any British capital ships since they were placed in commission.

"In subsequent communications from the British Ambassador at Washington it has been stated to be the view of His Majesty's Government that an increase of elevation of turret guns is not permissible under the terms of the naval treaty with special reference to Chapter II, Part 3, Section I which prohibits subject to certain exceptions expressly provided for any reconstruction of certain capital ships or aircraft carriers, except for the purpose of providing means of defense against air and submarine attack. As regards the question whether such increase in the elevation of turret guns involves any 'reconstruction,' it *is stated to be the view of the British Government that the increase of the elevation of guns together with consequential alterations, such as scrapping or replacement of existing fire control systems, and so forth, involves considerable "reconstruction" in the fullest sense of the term. The British Government lays particular emphasis* upon what is described as a larger aspect of the question—that is to say, that one of the objects of the treaty is to reduce the burdens of competition in armament—and the British Government feels that action by the United States in the elevation of turret guns would tend to defeat this object to a considerable extent. In these circumstances the British Government makes an earnest appeal that the Government of the United States should not impose upon the peoples of the countries concerned the burdens of competition in armament which are deemed to result from the execution of the proposal to elevate the turret guns in retained capital ships of the United States, it being considered that, even if arguments can be found in support of the contrary interpretation of the treaty, the effect of carrying out such proposals would be incompatible with its intentions."

Such an argument is like Shakespeare's "goodly apple with a smiling cheek, but rotten at the heart." The statement is not only at variance with the facts but conflicts with the purpose of the treaty itself. The United States did not need disarmament to attain the position of "First Nation on the Sea." But England did require the Limitation Treaty to preserve at least an equality with us in naval standing. The United States was ready and willing to cut down our immense programs that England might have equality. Now that it is found that through an error we went too far and conceded more than enough to achieve the equality, England opposes steps to ratify the error on the grounds that it might defeat the purpose of the treaty. How also is competition to be given a new impetus when the other Powers concerned have already done that which we are only debating?

In regard to the attitude of the Japanese Government, Secretary Hughes said in his letter: "I have been informed by the Japanese Government that it was not the view of the Japanese Government, that a change



The *Arkansas* at New York.

in the gun elevations, which did not require changes of the prohibited sort in the ships themselves, would not be a violation of the naval treaty."

Secretary Hughes was responsible for most of the treaty; in fact, he wrote very many of its paragraphs himself. After presenting the protests of the British Government and the opinion of Japan in his letter to Chairman Butler, he adds his own opinion: "I may add that in view of the detailed description given by the Navy Department of the nature of the changes which would be necessary to elevate the turret guns on the capital ships retained by the United States, these changes would appear to be of minor sort and *in my opinion would not constitute a reconstruction of the ships within the meaning which should be attributed to the p vision of the naval treaty." The rea for the British attitude might be found this statement of Senator Gerry, a mem of the Senate Naval Committee: "I fortunately for Great Britain, I und stand the turrets of her battleships are constructed that it would be practica impossible for her to make the chan without possibly a breach of the treat*

The point at issue is the interpre tion of Chapter II, Part 3, Section I the Agreement concluded at Washi ton, which is as follows: "No retai capital ship or aircraft carriers shall reconstructed except for the purpos providing means of defense against i and submarine attack, and subject the following rules: The contract powers may for that purpose equip isting tonnage with bulge or bliste antiair attack deck protection, pro ing the increase of displacement t affected does not exceed 3,000 tons placement for each ship. *No alterat in side armor, in caliber, number or g eral type of mounting of main armam shall be permitted.*"

Can the guns be elevated with changing the general type of mounti Various steps are necessary to incre the range of our gun mounting, s as cutting away the gun port ab the gun so that it can be raised hig

It is the attitude of the Navy partment and of well-informed me both branches of Congress that ought to be accomplished as soon possible. The President's course blocked action for the time, and based on the contention of the S Department that nothing should done until the difference of opinio adjusted with Great Britain. Perh a second Conference will present opportunity. If that is delayed postponed indefinitely, the ma should be settled by diplomatic changes as it will be 1939, accordin treaty, before we can replace the of the thirteen deficient ships those of modern gun range. The W ington Conference did not ab competition; it only eliminated cer forms of it, placing at the same definite bounds on other partic forms. As long as ships are built c petition will endure, so it is pu to oppose gun elevation on the of exciting or renewing competiti

U.S.S. *Nevada.*

neasured capacity of snake. Above—The distended stomach of a full-grown black snake compared to rt cup and an old-time eight-quart milk bucket. Below—A five-foot black snake after a very full meal. All drawn to the same scale.

Do Snakes Milk Cows?

(*Continued from page 7*)

here is not only a woeful ignorance ibits, the need of assuming to calling for the utmost supposi- often wide of facts, but even the r of geographic distribution is as understood and looked into—the wonder when anyone may pick zoölogical book of reference and imself and his readers aright. two great cats—the tiger and the r—are most often and contin- thrust out of their habitat.

hen Colonel Roosevelt planned frican trip there was a very al incentive to anticipate him, ularly by the so-called yellow als. One Sunday edition of a York paper told, with the aid of age pictures, of a hunter in who had shut himself in a cage the jungle the better to come uch with the denizens of the . This was related as an actual ience, but it was not mentioned somebody must have let loose a hereabout, for that strictly desert nl, the lion, roared around the hold; tigers, no doubt brought ally from India for the purpose, l upon the cage; jaguars got over South America to do some yelling, leopards, the only great cats rly placed, were also in evidence. e deponent, in *Collier's*, very criticized this at the time, but ature literati, even the book- s, must have entirely overlooked Several loose references have been made to hunting tigers rica, but most remarkable was ry in *The Saturday Evening* about five years back. The l-loving hero, after a managerie ing, goes to India and with a fences against a king cobra ll but defeats his skill, encounters hon that was so swift as to have ken a native boy running and s himself of protection against a by relying on a large dog—all l of the most glaring character. y he encounters a jaguar and sses a fight between it and a bear.

Almost as glaring is the contents of a recent book, "Claw and Fang," reviewed in the *Literary Digest*. One is a little at sea as to whether the author or the reviewer is most at fault. India is the country mentioned, but it is quite hopelessly mixed with Africa, for all the names and most of the creatures and situations are strictly African: the lion Ngonyama, the hunter Mahamba, the water holes, the water buck (meaning water bok, of course). But the whine of the bear is heard, which fits India only, except that in Africa the observer might have been in the Atlas Mountains. As to bears habitually whining, there may be some doubt. Sand grouse also are mentioned; they are chiefly European and Asiatic, not African, except along the extreme northern coast, which information tallies somewhat with the bear, but conflicts with the water buck and present-day lion.

Swarm of May flies, also called day flies, and, technically, ephemera.

However, all these inconsistencies in that book as to habitat are quite trifling when it comes to the scream of the jaguar, which is heard along with the snarl of the leopard. The jaguar does not scream; its vocal expressions consist of gutteral grunts and a coughing roar not unlike that of the lion, though not so loud, and if it could scream in India it would have to be in the Calcutta zoo, or escaped therefrom, or shout its protests so loudly as to be heard over seven thousand miles of land and water.

When will the rush-into-print nature story-tellers treat this big cat as other than a globe-trotter and recognize its limited habitat within the warm countries of the western mainland continent?

But even among the bona fide naturalists who write scientifically the jaguar has received a reputation not deserved, for in all the books, as "The Cat," "The Felidae," "American Quadrupeds," several extensive zoölogies, the encyclopedias, "American Animals" and the high-sounding "American Natural History," which is only half of what it pretends to be, the big, yellow, black-spotted American cat is persistently described to be the largest of the New World *Felidae*. Not one record of the size of either captured or killed specimens for zoölogical gardens or museum mounts comes anywhere near equaling in length, height or weight the largest puma; the latter, indeed, almost doubling those of the jaguar, and the naturalist Hudson states that the puma, in the LaPlata country, is clearly the master of the two when they come in contact.

Animal behavior is as yet the least understood, the most difficult to comprehend in its wide variations of all nature study and because of this and its certain attractiveness it offers the largest opportunity for the imagination.

Contests that result in the death of well-matched mammals or birds are but imagination; there is a common and certain respect for each other's prowess between the puma and bear, the bay lynx and fisher, the fox and raccoon, the badger and the coyote, the marten and mink, the ocelot and bay lynx, the red and gray squirrels, the hawk and owl, the heron and sea gull and it is only when the winter food is scarce to the point of starvation and the aggressor greatly overmatches the defendant in strength or numbers that attacks are made at all by any powerful animal upon another capable of inflicting considerable injury.

Our author, as above, tells of a battle to the death between two wild cats—the bay and the Canada lynxes—and also between a fox and a mink over a captured rabbit and the intention is to convey good natural history. It is, however, pure fiction, though not less true than his story of the hunting of both parent lynxes with the young. Everyone should know that, except with the lion, there is a mortal hatred on the part of male *Felidae* toward the young and there is never the semblance of a family circle. The mere approach of a male within hailing (*Concluded on page 26*)

So This Is Literary New York

Some Clubs Are Literally Literary But Others Are Only Salmagundi

By THOMAS L. MASSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

ONE of the most prominent woman writers in America with whom I chatted one evening at the National Arts Club in Gramercy Park, New York, told me that she had been lecturing that afternoon to the idle rich in the home of a lady millionaire.

"What is to become of us," I asked, "if, through your well-meaning efforts, intelligence should spread to the idle rich?"

"There is no danger," she replied. "I don't think they had the least idea of what I was talking. The hostess had taken all of her antiques and valuables out of one room which was inhabited by the audience, and when I came informed me that she had hired a detective for the occasion."

Another writer, this time a man writer, told me that another lady millionaire had sent for him on an important matter. He had written several histories.

"You have been recommended to me," she said, "as an eminent historian. I have so many engagements that I have no time to read myself. I wish to be informed about European politics and the history of European countries generally. Will you write me a modern history of Europe and come and read it to me? I see you have a good voice."

My friend was rather paralyzed by the suggestion, and hesitated. She was quick to see that it might be money of which he was thinking.

"Tell me," she went on, "how much you think I ought to pay you."

On the spur of the moment he replied:

"Well, I once received thirty cents a word," and was about to explain that he would take less when she cut him off with:

"That is quite all right. Read to me for about an hour."

He went back and wrote the first chapter and the following week, at the appointed time, appeared and read it. It ran about three thousand words and the lady's secretary handed him a check for a thousand dollars. During the months that followed he collected about fourteen thousand dollars. One day he appeared and was informed that the lady had gone off on her yacht. She was sorry, but she had had enough. With the fourteen thousand dollars he bought him a house and got married. There were other details to this story, but in the main it is strictly true. The lady millionaire is well known.

I mention these incidents as a kind of background to show that in New York literature is sharply separated from finance. Yet here again a distinction must be made between the so-called idle rich and the cultivated rich. Mrs. Edith Wharton's novels of New York give a perfect picture of the cultivated rich of past generations. Things have changed very much since the period of which she writes; it is still true, however, that there is in New Yo small body of cultivated rich pe who are "up" in the classics, music art and of whom nobody ever kn The most that the smart people e in the way of brain work is to liste lecturers, and of these lecturers, most popular by far are those who on current events. Back of me at opera the other day one stout lady to the other—she was speaking of current events man:

"You know, my dear, he talk two hours and it's all solid meat; I hate to acknowledge it, at the end hour it is all I can do to keep aw And he is really wonderful!"

It is true now, as it never has before, that the literary set of York is a distinct entity; yet it is true that it is composed of a great r more varying elements. In the days Washington Square was the l ity of culture. Mark Twain, who within a few steps of the Squar lower Fifth Avenue, used to walk o Sunday mornings when people going to church, that they migh him. Below Washington Square, G wich Village carried its full quo Bohemians, shading into all ton genius. All this is now past. Gr wich Village lives mostly on its parted glories. Washington Sq holds itself proudly still, but th culture atmosphere has been dissip Now the literary set is scattered ab it has no set habitation; its demo is so intense that it would make th

The most that the smart people affect in the way of brain work is to listen to lecturers.

sidents of Washington Square turn
er in their graves if they were able to
ar its intimacies above the roar of
bways. There are highbrows a-plen-
, but today the highbrows are wallow-
g, where formerly they gazed serenely
om the heights. It is all such a curi-
s mixture of editors, publishers,
velists, poets, advertising men, play-
ights and scenario gentlemen! One
the most distinguished poets in the
untry confided to me that he had but
cently delivered an address before a
otary Club, and, moreover, liked it.

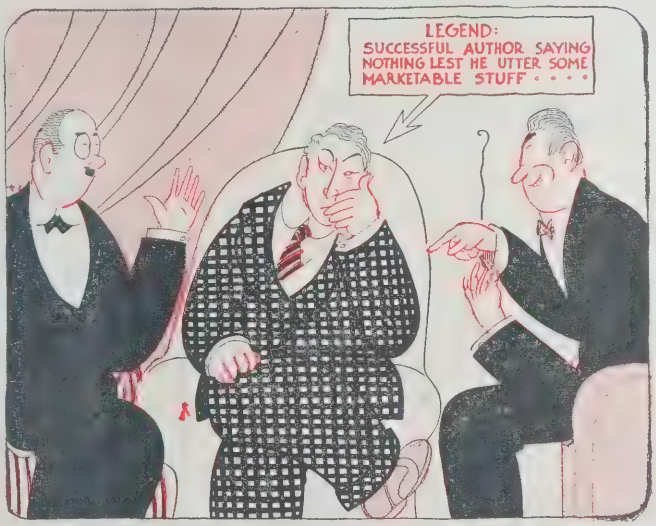
That does not mean that the high-
ows of today are not offensive; but
eir offensiveness takes on another
rm from those of the past. The old
clusives were silent; they withered
u with a look. Walt Whitman and
dgar Allan Poe, both of whom, with
ndred spirits, used to meet in a raths-
ller near the present entrance to the
rooklyn Bridge, were anathema to the
clusives. Now, among all kinds and
grees of literary men, there is an inti-
ate atmosphere quite difficult to de-
e. I think it is probably due to com-
ercialism. That is to say, every in-
pient, or otherwise genius is a go-
tter, or is trying to be; he can, there-
re, overlook no possibility. A man
nployed in a publishing office took
nner one evening with a short-story
iter. "I have an idea for a story,"
said, outlining it. The writer grabbed
e idea. It involved much research,
t his work was completed in a few
eks and he sold the result for $2,400.
ey are still friends. As for the intel-
tuals, as I have had occasion to re-
ark before, they
ake no bones about
e main chance.
ey are out for the
in. But let us
rticularize.

There are a dozen
more clubs in New
rk which, among
em all, contain
ractically all the
erary men and wo-
n there are. The
ntury Club is, of
urse, the most ex-
usive, but it is a
erary club only in
rt. Very few of its
mbers are under
y. The Authors'
ague is a lively af-
r, presided over
gely by Ellis
rker Butler, Arthur Guiterman, Alice
er Miller, and Gelett Burgess. Its
in object is apparently to protect
thors from themselves. As a matter
fact, it has in practice been found ex-
mely useful and is now engaged in
thering and mothering a pet copyright
l.

Perhaps the largest and most repre-
sentative literary club is the National
Arts, although a large part of its mem-
bership, as the name suggests, is among
artists. This is the only housed club of

As to the intellectuals—they are out for the coin.

its size that admits both men and wo-
men as members. Every year it has a
book week, in which are on display the
principal publications of the year. One
evening is devoted to speaking. It has
all the atmosphere and intimacy of a
small-town gathering, where Folk is
Folk. This year I spoke there myself
with Margaret Widdemer and Harold
Howland and young Ben Hecht of
Chicago, who was very amusing. Last
year it was at the National Arts that
Israel Zangwill publicly accused us of
not having a sense of humor, and nearly
precipitated a riot. The Dickens Club
has its annual dinner at the National
Arts, and also they have other dinners
once a month. Almost next to it is the



They nurse their pet ideas with stern regard for the almighty dollar.

Players Club, which is more truly liter-
ary, more gossipy and more artistically
Bohemian, than perhaps any other. It
consists largely of artists and writers,
although there is a fair sprinkling of
actors. Don Marquis, perhaps our
best humorist, is to be seen there con-
stantly, usually playing pool with John
Adams, a retiring but delightful artist.
Oliver Herford is also an habitué, his
inimitable wit never failing him. Down
on lower Fifth Avenue, not so far from
Washington Square, is the Salmagundi
Club, consisting largely of artists; but
here there is a sprinkling of writers and
publishers. Uptown, on Forty-fourth
and Forty-fifth streets respectively, are
the Lambs Club and the Coffee House,
but, oh, how different! The Lambs Club
consists mostly of actors, but there is a
sprinkling of artists and writers, and
what a noisy crowd they all are! The
Coffee House was fathered originally
by Frank Crowninshield, the distin-
guished and delightful editor of *Vanity
Fair*, who is probably the most perfect
specimen of editorial gentility and good
manners in literary captivity in this or
any other country. Mr. Crowninshield,
if he needed it, would be entitled to a
pension from the British Government
in his old age for having introduced so
many British authors to American au-
diences. If I mistake not, it was he who
first induced the talented Pelham
Grenville Wodehouse to come over here.

Quite different from those clubs
mentioned is the Newspaper Club, on
Forty-first street. At one time this club
consisted largely of merchant tailors,
haberdashers, and a few lawyers; these
gentlemen were induced into the club
to make it pay. There was an enor-
mous row in consequence. Now the
newspaper club, singular to relate, con-
sists almost entirely of newspapermen.
Irvin Cobb, who never forgets his news-
paper training, is to be seen there oc-
casionally. It produces a lively club
paper—the only club that does.

These clubs I have mentioned are
all housed. But there are others which
are not. One of these is the more or
less notorious Algonquin Club, which
is not a club at all, and is held together
only by the attraction of good food and
a round table at the hotel whose name
it bears. So strong is the attraction,
however, that it draws in frequent
outsiders, so that in the course of a
season, probably most of the chief liter-
ary men of America will have been there.
The regular attendants consists of Hey-
wood Broun, of the *World;* Alec Woll-
cott, formerly of the *Times* and now of
the *Sun;* Marc Connelly and George
Kauffman, successful (*Concluded on page 27*)

Blond Eskimo.

Rasmussen's Fifth Epic of the Arctic

Four Years in the Great White Wastes

By GUDRUN TOKSVIG

Hupo, Victoria Land.

Oval—Dr. Knud Rasmussen, after more than four years in the Arctic.

Above—A long trail in the Canadian Arctic.

Left—Kormick; a bad face on a bad man.

Right—Ulursuk, a Blond Eskimo at Coronation Gulf.

THE Fifth Thule expedition is the crowning achievement of Knud Rasmussen's career as an Eskimo ethnologist and folklore expert. The main object of all his exploration trips has been to investigate the Eskimo migrations and race peculiarities. As early as 1910, concurrently with the founding of the Thule station, he came forward with plans of a big expedition, which should stretch from east to west in the North Canadian archipelago. Different factors made this plan unrealizable at this time, and he now, using Thule as a base, made the first two Thule expeditions to Greenland's most northerly regions, the one in 1912 back and forth over the inland ice to Peary Land, the other in 1916 to the North Coast of Greenland. Later in 1919 he was in Angmagsalik (Fourth Thule). Eleven years later, in 1921, he was able to realize this his most cherished dream—the conquest of the Northwest Passage. (The Third Thule expedition in 1918 under the leadership of the Dane, Captain Godtfred Hansen, was a link in Amundsen's polar plans.)

The motorship *Sokongen* (the *Sea King*) had been especially built for the expedition with the aid of the Danish Government and private capital. Some ten days after leaving Godthaab, a little island by Lyon Inlet was reached, which Knud Rasmussen christened Danske Island (Danish Island). Here the expedition made its headquarters; a little house of boards and tar-paper roof was built, and finished at the end of September of that year, and christened *Blaesebaelgen* (The Bellows). During the two following years, with this little hut as a base, a series of expeditions toward the north, west and south were undertaken therefrom by the different expedition members, counting twelve in all, when the Eskimos are included. They were Knud Rasmussen, expedition leader and ethnologist, specialty: folklore; Peter Freuchen, cartographer and natural scientist; Therkel Mathiassen, archeologist and cartographer; Helge Bangsted, anthropologist and author; Kai Birket-Smith, ethnologist and geographer. Upon its arrival in Greenland, the expedition was joined by six Cape York Polar Eskimos, six men and six women and the West-Greenland Eskimo, Jacob Olsen, who served as the expedition's interpreter and secretary. Jacob Olsen alone wrote down some 400 Canadian Eskimo myths as fast as Knud Rasmussen's magnetic gifts could wheedle them out of the Canadian Eskimos. Transcribing these stories will keep Jacob Olsen busy all winter in Copenhagen. In 1923 the expedition was further joined by the world's first polar cameraman, Leo Hansen. The *Sea King's* valiant captain, Captain Petersen, who often sailed in waters full of hidden dangers, unknown to white mariners, must not be forgotten either.

The selection of Hudson Bay for the headquarters of the expedition was particularly advantageous, for here were to be found the most primitive of the Canadian Eskimo tribes. Toward the south on the vast tundras, Barren Grounds, lived an Eskimo tribe which the expedition had all reason to believe, according to the theory of Professe Stensby, a Danish scientist now deceased constituted the final remnant of the primordial Eskimos, from which tribe the Greenlandic, Alaskan and other Eskimos have migrated. Knud Rasmussen spent one summer among this tribe and Birket-Smith two. Both have reached the conclusion that in a far past—how long ago cannot definitely be estimated—the same type of Eskimo culture predominated from west to east in the Canadian polar regions. Archeological investigation showed that the primeval inland Eskimos had had much closer connection with the sea than is the case at present—at any rate, the land around Hudson Bay has elevated itself about 10 meters since that time.

Accordingly, the primeval Barren Grounds Eskimos were in many ways

re similar to the present Alaska and eenland Eskimos than the present ren Grounds inland Eskimos. The ter have never seen a seal nor a ar bear, and live almost exclusively wild reindeer and salmon. The avations, which partly led to this ilt, were conducted by Mathiassen r Repulse Bay, on Southampton nd, and in the northerly Baffin id under immense difficulties, for n in the summer the soil freezes some extent, and when the top tum is removed one has to wait il the next layer thaws. But that only half of it. Worse was the fact t the Eskimos did not encourage se excavations to any great extent ause they believed that the departed its of the old-time Eskimos felt red at this disturbance of their nal rest, and Mathiassen and Jacob en barely escaped being murdered ring their stay on uthampton Island. Birket-Smith would call inland primitive tribe ndeer Eskimos because he importance of these imals for their sub- ence. If the reindeer mi- tions fail, these people ve, and repeated famines e accordingly brought ir number down to about souls. Although not so y far removed from the adian station Churchill, tribe has had almost no nection with white men. st of the women and dren had never seen a te man. Birket-Smith's asurement of the male Es- os here show that they under middle height but not be considered as belonging to especially low-stature race as, for mple, the Japanese. The women's ceptions of modesty were so inter- ven with superstitious taboos that thought of measuring them had to abandoned. In comparison, the eenland Eskimos are taller because the admixture, in many cases, of nish blood as well as the better nomic and hygienic living conditions. While Mathiassen and Birket-Smith were homeward bound after concluding these investigations in February, 1923, Peter Freuchen, the expedition's cartographer and natural scientist, lay illat "The Bellows" with gangrene in one foot occasioned during a snowstorm in Baffin Land. A couple of months later he managed to reach Repulse Bay, north of Southampton Island, partly by sled and partly by whaleboat, where he was operated on. Freuchen, together with Mathiassen, charted in all a distance of some 14,000 kilometers from the most northerly Baffin Land to Chesterfield Inlet—a territory about half the size of Sweden. The last 200 kilometers of this stretch caused Freuchen much suffering because of his injured foot. He has since had two toes removed upon his return to Denmark but is now well and on a lecture tour through the Danish provincial towns.

Blond-Copper Eskimos, seven miles west of Cape Lambert, Canadian Arctic.

Delta and Coast Eskimos. Third from the left a Blond Eskimo.

Group of Blond Eskimos, east of Bernard Harbor.

Ever since Knud Rasmussen stepped ashore in Copenhagen from the gangplank of the *Oscar II*, December 2, 1924, the Danes have put to shame the old saying that a prophet is not honored in his own country.

Fru Nina Bang, Denmark's Socialist minister of education, delivered the address of welcome at the banquet to the guests of honor. The assembly was electrified by Fru Bang's *Skaal* for the King of Denmark as the patron of the Fifth Thule expedition, because the minister's recent refusal to have the royalistic national song, "King Christian," played at the Royal Opera House where the song was part of the opera "Elverhöj" did not indicate any particular warm adherence to court formalities. In view of the minister's well-known views on this subject, it was a graceful thing to do, and her toast was warmly applauded.

The twentieth of January was the really festive occasion, however, when Dr. Knud Rasmussen was to hold his first official lecture on the expedition in the Royal Danish Geographical Society. The most exciting part of the program was the *premiere* of the first Arctic motion picture taken under great difficulties by Leo Hansen. It was an event beside which even the entrance of the King and Queen into their balcony box paled.

A moment after, the stately white-haired president of the Society, Admiral Wandel, who greatly resembles Clemenceau, mounted the rostrum, and presented Dr. Knud Rasmussen with the Hans Egede medal, which is given for special distinction in Arctic exploration. The latter already has the Society's gold medal.

Dr. Rasmussen paid a tribute to Leo Hansen, a man never before in Arctic regions, but who now because of his indomitable will power and courage had succeeded in taking these remarkable pictures, which show the most salient features of the trip from the magnetic North Pole to Bering Strait—alas, only one-tenth of all the adventures encountered. There was not time for more.

Leo Hansen joined the expedition the fifth of November, 1923. A couple of years after Knud Rasmussen had left Godthaab, he sent out a call for a cameraman. Hansen (*Continued on page 24*)

Romantic Rascal

John Cottingham, 1628-16

(Sixth of Series)

By CHARLES J. FINGER

WOOD BLOCKS CUT BY PAUL HONORÉ

(Copyright, 1925, by Charles J. Finger)

JOHN COTTINGHAM, chimney sweep, better known as "Mulled Sack" because of his taste in drink, had climbed and cleaned London chimneys as long as he could remember, and might have gone on climbing and cleaning, had not coal as fuel become popular in the reign of King Charles I. But because it did, the sweep revolted when he was fifteen years of age, and his declaration of independence was made in the taproom of the Gold Hind in Bell alley, what time he relieved his soul on many subjects besides that which stood nearest his heart, denouncing king and commons, officers of the law and Puritans, and all and sundry. He had his audience drinking at his expense, some of whom had witnessed his plight at the whipping post that morning when he received his four dozen lashes, and they were men much of his own kind. Wat Smith was there, who had only one ear, the other having been shorn off because its owner had passed bad coin. Then there was Harry of Southwark, branded on the forehead with the letter T and so known for a thief. Also Jack Fisher who lacked two fingers on each hand, his judge having decided that a fingerless man would forsake pocket picking for more honest courses.

"I got feelings like anyone else," protested Mulled Sack after he had recited the tale of his grave discomfort at the whipping post. "What do they care though? All that whipping makes me sick, it does. I wouldn't have dropped the silver cup if it hadn't been for the soot that beastly coal makes. It gets in your throat and makes you sneeze. Your eyes hurt. You get a pain in the 'ead. They'd never a-missed the cup. This here Sir Banks is rich enough. But they nabbed me. Four dozen. There ought to be a law against burning coal."

He sighed heavily and heaved his shoulders cautiously because of the welts on his back, then made a gesture at which the tapster refilled the cups with swift alacrity. After drinking, Mulled Sack went on with increasing earnestness, but what with the drink and his emotions, his fortitude overcame him, his voice failed and he wept. Soon he recovered and announced his determination to leave the path of honest employment, assuring his hearers that those in power were but robbers on a large scale. "Where does the king get his money?" he asked. "Where does all the rich people get theirs?"

"From us poor folk a course," answered the branded man, while the fellow who had lost an ear nodded agreement, and expressed his conviction that daily the rich grew richer and the poor poorer, then, being eloquent and a hero-worshiper, went on to declare the glories and virtues of such as Mary Frith, the woman highway robber, and of Speedy Bob who had once taken a bag of gold from the Lord Mayor. "Such as them evens up things," he said. "They robs the rich and gives to the poor."

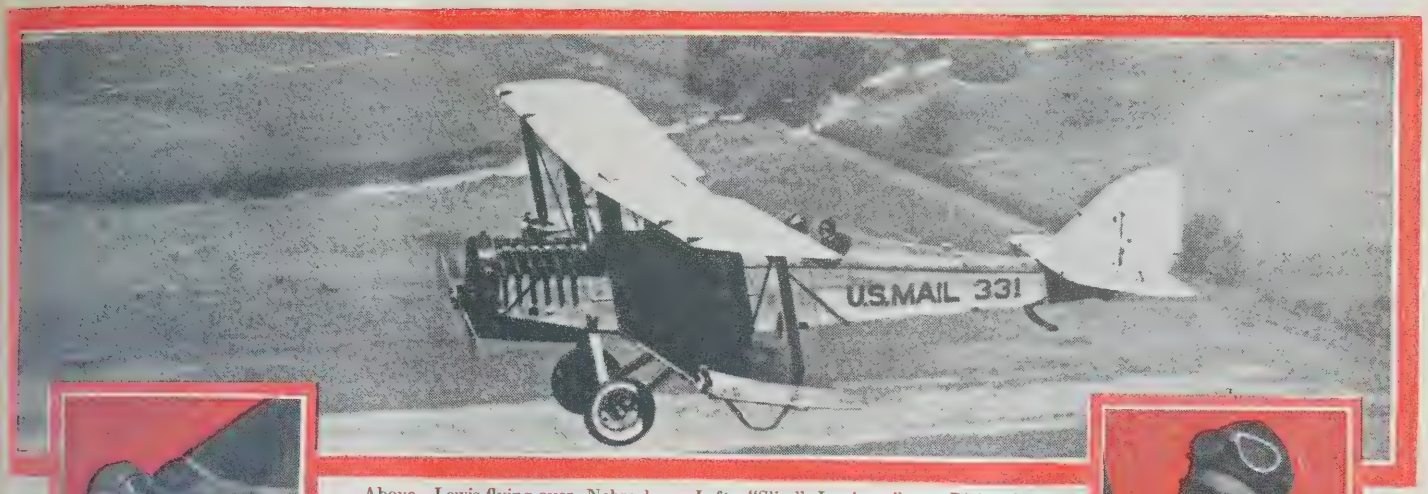
That praise marked a climax in Mulled Sack's career. He stood up, his cup held high in air, and called on one and all to witness that he, also, would be a philanthropic robber; that he would make himself the terror of the highest in the land; that he would be the scourge of kings; that before him, some day, the greatest would stand dumb and fearful. So there were cheers of encouragement and brisk talk, and the drink circulated freely, until, at last, overcome with one thing and another, the valiant chimney sweep dropped his head on the table and fell into un sleep. Then the man with the lett on his forehead tiptoed to the slee side and examined his pockets businesslike way, collecting what in them and dividing it among party, after which he left the pl singing at the top of his voice:

"I'll be a good workman, all ha
and free,
'Till I ride in the cart to be ha
on the tree."

Mulled Sack's first venture fruitful of nothing more than ano public whipping, for he was caught his hand in Oliver Cromwell's po while the Puritan leader sat in ch But he did not allow failure to inter his ambitions, and made a rich ha the thirtieth of January, 1649, v King Charles stepped from a win of Whitehall Banquet House to a form on which stood the headsman his ax. Good men were too bewild and distracted that day to pay he the thief in their midst. There other rich hauls later, for London was in a state of something very anarchy with disorder everywhere; wild destruction of beautiful th the robbing of churches; agitator citing to violence; religious enthus running naked through the str Puritan against Royalist and Roy against Puritan; actors seized whipped at the cart's tail in the r of religion; pleasure of all kinds scribed; a fanaticism rife which Hudibras said, came to the "killing cat on Monday for the catching of on Sunday." It was all a black on the fair name of England. Pres Royalists refused to serve Cromwel his Council of State and many of became wandering knights of the attacking Roundheads wherever found them.

With all that confusion, M Sack was in high feather, and in the of a Puritan went about at the he a party of rapscallions who oper mostly at night, doing their mis and making much sorrow. Ma good honest man was slain, ar them Sir John Banks, who was sm on the head with a mallet wielde Mulled Sack. Then the former c ney sweep was exultant, holding he had evened matters for his whip

When, in time, a (Concluded on p



Above—Lewis flying over Nebraska. Left—"Slim" Lewis, pilot. Right—R. G. Page, pilot.

Air Mail Ships That Pass in the Night

By BURT M. McCONNELL

AT FOUR minutes to eight on a crisp October morning Baron d'Orcy, "Slim" Lewis, and I reach the Air Mail flying field on Long Island. The day's schedule calls for breakfast in New York, lunch in Cleveland, and dinner in Chicago.

At three minutes to eight "Slim," ace of the Air Mail's most picturesque pilots, climbs into the rear cockpit of the Second Assistant Postmaster General's aerial limousine, glances quickly over the twelve indicators on the instrument board, tests the "flippers," and warms up the powerful Liberty motor until the 10-foot propeller is turning over at the rate of 1,500 revolutions a minute. "Slim" straps on his leather helmet, pulls down his goggles, and waves the Baron and me into the forward cockpit, roofed with some transparent material and luxuriously upholstered. It is just large enough to accommodate two persons, and fitted with all the conveniences of a Pullman smoking compartment. There is even a writing table.

At one minute to eight, after we have strapped ourselves in, "Slim" abruptly "gives her the gun," as he expresses it, opening the throttle to its last notch, and at eight o'clock we are spiraling dizzily upward over the field. The weather report, sent by the Air Mail's wireless from our first scheduled stop, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, promises fair weather. My destination is Chicago, almost eight hundred miles away; the Baron is going to Detroit.

Off to our left is the south shore of Long Island, with its long, narrow sand pits. Waves break lazily upon them, for it is calm. The sun, a dull red ball of fire, struggles feebly through the mist and turns the Hudson, half a mile below us, into a stream of molten copper. A toy train, puffing stertorously, crawls across one of the toy bridges that span the East River. Ferryboats, like so many waterbugs in a mill pond, churn their way between the New Jersey shore and the metropolis. A thin, blue haze blankets Jersey City, but we can see the foothills of the Orange Mountains. The automobiles that creep along the highways, like so many beetles, were soon left behind. For we are traveling twice as fast as the speediest express train. Our Liberty motor, noisy but efficient, precludes all conversation, of course. The Baron and I write our messages on the little card table fitted into the side of the fuselage.

Off to the left is a black pall of smoke, and beneath it a silvery ribbon. For the sun is higher now, and powerful enough to dispel the mists which hang over Trenton and the Delaware River. Suddenly the machine begins to "porpoise," that is, to ascend sharply, and dive just as quickly to the original altitude. But there is nothing wrong with the steering gear; this is merely "Slim's" way of drawing our attention. He points to the State Capitol.

We fly above the low, rolling hills of Eastern Pennsylvania at an altitude of 2,500 feet, but as we near the Alleghanies "Slim" points the nose of his ship slightly upward until the altimeter registers 3,200. More haze, but the peaks loom through it. We are about to enter the worst stretch of the entire transcontinental Air Mail route of 2,680 miles. There is but one landing field in three hundred miles—and we have no parachutes. But we don't mind; we took our chances in the Army Air Service without parachutes during the war, and we agree that we can struggle along without the clumsy things in peace time. Of course, if the engine were to stop—

As these disturbing

(C) P. & A. Photos Inclusive

Coast-to-Coast Air Mail is handled by short flights and frequent relays.

thoughts flit through my mind, the wooded hills, with their bright autumn foliage, flow beneath us like a richly colored carpet. Here and there are dark gashes in the earth, through which coal trains, long and sinuous, roll eastward. I lean over the side, looking down upon Sunbury, until "Slim" attracts my attention and points northward to the Susquehanna's placid surface and sharply defined banks. We are above the anthracite region, with culm banks to the left of us, collieries to the right of us. A treacherous section for flying. Yet we fly along, free from earthly cares; conquerors of the air. An amazing thing, flying.

Fortunately, there is no fog this morning. Along the ridges on either side, and some 600 feet below, are pockmarks on the face of Mother Earth which indicate mining operations. But for the most part all we can see are tree-covered hills and valleys, with the river flowing peacefully between. Eventually we find ourselves above the Bellefonte Air Mail field, marked with a huge cross on the ground and nestling in the valley between the precipitous Alleghanies. A perfect "three-point" landing, that is, a gradual and simultaneous settling of the two landing wheels and the tail skid as we glide earthward with the motor stopped, and we "taxi" up to the hangar. The wireless station has been advised of our coming, and a supply of fuel and oil is ready. We slide over the side of the sleek yellow air cruiser, glance at our watches, and find that we have flown 225 miles in exactly two hours and fifteen minutes. The train time from New York to Bellefonte is about twelve hours.

We walk about the hangar for twenty minutes, stretching our muscles. An encouraging weather report from Cleveland, two and a half hours distant, comes in. Then we are in the air again. "Slim" points the nose of his splendid ship upward at a rather steep angle; he is anxious to get out of the Bellefonte pocket as quickly as possible. Climbing steadily, we reach 3,000 feet, follow for a time the west branch of the Susquehanna, then "drop over" to the Allegheny River. It is "bumpy" at this altitude, despite Cleveland's favorable weather prediction.

Once on the other side of the mountains, and farms—rolling, fertile, Ohio farms—reveal themselves as small patches in a crazy-quilt. The sun, though worsted in its perennial battle with the mountain mists, now shines down upon shocks of corn and stacks of golden grain. The tree-covered hills and valleys are safely behind us; the worst of the flight is over.

Directly ahead, perhaps thirty miles away, a light blue haze indicates the location of a large manufacturing community. And off to the right, almost as far distant as Cleveland, is an ultramarine patch, over which hovers a blue-gray mist. My first view of one of the Great Lakes from the air! Below us are the Erie Railroad tracks, friendly ribbons of steel, but there is no need to follow them; the city lies directly ahead. A flying field looms through the thin veil of smoke—the first of thirteen transfer points between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Here the Baron and I are initiated into the mysteries of the Air Mail Service. The 2,680-mile route, we are told, is divided into three zones—New York-Chicago, Chicago-Cheyenne, and Cheyenne-San Francisco. The postal rate is 8 cents an ounce per zone or fraction thereof, and through the coöperation of the Railway Mail Service it is possible to send Air Mail letters and packages to points not on the transcontinental line without paying additional postage.

For more than five years the Air Mail Division has worked and planned for a transcontinental day-and-night Air Mail Service. As a result, every day, whatever the weather, two sturdy airplanes climb into the air above their respective flying fields near New York and San Francisco, circle about like homing pigeons, and start across the continent, loaded with mail. At the next landing field, pilots and machines are changed, just as the crew and the locomotive of the Limited are changed at each division point.

The field manager at Cleveland is enthusiastic over the Air Mail's achievements. On the way to lunch no opportunity to inform us of these performances is lost. We are told, for example, that the transportation of mail, day after day, in winter and summer, between the Goddess of Liberty and the Golden Gate, marks the first real development of aviation in the United States. The gain is relatively as great as that which the United States and Great Britain achieved when steamships took the place of sailing vessels as mail carriers. A mail plane now flies farther in an hour than the pony express traveled in an entire day, sixty years ago. The Pacific Coast, in terms of transportation, is no farther from New York today than Philadelphia was a hundred years ago.

A letter, says our host, is carried from New York to San Francisco in 34 hours 45 minutes, and the return trip is made in 32 hours 5 minutes. The service West to East is almost 3 hours shorter because of prevailing westerly winds, but the westbound Air Mail pilot has the advantage of three hours more of daylight because he is flying with the sun.

The Baron and I, after listening to this barrage of information, are permitted to enjoy our lunch. That is D'Orcy is; the "bumpy" air above the Alleghanies, which buffeted our 4,200 pound machine about, combined with the long vacation from flying, has been too much for me. But how "Slim" can eat! Finally, however, he sits back with a sigh of content; he is ready to continue on to Detroit with Baron d'Orcy.

We part company here, and Wesley G. Smith, whose regular "run" is between Cleveland and New York, has a dilapidated De Haviland wheeled out on the field. Soon we are flying low over a level, monotonous country dotted by farms, orchards, and small towns, with numerous streams flowing northward into Lake Erie. A fog rolls in, and Smith drops to an altitude of a thousand feet, to keep within sight of familiar landmarks.

At Bryan, Ohio, another Air Ma

Field flood light. A half-billion candle-power.

Hangar at Reno, Nevada, typical of the L 5 on the Transcontinental route. Two airplanes leave from this station east and west. Two others are constantly ready for relief. Four more are held for emergency use.

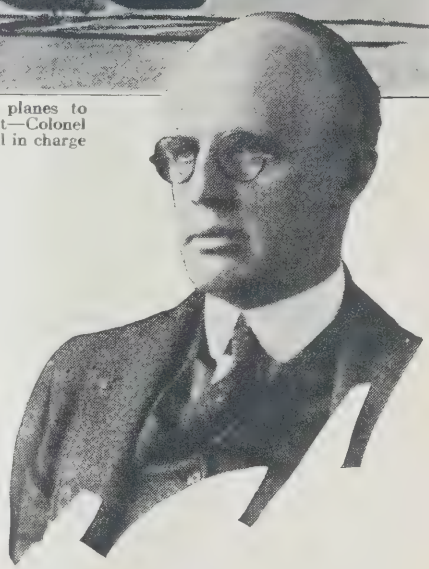
ıeling station, we land, taxi up to the angar, wait ten minutes while our ınk is filled, and take to the air again. lying low over drab, smoke-incrusted ›wns and level, monotonous outlying stricts makes me drowsy; I wonder ›w Smith manages to pick out and llow a certain railroad among this aze. An hour out of Bryan we sight ake Michigan, off to the right, and e Indiana sand dunes. Then comes city of smokestacks, foundries, and ast furnaces, which can be none other an Gary. Here all the railroads in e world seem to converge. Ordinarily ese bands of steel would point the ay, but twilight is swiftly approaching d a murky pall of smoke virtually des the railroads from view, although e are flying at a dangerously low itude. As we sweep over the city e street lights are switched on; rkness comes suddenly at this ason.

For some inexplicable reason I feel, on after we pass Gary, that Smith has t the trail, although the lakeshore is metimes visible in the moonlight. aring to the left and almost skimming e telegraph poles, the pilot is able to cern the railroad beneath. But a ht fog from the lake complicates tters; we most certainly are lost. a point about twenty miles north of ry, Smith circles about, peering wn into the darkness in search of a dmark. The moon, breaking through ift of clouds, saves us this time, and er another ten miles the lights of icago loom ahead. But these, instead of being our salvation, are our ndoing; in the intricate network streets and railroads, Smith is able to locate Maywood Field, e terminus of the second relay on e transcontinental Air Mail route.

By this time it is barely light enough distinguish the trees and telephone les that line the highways on the outrts of the city. The lake is no longer be seen. Both of us are praying that se at the Air Mail field, having been vised of our departure from Bryan, l light a flare for us. But no such lcoming signal appears, although ith circles about the vicinity of the A Mail field for ten minutes before iding to come down on a field a mile uare, bordered with street lights and

M plane equipped with skis, to overcome the heavy snows in the mountains. These skis enable postal planes, fully loaded, to alight on soft snow.

Above—A new type of high lift wing, which enables planes to carry greater loads without reducing speed. Right—Colonel Paul Henderson, Second Assistant Postmaster General in charge of Air Mail Service.



trees. Gliding to within fifty feet of the earth, the pilot wisely decides that this stretch of prairie is probably as good a landing spot as he can find in the darkness.

Circling back to our starting point, Smith swoops downward at a sharp angle toward the bottomless black pit. We miss some telephone wires by a scant six feet, and crash through the limbs of a tree with our left wing tip. Slithering through the damp atmosphere at eighty miles an hour, Smith cuts the switch of his motor, and our landing speed is reduced to sixty miles—the speed of an express train. The wires sing. I look out over the side; nothing but an inky black carpet sweeping beneath us. Suppose there are barbed-wire fences—

The street lights, a hundred yards distant, whiz past. We settle rapidly. Bracing my feet against the compartment in front of me, mentally hoping the machine will not flip over on its back, I wait for the crash. It does not come. A miracle! Here, in an entirely unfamiliar spot, so rough that later we frequently stumble as we walk about, this Air Mail pilot brings his ship down in total darkness without breaking a strut or bending an axle. It was not even a rough landing, in the accepted sense of the term.

Silently we unbuckle our safety belts and slip over the side. I reach for Smith's hand. "I've landed lots harder than that on a field that cost half a million dollars," I blurt out.

"Well, it might have been worse," Smith admits, taking off his helmet and mopping his forehead. "That would be a nice souvenir to take home with you," he adds, disentangling from a strut a tree limb about the thickness of the handle of a baseball bat.

Our watches tell us that we have been in the air eight hours and fifteen minutes. My dream—breakfast in New York, lunch in Cleveland, and dinner in Chicago—is to be realized, for "rescuers" who have seen the fiery trail of our exhaust, like a comet in the sky, now appear from all directions, and while two of them volunteer to guard the machine, others take us into their automobile. The driver's companion insists that I sit in the seat, while he maintains a precarious foothold on the running board. Smith sits on my knees. In this fashion we arrive at Maywood Field, three miles from our landing point. But we *might* have arrived in an ambulance.

The adventurous part of the trip is over, presumably, for the balance of my schedule calls for a prosaic journey to the Pacific Coast by train. And the zone between Chicago and Cheyenne, says the field manager at Chicago, is the most interesting of all, because it is "covered" between darkness and dawn. When night comes these aerial postmen pick up their beacons as sailors do at sea, for no longer do lighthouses belong only on capes and reefs. They are strung along the plains, a line of blinking lights, from Chicago to Cheyenne, making a Great White Way a thousand miles from the sea. Emergency landing fields, equipped with powerful beacons, are established at intervals of approximately twenty-five miles along this line, and at points about every two hundred and fifty miles regular landing fields—division points—are established. The beam from the searchlight with which each field is equipped is visible on clear nights a hundred miles away. What the lighthouse-

(*Concluded on page 27*)

Rasmussen's Fifth Epic of the Arcti

(*Continued from page 19*)

volunteered, and now began the some 4,000-mile long trip to find Knud Rasmussen, who, he had been given to understand, should be somewhere in the vicinity of Herschel Island. He set out from Nome with sled and Eskimos, but when he reached Herschel Island he learned that it would be a whole year before Knud Rasmussen, who was to come from the east, would reach this point. The latter, who had left the headquarters on Danske Island March 11, 1923, was on his way west over King William's Land toward Kent Peninsula, accompanied only by the two Cape York Eskimos, Mitek and Arnarulunguak. Hansen resolutely whipped up his dogs and set off through the white wastes to meet his countryman halfway. Many thousand miles glided away under his sled before there was any news of *Kununguak* (Eskimo for Knud). But at last some 200 miles from the magnetic North Pole, the little film expedition could camp by Kent Peninsula with some certainty that Knud Rasmussen would pass this point. All Eskimos for miles around were cautioned to watch for Kununguak, and the fifth of November, 1923, the historic meeting took place—a twentieth-century Stanley and Livingstone in a polar edition!

Leo Hansen's picture opens with nothing but trackless, white wastes as far as the eye can reach but with the shadow of a man turning a motion picture camera in the lower right-hand corner, the only way Leo Hansen could get in the picture. But toward the left we now see a black point on the horizon which grows bigger and bigger. The point develops into a team—two teams—of galloping, frisky, yelping Greenland dogs, and in front swinging the whip high over his head—Knud Rasmussen! What a welcome is here! The dogs frisk around like a pony ballet. True to his profession, Leo Hansen obtains close-ups of both Kununguak and his dogs, not to mention Arnarulunguak's smiling chubbiness and Mitek's youthful gravity.

Turning his crank at this moment, Leo Hansen was repaid for his months of weary traveling. But further trials were ahead. Arrived at their "location" on Kent Peninsula where Hansen was to "shoot" a tribe, called by Knud Rasmussen the "musk-ox tribe," trouble began piling up like pack ice. A whole week was wasted, with the light getting poorer every day, until Kununguak, with all the charming persuasive powers that he commands, finally succeeded in convincing these people who had never seen a white man, that their souls would not be whisked out of their bodies, as they believed, when they were faced with Leo Hansen's camera.

We are first shown the Kent Peninsula Eskimos building a snow hut or igloo. "I thought I knew a thing or two myself about snow-hut building from Greenland," laughed Dr. Rasmussen as the picture moved across the screen, "but it was a mistake. These Eskimos are the cleverest snow-hut builders in the world. I have never seen Eskimos laugh so much as when they beheld my efforts in the snow-building industry. Within half an hour the two Kent men had built a hut which was larger, more solid and snug than any hut I had ever seen in Greenland."

Next, we have a drum dance where the leader goes through remarkable gyrations from which an American college cheer leader could learn much. The men had on cutaway coats of dark fur bordered with white fur, which had an astounding resemblance

During six weeks in midsummer the Eskimos of the Coppermine River region seek the sparse vegetation that grows on the Bad Lands of the Arctic Coast.

to modern male evening clothes. Dr. Rasmussen has brought one of these costumes home. Again, we are shown close-ups of prominent tribe members, both male and female. Kununguak evidently succeeded in thawing these people up to the *nth* hilarious degree, for they are all grinning from ear to ear. One little maid laughed so much that she collapsed upon the ground from sheer weakness.

The so-called musk-ox tribe is one of the most poetically gifted that Knud Rasmussen encountered in Canada. They have songs and poems for every occasion, some of singular beauty. Here is a little poem by one "Willow-twig" to his wife Unaja:

"I will sing a song, a little song about myself.

"Sick I have been since the leaves fell, and now I am weak like a lit child.

"Unaja, Unaja! Sadly I wish woman to go away to another ho to another man, who can be her refu strong and firm like the thick wi ice! Sadly do I wish her another tector now that I can no longer from my bed!

"Unaja, Unaja—who knows his fa Now I have only the memories, strong memories left!"

These people also have a sense humor, shown in the following li tale about a Kent Peninsula mosqu

"A mosquito sat on a man's ha and bit and bit and sucked blo Suddenly it heard a loud voice 'Kill that insect. Crush it!'

"But now the mosquito spoke the man could suddenly underst its language:

"'Oh, no, don't kill me. I hav little grandchild who would weep mourn if I do not come home again

"So tiny—and still a grandfath

History does not relate if the K mosquito-grandfather ever saw grandchild again.

The Kununguak-Hansen ent now break up camp, and steer t sleds toward Alaska. Here we shown the immense transporta difficulties. With a 1,000-kilo loa each sled, the dogs had enough to without pulling passengers. Co quently, most of the trip was trave on foot. The pack ice barriers were worst. Here the dogs had to be harnessed from the sleds, and tie a nearby ice block. Otherwise heavy sleds in the steep descent w have landed on the dogs and k them. With two of the expedi members pulling in front and others pushing from behind, the he sleds were hauled over the icy rid Knud Rasmussen took a nasty h long spill on such an occasion. assure you it was involuntary," replied as the audience seemed un amused.

Of religious significance was wolf dance, a very lengthy af where the dancers alternately ass the characters of wolves and hu beings, with many curious rhyth dance movements, all to drum b Of the games, the most amusing the blanket tossing, or rather wa skin tossing, the Eskimo improveme The fine point of this game wa maintain a graceful figure in the and to land equally gracefully both feet when coming down. couple of experts were tossed so that they were repeatedly shot ou the picture. The stunt which bro down the house, however, was feat in mid-air performed by two Eskimos of turning double and treble somersaults,

(*Concluded on pa*

Romantic Rascals

(*Concluded from page 20*)

ttle order was brought about in the own, Mulled Sack went into the coun- y, proclaiming himself a Royalist. He as clad in stolen silk and velvet, a umed hat bearing a stolen ruby was n his head, a stolen silver-hilted sword his side, and the dappled-gray horse e rode had been stolen from the Royal ables. So a fine show he made as he de into villages, scattering gold right nd left on occasion, and there were mple folk whose eyes glittered and hose hearts beat quick when they w the rascal. And a gold coin here there unlocked many secrets for him, pecially when he said that he was a ng's man who would not sheath his ord until homely and familiar things ere again established in the land.

One day his name reached Crom- ell's ears. It was because of the affair n the Dover road, and commenced hen Mulled Sack dismounted at the ed Rose Inn. At first the stable boy the place was silent enough, but with gold coin in his hand he grew loose of ngue, and with two gold coins was ady to answer questions. Thus, Mulled Sack learned that a government agon had lately passed and could not avel farther than Turner's Ford that ght, where the men with it must bait the Three Fish. With eyes bent on te ground, and speaking softly because ears within the house, the boy told te highwayman that the wagon driver as no Cromwell man, and also let it be known that in the wagon was gold for Blake's fleet which then lay at Dover. Mulled Sack thought awhile, and soon had a plan. Half an hour later he was iding away, dressed in a countryman's smock, an old greasy cap on his head, his horse in rusty harness instead of bright and shining gear.

He timed matters well enough and a Turner's Ford came up with the agon. The two soldiers guarding the ehicle, seeing what they took to be a simple countryman, ordered Mulled Sack to help pull up the steep hill. That he did, willingly enough as it seemed, but no sooner was the crest gained and the chain cast loose, than the highwayman turned, a dagger glitted, and the nearest soldier fell, pierced through the throat. As the other soldier stood, too astonished to move, for he had dismounted going up the hill, Mulled Sack drew a pistol and fired. The ball missed the soldier by an inch but struck the horse he led, on which the man turned and fled, while the driver of the wagon sat on his seat without lifting a hand. By that attack, Mulled Sack gained four thousand pounds.

The next day the fellow was in Lon- don, his gold safely hid away, going about dressed in sober black and look- ing like a man bowed down with hu- mility and with a mind on righteous things. Matters seemed to shape them- selves to his hand, for he learned of one called James Naylor, a crazed man but leader of a new sect and adored as a deity by those who followed him. People swore that he did miracles, some hailed him as the Son of God, and one hysterical creature, a woman named Dorcas Erbury, declared that she had been dead and Naylor had brought her to life.

While Mulled Sack cared nothing for Naylor's strange beliefs, he cared a great deal for the fact that Naylor heartily denounced all who bought and sold, or who wore jewels, so not many hours passed before Mulled Sack was an ardent Naylorite. But he went a step or two further than his leader, declaring that it was not only a sin and a shame to handle jewelry, but that all who did so deserved punishment. Give him, he said, a dozen true men, and there would be swift confiscation. And robust and energetic men were not hard to find who offered themselves for such a mission, consequently Mulled Sack was soon at the head of a noisy mob marching down Coleman street to a jeweler's shop. The crowd grew swiftly, for hearing of what was afoot, many of those Jews, who had been invited back to London by Cromwell, joined the party. Yet though they were full enough of the lust of gold, they got none, for Mulled Sack, sword and pistol displayed, stood at the door and ordered the spoils to be brought to him. When one man demurred, Mulled Sack's sword ran him through. The sack of the shop being completed, the booty was loaded on the robber's horse, and the rascal rode away, in order, as he said, that he might find a quiet place in which to destroy the things of iniquity where no other man might be tempted by the sight of them.

After that, England lost her heroic chimney sweep for a time, for Mulled Sack found his home atmosphere heavy with disapproval. There were complications and intricacies which it seemed well to avoid. So he went to France and posed for awhile as a loyal King Charles man. Then came the Straw Sedition of July 4, 1652, when the Place de Grève in Paris was black with people, when shots were fired into the crowd by Conde's agents, when the Hôtel de Ville was sacked and laid in ashes, when sane men went mad. For affairs of state Mulled Sack cared nothing, but he went about at the head of a hysterical crowd, his keen wolf's eyes seeking his own advantage.

There was one more flourish in the grand manner, when Mulled Sack took six thousand golden pieces from five of Cromwell's Ironsides on the Reading road. The rascal had dressed himself in the garb of a Cromwellian, and when the treasure wagon passed a certain mulberry tree near a wood, the soldiers saw, standing in the shade, a tall man with his sword unsheathed, who saluted them and hailed them in friendly manner. So there was a halt and some talk, and Mulled Sack soon became loquacious, and solicitous, too, as it seemed, warning the officer in charge against the redoubtable highwayman. "That rogue who calls himself Mulled Sack," he said, "is in the neighborhood and may try his tricks." The officer laughed and said that it was his chief desire to meet the rascal.

"Indeed, it would be glad tidings to me," said Mulled Sack, "to learn that the rope was about the fellow's neck, and no man would be better pleased to fasten the collar for him than I."

So there was much talk with Mulled Sack telling of his gentle blood, and how he had fought for the Commonwealth at Dunbar and at Worcester, then there were rejoicings because Blake had beaten the Dutch navy. In the end, Mulled Sack declared that such good fellowship was not to be lightly broken, and said that he would ride with the party, his sword in their service.

Because he seemed to be a pleasant and brave soldier, when the edge of the wood was reached the officer was glad enough to have Mulled Sack stay with him by the wagon as his companion, while the four soldiers went forward into the turn of the road to see if the outlaw was in wait. "It shall go hard with us if we two are not more than a match for this robber-sweep," said Mulled Sack, loosening his pistol in his belt. At that robber and soldier clasped hands, and the officer dismounted to rest awhile, declaring that his new companion was a brave and loyal man.

No sooner were the four out of sight than Mulled Sack was on the officer in two leaps, and had run him through the body. As for the driver, to fly and hide was his only thought, but when Mulled Sack threatened him with his pistol, the fellow was glad enough to help the robber load the bags of gold on his dappled-gray.

The noise of that bold robbery had hardly died, when Mulled Sack was laid by the heels. It was in the gray dawn of a May day in the year 1659, when the man with the letter T branded on his forehead led two soldiers to the place where Mulled Sack slept, heavy with drink, and three days later the body of the chimney sweep creaked and swung on the gallows.

To say that H. G. Wells is one of the makers of history is no mere figure of speech or flight of fancy. He is one of those writers who are more like comets than stars, so rarely do they flash across the literary sky. He is even better known and appreciated in the New World than in the Old. An intimate interview with H. G. Wells will appear in our next issue.

Do Snakes Milk Cows?

(*Concluded from page 15*)

distance of the female nursing or leading the kittens is met with offensive yells and threats that fully cower him. There are statements of the kind by less capable authors in books and articles, the writers wishing to assume for the sake of pleasantly rounding a story that all animal parents must feel kindly toward their young.

A present-day author, Boy Scout instructor and a very entertaining story-teller recently made the statement that cold weather is always fatal to the *Reptilia*, as everyone knew. But everyone who has observed even casually knows precisely that the reverse is true; that many snakes winter underneath stones but a few inches below the surface when the ground freezes two feet or more down; that salamanders, wood frogs, toads and lizards also hibernate beneath logs and shallow mold where the ground freezes solid and that there are authentic cases of snakes being found within the ice of ponds and recovering completely, upholding Aesop's fable. One such instance came within the observation of the present exponent.

Much the same misunderstanding has been given expression concerning the effect of low temperatures upon insects, but it is known that no amount of cold can destroy any arthropod that has yet its natural functions to perform; there is merely a suspension of animation and the hosts of late summer insects that fail to reappear in the spring have become the easy prey of gleaning birds, mice and shrews.

The purpose of the cocoon is also commonly misunderstood. The writer lately heard a lecture by a generally capable naturalist who referred to the wisdom of nature as shown by teaching the caterpillar to protect itself from winter cold by a thick web of silk.

The cocoon, however, serves a very different purpose: that of a protection against enemies. There is not sufficient heat in the body of the chrysalis within to retain a higher temperature and the insect does not need this to survive the cold. Certain species that develop two broods each year build thicker cocoons in the summer period than in the winter and the butterflies, with chrysalides no more hardy than those of the moths, build no cocoons, but rely upon protective resemblances to guard them against enemies. Moreover, the cocoons of tropical moths are thicker and denser than those of any species inhabiting temperate climes.

The author last indicated tells, in a story for boys, of a wolverine attacking a well-grown lad in the forest, but this, with unprovoked attacks of wild cats, peccaries, et cetera, is without the least foundation in fact. All our wild creatures, however hungry, have too long experienced the sting of the arrowhead and the bullet not to respect most thoroughly the man associated therewith and to evade the odor of him.

A common error and one that has given a name to any brevity of existence is the notion that day-flies (ephemera) live no longer than from sun to sun. As a matter of fact, they exist commonly for a week or more, which a little close observation of certain forms trapped in screened buildings and living in pond lily houses will prove. Recently the U. S. Department of Agriculture made the statement that no one had ever known the common house-fly to survive the winter, but no greater misstatement could have been made, for several observers have recorded the opposite. There is a pleasure in taking this opportunity to state that the writer has marked several flies in a house cellar and found that they survived, partly in a semi-lethargic, semi-active state, where enemies were not, until spring.

The leaping snake is another fallacy. Possibly it began in print with E. P. Roe's "Near to Nature's Heart" and has been indulged ever since. No venomous reptile can strike over one-half its length—rarely over a quarter of it and it never leaves the ground when striking. Another popular error is that rabbits are hypnotized by weasels.

"I Read *in the* Papers"—

I read in the papers statements by Mr. Scopes, the Tennessee schoolteacher, that please me very much. It is easy to visualize that drug store debate out of which the whole trouble grew. Such debates are going on everywhere in these United States. Barber shop theologians and drug store scientists and garage high financiers make up a large portion of our population. I lectured down in North Carolina and woke up one morning to find the whole state talking about Evolution—a most amazing circumstance! What I like about Scopes is that he says he doesn't know anything about it. He is only 24, his education is comparatively limited. All he knows about Evolution, he says, is what he reads in the book, and what he reads he teaches the children. That's honesty. Indeed, it sets an example for those protagonists of scientific theories who roar and thrash as if the theory had the same status as the multiplication table. There is no objection whatever to teaching children that there is an evolutionary theory; no objection to giving them the history and bases of the theory; but they should be impartially informed of the existence of other theories as well. No one is educated who is ignorant of all the ways in which man has tried to account for his presence on the earth.

I read in the papers that the Jerusalem Chamber of Commerce is having the usual trouble about rents, which have increased 300 to 400 per cent in the last year. In this way, as in others, Jerusalem resembles New York. Except that the Chamber of Commerce has demanded that the government protect the tenants from exploitation, and will resign as a protest if the government refuses. It would seem that one of the first cares of the Zionist would be to give the world some indications of that idealistic State which they have promised, and that rents might be a good place to begin. The Mosaic Law is a mighty good law in business matters, if only it could find some practitioners.

I read in the papers that the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America has written to Mayor Hylan the following letter demanding that no school events be arranged by the Board of Education from Friday sundown to Saturday sundown.

Hon. John F. Hylan,
Mayor of the City of New York.
My dear Mayor Hylan:

I have just spoken to the Principal of Stuyvesant High School, who informed me that the graduation exercises of his high school will take place Friday night, June 26, which, as you know, is the Jewish Sabbath. With five minutes of my conversation with him I was called to the telephone and told by a young lady, who is a Jewess, that she is unable to take the examination for substitute teacher in the high schools because it is scheduled for Saturday morning, June 20.

As President of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America, I call upon you to safeguard the religious rights of a large part of the citizenry of our greater city.

I hereby formally demand that these dates be changed and that the Superintendent of the Board of Education be notified that hereafter no events be arranged by the Board of Education from Friday sundown to Saturday sundown.

RABBI HERBERT S. GOLDSTEIN,
President.

New York, June 17, 1925.

So This Is Literary New York!

(*Concluded from page 17*)

ollaborators in many plays; Robert herwood of *Life*, and Robert Benchley lso of *Life;* Dorothy Parker, Ruth Hale (Heywood Broun's wife); Jane Grant who is the wife of Harold Ross—ust launching a new magazine, *The New Yorker*. I see Joe Hergesheimer here occasionally.

Much more extensive than this athering, but also unhoused, is the Dutch Treat, which I myself, some ighteen years ago, launched in company with Robert Yard, at that time a ublisher and later editor of the *Century Magazine*.

This brings me to the marked difference between the present literary atosphere of New York, and that kind leisure which is so well expressed by r. Samuel Johnson, who, as a member the celebrated Literary Club of London (founded in 1764 by Sir Joshua Reynolds) when he spoke to Boswell of Wesley:

"John Wesley's conversation is good, it he is never at leisure. He is always oliged to go at a certain hour. This very disagreeable to a man who loves fold his legs and have his talk out, as do."

There is very little of that sort of ting in literary New York nowadays. the beginning the Dutch Treat Club as formed, that men could meet once aweek at luncheon; no speeches were aowed, and—as the name implies—rbody was allowed to treat. The club hs moved about ever since, but has avays kept going. During the past fw years the weekly program has uually included some distinguished speaker; the affair lasts about two hurs, but during this interval, in addition to the entertainment, there are oportunities for the members to get together. Almost every week one will see there Arthur Train and Charles Norris, the novelists and story writers; Rupert Hughes, Will Irwin, Ellis Parker Butler, Lawrence Perry, Frederick Sykes, the publisher; Orson Lowell, artist, Ray Long of *Hearst's*—in fact it is an almost even division of editors, writers, artists, and publishers, almost all of them successful and prominent. I mentioned the democratic spirit prevailing in the New York literary set, but perhaps this should be qualified; for I once invited a member of the Coffee House to go to a meeting of the Dutch Treat Club, and he hissed back at me, "Rabble!"

This leads me to refer once again to the redoubtable Dr. Johnson. The Literary Club, of which he was so conspicuous a member, was at first composed of only nine men. This number was increased by one, but at this it stuck for ten years. Evidently Dr. Johnson was not satisfied with the membership even at that, for, on March 14, 1777, he wrote to Boswell:

"It is proposed to augment our club from twenty to thirty, of which I am glad; for as we have several in it whom I do not much like to consort with, I am for reducing it to a mere miscellaneous collection of conspicuous men without any determinate character."

Certainly no better declaration of exclusiveness has ever been so nicely phrased!

There is another club in New York which perhaps better represents the more definite literary set than any other, in that it is composed exclusively of poets, essayists, and novelists. This is the P.E.N. Club, and this club now has branches, or chapters in many of the principal cities of the globe—in England, Europe, and South America. The idea of the P.E.N. Club was I believe first broached by Mary Austin to John Galsworthy, who made the initial contribution financially to set it going. Authors who travel about, when they arrive in any large city where the P.E.N Club has a branch, if they are members, are immediately taken in hand and treated to all the comforts of home. In New York the P.E.N. Club meets once a month during the winter. There is always a gathering of distinguished people, and where an English author has just arrived, he is the guest of the evening. There are no speeches, but the rule is, immediately the dinner is served, for the members to move about, and hold converse with one another. At these gatherings one sees Fannie Hurst, Alexander Black, Will Irwin, Harvey J. O'Higgins, Hamlin Garland, Sherwood Anderson, Burton Rascoe, Ida Tarbell, and a host of others who have "arrived" as authors. The conversation is general, and concerns itself with the same sort of trivialities in which ordinary people indulge.

These gatherings I have briefly indicated show, on the whole, a rather conglomerate mass of human beings, all more or less engaged in making their livings by creative writing or other forms of creation. There are still more clubs like them. But on the outskirts of what we may term "regular literary guys" are a fringe of Would-Bes. These are the small gatherings of those who are trying to break into literature and have not yet succeeded. The pathetic intensity of the membership in these clubs would cause tears to flow from the eyes of a copper Indian. An evening meeting of the Would-Bes bears the most accurate resemblance to the real thing. The talk in many cases I think is even brighter, for the reason that they can afford to waste it.

Air Mail Ships That Pass in the Night

(*Concluded from page 23*)

is to the ocean navigator, these beacons are to the conquerors of the air.

At Omaha, my next stop, I arrive at the Air Mail field at midnight.

Just inside the hangar, sturdy yet graceful, is a gigantic man-made bird—a converted De Haviland day bomber. Half a dozen mechanics swarm over its back and engine and wings, casting fantastic shadows on the field as they hurry to and fro. A section of the crowd is brushed aside. Through the opening the big machine is wheeled. Blocks are placed in front of the landing wheels. One of the gnome forms climbs into the cockpit, while three others align themselves at the left of the propeller, ready at the signal to "turn her over." And this is no light task; to crank a 400-horsepower Liberty engine requires the combined strength of at least two men.

The majority of the spectators fail to see the weird figure, belted, hooded, and goggled, which now appears on the field. This is "Slim" Lewis, back on the job of carrying the mail. There is no better pilot in the Air Mail Service.

With the crowd surging about, dangerously near the whirring blades of the westbound plane's "prop," the pilot goes about his critical examination of the machine as if the crowd didn't exist; hero worship, to him, is "old stuff."

The curious throng permits this strange-looking creature, with his helmet, goggles, high boots, and fur gloves, to approach the cockpit and climb in. He opens the throttle, races the engine at full speed for a moment, glances to right and left, waves a hand to the crowd, and gives the signal.

A mile in the air, the pilot sweeps on with terrific speed. Plunging through the blackness, climbing steadily as he swiftly approaches the Rocky Mountains, his brow fanned by the crisp night air, he is thrilled with the apparently unlimited power of his motor. The whole world is below.

My next stop is at Cheyenne. Here, at Salt Lake City, and at Reno, I am told of some of the adventures of Air Mail pilots.

In the not too distant future the public will come to a full realization of the splendid pioneer work of the Air Mail pilots, and of the tremendous practical business value of the Air Mail Service. The daring exploits of the pioneer fliers who have made it possible will then go down in history. For no other branch of the Post Office Department more fully lives up to the motto from Herodotus which is carved above the portal of the New York Post Office:

"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

When Women Knelt in the Snow

(*Concluded from page 2*)

It is no easy task to guard 300 large depots of liquor at the beginning of a Prohibition era; losses were inevitable. This nation simply repeated its war history; war has never found us prepared. There was no preparedness for Prohibition. But when Mr. Haynes concentrated in 40 warehouses the contents of the 300, and placed them under government guard, with a fool-proof and crook-proof permit system, that was the end of "American whisky."

There is now in government warehouses 28,000,000 gallons of whisky, which at the present rate of legal withdrawal will last for 25 years. The present rate of withdrawal, however, will tend to slow up. There are already twenty-three states which prohibit the prescription of liquor for any purpose whatever, and more states are coming to that point. When prescription of liquor is prohibited in all the states, naturally withdrawal will cease.

With the control of the bonded supply, half the battle was won. The other half of the battle pertains to smuggling. There is still considerable smuggling. It is the result of immense combinations of capital. A certain gentleman sat in a board of directors' meeting at London where the whole scheme of smuggling liquor into America was perfected and financed. He gave the details to an American and they are fully known to the United States Government. It is strictly true that, for several years, the crooks of the high seas have been twiddling their fingers-at-nose at the government of this country. They had the fastest boats, the best seamen, everything that threw the merry "ha-ha" at our coastguard tubs and antiquated methods. Uncle Sam cut a very undignified figure in his first encounters with booze smugglers. In fact, they made him look cheap. It was another case of going to war unprepared. But though we start unprepared, we never lose. The intolerable situation at the twelve-mile limit forced millions for defense, and now that the new "dry navy" is getting into action, the second half of the battle is under way, with no possible doubt as to the outcome.

In the meantime there is a great swing-around of sentiment on the part of citizens. Although the Jew comedian still whoops it up for liquor and the New York radio stations fling liquor propaganda across the country every night, the fact is that the joke is fading from the subject and the real people are taking sides with the government in the fight.

By the real people is meant those who go to work in the morning and go home at night. Not the crowd one meets around the city hall and the newspaper offices. The newspapers have utterly ceased to express the mind of the people on this question, and the reason is very plain. Newspapers don't know the people. There is no "Residence Beat," no "Common Citizen Reporter" on our metropolitan newspaper staffs. Reporters see the downtown crowd, the political and sport crowd, the police court crowd—in brief, the groups who live in a more or less liquorish atmosphere, the groups who know least what the real people are thinking.

The real people are for the Constitution, and in this particular matter they are in favor of Prohibition.

Crusade women praying in front of Bales' saloon, 1874, Hillsboro, Ohio.

Let it be clear that there were large sections of this country which were prohibition before Prohibition came. You don't have to sell the South and the West on the subject today; they took the initiative years ago. They went dry *on the moral issue*. Prohibition came up from the states. It was not imposed on the country by the Federal Government. The government never had the power and never will have the power to impose any regulation or restriction on the people without the people's consent. And that word "consent" in America is more than an academic term; it is electric with the fundamentalist principles of the Revolutionary-Constitutionalist era.

In the eastern part of the country one hears that Prohibition is a restriction imposed from above or without. And the eastern part of the country has, perhaps, the strongest battery of newspapers that exists on earth. The major number of all of those papers are "wet." In editorial and news columns, in humor columns, and even in advertisements, they are consciously and deliberately wet.

As to the citizen who, as they say, "takes his drink," Mr. Haynes is no denunciatory. He figures that tha citizen, all other things being equal does not know. Mr. Haynes neve refers to such a citizen as a "la violator"; he refers to him as a "nor observer." They are most numerous i the North and East. Why? Becaus we have two conditions in this countr —one in the West and the Soutl where Prohibition grew up of itsel as a moral issue, and one in the Nortl and East where Prohibition came firs as a law. When a law comes dow overnight, it naturally has not th same force as a law which grew up ou of the moral sentiment through years The problem is to educate thos portions of the country where Pro hibition still has the unpopularit of "sudden law." It is easy t get a drink in the North an the East and public sentimen does not count it a seriou crime; it is much harder in th South and West, except th Californian coast, because peopl there really regard the act a something like a crime. Educa tion is the problem, therefor and it is being strenuousl tackled.

People forget how old Pro hibition is in this country. It i nearly 100 years old. Liquor race Slavery as one of the two grea evils which this country ha to eliminate. For half a centur it looked as if Liquor would b the first to go. Even Abraha Lincoln began his career as a Abolitionist of Liquor. H earliest addresses were on the tem perance question. But graduall the political aspect of Slavery pushe it to the front, the war came, Slaver was abolished, and for the time th Abolition of Liquor was given a se back. For the first time the governmen heavily taxed it to get revenue.

When, however, the nation ha recovered from its exhaustion due t war, it returned immediately to th other item on its national clean-u program, the Abolition of Booz The first revival of purpose was in dicated by that meeting of women a Hillsboro, Ohio, from which Roy A Haynes sprang. It grew and grew state by state going dry, and count by county going dry in states tha remained wet. Then, in the pressin necessities of the new time, the whol country joined constitutionally to wip it out as completely as Slavery wa wiped out. Thus were accomplishe two items of progress on which mor America set its mind nearly 100 year ago.

No, there's nothing sudden abou Prohibition.

(*Continued from page 8*)

"After proceeding a short distance he prisoners tried to escape, whereupon he soldiers fell upon them, and, as the oys put it, 'beat them up.' Investgation proved the boys' story to have een true and they were released, too te, however, to get to the convention.

"There were never two more ingnant fellows than that pair, and ey came to the consulate demanding at the matter be taken up. After tting the details from both sides I as obliged to admit that they had t exactly what was coming to them, d that if the situation had been reersed, and the scene had been America, d two young Italians, speaking no nglish, had defied American soldiers the exercise of their duty, they ould have probably met with even ss consideration.

"Another very frent cause of trouble is ggage. I remember one an who was making the p from Paris to Conntinople and who her had forgotten or s unaware of the ruling over Europe that one ist personally supere the customs examinatn of one's baggage. Ayway after he had cked his trunk at Pris he dismissed the tter from his mind and nfidently expected it proceed on the same in with him without further bother his part.

"What was his amazement upon iving in Constantinople, to learn t during the night his trunk had en thrown off at some border station nother. I could only advise him to go k and repeat the whole tiresome l expensive journey, making inries at each customs office en route.

"Then another man in buying a cet, allowed the agent to sell him r to another city in the opposite ection, the name of which was mewhat similar to that of the place which he wished to go. He got the right train all right, but the nductor would not accept the ticket n he was obliged to pay his fare r again, which in this case was a nsiderable sum. I put in a claim ginst the railroad for him, and it s shifted from one office to another, n disclaiming responsibility. The ffir dragged on for two years, until nally the American wrote requesting not to bother any further.

'Here is our entire correspondence the subject, literally dozens of ters. In this case the original mistak was the ticket agent's, but on the ther hand it would not have happened h the American had a perfectly finite idea where he was going and examined the ticket at the time it wa handed to him. It is also quite ssible that the American's faulty pronunciation of the name induced the agent to make the mistake.

"People frequently ask the impossible of a consul. There was one case of a young fellow—an American—who was engaged to marry a Macedonian girl who had been exiled from her own country for political reasons. She came to me to get a visa for the United States, desiring to join her lover there, but as her passport showed signs of having been tampered with I was obliged to refuse her. There was then nothing for her fiancé to do but come after her, which he did. He asked me to be a witness to their marriage and I agreed, but when he went out to find a priest he learned that the ceremony could not be performed unless he could produce proof that he was not already married.

"Confidently the American came back and demanded that I make out a certificate to that effect; but I could not do that as there is nothing on a passport to indicate whether the holder is married or single and the man was absolutely unknown to me. I advised him to cable his parents to cable back to me that he was unmarried. He sent them a cable which was never answered, and he was obliged to return to the United States without a bride and with, no doubt, very hard feelings toward me.

"Another thing we are asked to do which is not within our authority, is to lend money, particularly to women. The government has no appropriation to provide for such a loan, and if out of sympathy a consul should lend it out of his own pocket, as he sometimes does, the chances of his being repaid are very slight."

"You say the requests come largely from women. Do they get into more difficulties when traveling than do the men?"

"No, on the contrary," was the astonishing reply. "It is true they are apt to spend too much on clothes or at an expensive resort and then find they haven't enough on which to get home, but in general they get into fewer difficulties, partly because Europeans are usually very gallant to women traveling alone, and partly because women, when they get into a situation which they do not understand, are usually content to obey instructions and find what it was all about afterward, whereas a man's impulse is to put up an argument which usually accomplishes nothing beyond antagonizing officials and putting the American in a ridiculous position.

"The key to most of the unpleasantness with which Americans meet abroad may be found in their own critical attitude which would be improved by an acceptance of the fact that just as America has many wonderful achievements which only a young country could produce, so have the older countries many wonderful achievements which are inseparable from an environment heavy with centuries of tradition. It seems impossible to have both at one and the same time, so take your choice and concentrate on the pleasant!

"I can give you a sort of traveler's ten commandments which if followed would do away with most of the difficulties:

"1. Know what you are doing. Before starting for any new country inform yourself from consular or other reliable authority as to visas, dutiable articles and other special rulings of the country in question. Find out before you get on any train, whether it is a through train or not and if you must change, where and when, so that you won't get carried past your destination or lose half your belongings in the scuffle. Know what hotel you are going to, if possible.

"2. If you are in doubt about anything, consult the nearest consul. He will always be glad to give you information and advice and assist any American in any way within his power.

"3. Don't take any more baggage than you absolutely need and know where it is, all the time.

"4. Remember that your American citizenship does not excuse you from complying with the laws and regulations of the country in which you happen to be staying and that you cannot reasonably expect to interfere with government or train officials in the carrying out of their duties—and get away with it.

"5. Don't leave your manners at home. You are brought more closely in contact with your fellow travelers in a Continental train than you would be in the United States so that your actions in distributing your baggage, feet and elbows, entering and leaving the compartment, opening and closing windows will affect the comfort of your fellow passengers as well as yourself. It is well to know the foreign equivalents for 'pardon me,' 'permit me,' 'please' and 'thank you,' and 'good day,' for it is in many localities a breach of etiquette not to greet your fellow travelers upon settling yourself (*Concluded on page 31*)

NEXT WEEK

"It is now sex-o-clock." What do you make of this phrase? Does it not strike you as peculiar? It looks like a pun, but there is much more in it than mere punning. It involves the theory of psychoanalysis and Freudism.

There is an ultra-modern school of thinkers (at least they think they are thinkers) who hold that sex is the dominating factor in almost all that happens in the world. Novelists have encouraged this idea, using it to inflate their lucubrations.

Charles J. Finger, in that incisive way of his, has sharpened his pen and pricked a few of these Freudian bubbles. His article appears next week.

From Babel to Beef Trust

(*Concluded from page 4*)

I think in any business that the small man's expenses are always smaller than those of the big man."

Thus, in defending the meat-packing combinations against a charge of inordinate profits, Mr. Armour unconsciously was giving damning evidence against the economic justification of such combinations. His statements are borne out by the several extensive reports on the industry which have been made by the Federal Trade Commission. These show that in the years 1913 to 1916 sixty-five independent packers earned an average profit on investment of 15.9 per cent, while the Big Five packers earned 13.2 per cent. In 1918, one hundred and seventy independents averaged 18.1 per cent, while the Big Five earned 15.0 per cent. And when the period of post-war depression came in 1921, the Big Five, with their artificial house on the sand, insecurely set against the economic storm, lost an average of 10.8 per cent on invested capital, while the sturdier and more compact independents managed to earn a profit of 3.2 per cent.

When Retribution Reaches Through the Ages

Rich men, as I have already pointed out, can live on an income of $25,000,000 a year, no matter how small a return on investment this represents, but they cannot live long and lose $61,000,000 a year, which is the deficit shown for the Big Five packers in 1921. Ordinarily, when a powerful combination finds itself in the situation in which the Big Five stood in 1921, it has one sure recourse—it can use its monopoly influence to force prices high enough to insure itself a profit. But the Big Five were losing more than money; they were losing also their efficiency and, with it, their dominant share of business and the accompanying monopoly control over prices. The Federal Trade Commission's most recent report shows that these five companies, which were doing about seventy per cent of interstate slaughter in 1918, did only 65.5 per cent in 1920; by 1921 their proportion had decreased further to 62.7 per cent, and by 1922 it was only 59.3 per cent. The long arm of retribution for those who violate the natural law had reached down the ages from the Tower of Babel to the Beef Trust.

Already, by 1920, Swift and Company had read the handwriting on the wall and had begun voluntarily divesting itself of many of its unrelated lines. Wilson and Company went stumbling into a receivership and was obliged to enter Wall Street by the back door for "re-financing"; Morris and Company, hounded by its creditors, merged into the arms of Armour and Company, which was itself staggering under an investment and bonded debt of nearly a half-billion dollars. Today the Big Five are no more; there remain only a Big Two—Swift and Company, which "saw a great light," and Armour and Company, which is breathing hard over the corpse of its former confederate.

Another plot, another admission from another commander-in-chief testifying against his own interests:

The Corn Products Company, after a long life of practices and artificial accumulation of independent businesses, as described by Justice Learned Hand, was dissolved by order of a United States District Court in 1919. The court's opinion recited that this combine had in 1906 a 100 per cent control of the manufacture of glucose in the United States, and that by 1909 it had developed a capacity large enough to supply the entire glucose demands of the country. Testifying as late as 1924, E. T. Bedford, commander-in-chief of the combine, stated:

> "My experience in this industry and in several others is that there is weakness in size; that some (small) units economically managed can succeed more successfully than the larger unit as a rule . . . I might illustrate that that was proved in the case of the New York Glucose Company which had a capital stock of $2,500,000, as against our predecessors who had a capital of $80,000,000 . . . That is proved in our industry today by Mr. Ervin, who has a capital of $2,000,000, whose earnings per bushel are greater, as he tells them, than we make or perhaps any other manufacturer makes . . . It is a question of economy and efficiency. Capital doesn't always count." (The word "small" inserted by me. Text indicates that word "some" is typographical error.)

The fact that subsequent to the court decree, which deprived the Corn Products Company of some of its plants, the company built another plant and is now once more large enough in capacity to supply the total demands of the nation is another story.

"United They Fall" Sometimes Comes True

Another witness, Mr. Fels, of Fels and Company, a large and successful manufacturer of soap (but not a monopoly), stated recently:

> "The smaller manufacturer does not have freights to pay, doesn't have warehouse charges to pay; he sells mainly from hand to mouth and he is in a far better position to accommodate himself to any changes up and down without any loss than the large manufacturer. I think that in cases of a fluctuating market up and down the advantage is always with the small manufacturer."

In almost every industry into which the Federal Trade Commission has made inquiry, the record substantiates the state's evidence of the commanders-in-chief. The books of the southern pine companies for 1917 and 1918 show the companies of medium size earning a larger income on investment than the great combinations. The books of the farm implement manufacturers for the period 1914 to 1917 show the income rate of the International Harvester Company, the colossus of the industry, exceeded by those of nine smaller companies in 1914, by those of seven smaller companies in 1915 and 1916, by those of five companies in 1917, and ten companies in 1918.

The Undermining of the Initiative

Another witness, one not in business, but in public life, the Honorable Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, today the Field Marshal of business in America. To him the business world looks for leadership, and through him and his great office business is today securing the public ear. One of the most revealing things he ever said was said just seven years ago in a letter addressed to President Wilson, dated September 11, 1918, anent the proposed Federal control of the meat-packing industry.

"The problem we have to consider," he wrote, "is the ultimate social result of this expanding domination, and whether it can be replaced by a system of better social character and of equal economic efficiency for the present and of greater promise for the future. It is certain, to my mind, that these businesses have been economically efficient *in their period of competitive upgrowth, but as time goes on this efficiency cannot fail to diminish, and, like all monopolies, begin to defend itself by repression rather than by efficiency.* The worst social result of this whole growth in domination of trade is *the undermining of the initiative and the equal opportunity* of our people and the tyranny which necessarily follows in the commercial world."

How is it then that the commanders-in-chief of industries are today busy as never before linking company to company and combine to combine in new barbed-wire entanglements of overhead and over-capitalization? If artificial size means lower profits and an ultimate loss of efficiency, why do they still strain every sinew to get it and keep it? The answer is simple. Monopoly size means for them today not power over costs, but power over competition—the power that comes from prices and the prices that come from power. The strategy of the modern commander is directed not toward plant perfection but against the market price.

The whole matter is summed up by Chief Justice Taft when he wrote that "there is usually a limit beyond which economy of management by the enlargement of plant ceases; and where this happens and combination continues beyond this point, the very fact shows intent to monopolize and not to economize."

Watch Your Step

(*Concluded from page 29*)

a coupé. But even if you don't speak word, a few smiles and bows will do ich toward establishing the atmos- ere essential to such close quarters.

"6. Don't lose your temper. You n eventually get through any situa- n if you keep calm. The minute you excited you are at a disadvantage d stand no chance of being under- od. When traveling in a strange land u must be ten times more alert than ial as to the correctness of your own ions and ten times more patient as the actions of others, if you would oid misunderstandings. I am not gesting that you submit to obvious ustices but be sure of your facts ore you protest.

"7. Don't pay exorbitant prices anything. That sort of thing is at has given the impression that all ericans are millionaires and eager get rid of their millions and even if amount concerned doesn't particu- y matter to you individually, re- mber that you are helping to estab- a precedent with which less fluent Americans will later be ex- ted to comply.

"8. As to your tipping, be neither gy nor extravagant. The hotel ering force is dependent upon its ij and entitled to them, but if you ow your money away you won't eany better service than if you tipped eonably. The ten per cent rule is ti a safe one to follow in those stblishments where the service charge s ot reckoned in. Inquire what the uom is in each place. If it isn't econed in and you don't want to be oiered, leave ten per cent of your otl bill at the hotel desk for distri- u on and inform the people whom you old be expected to remember.

"9. Make an effort to learn at ea: a smattering of the language of the outry you expect to visit. An ability o sk and answer simple questions is most indispensable. Of course, if you remore ambitious it is a great ad- aiage to learn to speak the language el particularly if you expect to meet neeople of the country socially. Most eleducated Europeans speak at least nr: languages so you would probably ae out all right with English but he regard an American who can't ek any language but his own re- peably as rather a pitiable object. Tnmost important languages for you o udy are French and German as wit French you can make yourself ndrstood in France and in Belgium ndisually in Italy and many countries noi remote, while German will take outhrough Germany, Austria, Hun- ar; Holland and even the Scandina- iaiand Slavic countries.

10. Don't carry an antagonistic ttiide into any country. If there is nyiation or people against which you av a strong prejudice you had much ttr stay away.

"I am not trying to discourage any fellow countrymen from independent traveling," the consul concluded, "for if properly done, it is very useful in promoting international understanding but if it is improperly done it can be a source of international friction that is far from negligible. *During the last few years the consular policy of the United States has taken practically a right-about-face in its attitude toward those of its citizens absent from home.* Formerly the first concern was for those American citizens on foreign soil. Today, however, the prime interest is in those Americans who are on their own soil, and although we do everything in our power to aid traveling Americans in distress, we are also interested in knowing whether those citizens have a legitimate reason for being on foreign soil, and whether they are conducting themselves in such a way as to reflect credit on their country and on the folks back home."

If You Were a Chinese

(*Concluded from page 6*)

flared forth indicated that though it has not been directed in this instance against all foreigners, it might easily become a general anti-foreign movement should the situation be unwisely handled.

It is not always apparent, to the Western observer, how this extreme nationalism can reveal itself at a time when the central government of China is so woefully weak and so completely at the mercy of scheming politicians. But that very weakness is a contributing reason for the present situation. Intelligent Chinese are more and more convinced that many of China's political ills are a result of foreign influence.

Foreign interests, so the case is argued, desire that China shall remain weak. A strong China would be a threat to western exploitation.

It is altogether likely that the present crisis will not finally drive the Japanese and British interests from China. Those interests are deeply founded and every effort, doubtless, will be made to protect them. But even though they remain when this storm has passed the fact cannot be lost sight of that the spirit out of which the movement grew is likely to persist. Not only that, but in India, the Philippines, Korea and all through the East where nationalism is increasing the present uprising in Shanghai will be watched with eager and sympathetic interest. More than gunboats will be required to put down the growing belief among these peoples in the ideal of self-determination. Unless, at some future day, the white man is not to be ousted from the East by force, Western governments must inaugurate, at the present moment, constructive policies that will help both East and West toward a coöperative and conciliatory approach to their common problems.

Rasmussen's Fifth Epic of the Arctic

(*Concluded from page 24*)

using at the same time a bloated hunting-bladder as a skipping rope, before landing on the walrus skin.

Two Alaska Eskimos, brothers, turned somersaults under the water with their kayaks to show that they were just as clever as the Greenlanders in performing this well-known stunt. The picture closed with some magnificently colored views of ice bears, frothy green ocean rollers, sunset over the Arctic Ocean, and finally the royal Danish split-flag, a gift by the King of Denmark to the expedition, snapping in the breeze outside "The Bellows" on Danske Island.

The sight brought the large audience to their feet in a genuine wave of enthusiasm. The lights were turned on. Cascades of applause broke loose. It was some minutes before Dr. Rasmussen could get the floor to address himself to the King to thank him for the aid rendered the Thule expedition when the S. S. *Bele* was stranded in Greenlandic waters in the summer of 1921, with valuable equipment on board for the expedition. The King and the royal family, who were on board the S. S. *Iceland* on their inspection trip of Greenland, did not hesitate but immediately steered into the dangerous waters to aid the *Bele*. The expedition would have been seriously crippled, emphasized the speaker, without this prompt aid, and the King's action in thus disregarding danger for himself and his family was a resolute and manly act. "The King gave us the flag and a beech-leaf from the Danish woods," said Dr. Rasmussen in closing. "Now that we are back again, it is our hope that we may continue to be worthy of these Danish symbols."

Immediately afterward the King rose in his box, while all got to their feet, saying in a clear and ringing voice: "Welcome home, Knud Rasmussen! You are far too kind in speaking of our help. When we received the radio about the *Bele*'s wreck, the Queen and I stood together on the deck of *Iceland*, and there was no doubt with us for a moment what we had to do; we only did what anyone would have done. Thanks to the *Iceland*'s dauntless captain we reached the ship in good time, and we were happy to be able to help you. You remember our last handclasp up in Greenland, Knud Rasmussen? I haven't forgotten it. I am glad you have fared so well since that time—in your sturdy and straightforward way you have done our country honor. Thank you, Dr. Rasmussen!"

A few closing words by the white-haired Admiral Wandel, and the brilliant, colorful assembly ebbed slowly out of the hall. Knud Rasmussen was home again, and had received a meet Nordic welcome.

Building Castles in the Air

Architects of the Old World Now Look to the New for Inspiration

By ALBERT WOOD, A. I. A.

A SURE way to interest children in a story is to begin talking about a giant. No matter how a child's interest in a tale may lag, as soon as we bring the Giant on the scene, we get his active interest. It is much the same when we speak of architecture to grown-ups. No matter what charm or interest the building of moderate size may possess, it is the skyscraper that makes one sit up and take notice. Who would go out of his way to see a pile of stone seventy feet square and forty feet high? But let it be seven hundred feet square and four hundred and seventy-five feet high, as we find the great Pyramid of Egypt, and men will travel to the ends of the earth to gaze in wonder and awe. So, when we write about the great work that American architects and builders are doing today, we feel the proper illustrations to use are those of high buildings.

In general, two distinct types of construction may be compared. The ancient, heavy, wall-bearing masonry type and the modern steel frame, veneered with masonry, as exemplified in the "Cathedral of Learning" and in practically all of our skyscraper structures. It is perhaps in the steel-frame building that America will produce an original and distinctive architecture. In the skyscraper we see construction emerging from the stone age into the steel age. It might be said that as builders we have gone from the cave to the cage.

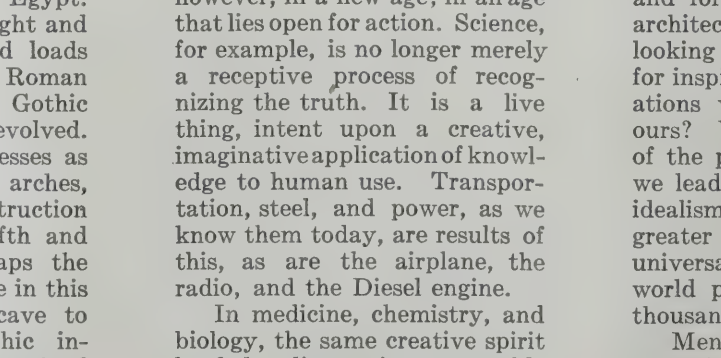
The Egyptians at an early period carved the houses of the dead in the mountain side; therefore it was natural for them to carve the houses of the gods in like manner. At Abou Simbel we find two temples excavated entirely in the cliff and from these glorified caves came the idea we later see developed in the many heavy masonry temples and tombs erected by the rulers of Egypt.

Now, to achieve greater height and yet eliminate the terrific dead loads of masonry imposed by the Roman system of construction, the Gothic system of construction was evolved. With this system, using buttresses as props to resist the thrusts of arches, the masonry method of construction was brought, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, to perhaps the peak of its possibilities. We see in this gradual evolution from the cave to the beautiful spires of Gothic inspiration, the constant and determined effort of man to build higher and yet higher and with ever-diminishing tonnage of structural material.

Strong perpendicular lines in a building seem to convey a feeling or mood of spiritual power and freedom. Such lines seem to signify a vigorous, living structural organism. Is this not the reason why the skyscraper type of building with its characteristic vertical lines seems so suggestive of American ideals of freedom and democracy? The ancients buried the records of their civilization under millions of tons of stone, but we seem determined to write the records of our achievements across the sky.

As buildings became higher and less masonry and more glass used, we began to distinguish the organic steel structure and to feel conscious of that force which is so well described by the University of Pittsburgh, in writing of their new skyscraper college, or "Cathedral of Learning," which we illustrate:

> The building breaks tradition in college construction. We live, however, in a new age; in an age that lies open for action. Science, for example, is no longer merely a receptive process of recognizing the truth. It is a live thing, intent upon a creative, imaginative application of knowledge to human use. Transportation, steel, and power, as we know them today, are results of this, as are the airplane, the radio, and the Diesel engine.
>
> In medicine, chemistry, and biology, the same creative spirit has led to discoveries comparable to the discovery of a new continent. In the social sciences, again, the same process goes on, though less obviously, broadening our outlook and dispelling sentimental theories.
>
> The building breaks tradition; it does this not to be merely different or high, but to express its age—an age of creative, forceful energy directed toward usefulness.
>
> The proposed building will help make a college life which is in dead earnest and creative; a college life which has an indomitable spiritual value in it. The architecture of the building talks that idea. Such a building will say all day through with unforgettable force, "Find your own usefulness. Do it now. The light of the morning stars is in you, and by courage and intelligence and everlasting drive you can attain to that high service which satisfies." That building with its parallel lines reaching up and up and up, and with its harmonies of mass, has such fire of emotion in it that we must feel it take hold of us. Culture is a by-product of that fire.
>
> Within the building, other things being equal, it is reasonable to believe that we can create the most effective, serviceable, virile college spirit in the world. Nothing else will do.



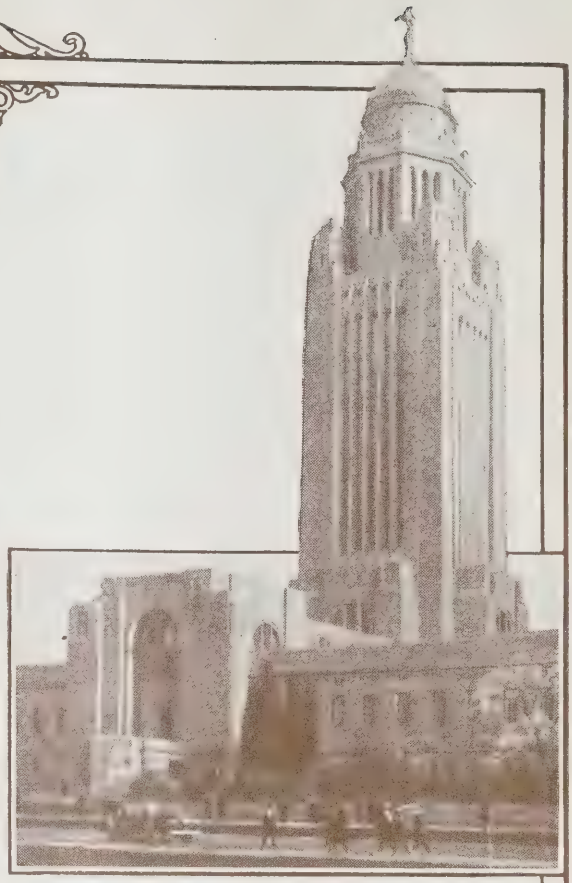
Portico in Luxor—To the modern builder this looks like the foundation for a forty-story building. Note the huge stone beams.

When a design for building inspires such com ment as this, it is abo time to check up on ou selves to see what emotio we experience and wh "kick" we get out of a chitecture, and just what is that stimulates such e thusiasm.

American architects a builders of today are leading the worl and for the first time in our histo architects and builders of Europe a looking toward America for ideas a for inspiration. How will future gene ations view these great buildings ours? What impression will they g of the people and life of today? A we leading the world toward a fin idealism, toward an expression greater service to mankind, towa universal brotherhood, freedom, a world peace? What will men say thousand years hence? We wonder!

Men of vision create imperishab works in every phase of human activit

THE winning competitive design by J. Mead Howells and Raymond M. Hood, selected by the Chicago "Tribune" from more than two hundred designs, shown above. It is a business edifice suggesting a cathedral with its strong vertical lines and church-like detail. Does such architecture really symbolize American business or is it rather expressive of something that business should live up to?



NEBRASKA State Capitol, winning design by the late Bertram Goodhue, an American conception and a work of genius.

RISING to a height of 700 feet, Charles Klauder's "Cathedral of Learning" proposed for the University of Pittsburgh seems to say "Let Freedom Ring." A thousand years hence men will feel the romance of this steel giant which by that time may be one of the few remaining monuments to this generation.

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THE basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, 'till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish Government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government. . . . . .

Towards the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown.—*George Washington.*

DEA

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A Chat With H. G. Wells

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

Modern Monopoly in Business

By HUSTON THOMPSON

Sex-O-Clock

By CHARLES J. FINGER

The African Negro at Home

By HENRI GALLAND

American Globe-Trotters

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Famous Literary Man Discourses on Some of His Hobbies

Tea and Talk with H. G. W.

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

THERE are some big and many little men who are not overwhelming in their modesty; there are a few big ones who are almost too shy about speaking of themselves, among whom is Herbert George Wells, fine novelist and writer of many other worthy things.

It is quite a good many years since I first met him; when we were both keen politicals and fought side by side, or to be more truthful—he in front and I in the ranks.

My latest meeting with him was upon a glorious afternoon in the merry month of May. The sun shone deliciously. I strolled along from Westminster up famous Whitehall; past the sole remaining relic of the great Palace of Whitehall, Inigo Jones' Banqueting Hall now used as a military museum. I felt jolly; much inclined to be festive with someone. So, says I to myself, says I, why not drop in and have a cup of tea with the Wells? And I did.

Their pleasant flat is in Whitehall Court, a big block of apartments overlooking the Thames Embankment; one of the most beautiful locations in London. This was fully borne in on me as I stood with H. G. W. on the balcony outside his parlor—a glorious view: away to the left the gray dome of Saint Paul's Cathedral, dominating London City; to the right the towers of the Houses of Parliament; below, the bright May greenery of the gardens; beyond, the cars clanging along the broad roadway; then the gray river slipping along to the sea.

Mrs. Wells called us in to tea. She ensconced in a cozy armchair; he seated on the broad arm of another.

Suddenly an inspiration—a veritable stroke of genius, *I* calls it—hit me hard.

"Look here," I said, "I shall write down all the interesting things you are going to say; and I shall print them in America, where I know they'll be very glad to hear from you."

"You dare!" said he; but his smile and the twinkles in his eyes betrayed him.

"And I shall send you what I write and you will read it, amend it, and add all sorts of nice bits to it, and see that I haven't too grossly misrepresented you."

"I won't," was the emphatic reply, "I won't look at it."

"Goodness, good goodness, why not?" I asked, appalled, shocked, dismayed, surprised, flabbergasted, taken aback, jolted up.

"Because when your rubbish appears—if anyone is silly enough to print it—I can repudiate the whole thing! That's why."

"Oh, indeed. Thanks so much."

Then I turned to Mrs. H. G. W., who I knew would not be stony-hearted; appealed to her; and she good-naturedly said that she herself would read it, being anxious lest I should wreck her husband's reputation.

Greatly encouraged, I proceeded to enjoy my tea.

As I watched my host—he didn't know I was so doing—I found it hard to believe that he is nearly as ancient as myself: his face young; his eyes young; his voice young; his manner young; and, best, his mind young. One outcome of this irrepressible youngness was that we popped about from topic to topic, erratically, like busy bees flitting from flower to flower; *he* gathering most of the honey.

We somehow got talking about talkers; I mentioned Chesterton; then Bernard Shaw came up—

"Shaw's a great talker too," said H. G. W., "ready and amazing. By the way, as a writer, I don't think he has ever been given half enough credit for his English—for his style. I've seldom heard anyone speak about it. So lucid, clean, clear. So good that it's not noticed."

"Just like you don't notice the clothes of a really well-dressed man or woman."

"That's so."

It was a very pleasant room we were in; sunny outside and in; charming old-fashioned furniture, including a sweet old-time piano, made so many years ago by Clementi, who did much to improve the pianoforte—

"It's the right thing for Mozart," said H. G. W., "Tinkly, silvery notes, like the faint sweet voice of a little old lady."

"What vices have you?" I asked.

Mrs. Wells looked shocked at my audacity!

"None," was the reply, which was very disappointing. Surely a famous man should have at least one little vice.

"I'll try to believe you," I said; "What about hobbies?"

"Training elephants is one of them."

"And breeding canaries," added Mrs. Wells.

"The orange soprano kind is my specialty," said he, "I mean, of course in ele—no, in canaries."

"And hedgehogs," said Mrs. Wells.

"I lose my interest in an elephant when I have reduced him to order, so I have a constant supply of fresh ones—some of them are very fresh at first."

Feeling that the conversation was becoming too serious, also much too profound for my shallow intellect, I was about to hazard a remark about Shakespeare's sonnets, when H. G. W. horrified me by saying to his wife:

"Now, do pull yourself together and tell the truth."

I began to wonder if I were wandering. Surely——. I felt that I must change the subject at once.

"Which is the favorite with you of your books?"

"My next one," was the prompt reply. "I've said that before; but, my dear fellow, I can't be bothered to make up new answers to your old questions;" then he added, why I don't know, "I'm beginning to sense the tear-off calendar feeling. There's not so many years ahead as I used to have."

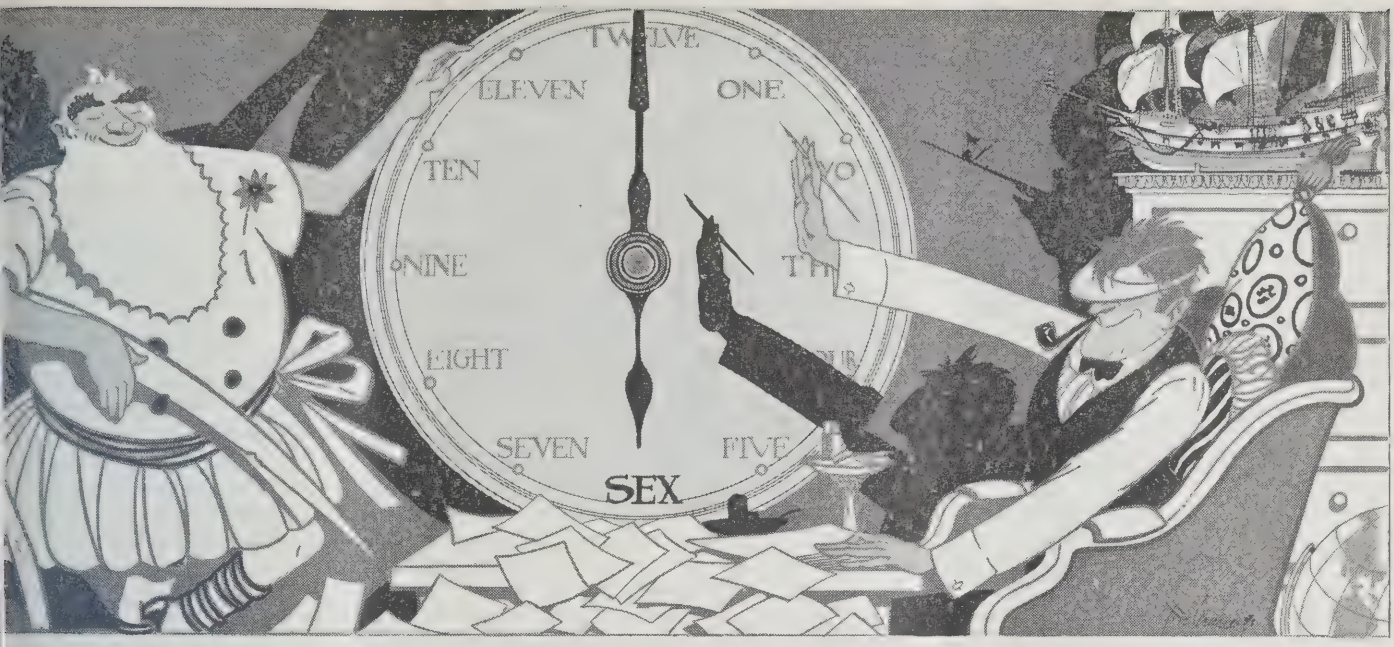
I could not contradict this, but expressed the hope that there were very many:

"Don't pretend to be old," I said. "You're nearly as young as I am; and what have calendars and dates got to do with one's age?"

"Quite a lot," he said.

"For example, I (Concluded on page 27)

"Training Elephants, Breeding Canaries—and Hedgehogs"



The novelist had come to sex-o-clock in his career and he held that there time would stop.

"Sex-O-Clock"

If a Novelist Lets the Sex Complex Dominate His Work, Does It Blind Him?

By CHARLES J. FINGER
ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

IT WAS Reedy who coined the phrase at the head of this article, saying of latter- literature in the form of novel, "it is now sex-o-." He put it in his Mirror ward, but he first said it evening when he sat talk- with a few, among whom a journalist, a novelist myself. After the novelist, who imbibed psychoanalysism, had ained in complicated and mysterious uage that there were three planes nsciousness in the ordinary man, ly went off into a tremendous dth of argument. Then the novel- ot back to his three planes again ig us that the ordinary plane of rciousness was that on which we when we went about our ordinary prosaic ways, the subconscious was under that, then deep down e mind of man was an unconscious l. On that lowest plane lived dark niac powers, as it were, and they wedged in by all kinds of memories ited from our remote ancestors; tropoid apes, ice-age men, canni- creatures of limited intelligence overwhelming passions. There the psychoanalysts's theory in . We gathered that when con- ins are ripe, when the censor who on the highest plane was off , as in sleep, up from the dark d leap these dark powers, dragging inds of things with them. Then enan or woman is the victim of his er complexes. The novelist, a well enough known, held that to the true man or woman, was the of the artist; that the true man l be known only by introspective ; that—then I think we all lost him use he went off into mysticisms. he was very severe on the older lists, and there we came to grips. novelist had come to sex-o-clock in his career and he held that there time would stop. Love, sex, the gratification of appetite; those filled his horizon. He seemed to be all retrogression. For him there was nothing fine or noble in Captain MacWhirr's fight against a malignant fate, as pictured by Conrad in "Typhoon." But he saw something tremendous in one of Sherwood Anderson's tales.

Since then I have read much, both aloud to a family group and alone. But in vain do I look for reality of character in the creations of those modern writers bitten with the sex-theory. And on reality of character creation I cannot but set immense store, holding as I do that those who have achieved immortality in the world of literature have achieved it because of their delineation of character. I think of an Eric Dorn, a John Webster, a Savaron, an Alvina Houghton, but they are to me unconvincing shadows. They refuse to live, these phantoms of the imagination. In them there is neither joy, nor good humor, nor energy, nor kindliness. Sometimes, with their preoccupation with their own appetites, they seem comparable to those fellows one sometimes comes into contact with who are on that debatable line between sanity and insanity. But clear cut they are not. More often they strike me as mental defectives. They seem to be intellectually twisted. Certainly, if I lived next door to a John Webster, I refer to the character in Sherwood Anderson's "Many Marriages," I would regard him with suspicion as a morbid and taciturn man without enough mental vigor to get his own living. And in such a character you would have the stigmata of a degenerate as surely as you would have them in Booth, or in Guiteau, or in Czolgosz. Or consider a Savaron or a Dorn with their nervous instability and those alternating fits of irritability and depression. They are, I hold, studies of diseased or, at best, of lopsided individuals. They are certainly not men who see life steadily and see it whole. Sherwood Anderson, W. L. George, Virginia Woolf, Magdelaine Marx, Mary Borden, Ben Hecht, Clemence Dane, Huneker—each and every one of them have ability, some of them are gifted with a certain kind of glittering wit, some of them are capable of work marked by grace and a certain felicity, but not one of them has produced a convincing, outstanding character. Moreover, viewing their fictional characters from a little distance where vision is not distorted by nearness to all those labored paradoxes, those wilful contradictions and those silly inconsistencies, one character is as like another as one sheep is like another in the flock that grazes a little way from my door. At bottom the problems with which they occupy themselves are similar. Also, in a sense, the origins of the characters were similar in that their creators bitten with the psychoanalytic craze have dived into their own subconsciousness for their material, dragged out what they found, or imagined they found, or thought they were supposed to find, and presented that pale ghost as a character.

But how was it (*Concluded on page 28*)

How Modern Monopoly Works Out

Monopolist Meets His Waterloo When Ranks of Consumers Refuse Support

By HUSTON THOMPSON

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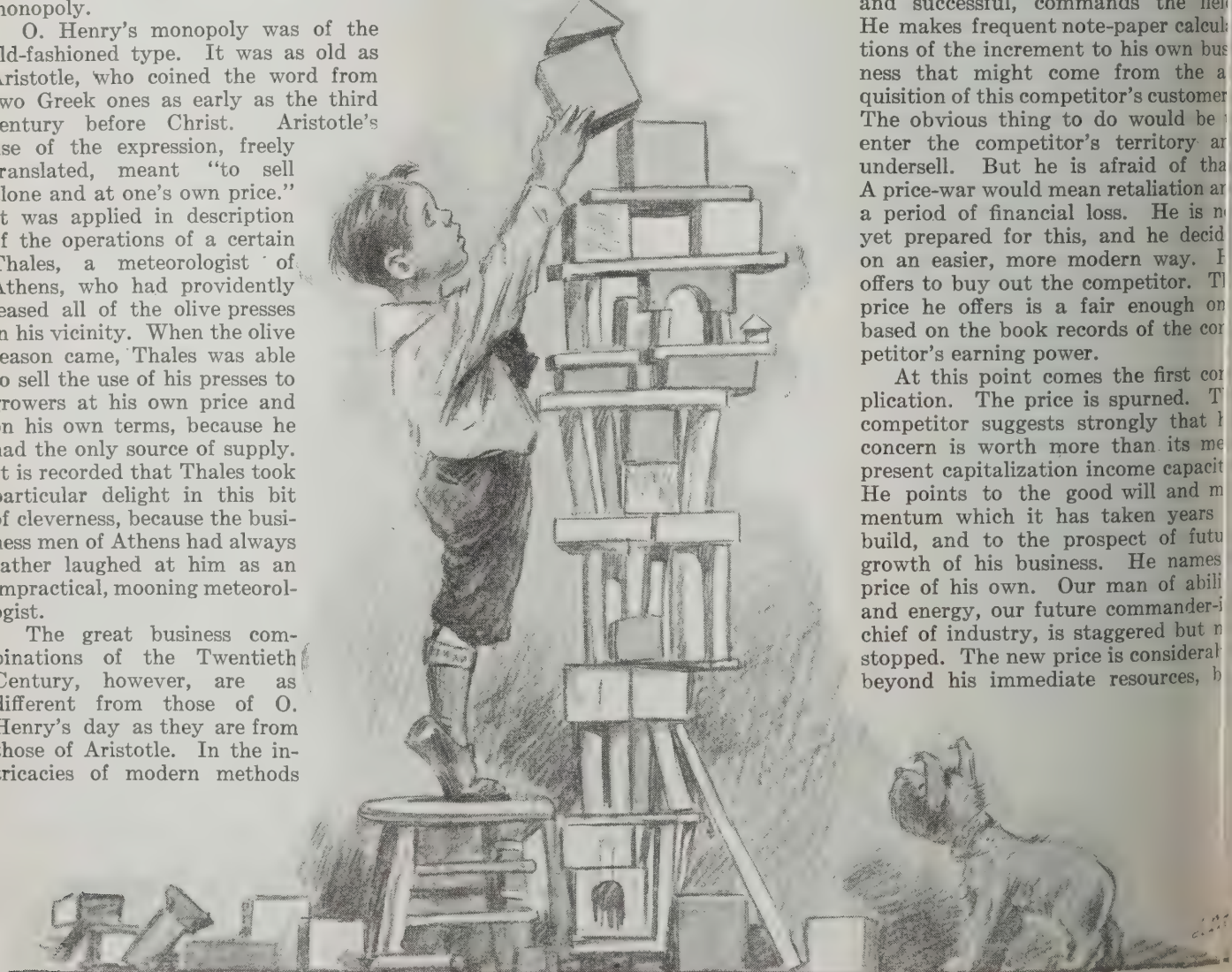
O. HENRY, in "The Gentle Grafter," describes two more or less gentle ones arriving one rainy day in a little Texas town on the banks of the Rio Grande. The town was situated between the river and a wide arroyo which had once been the river's bed. The heavy rains were gradually flooding this ancient bed until it became apparent that within a short time the town would be cut off completely from the land. The two grafters had $2,500 in their pockets —and an idea. When the arroyo was filled and the town isolated, they bought out each of the three saloons in the place, one for $1,200, another for $500, and another for $400; closed all but one of them, and raised the price of whisky to a dollar a drink. Customers demurred loudly, but they were surrounded with water and consumed with thirst. There was nothing to do but pay the grafters' price or go sober. In no time at all they were lined up against the bar four ranks deep and the cash register rang all day to the tune of dollar on dollar of tribute to the monopoly.

O. Henry's monopoly was of the old-fashioned type. It was as old as Aristotle, who coined the word from two Greek ones as early as the third century before Christ. Aristotle's use of the expression, freely translated, meant "to sell alone and at one's own price." It was applied in description of the operations of a certain Thales, a meteorologist of Athens, who had providently leased all of the olive presses in his vicinity. When the olive season came, Thales was able to sell the use of his presses to growers at his own price and on his own terms, because he had the only source of supply. It is recorded that Thales took particular delight in this bit of cleverness, because the business men of Athens had always rather laughed at him as an impractical, mooning meteorologist.

The great business combinations of the Twentieth Century, however, are as different from those of O. Henry's day as they are from those of Aristotle. In the intricacies of modern methods Thales would find himself completely lost, and the gentle grafter would probably be asking for police protection. Even the master minds which create the present-day monopolies eventually withdraw, a little confused and bewildered, I have no doubt, at the Frankensteins they have fathered.

These present-day counterparts of monopoly are hundred-headed and thousand-eyed. Their methods and make-ups vary like the awful permutations and combinations of arithmetic. Flattened out in one direction, they will bulge in another; caught in one pose, they assume a different one; classified in one manner, they acquire new features defying classification. Yet, because their motives are all finally the same and because their general contours have much in common, it is possible to paint a composite portrait of them which will vary from any given combination only in the latter's many lights and shades.



The colossal business combine o today has in most instances originate as modestly as a violet. A small loca manufacturing corporation, for ex ample, happens to be headed by a man of commendable ability and energy He is a careful buyer and an aggressiv seller. Catering only to his hom market he finds it easy to outstrip hi local competitors and to hold hi trade against distant manufacturer who are handicapped with the necessit of paying freight to enter his market His overhead expenses are light sinc he and his associates are able to mair tain a direct managerial contact wit the manufacturing and selling opera tions. After a time the movement of h little local machine becomes almos automatic and he grows restless. H begins to look ambitiously at furthe markets. The company, he decide should be occupying more territory His eye flashes belligerently at neighboring area in which anothe company, also snug, compact, hustlin and successful, commands the fiel He makes frequent note-paper calcula tions of the increment to his own bus ness that might come from the a quisition of this competitor's customer The obvious thing to do would be enter the competitor's territory ar undersell. But he is afraid of tha A price-war would mean retaliation ar a period of financial loss. He is n yet prepared for this, and he decid on an easier, more modern way. H offers to buy out the competitor. Th price he offers is a fair enough on based on the book records of the com petitor's earning power.

At this point comes the first com plication. The price is spurned. T competitor suggests strongly that h concern is worth more than its me present capitalization income capacit He points to the good will and m mentum which it has taken years build, and to the prospect of futu growth of his business. He names price of his own. Our man of abili and energy, our future commander-i chief of industry, is staggered but n stopped. The new price is considerab beyond his immediate resources, b

e talk of future growth from the mpetitor makes him all the more termined upon absorbing that growth. *he takes the first step toward artiial combination. He consults a banker.*

He too has an idea that the price of a siness should be based on its earning wer. If the two concerns are conlidated by purchase at the excessive ice, he points out, the earnings will t represent an adequate return on vestment. But our man of ability d energy is far too able and much too ergetic to accept this point of view. e takes the banker into his confidence. ice this most formidable competitor out of the way, he whispers, it will possible to raise prices. Raise them ntly but firmly. That will mean creased income, higher earning power. other words, if the investment is o great for the present earning power, is infinitely more sensible to increase e earning power than to decrease e investment. With a practical onopoly of the market it would be e simplest thing in the world to inease earnings by raising prices. The nker grows more cordial and less ssimistic. He gets the idea. Eventuy the loan is made and he becomes rty to a first economic error of tificial combinations—*over-capitalizan.* The competitor is bought out d the consolidated business proceeds der a weight of excessive investment nich calls for earnings impossible der any other than monopoly conions. This weight, of course, the nsumer carries in the price he pays.

Our man of ability and energy now eds to be very busy and very enertic, for he has a two-man job. The mediate personal direction which he d given to the original business is possible with two plants, and he is ced into the second error of artiial combination—*absentee managerip.* One or the other of the plants ust operate without the full benefit his ability and energy. Since, as s already been suggested, his ability d energy are exceptional, this means loss of efficiency. Also he must emoy someone else to manage the other ant, and this means increased overad expense. But the fever of possesn is in his blood now and his monopoly the two markets enables him to crease his earnings enough to more an cover his increased investment d costs. He flashes a belligerent eye out the state at further fields, hispers with more bankers, and buys out other and more distant competitors. Each flash, each whisper, and each purchase means more over-capitalization, more absentee-managership, more overhead, and the need of more profit on goods sold. But, luckily, it also means more monopoly and more resulting control of the necessary earning power. The consumer, of course, is still paying.

The combination by this time has acquired a reputation. Oddly enough, combinations are very modest about acquiring reputations. The limelight is bad for their peculiar complexions. Our man of ability and energy finds himself getting in the newspapers unpleasantly. People begin making speeches about his combination on the floors of the state legislatures, "demagogic" speeches about monopolies and downtrodden consumers. He doesn't mind their making speeches, but there is danger that they may also make laws, foolish laws inimical to "sound" business. So he is forced to add another artificial overhead to his costs (and increase his price a bit to cover it). He buys himself a "legislative representative" to argue practically with the would-be makers of laws. This representative does not object to being called a "lobbyist" by the demagogues, for he is usually a genial, friendly, large-handed fellow. He is, however, quite expensive—to the ultimate consumer.

This ultimate consumer meanwhile has remained in remarkably good temper. He has shown no inclination to discipline the combination (as he can always do) either directly through refusal to buy, or indirectly through invocation of government aid. He even takes, perhaps, a local pride in the organization, in the fine labels it puts on its products, in the handsome stores and factories it sets up, and in the attractive advertising it runs. He does not worry about competition and, even if he does, he thinks of the combination as competing with other great combinations from other sections or states. He grumbles at the increased prices, but is easily persuaded that these increases are natural and proper when he is shown that the combination is earning only a moderate return on investment. The artificial and excessive amount of this investment, and of the costs which limit the earnings, are carefully concealed from him in the combination's balance sheet, and even if he were told of them he would no doubt consider the point too complex for his concern.

Meanwhile the combination and its man of ability and energy are both becoming over-expanded. The man's ego and ambition are growing beyond even his exceptional abilities, and the combination's productive capacity is developed beyond its power to sell. The capacity has grown too great for the combination, and the combination is fast growing too great for the man. The seed of its own eventual destruction which lies in every artificial combine has begun to germinate. Coincidentally, the combination has arrived at the era in which it is destined to do its greatest injury to business and to the public. It is about to become interstate and national.

This final era is one into which the combine is partly pushed and partly pulled. Pushed by the insatiate dreams of its presiding genius, the man of ability and energy, and pulled by the over-capacity which calls for new markets. The immediate occasion for the next step may be a temporarily dead market which emphasizes the weight of excess capacity the combine carries, and which, coupled with the excess investment and excess costs, gives a terrifying threat of collapse for the whole artificial and inflated structure, unless an even broader monopoly can be brought up for support. The man of ability, the captain of industry, who is now beginning to think of himself as a commander-in-chief of his particular industry, meets the threat with an orgy of accumulation. He crosses one state line after another, whispers to many and bigger bankers, taking over here, there and everywhere the plants of his competitors. His motives have changed now; he no longer desires to add new plants to his operations, for he already has more plant capacity than he can use. *He gets the new plants only to eliminate them from the competitive field.* With the change in his motives comes a change also in his methods. To eliminate competition from certain areas, he takes over the inefficient, high-cost plants, as well as the successful, low-cost ones. For each plant which he buys and dismantles he pays a price which he knows will net him no return, but only add to the piling excesses of investment on which he must earn a return. This mounting over-capitalization is at last beginning to make him nervous. *(Continued on page 25)*

John Citizen on the Wing

JOHN CITIZEN, reading his newspapers, thinks that aviation is something like polo—a game for rich young fellows. And John cannot be blamed, though maybe the newspapers can.

But when John sees aviation in his taxes, he will be on familiar ground; he will get the right squint on this strange new power of flight which men are using.

John knows what railways are and what waterways are; he is beginning to know what airways are. Railways are limited by the land. Ships by the water. But airplanes can go wherever there is air—wherever men breathe. The air is the most universal "way" or roadstead that we know. It is the world's highway.

A little village in the Swiss mountains held a meeting several months ago. The patriarchal leader spoke: "I was here when the railway wanted to come, but we would not have it. It went to B____, and you know how B____ has become a big city, and we have remained a mountain hamlet. Now these planes that cross our mountains want to make our hamlet a station. Let us not be twice foolish; let us put our hamlet on the mainline of the new transportation system by preparing an airport and station." And the people did; some giving their labor, others donations of money.

What John Has Done for Steamboating

John Citizen will be an indispensable element in aviation development when he sees how far it is bound to go.

He will do for aviation what he has done for steamboating and railroading.

Take that for a cue. What has John done for steamboating? He has licensed captain and mate and engineer. He has inspected boilers. He has set limits to lading. He has marked out channels in rivers, lakes and seas. He has set up safety lights and signals. He has drafted life-saving regulations. He has patrolled the waters. Steamboating is private business, BUT because John Citizen, his family and his goods use steamboats, John has regulated them, from the route they must take to the fare they must charge. Steamboating in the last analysis is *his* business.

He has done more than that. He has supplied landing places for steamboats. No steamboat could possibly own all the docks at which she touches. A steamboat owner who owned all the docks would not need to remain in the steamboat business. John owns hundreds of millions in docks; he provides them, not primarily for steamboats, but through them for his own service.

Now, how can John figure out that his duty toward airships will be less than that toward waterships?

The Greatest Step in the Mastery of Time

As a Passenger he will insist on standard training, examinations and frequent tests of pilots. He will insist on the inspection of airships and motors. He will set limits to loading of passengers and freight. He will chart air routes, for the safety of those on land and those in the air. He will set up landmarks for use by day and signal lights for use by night, and will checker the country with convenient landing places along all the routes he approves. (These will correspond to docks for steamships.)

Airshipping will be private business as steamshipping or railshipping is, but it has a preponderant element of public interest which John Citizen will recognize as obligating him to do his part.

This takes aviation out of the class of polo. It is navigation and commerce and transportation. It lengthens man's days by saving man's time. Time is the unmastered element in all our work. The airplane is the greatest step yet made toward that mastery.

Men, Ancient and Modern

From very early times, though not perhaps from the earliest, a number of people lived on the land in various parts of the world, under various forms of a grave or even gross inequality. All fed off the land; but the ordering of the work and food lay with the lords, while most of the work was done by serfs. We disapprove of such slavery at its root; we desire chiefly to prevent its return. But men are not enlightened, men have not broadened their minds, unless they can see what was the case for it as compared with capitalism. The vital fact that few realize is this. The modern sort of abolition of slavery was really a much more paradoxical and provocative assertion of property. So long as the land fed everybody, however unequally, it was in one sense everybody's land. The lord was the only commander, but he was not the only consumer.

Now the modern type called an Abolitionist may have been right; but he reasserted in quite a new way the right of the lord to the land. He did it by turning all the serfs off the lord's land on to the king's highway; and treating them like trespassers on a back-garden if they came back on to the land except on the lord's private terms. There was a very real sense in which the freed serf was rather an evicted tenant. The landlord could impose terms upon him before he got back to the land, just as if he were drowning in the sea. We are not saying this was not better; we think it was, because we attach a mystical value to liberty. But to broaden the modern mind, it is essential to make it see the other side. The old lord was in some sense a public officer, wielding far too much power over a community conceived as naturally feeding on his land; and not to be driven from it. The new lord was a private owner and nothing else; and considered as a private owner, he owned far too much. But the Abolitionist or modern Liberal did not think of suggesting that he should lose his privilege as an owner of land, but only as an owner of men. We need not argue which of the two systems was worse; for our inference is not a preference for either. On the one hand, the hired man might be freer from direct indignity; on the other the serf was safer from economic terror; his position was settled by custom and not by competition.

They Should Have Said "Free the Farm"

Now our comment is simple. Whenever men said, "Let us free the slave," they ought to have said, something which medieval men would have understood, "Let us free the farm." They ought to have emancipated the land in proportion as they emancipated the men; so that each man took over as a citizen the work and sustenance he had had as a slave. Because that was not done, the whole modern misery has come on us. In the hope that it may still be done, this paper has been founded. But it is a fact too elementary to be easily seen; and you cannot see it by burying your head in Streatham or identifying the Golden City with Golder's Green.—*From G. K's. Weekly.*

Let the Globe-Trotter Guide Us

Some Succinct Suggestions Which Were Born in the School of Experience

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

REATHES there a man with soul so dead that never to his wife hath said, "Some day we will take a trip around the l"? If so he will not be likely to this article interesting. Still it hope to find readers, for there are few Americans who cherish the n that some day they will see this planet on an adequate letter of t supported by a sufficient bank ce, and make a thirty-five-thou-mile drive. Thirty-five thousand, if lease, for while the earth is twenty-thousand miles around at the tor and less than that nearer the , he who circumnavigates it will l more than the distance straight d it.

his man who talks to his wife about rip around the globe tells her that "we" go, we will not go on one of hurry-up parties, that are crowded me and crowded by too much com- on the ship, but that we will go red to spend a year, stay just as in each place as we like, and go on we get ready, making a thorough f it. He who wishes to do it in way will find facilities better than they ever were be-

mized Cruises Save ne and Money

fore. But while that method is much to be commended for those who can spare r and have made adequate intel- al preparation for the profitable f a year, the average American n who finally makes the trip goes ne of the four or five round-the- l tours that since the World War become such a marked feature of n travel.

ll of these cruises are timed to t a four months' schedule. That by any means the minimum time hich a tour of the world can be ; it is easily possible to cut below ime set by Jules Verne in his then sterous story, "Tour of the World ighty Days." Four months is t as long as an American party e held together in the matter of non interest and a moderate ex-

all these cruises there is a dem- ic spirit. There is no division into and second class passengers. Of e, the second-class rooms are oc- d, and for that matter part of the -class section, but the food is the in both cabins and the deck privi- are alike to all. He who pays the money gets the best room, as on hip or in any hotel, and everyone n equal opportunity to select his and pay as he can afford. On , also, he who has paid the highest gets the best room, but the board same, or as nearly so as can be provided where two or more hotels must be employed, and all is good according to the standard of the country.

Most of these cruises go eastward from New York. There are some advantages in that direction. One visits Japan in a more beautiful time and India is also reached in a more favorable season. But the law of compensation holds here as everywhere. No trip can be planned so as to visit every country in its most favorable season, and to be gone from America in its most unfavorable season and to do it all in four months. Those who sail westward through the Panama Canal and go in that direction around the world have the advantage of reaching Europe in the spring, and of being able to stop over for a time longer or shorter, according to inclination and purse. No one of these cruises has a vast advantage over the others. There is no great difference in the ships, the service, the shore programs or the hotels. The person who gets most for his money is the one who selects the cheapest cruise and the cheapest berth on that cruise. Every luxury above the minimum has to be paid for at something more than its proportionate advantage.

Some luxuries I think are well worth their added cost. If a man is traveling alone, and does not want to be put in a room with another man whom he does not know and may not like, he is justified in paying extra money for a single room. It will not cost him twice as much, but, of course, will cost him considerably more than a room similarly situated which might be shared with some one else. Personally, I would pay extra money for that, but I would not pay extra money for more deck space. The ships that carry the fewest passengers, of course, must charge more; the overhead on a large ship is immense. If it costs, as I think it must cost, a half-million dollars for the ship alone, that cost divided among four hundred persons is 50 per cent larger than if divided among six hundred persons. That is the whole story of the difference in expense. Sail on the ship that carries the larger passenger list, and you get your trip for less money. If you are afraid of being crowded by six hundred fellow passengers, go on the ships that carry four hundred, and dig deeper into your bank account. But none of the ships are uncomfortably crowded.

Advantages of Outside Staterooms

There is one extravagance which I think may well be afforded if one can afford it, and that is an outside room. I am no stranger to an inside room on the Atlantic, and I have traveled in one well content from America to Europe and back again. The inside rooms are well ventilated, and while one must depend on electric light, he probably does not use his light in his room very much in the daytime, and it does not greatly matter. But it matters in a trip to the Orient. On this present trip of mine I am paying for two of us exactly eight hundred dollars more for a room with a porthole than I should need to pay for a room in all respects similar next door, or diagonally across the corridor. That eight hundred dollars is well invested. If I did not have the eight hundred dollars, I would not on that account refuse to make the trip; the room next door is a good room occupied by an estimable judge and his wife, and they are as happy as we are; but for a trip through hot countries the porthole, with a windscoop in it, is worth four hundred dollars a ticket more to any man who can afford it.

Discard the Private Bath Custom

As for a private bath, I count that too dear a luxury for a person of moderate means. There are not many private baths on ships used in the round-the-world cruises, and those who have them pay well for them. My friends who have them occupy rooms not otherwise much larger or better than mine, and they pay $1,400 a berth, or $2,800 for a man and his wife, more than I pay.

So my judgment is that, unless one has plenty of money, the private bath is a needlessly expensive luxury. Bathrooms are abundant, and one may arrange for his daily salt water plunge at a specified hour and hold it all round the world. Not only so, but he will be able to work in an extra bath when he has come ashore after a fatiguing day. And the bathroom is not so far from his own door as to entail any serious difficulty. Few men enjoy a private bath more than I, but it would not be worth $2,800 to me. I take my salt bath early in the morning, every day in the week and now and then one besides.

All these cruises provide for the social, intellectual, and spiritual life of the passengers. There is a hostess with a group of assistants, and these plan what seems to me a quite sufficient number of dances and card parties. If I had to attend them all, I should think there were too many; but as it is, I merely say that there are enough. Each of these ships has a library, and if I am to judge by this one, which is the only one I have examined closely, these libraries are adequate. There is the regular ship's library of current fiction, which I have not had time to sample,

but which appears to be popular, and there is besides a well-assorted special library, purchased new for this cruise, of the best guidebooks and works of travel relating to the countries to be visited. Of the most important works, there are two or more copies. I carry more books than the average traveler, but I have had occasion to borrow from the ship's library and have only words of commendation for those who selected it. They showed good judgment and discrimination. I judge it is about the usual library for such a cruise. For its purpose it could not easily be better, considering the necessary limitations in bulk and reasonable requirements as to cost. The travel library is as complete and satisfactory as could well be expected.

I am able to answer now a question which has been asked me oftener than any other concerning a tour around the world. "What is the cheapest that it can be done for?" and "How much need a man and his wife who are able to travel in reasonable comfort, but who are not rich, expect to spend on such a trip?"

The minimum cost for what the cruise itself provided, which is room, transportation, board and shore trips from New York back to New York is $1,250, and as I have already said he who wants the very most of possible return for the very least possible outlay will get it in this rate and tour. But I do not advise a man to go so cheaply if he can afford some degree of added comfort. My own room is large, light and well located, comfortable and not luxurious. It cost $5,200 for two. For added shore trips I am paying about $700, and for the incidentals on these trips perhaps an extra $100. Tips on the ship will cost about $125. Laundry and other charges will be something. We shall have spent by the time we get back about $6,500 besides whatever we spend on our stop-over in Europe. It can be done comfortably for considerably less, or, one may add, for what appear to me needless luxuries, as much more as one likes. I think I am paying rather more than the average, and including a stop-over in Europe shall spend a total of $7,500 before I return. I give these figures without hesitation because there can be no secret about them. Everyone on a ship like this knows exactly what everyone else pays for his accommodation. Four thousand dollars is the most anyone can pay for the basic trip, and only thirty-two persons pay as much as that. As for purchases on shore, one may spend as much as he likes, and settle it with his conscience and the customhouse later.

What kind of persons does the American globe-trotter meet on the tour which he and his wife finally take around the world?

On an average they are older persons than he would meet on a voyage across the Atlantic. Also there are more men than on such a voyage, a considerable proportion of husbands and wives, which is a refreshing sight. Still, there is not lacking that group of women who are traveling, part of them on life insurance, and part of them on alimony. It is said that on this cruise there are 160 widows, sod and grass, and 116 unmarried women, maidens of assorted ages. There are relatively few unmarried men.

The average person on such a trip is a worthy, fairly prosperous individual. Seventy-five per cent are excellent people; ninety per cent are moral and temperate; not more than five per cent are positively objectionable. One per cent might be dropped overboard with distinct advantage to all concerned. They disgrace us in every port and shame their countrymen.

It is in the main a good-natured crowd, and will bear any ordinary strain on patience and courtesy. But it has in it some boors and enough genuinely selfish people to make others uncomfortable.

It is a good place to test the methods and results of gossip. People must talk, and mostly they talk about each other. Their gossip is for the most part kindly, but it very soon loses its original form. It is amazing how much you hear to the effect that some one said that some one else said that a lady said that a friend of hers heard the captain say something which the captain never dreamed of saying. If I knew a thing to be true, and heard it on deck, I should begin to doubt it. Not that people mean to lie, but gossip becomes untruthful before it gets down one side of the deck on which it originates, and it grows more so as it traverses the other decks.

The great American globe-trotter approaches his first landings with a consciousness that he does not know as much as he ought about the countries he is to visit. The management of the cruise has anticipated this state of mind, and provided a course of lectures. Shortly before each country is reached, a lecture is delivered, telling people something of the geography and history of that country, and something of what may be seen in a short time. Then, after the country has been visited there is an open meeting of what is called a Travel Club, in which people compare their impressions. Those who attend these meetings (and they are well attended) are helped by them. On shore guides are provided who are supposed to explain the places of importance as they are visited. One of the difficulties of the management of such cruises is that guides are eager to get through with this part of their work and conduct little groups of passengers to stores, where the guides get commissions on all goods purchased. Persons connected with the organization of the tours are forbidden to recommend particular stores, but guides are generally subsidized by local merchants.

How does the American globe-trotter behave on shore? In the main, he behaves well. He is frankly curious, and sometimes impertinently so, but he means well and is neither immoral nor unkind. But he sometimes does very rude things. And he is often more interested in telling people how much better we do things at home. I was interviewing a man from whom I was getting valuable information. A fellow passenger joined us, and as soon as the man I was interviewing made any statement, this American proceeded to tell him in detail the difference between that method and the method we employ in America. My time was limited, and this man knew facts which I wanted. It was sheer egotism and obtuse good-nature which caused my friend to "butt in" and deprive me of no small part of what I hoped to learn. It would be better if Americans went abroad to learn rather than to instruct.

I am writing this before the completion of the cruise. It is practically over except for its European stop-over. I have shortened that by two weeks since our first planning. Not that my mind has reached the saturation point. Not that I am sick or tired out. I have had enough for this time. I am glad the world is not any larger. It is a long way around—long enough. I shall be getting back before my friends have missed me. They will be saying, "Have you been away somewhere? I hear you were going. When do you start? It has not seemed long to them, but it is a long time as one measures it from the other side of the world. I am glad to have made the trip. It has been a strenuous and rewarding trip, but it is long enough. Five months I should make of it, and five months is a long time.

Is it superficial? Of course it is, and so it would be to spend only five years in studying foreign lands. But without pretending to any greater degree of thoroughness than the truth will justify, I can truly say that such a trip is not necessarily as superficial as some people suppose. I (Concluded on page)

General Smedley D. Butler's task of cleaning up Philadelphia may be compared to that of Hercules when he undertook to clean out the Augean stable. The Greek here accomplished his job in a day by turning two rivers through the stable, but General Butler has been working hard for a good many days to bring respect for the law into the Quaker City, and still he is a long way from being in the happy position of Hercules. Just why General Butler's broom handle has repeatedly snapped in his hands is an interesting story. It will be told in next week's issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

EDITORIALS

Coal's Annual Spasm

WE HAVE too much coal, therefore it is scarce; and because coal is so cheap, the price is high. Riddle this riddle who can; it contains the coal situation in a nutshell.

What is behind the rumblings of strikes, the pronouncements of the operators, the anxiety of the White House? Much human devilment, no doubt, but something besides—the twistings of an industry that is in process of change, and doesn't know it.

The operators want a strike, because it will be an excuse to hold up the public on the price. The miners want a strike, because it will close a number of surplus mines and make employment for the rest. These are the human elements, but they count for comparatively little.

The big facts are these: We have nearly twice as many mines open as we have need for. We have thousands of miners who are not needed in mining. And, in addition, the country is not using as much coal as it formerly did. Less coal does more work than it used to, because of the improved furnaces and machinery that have been evolved. Also, oil is lifting some of the load; and water-power is helping.

Coal is no longer king.

Ten years ago railroads used 275 pounds of coal per thousand ton miles. Today the same ton mileage is accounted for by 59 tons of coal. Railroad men prophesy that five years hence the figures will be 39 pounds.

That, in brief, is what is happening to coal. More economical use of it is resulting in less of it being needed. Coal was made so difficult to get that the public in self-defense devised means for decreasing the necessity to get it.

Of course, these basic facts are usually hidden. But concealment will not be so easily possible this year as in former years. The actual situation in the industry is widely known throughout American business circles. Bootleggers in coal have a small chance of pulling off their game this year.

Politics a Little Premature

TALK is commencing to dally with possible Presidential candidates and a third term for Coolidge. Most of the gentlemen whose names are mentioned will never be candidates: none of them will be President. Third term talk is entirely inaccurate. Coolidge has thus far only been elected once.

Jewish Fascisti in Italy

"THERE are only 50,000 Jews in Italy, yet this small Jewish group has produced more statesmen and men of affairs within the last quarter of a century than the rest of Continental Europe combined," says *The Canadian Jewish Chronicle.*

Two Jews have been Premiers of Italy—Luzzati and Sonino. A Galician Jew was Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs—Signor Schanzer. Nathan, a Jew, was Mayor of Rome.

But with the coming of Mussolini and his Fascisti the Jews of Italy enlarged their power. Mussolini's Minister of the Interior and the most influential man in his cabinet is Signor Finzi. Samueli Bellini, Angelo Olivetti, De Verona and Orios, the four strongest leaders of Fascism, are Jews.

Madame Mergherita Sarfoti, who occupies the responsible position of editor-in-chief of Mussolini's own paper, is a Jewess, and her husband, also a Jew, is one of Mussolini's close advisors.

When Italy emerged from the chaos of war and discovered that the International Jewish Bankers had hamstrung the country, a strong anti-Semitic feeling threatened to arise, but the Mussolini movement broke forth, and is now the protector of the pro-Jewish program throughout Italy. Mussolini's recent conference with Gabrielle D'Annunzio, who is also a Jew, is thought to have revolved around this question.

Power of the Press

THE reason such a multitude of books are being jolted from the presses of publishers is that today the world holds thousands of men who understand hardly anything and who are indefatigable in their desire to disseminate their uncomprehension. Hundreds of thousands of their fellow mortals stand ready to receive this many-worded misunderstanding, having been trained from childhood in the belief that cocksure formulae denote intelligence, that anything in print is wisdom, and that a book is necessarily to be respected.

There is a good case to be made out for the thesis that understanding is in direct ratio to the capacity for silence. Or conversely, lack of comprehension requires a great many words. Tolstoy, one of the most misunderstood of mortals, wrote huge books in his less mellow

years. Toward the close of his life he wrote less and less. Finally he achieved this:

"How well the peasants compose stories. Everything is simple, the words few, and a great deal of feeling. Real wisdom uses few words, for instance, 'God have mercy on us.'"

To enlarge on this sentiment would be to join the ranks of the uncomprehending.

Moral Training in Schools

WILLIAM A. McANDREW, superintendent of city schools, Chicago, has recently given to the press an interview worth reading. It deprecates the tendency to neglect moral training in the public schools, with material advantage emphasized.

Professor McAndrew will have appreciative approval of his sturdy demand that character building have a more important place than "money-grubbing" in the teacher's work. If the idea that to be illiterate is to condemn one to menial occupations, that a high school graduate is certain of employment at good wages, and that a college diploma is insurance of a still larger salary, could be forgotten, there would be less of disappointment when the eaglet first essays to fly.

The basis for moral training is, of course, in the home, but with parents careless, indifferent, or lacking in moral responsibility, their progeny must present barren ground unless their environment can be changed.

The value of the classics and the sciences is one of mental training, in itself an asset of inestimable advantage in any walk of life. The educated man has in it a treasure of which no one can deprive him, but if materialism is the chief end of education it is self-deceptive. The young man or young woman who entertains it will be satisfied with a diploma, whether earned or not. Anything to "get by," but an awakening most certainly follows if one cannot make good. The diploma is no certificate of genuineness or worth, ability or possibility, and the student who insists upon appreciation according to its face has something yet to learn.

New Methods in Arctic Exploration

IS MACMILLAN, with his airplanes and radio, taking the romance out of exploration?

Peary spent twenty of the best years of his life at one job—reaching the Pole. Now one of his former aides plans to accomplish in two weeks what explorers have dreamed of for two hundred years—the exploration of the million square miles of unknown area between Alaska and the Pole. Other explorers, with their old-fashioned methods, have bitten generous chunks out of this area, but it remains for MacMillan to eliminate the word "Unknown" from maps of the Western Arctic.

Peary and Stefansson faced many a blizzard that blinded both men and dogs; MacMillan will do his exploring in balmy summer weather. Peary and Stefansson traveled thousands of miles during the "Arctic night"; MacMillan will enjoy daylight for twenty-four hours each day.

Peary and Stefansson ate cold snacks at noontime in the lee of an ice-cake—or went without lunch; MacMillan and his followers will carry warm food and thermos bottles filled with hot coffee. Tired from sitting in cramped positions while FLYING over the hummocky white desert, rather than from hauling sleds over its surface, these modern explorers will be denied the fun of pitching a camp, building a snowhouse, or sleeping on a polar bear skin spread upon the ice; possibly they will don pajamas at their land base each night, and crawl into real beds.

Shades of Shackleton! What is exploration coming to?

Regarding Parliamentary Procedure

IN THE parliamentary world a question arises: Is Goose Creek worth widening? An appropriation is made, a committee founded. The committee investigates. Goose Creek becomes an issue, is debated pro and con. A bureau is begotten to take care of memoranda and correspondence relating to Goose Creek. Another appropriation is made to finance the bureau. Eloquence makes play. A committee is appointed to investigate the Goose Creek Bureau. An appropriation is made. The committee takes evidence. The Goose Creek Bureau becomes an issue. More pro and con. An election is won on the issue.

Three years pass. A government exploring party is fitted out and sent in search of Goose Creek. A temporary building is erected to house the clerical force which takes care of the memoranda and correspondence relating to the bureau founded to take care of the memoranda . . . and so on. Meanwhile Goose Creek has dried up in spite of all irrigation. In the end, nothing remains but the bureau and the clerical forces.

This account is exaggerated, but not sufficiently; where it fails in reality of detail, it succeeds in reality of idea. And the analogy falls short only in respect to the final achievement. In the parliamentary sequence, often enough, the window is not closed, nor the match blown out. Whether the window should be closed or the match blown out is fiercely fought about by rival factions down the corridors of time, and when the echoes begin to die away they are still echoes of an issue thrice removed from fact.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

A STUDENT of earthquakes, their causes and effects, rode through a scene of recent destruction and made this report: "In general, good design and honest workmanship stood, while incompetency and bad workmanship were exposed in all their miserable nakedness." It was the comment of a detached scientific investigator on industrial honesty.

There is nothing new in it. It is as old at least as the Parable of the House that was Built on the Sand. But its age is an evidence of its truth, for truth is the oldest element in the world; it becomes new only in our discovery of it.

One truth which humanity stares at all the time and yet seems unable to believe is *the permanency of change.* The common saying that "nothing is certain but death and taxes" is untrue; the most certain thing is change. Taxes are a charge and death is a cessation of functions on a certain plane, but change is continuous and is possibly one of the farthest reaching laws of the universe and life.

It is this element of change that makes life a perpetual surprise. The ambushed hour that will turn our fate or test our mettle is always just around the corner. To cultivate a sense of glad expectancy and greet the unknown with a cheer are signs that a man is coming to an understanding with life.

The truth of the continuous experience of change needs no demonstration; but the problem of what will survive change is, in all its aspects, one of the deepest that the mind of man has wrestled with. It is at the bottom of the oldest speculation about immortality and the youngest business policy.

The expert in earthquakes and the expert in the Parable both bear witness that good work survives. The well-designed and honestly built structure survived the earth-tremor. The house that was built upon the rock survived the storm. The business that was built upon service survived the panic. The man who did a day's work every day survived the clean-up of incompetents that swept through the shop. The young man who used his head and did not sell his youth for folly survived the "wave" of destructiveness that swept over his generation. Good work is what survives.

Change is always associated with developing life, but not with perfect life. The line of the old hymn which many think is very mournful—"Change and decay in all around I see"—is really a statement of development. Change indicates the ongoing of life; decay indicates the non-survival of what was unfit in life, or what had served its purpose.

Change is national and economic, just as it is personal and planetary. That nation is most highly developed which has seen most changes. Compare the changelessness of China with the rapid and all but bewildering changes that have occurred here. And even China is beginning to scent the winds of change blowing upon her.

Although it is a matter on which one would not pronounce finally, the impression is strong that here in America we have undergone more economic changes, more economic earthquakes, so to speak, than any other people, and, if so, we should be the better for it; we ought to follow the practice of earthquake experts and study what survives, and why.

> *IN A RECENT earthquake the well-designed, honestly built structures survived the shock. It is always so. In the world shakeup of ten years ago, it was the nations that believed in work and freedom that endured. In so-called "panics" the concerns that are built on service come through upstanding. There will always be changes and periods of testing, but they are not feared by those who have built honestly on sound foundations. What can be shaken off should be shaken off. Change means development, but only sound and honest qualities can remain attached to the developing life.*

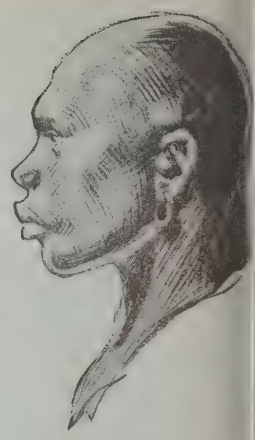
That is an excellent sort of shaking up that shakes down the false and leaves the true upstanding.

In human affairs, however, confusion should be avoided between disasters we bring on ourselves and those which occur under the beneficent law of change. Some periods of change we can attribute to the universe, others to ourselves. But the common element in both is the ability of the good, the honest and the true to survive. Hay, straw and stubble go up in the flame, but pure metal remains.

We are in an after-quake period of the world now. The rumblings of the last great change are hardly silent; the sounds of the world's rebuilding are heard everywhere. We can look back over a space of ten years and see what perished. All pretense perished. All incompetency perished. All political and diplomatic dishonesty perished. All of that peculiar fraudulence, which makes words do duty for things, perished. Religious hypocrisy is rapidly perishing, and with it a superficial and unscientific dogmatism in the realms of science. We are more honest with ourselves, on the whole, than we were previous to 1914, and thus we indicate what really survived the war—our capacity for honesty survived.

And this is the very essence of all good work. Honest intention has power to find or create its own ability, while talent without honor is strong only to work its own destruction.

The African Negro in His Own Home



An Intimate Study of the Black Man as He Is, Not as Many People Imagine Him to Be

By HENRI GALLAND
Administrator of the Colonies of French Equatorial Africa.

NO FEWER than 150,000,000 Blacks inhabit the Continent of Africa. If "Primitives" are to be met with in any number in Western Africa, their primitiveness does not present the interest of the tribes termed Bantu, the name traditionally used since Bleek in 1867—from the personal prefix BA and the root NTU—men whose dwelling place can be roughly located in the triangle made by the southern part of the continent. It is among those tribes that we find the greatest moral, social, and, to a large extent, linguistic unity. It is among them that we discover the primitiveness preserved by tropical forests and wide rivers, while the northern tribes, tainted by Islamism, by ancient contact of the whites, disorganized by invasions, by the more or less lasting successions of various Negro kingdoms, have undergone complete changes on many points.

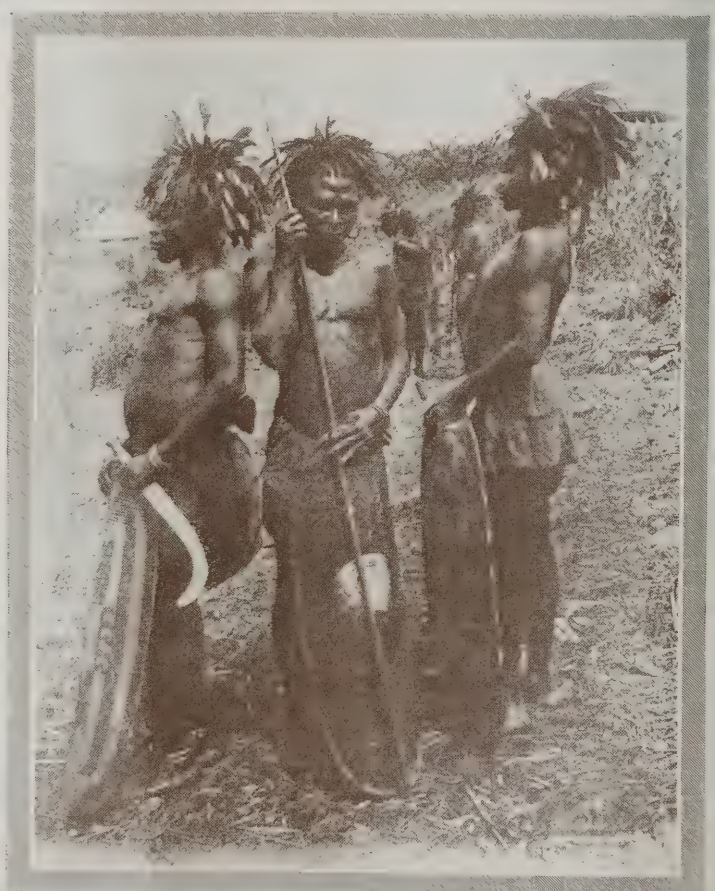
A wide gulf divides the mentality of the white man from that of the black man. Behind the strange customs of the latter are meanings hard to discover. But it is in their actions that the ways of thinking of a people are revealed; it is through those actions that we can grasp their habits of mind. We must remember that many customs that may, at first sight, look strange are almost identical with those which were observed by our ancestors.

At this point it may be interesting to cast a glance on those who are considered by historians as the last remnants of the aboriginal race—that is, the Negrilloes or Pygmies belonging to a human race somewhat distinct from the black one.

Homer, Herodotus, Aristotle and Pliny have mentioned them. We find them scattered in a sporadic state over the whole surface of tropical Africa as well as in other parts of the world, in India, in the Malacca peninsula, in the Philippine Islands, the Andaman Islands, et cetera. The names by which they are called (Watua or Batua, Babinga, Bek, Akowa, Baweya, Babi, Bakola, Babongo, Bakouya, Bakoa, et cetera) do not even belong to them; they have been given them by the surrounding tribes with whom they maintain a commercial intercourse.

The size of those Negroes is seldom above four feet eight inches; they have a very prominent chin, a rather light complexion, a flat nose, and upper limbs comparatively long. A light-colored down grows over their whole body. True children of Nature, they lead a life apart, in fear and loneliness.

Where did they come from? They themselves could not tell, and their being so scattered might seem to prove that, at a time which we cannot accurately state, they must have



Negro warriors.

before the invaders, that is, the pres
Negroes, the Bantu tribes, who reac
the continent by the southwest.

The tradition is unmistakea
among the latter; they easily recogn
that they are not the first inhabita
of the soil, and that they have conque
it over a wild race composed of r
living in trees in which they used
build huts, in grottoes or in lacustr
villages, according to the differ
regions. So powerful is that tradit
that, in several countries west of
Kivou Lake, for instance, the Negril
have retained a right of investitu
and they renew every year the leav
occupying the land to the leaders
the tribes.

Even nowadays it is not rare, in
equatorial forest of the Gabon, of
Middle Congo, of Cameroon, of
Belgian Congo, on the Wh
Nile, to meet any who wo
acknowledge any kind
relationship with the
vaders. They lead the
of wandering tribes, l
one day and more t
fifty miles off on the morr
Consequently they can
cultivate the ground, t
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ing them with spears
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necessary, follow for sev
days a wounded ani
until it falls down
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They know the deniz
of the forest so perfe
that they can imitate t
cries. They are thus enal
to approach within arr
shot and kill them m
easily.

The snares they set v
with each kind of anim
They make use of the
the noose and the c

The latter, reserved for elephant hunting, is rather curious. It consists of a huge log fastened a few yards above the ground, at a tree, and provided at its lower end with an iron spear two or three feet long. Some bait—bananas or maize—is fixed to it. When the elephant tries to seize the bait, the snare falls on the animal, pierces it through and knocks it down at the same time.

Their weapons are, besides javelins and spears, small bows that they use with a remarkable skill. Those bows are about one foot long for rat-hunting and one foot six inches for antelope hunting.

Their language possesses words undeniably Bantu that are used as well by other Negroes who live in countries far distant in some cases. Thus, among certain Negrilloes of the Cameroon and of Gabon we come across Bondjo and Banzir words. Now the Bondjos live on the banks of the River Congo while the latter dwell in the region of Upper-Oubangui. However, it is certain that their language is their own and does not belong to the group of the Bantu tongues.

Some of them, urged by the wants of existence, have been obliged to become the "clients"—in the meaning the Romans imparted to the word—of certain villages that they supply mostly with game and whose tongue they have more or less adopted. At nightfall they come and lay at the entrance of the village the trophies of their hunting or fishing: they are well aware that, on the next night and at the same place they will find such goods as they cannot obtain on account of their nomadic life—manioc, small raphia, pieces of cotton, chickens, and so on.

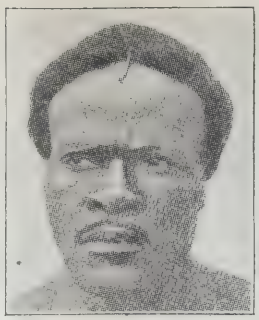
An old man of the tribe is generally entrusted with depositing their produce and taking the objects left in exchange, under the guard of a group of hunters.

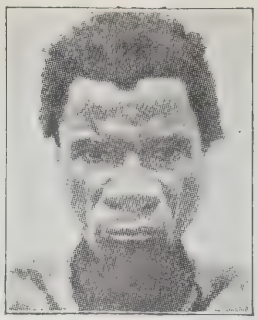
They have hardly been touched by the fetishism of the surrounding inhabitants. If they happen to possess a few amulets it is because they think those charms will bring them good luck in their hunting expeditions.

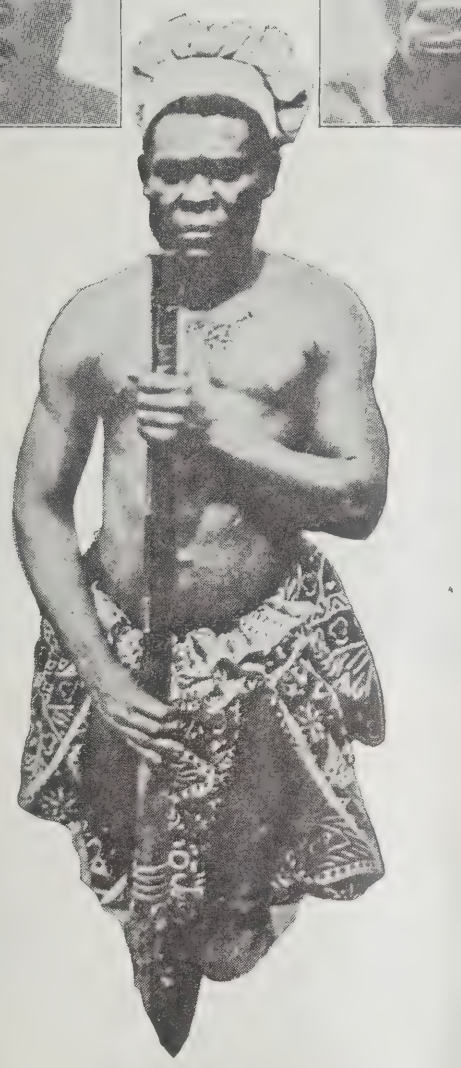
They do not, generally speaking, take wives outside their own tribes and monogamy is the rule among them. Each clan has its chief elected by the community.

The dances among those whom I was able to observe closely are not marked by the lewd character of those of certain African tribes. They are quiet, almost austere, with very short songs always in minor dirges of unutterable sadness which are never forgotten when once heard.

Those rites of separation, of reintating, et cetera, that are so numerous n other tribes are unknown to the Negrilloes. Thus it is that women







Some Negro types.

among them are free from the strictness of the seclusion cabin which many African women have to undergo at certain periods of their lives.

Neither birth nor death give rise to any special ceremony. Yet when a death occurs in the camp they repair to the grave of a Negrillo who has died in the country and take a handful of earth to cast on the tomb of the newly deceased.

Are we to interpret this custom as a rite tending to link the memory of the dead man to that of his ancestors, thus denoting the perpetuity of the right of ownership of the soil?

Whenever a child dies in infancy its body, which has been wrapped up in leaves, is laid in the pit by the mother herself. If the child is a few years older, the father fulfills the task of gravedigger. The body is buried in a squatting position, and, in certain regions, standing.

They observe taboos on food and also sexual taboos, as primitive people usually do. In spite of a few crossings that were unavoidable in the course of a contact that probably lasted several centuries, they are looked upon with a superstitious awe. The natives of Likouala in the Middle Congo consider them as the discoverers of fire; those of Fernan-Vaz, in the Gabon, believe the Negrilloes first found how to manufacture iron. In other places those whose "clients" they are and who, as a matter of fact, accept their help, will never enter the straw or leaf-built Negrillo huts. If they did so, they imagine they would be sure to catch some incurable disease. They would likewise energetically refuse the use of a fire lighted by Negrilloes.

Have the Negrilloes any fixed belief? The idea of a supreme being had for a long time been denied to primitive races by many ethnologists, even by missionaries. Sir John Lubbock, among others, supported that thesis; but a more thorough knowledge of this primitive people has forced all students of ethnology to acknowledge the facts.

It is undeniable that the Negrilloes believe in a supreme being, but they do not worship him. But who can tell their most intimate views on this subject as on many others? The life most of them lead in the heart of the wild and luxuriant, tropical forests will still, for many years, conceal them from investigation.

The Oasis of Adrar

THE Oasis of Adrar is in the western part of the Sahara Desert in North Africa, east of the Spanish possession of Rio de Oro, of which it formerly constituted a part. A considerable portion of its 30,000 square miles is fertile land on which dates and grain are grown. Ostriches are raised for their feathers and salt is mined. Due to its position on the caravan route of Morocco it is of considerable commercial importance. The inhabitants are for the most part Berbers.

An immense system of subterranean aqueducts, whose origin is lost in antiquity, supply the oasis with water. Not even the legends of the most ancient native tribes contain a history of their beginning. Adrar lies at the bottom of a natural depression that a marvelous irrigation system connects with reservoirs feeding the surrounding plains at a higher elevation. The natives, with no better implements than rude scoops and picks, have dug, at a depth of from 150 to 200 feet below the surface of the desert, spacious tunnels that extend for miles.

It rains but once in ten years at any given point in the Sahara and this sparse rainfall is conserved by collecting the ground moisture from a great expanse of territory at Adrar.

A Cathedral Crusade in Art

Does It Mean Another Renaissance Such as Transformed Fifteenth-Century Europe?

By OLIVER HOYEM

Above—The apse, eastern end of the cathedral now completed.

Right—Architect's drawing of completed cathedral.

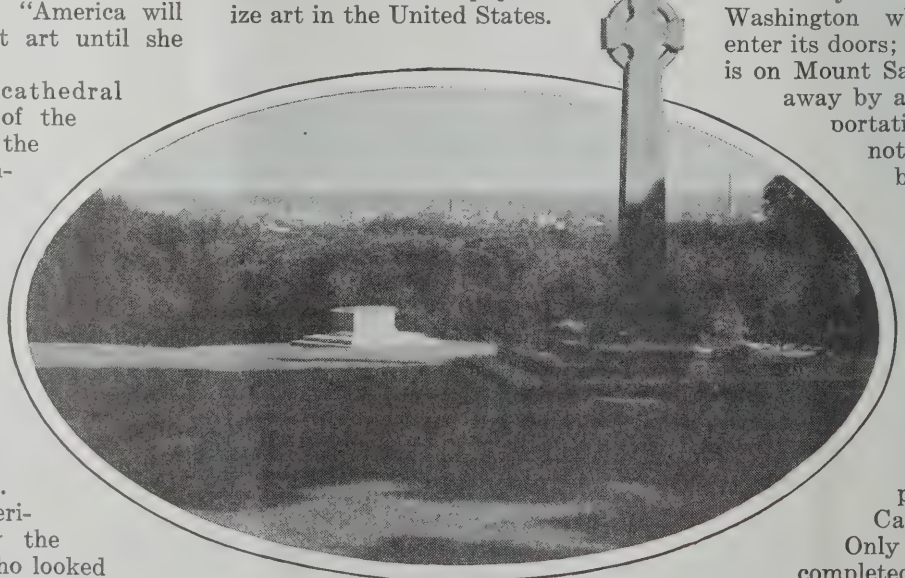
FROM the battlements of Washington Cathedral, a revolution in American art is threatened. Since it comes from the church it will be a peaceful revolution, but its object is nothing less than the restoration of art as the handmaiden of religion.

In the Middle Ages the cathedral builders were led by their bishops to Palestine to recover the Holy Sepulcher from the Saracens. The cathedral builders of today are leading a Christian crusade to recover art from the pagans.

The world's temples have been the greatest and finest influence upon the arts, say the artists and critics. We are told that the people of Europe have more appreciation of art than we because of their great cathedrals. Carrying this thought to its logical conclusion the critics have said: "America will never develop a great art until she builds cathedrals."

For many years cathedral building seemed out of the question so far as the United States was concerned. It seemed to belong to ancient history. America's great industrial genius might develop some influence upon art greater even than cathedrals, said some of the super-patriots who argued that we were too big to imitate Europe. Such beliefs were not seriously entertained by the great patrons of art who looked upon art as a phase of humanity not to be restricted by national prejudice and they expended vast sums of money in collecting the art treasures of Europe and placing them in the museums and art galleries. Each city wished to boast a great gallery of art. So we have stripped the cathedrals of Europe of some of their most valuable possessions. Yet something vital is lacking.

It is a fact that people as a mass are apparently not greatly interested in art museums. If they are they do not show it by their actions. The number who visit the Metropolitan Museum in New York City, the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington and the galleries in other cities is disappointingly small. It is a fruitful source of humor for cartoonists. Art galleries have failed to popularize art in the United States.



The Peace Cross, erected at the close of the Spanish War. Four hundred feet above the city, it is probably the finest cathedral site in the world.

Will cathedrals do more to give the average American an appreciation of art? The building of cathedrals in New York and Washington that will rank with the finest in the world, coupled with the remarkable interest on the part of the American people in them, has convinced many that a new Cathedral age is here and artists are beginning to consider seriously the possible influence of the new movement upon art.

Persons desiring to compare art museums with cathedrals asked about the number of visitors to the Cathedral so a year ago the verger in the Bethlehem Chapel of Washington Cathedral was given the job of counting noses. The figures from Easter to Easter showed a count of 189,425, not including the thousands who attended the great open-air services during the summer. During April more than 30,000 persons visited the Cathedral. The Corcoran Gallery of Art reported a count of 177,240 visitors during 1924. There is more significance in the figure than the fact that Washington Cathedral has forged ahead of the Art Gallery in the number of visitors. The Corcoran Gallery of Art is in the center of Washington where everybody may enter its doors; Washington Cathedral is on Mount Saint Alban, three miles away by airplane, and the transportation facilities thereto are not yet of the best. Anybody who makes the journey does so because of real desire to see the Cathedral. The museum with its beautiful building and its great art collection has been in existence for many years; at Mt. St. Alban there is no more than a promise of the great Cathedral that is to be. Only one-tenth has been completed. One small chapel is the only completed unit. Yet thousands visit the Cathedral who give no

ought to the Corcoran Gallery of Art. ndreds come out in taxis. Hundreds ke the Cathedral their sole objective visiting Washington. There is some- ng compelling about a cathedral, a gnetic power that art museums can- command.

Of course, the fact that Woodrow lson and Admiral Dewey are buried the Cathedral accounts for some of present interest, but before either them was buried there the count of itors was considerable. The Cathe- l as the Westminster Abbey of erica is not a new idea. It was the ention of the founders when they ained the charter from Congress in 3. The burial of great men is not accident. It is a part of ancient hedral tradition. When the Cathe- l is completed the Westminster bey appeal will be a minor factor in racting visitors, just as the burial of at men in Rheims, Notre Dame, artres, and other cathedrals is not the present day responsible for the rimages to these shrines.

Architecturally, Washington Cathe- l will be the finest exponent in the ited States of the Gothic style. erica has been imitating Roman hitecture, which was itself an imita- of Greek architecture except for the oduction of the Roman arch. Mod- industry and finance are enthroned Greek and Roman temples. So is ernment. Gothic was selected as architecture which would sym- ze Christianity in the cap- of the nation because it ssentially a Christian elopment. It was fruit of the re- ous fervor and nse devotion of cathedral build- of the Middle gs.

With the end of cathedral age in

Tomb of Woodrow Wilson in Bethlehem Chapel of Washington Cathedral

the sixteenth century, the building secrets of the masonic guilds were lost. Researches during the last fifty years are again bringing them to light. *During this period also there has been more cathedral building in the world than during the preceding three hundred years.* It seems as if some divine power had hidden these secrets from profane eyes until the beginning of the new cathedral age. At any rate the subtleties of the cathedrals of Europe are being incorporated into Washington Cathedral. They will differentiate the cathedral from the mathematically exact symmetry of commercial architecture. They are infinite in variety, in curves, angles, carvings and sculpture, carrying out the principle that Gothic never repeats, that every stone shall tell its own story. The introduction of Gothic architecture into the United States is in itself a revolution. Millions of words were expended in a desperate battle some years ago in which Gothic emerged the victor, but the echoes are still heard. The vanquished were not reformed, and so the Gothic exponents will for some years to come express their art principally in church building.

In sculpture and in painting the cathedral revolution will manifest itself in their more vital relationship to architecture, and in a greater stress upon religion and philosophy as the subject matter. The greatest art of the world has always developed as part of architecture, especially when it was consecrated to religious purposes. Sculpture and painting began as a decoration of architecture. But since the Middle Ages there has been a steady divorce from this first principle. Instead of being a builder's craft, sculpture is now regarded as a separate art. Its success today is marked by the production of separate and isolated statues or groups. The return to first principles is apparent in the work of the sculptors at Washington Cathedral. Sculpture as elaborate as that of Rheims will adorn the new Gothic fane, but it will be an integral part of the design. The building will come first.

In the light of this basic principle, it is interesting to study the plans for a more comprehensive scheme of Christian symbolism than exists in any American church edifice. In cathedral figure sculpture the tradition of centuries of religious expression has developed an art somewhat unique in its modes of expression. Physical beauty, the ideal of the Greeks, is not the *motif* of Gothic religious art. The spiritual message is of primary importance; spiritual grace and beauty the ideal.

Sculptured ceilings five hundred feet long east and west, and two hun-

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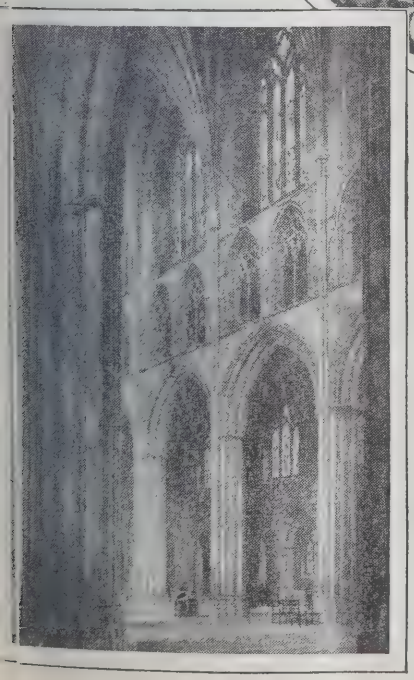
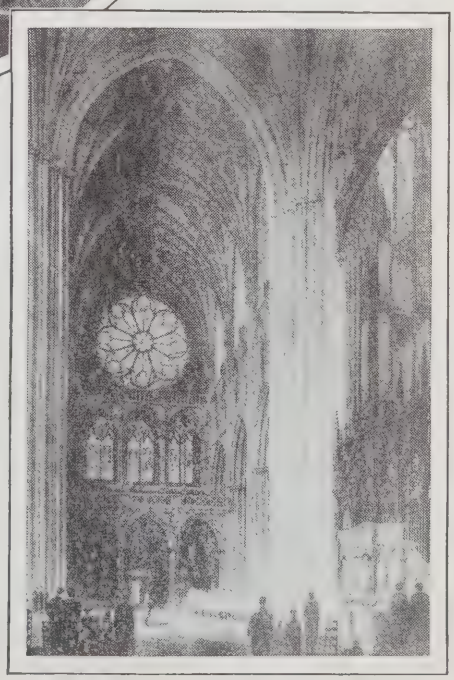




Oval—Bishop Freeman addressing the cathedral workmen upon the completion of the construction of the Chapel of Resurrection, one of the interesting crypt chapels. Left—Diagonal view of nave, from architect's drawing. Right—Transept of Cathedral, from architect's drawing.

The Adventures of Those Ancient Mariners Surpass the Romance of the Thousand and One Nights

Round Cape Horn. (From an etching.)

The Boston Marine Society

By MAY B. WHITING
ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. C. WALES
Courtesy of Goodspeed Bookshop, Boston.

THE Boston Marine Society is the oldest society of its kind in the world. In 1742 it was organized as the Fellowship Club and a little later it received its charter, under the present name, from William Shirley, Governor of the Province. Its members were captains of ships, "master mariners," as they are still styled, with an honorary membership of merchants and others interested in maritime affairs. John Adams is on the first honorary roster.

There is not one of the thousand and one adventures of the "Arabian Nights" that can surpass the romance and bold deeds of New England shipping. Before Boston was a year old Governor Winthrop built the *Blessing of the Bay* and launched her on July 4, 1631, for the maiden voyage to Long Island to trade with the Dutch. A few years later the *Trial* was built at the North End and sailed to the Azores and the West Indies. By the close of the seventeenth century Governor Bellomont reported that there were more seagoing vessels in Boston alone than in Scotland and Ireland combined, and fifty years later, when the Society was formed, 550 vessels a year cleared from Boston for foreign ports. On one October day in 1791, seventy vessels spread their sails for the seven corners of the globe.

At that time lighthouses were very few, seas were uncharted, channels unmarked, and even the approach to the home port difficult and dangerous. The first object for which the Society was founded was to collect knowledge that would aid navigation, and each member was invited, on his return from a voyage, to report variations in the needle, shoals and rocks that he had noted. The second object was to help the families of those whose fortunes or whose lives were lost at sea.

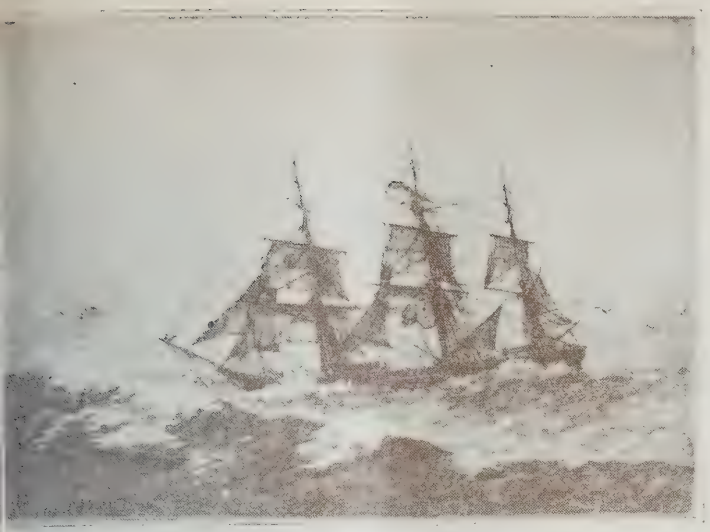
Money was collected for this purpose in a rather curious fashion. An old by-law required "that such members as shall go a voyage to sea, and shall return successful, without being cast-away, taken by the enemy, or meeting with any other misfortunes, shall pay Six Pence Sterling into the Box for the Use of the Society, for each and every month that he shall have been absent." There was also a fine of "5s Old Tenor for being absent from a meeting," another fine for not attending a brother member's funeral, and from this fund the needy were relieved "according to the nature of his misfortune and the Ability of the Box."

The records show that the Society in its earliest years rendered great service to shipping. In 1796 it conferred with the governor as to a lighthouse to be erected on Cape Cod and buoys for Boston Harbor, and that same year the Humane Society asked its advice as to the best place to build huts for shipwrecked me and the Society suggest Marshfield Beach, Na tucket, Lovell's Islan and Lynn Beach. Stran as it seems, many a go ship that had round the Horn and sailed t Indian Ocean came to sad end almost with sight of a haven. T Society from its foundi had charge of the pil ing of Boston Harbor a it still retains that p rogative. Today t governor appoints a co mission of two from t Society's recommend tion, and any complai of accident or mismana ment is referred to trustees.

With all its dange the sea was like a magn for the staunch N England stock. Gre treasures and brave a ventures lay away somewhere beyond t horizon, and there w no lack of youth to a-seeking them. M rose from cabin boys be captains at twen with power to sell t cargo and even the bo and in a few lucky v ages made their fortu or were broken by stor or mishaps impossible foresee.

Major Shaw, officer in the Re lution and ancestor of Robert Go Shaw, famous commander in the C War, is a type of the seafaring man his day. In 1784 he set sail from N York for the Orient in the *Empr of China*, carrying lumber, rum, a ginseng. Then vessels were not allow to go to Canton but must anch twelve miles below and carry th cargo up by lighter. Foreigners w forbidden to stay in the city, a after their business was transact must retire to some more frien island. Although the "hoppo," Chinese customhouse officer, was grea grieved because there were no "si songs" or presents for him, the Yan captain promised to repair the negl the next time, and the voyage wa great success.

A year or so later, in 1789, Sh built the *Massachusetts*, the larg merchant vessel up to that time in United States. Her launching wa



Head Seas. (From an etching.)

at event in New England, but just ore she sailed Moll Pitcher, the nous seer of Lynn, prophesied that would be an unlucky boat, and mediately her crew deserted. With at difficulty another was obtained l at last she got to sea, but her nking was of such green wood that rotted before the voyage was half r and spoiled her cargo. The ship s sold at Canton at a great loss, and jor Shaw, only thirty-nine years , died on the trip home.

Somewhat happier were the ven-es in the China trade of Daniel con, one-time president of the ston Marine Society. He was mate n the *Atahualpha*, when, at anchor ow Canton, she was attacked by ates. Bacon was then on shore, he managed to get away from nds who tried to detain him forcibly, l made his way a rowboat to his p, determined to re her fate. The ptain, Russell rgis, had powder dy to blow up boat in case the inese boarded r, but in the antime he poured all shot into the nks with such cess that he ally drove them . This exploit used the lazy ndarins to put a p to brigandage, l the pirate lead-e was captured and t to death by the rible "thousand s."

When Captain con retired from lowing the sea he nt into ship-bilding. His most nous ship was the *me Cock* whose rehead of a cock h outstretched gs was known in many harbors. The *Game Cock* was the fastest ship of her kind in the world and Bacon challenged British shipbuilders and mariners to beat her. At first the prize was ten thousand pounds, then the stakes were doubled with a start of two weeks over the course. The London newspapers tried to arouse maritime interests to accept the challenge, but in vain. The racing of those days makes ours seem like the matches between the toy boats on the frog pond. Then the course was to China and back and the prize a fortune.

The Chinese trade lasted for about three-quarters of a century and it was the foundation of many fortunes. There recently died in Boston a member of the Marine Society, Frederic Hinckley, one of the last surviving captains of that era. In his ship, *Living Age*, he was cast away for over a month on a reef in the China Sea.

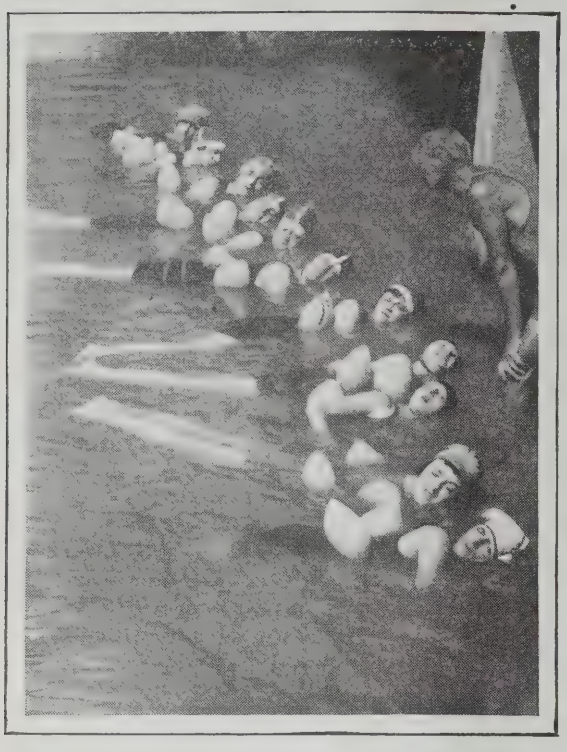
The most renowned of the early Yankee merchantmen was the *Columbia*, a little vessel eighty-three feet long, the first American ship to sail around the world. With her consort, the *Lady Washington*, an even smaller vessel, she set sail in 1785 for the perilous voyage, laden with hardware, tools, toys, and beads to trade with the Indians, and carrying aboard a surgeon, a furrier, and an artist, together with medals struck off by the government to be distributed among the natives.

Off Cape Horn they encountered heavy gales and it was a year before they reached the unexplored Northwest, the crews ill with scurvy. During the winter their cargo was exchanged for furs which, in turn, they sold in China to buy tea. After two years' absence, the *Columbia* reached Boston, bringing the young Hawaiian prince, Attoo, who marched through the city beside Captain Gray, wearing an exquisite cloak of red and yellow feathers. The artillery fired salutes in honor of the achievement and Governor Hancock gave a dinner to the officers and owners of the ship. Yet the voyage was unsuccessful financially. On a second trip Gray discovered the Columbia River which he named after his ship. This voyage was likewise unprofitable so that the *Columbia* was sold at auction. Yet these pioneer voyages opened up a great fur trade which, when developed, yielded fortunes, for it gave the skippers of the "Nor'westmen" otter and seal furs for which the Chinese mandarins were willing to pay high prices.

In 1848 came the gold craze in California and with it the most beautiful fleet of ships ever known, the Yankee clippers. Donald McKay in his shipyards at East Boston built ships that were the marvel of the world. Speed, rather than carrying capacity, was re- (*Concluded on page 32*)

The ship *Columbia* and sloop *Washington* to the Northwest coast, 1787.

Why Must Swimmers Drown?



Left—Mr. George H. Corsan putting a class of women through the rhythmic breathing drill in shallow water. The pupils are taught to breath in while the mouth is out of the water.

Right—After inhaling, the class next practices breathing out through the nose in the water.

If They Saved Their Breath They Wouldn't

By GEORGE HEBDEN CORSAN, SR.

AS SOON as the really hot weather is upon us, we have daily reports of men and women, boys and girls being drowned while bathing or boating to escape the heat. Two or three boys in some quarry; three or four young men and women in this inland lake; a half-dozen men and women at that ocean resort; a score in the nearest large river; sometimes hundreds when a river boat turns turtle. I have heard some directors of athletics say that from one-third to one-half of the people in this country do not know how to swim, but I would go further and say that fully 100,000,000 men and women, boys and girls are unable to handle themselves in an ordinary emergency in the water.

Last May, a steamer turned over in the Mississippi River near Memphis, having on board a group of men and women who were attending an engineering convention. Only one man, according to the reports I read, could save his life. A colored man, who happened to be passing in a launch, was a "Johnny-on-the-spot" and saved thirty-three lives. All of those saved acknowledged they could not swim. The drowned totaled twenty-two. The one man who was able to swim the short distance to shore was so completely exhausted as to be unable to tell inquirers of the catastrophe.

Such "accidents" to bathers and boaters have happened, will happen, again and again. There is no use protesting against people who are ignorant of the correct art of swimming, going in or on the water. You simply cannot prevent men and women, boys and girls from going to the nearest bit of water to cool off during warm weather. Then the question naturally arises: "What prevents such a mass of people—the men and women, the boys and girls of this country—from learning to swim?"

And another question:

"Why do so-called good swimmers, expert swimmers, wonderful swimmers, drown?"

And still another question:

"Why does anyone drown?"

Let us consider the last question first. Although I am almost sixty years old, and have made the teaching of swimming a business since 1898—first as an amateur, then as a professional—I have never seen anyone drown. I have seen thousands of men and women, boys and girls, in the act of drowning—but I have never seen anyone drown. Occasionally, I have been brought to the scene of a drowning for the purpose of resuscitating the drowned person but as my arrival might be anywhere from one to two or three hours late, nothing could be done. Yet, the Shafer Method of Resuscitation can be learned in a few minutes! Put into practice immediately, it would quite often mean the saving of a life otherwise lost while the crowd is waiting around for some person to be brought from a distance.

No person ever requires the slightest education on how to drown! One and all, persons in the act of drowning proceed about it in exactly the same manner. And, if you are not careful, when you go to rescue them, they will drown you too.

What drowning persons do:

1. They at once proceed to go from the horizontal or safe position to the vertical or extreme danger position.

2. They lift the top of the head as high out of the water as possible instead of the mouth and nose only.

3. They try to climb out of the water, instead of "grasping at straw" as they are said to do. The climbing out of the water means reaching the arms high in the air which at once submerges the entire body deep in the water. There is really no quicker way of submerging.

4. They holler all the air out of their lungs, which, of course, not only sends them under, but sends them under with empty lungs. Thus, they choke or strangle far more quickly than otherwise. If they went under with their lungs full and let the air out very gradually, as in normal breathing, then bobbed up to the surface on the instant of exhalation they could fill their lungs with air in the fraction of a second.

5. They inhale through the nose instead of through the mouth as

hould always be the case in the water.

6. They will make an up-jerk with h legs, from the hip joint, which con will surely pull them under. A wimmer will always draw his legs very slowly and quietly, and make h jerk on the downward blow. The el on the upward action is fatal.

7. They will always t ggle ridiculously a l. This shakes all h air out of h r clothing. f hey would e quietly in h water h could em a in flat long n gh to be e ued. A man, unex- e edly thrown n salt water, u clothed, could elat on her back and ot until a shark ate her r he was starved to death, as she ld not sink.

8. Without exception, they en- e or to get face down instead of a up.

9. When you dive in after a r ning person, he or she will at n proceed to drown you too, as a r ning person is temporarily in- a . Some years ago, I saw a uni- e ity professor drowning his son h was trying to save him—yet h same father would have given i life for his boy, quite cheerfully, t ny other time.

10. When a non-swimmer is being o ed by a powerful swimmer, while e nay not grasp him or try to drown i rescuer, he will make his task as i icult as possible by bending in- t d of keeping his body straight n flat. I have often towed a dozen n ionless women, each woman hold- n the head of the one in front of her, o g this stunt quite easily. On the t r hand, I have often found great i iculty in towing only one man who w ld insist on crumpling. I would a e to flatten him out forcibly be- o I could tow him ashore. Flatten- n a rescued person is a harder proc- s than towing him.

Now for the second question. P sonally, I have never known of a e ly good swimmer drowning. It is n asy matter for an onlooker to say h drowned person was a wonderful w nmer and really believe what he a s. Some time ago, when I was o ting on a three weeks' campaign t South Bend, a lady came in for e ons.

"My daughter is really a wonderful w nmer," she explained, "and, when I go about with her, I am ashamed to a I cannot swim when I am asked to o a swimming party. Can you e h me to swim? I am quite sure I w never learn."

She was so pleased with her first lesson that she brought her daughter down the following morning when she came for her next lesson. Would I give her daughter some coaching? I found that daughter full of faults, and it takes a long time to overcome a fixed action that is wrong. Before the campaign ended, the mother was a much better swimmer than daughter could hope to be. So you see, it all depends upon how much you know about the art of swimming as to whether some swimmer is expert or wonderful. Such a statement was made by a non-swimmer who had gone canoeing with a friend who could swim. Somehow the canoe had upset; the swimmer started for shore, while the non-swimmer clung to the canoe. He was rescued later but his friend never reached shore.

A class of women practicing the rhythmic breathing drill. Breathing is the most important detail in the correct art of swimming.

To leave the education of children and adults in the art of swimming either to themselves or to amateurs or professionals who are incompetent to teach is a very great mistake. Very often, it is a fatal mistake. Most systems of teaching swimming are wrong: this instructor will start his pupils on the breast stroke; that instructor will use the side stroke. Either method will utterly prevent the pupils from becoming skillful swimmers afterward. Another instructor will commence his pupils on the front crawl stroke, most likely discouraging his adult pupils at the very beginning, because the front crawl is the most difficult stroke in swimming and requires much constant practice for years to reach perfection. Again, the majority of instructors start their pupils in water four or five feet deep when water from one and a half to three feet is sufficient for a giant to learn to swim. Furthermore, they try to teach their pupils to swim—instead of giving them one detail at a time and letting them learn to swim. Each detail should be learned correctly before the entire stroke is attempted. The average girl or woman can acquire the elementary part of swimming, up to and including the back crawl or back racing stroke, in from one day to one week. The time depends upon her ability to learn, suppleness and flexibility, specific gravity, terror of the water. Elementary swimming includes one's own life-saving stroke so that each pupil is drown-proof. The front crawl stroke is learned next.

Architects also discourage swimming for the great mass of people by building unnecessarily deep pools for swimmers and divers. They never design the utility type of pool for instructing beginners. Then, too, swimming pools are placed in cellars with almost no ventilation, generally with insufficient light. No one can blame men and women for being discouraged from even attempting to swim in such an atmosphere.

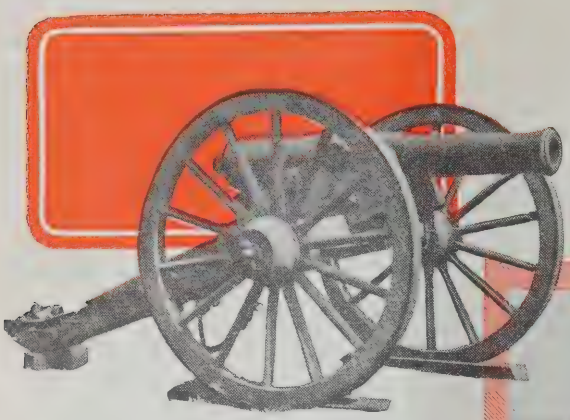
Every grade school in the country should have its swimming pool but boards of education, accustomed to such pools as described above, shrink from building such pools in the schools. But pools in every grade school, say from one and a half to two and a half feet in depth, would enable every child to swim perfectly in a very short time after entering school. Then, after school hours, these pools could be used by adults so that every one would be drown-proof. Such pools are economical to build and to keep running; they are safe and exceedingly effective. The water can be changed every day if desired. In this way, and this way only, will the men and women, boys and girls of this country learn to swim so as to prevent so many unnecessary drownings.

Jumping Balloons

Balloon jumping is the latest sport in Great Britain. A balloon about the size of a small haystack is attached to the wearer who becomes so buoyant that very little exertion will send him many feet into the air, over houses, trees or other obstacles. Care must be taken in jumping, for the merest touch of the foot sends the flier up twice his own height. The balloon folds up into a pack and is easily carried. It is an expensive sport as helium is used in the bags.

It is believed that helium will become cheaper as more advanced methods for rectifying it become known. Then balloon jumping will increase.

These balloons are adjusted to the weight of the wearer and are attached to the chest by means of straps. If it is windy weights of lead are carried so that one shall not jump too far and be carried aloft and out to sea.



"Old Fort Wayne

"Mad Anthony's" Bulwark, Yesterday and Tod

By MYLES DOUGLAS SAVELLE

Left—Old cannon. Above—Openings for cannon and muskets.

MAJ. GEN. ANTHONY WAYNE—sometimes called "Mad Anthony"—left a lasting impression on the Indians in and around what was then called the "County of Wayne" which comprised the present states of Michigan, Wisconsin and the northern parts of Ohio and Indiana. The present Wayne County is small and is mostly noted as the county in which Detroit is located. Detroit, in turn, was noted as one of the most beautiful and cleanest cities in the United States until it became famous over all the world as the Motor City.

In 1701 the Sieur de la Mothe Cadillac founded the trading station on the strait which gives the city its name and he built a fort, called Pontchartrain, to protect the settlers against the Indians. From then on there was constant friction between the Indians and French; the British and French and, finally, in 1812, the British and Americans. Fort Pontchartrain stood where the First National Bank now is and was abandoned when a new fort was built on the site of the post office. When the territory was surrendered to the Americans by the British, old Fort Lernoult stood until the present Fort Wayne was planned. It was later torn down and the post office erected on the spot.

Fort Wayne is located on the strait at a point nearest to Canada and is in the city of Detroit. On the site of the present fort, General Hull camped with his army which was sent to hold Detroit but which he surrendered. It was here also that General Wayne inflicted a crushing defeat on the Indians; a defeat from which they never recovered. It may be truly said of "Mad Anthony" that his madness always had method and that his enemies feared him more when mad than at any other time.

Fort Wayne was also an Indian burying ground. The Indians constructed huge mounds and buried all their dead in one place. There is a story that after the defeat the Indians decided never to use the ground again as it was haunted by bad spirits. The ground was given by the Potawatomie Indians to a Frenchman named Dupernon Baby. As part of the gift Baby agreed that the burial mounds were to be respected and that no planting was to be done on them. This, of course, is tradition as there are no written records to this effect. The land was finally sold to the United States Government for a fort and the present fort was constructed.

In these days of high-priced lumber and construction materials it is hard to believe that the scarp was built of red cedar and the embrasures of heart oak. Later on it was faced with brick and cement.

So much for the dry history of Fort Wayne. There is much tradition surrounding this old fort.

It is said that when the moon shines through the mist the solemn ceremonies of the Indians burying their dead may be seen. The Indians always buried their dead sitting and facing the north, surrounded by food, weapons and their favorite dog, that the trip to the happy hunting grounds might be accomplished. Sometimes in the case of a great chief the horse was also buried with the warrior.

In front of Quarters 13, there is a burial mound which has never been opened by scientists although another one just outside of the fort was opened some years ago.

To one not familiar with the terms of fortifications, such words as scarp, bastion, moat, counter scarp, parados, and the like, would be foreign language. It will suffice to say that the fort was built square and surrounded by a deep moat or ditch. Inside were the quarters for the garrison and the chambers for ammunition and supplies. The old cannons were mounted on a revolving platform on the walls and the openings for riflemen were cut through the walls.

An enemy attempting to capture the old fort would first have to get over the outer wall, then cross the moat and scale the inner walls. For modern warfare it has no value at all, for one well-directed shell would destroy and n it untenable.

During the construction of Wayne, the United States troops housed in Detroit Barracks under command of Lieutenant U. S. Gr Lieutenant Grant afterward wen the Pacific Coast, and he was also famous General and President.

In the days of the horse and bu Fort Wayne was the center of the s life of Detroit. The officers of garrison entertained lavishly for friends in Detroit who in turn d out to the fort for dinners and monies. Many an army wife wa cruited from the ranks of the families in Detroit. They are m old ladies now and their husband colonels and generals.

Times change. What was on marvel of military engineering is a landmark. Instead of being rounded by woods the fort is al lost amid the immense factories manufacturing plants.

The old cannons that so gr manned the walls are now ornam overlooking the parade ground. W battle practice was once held is n playground for the children of the rison. The curious visit the old and are struck with the green gra the bottom of the moats and wo what they were made for. Instea the roar of cannon one hears the c and hum of machinery in the neigh ing factories.

The science of war has progre as well. Instead of pipe-clayed m blue there is the alert, trimly young fellow in olive drab who is b taught to respect himself, his cou and his country's laws. Instea firing a musket at a target fifty y away he is taught how to hit over a mile away. Instead of marc toward the enemy in serried rank

taught to advance by ones and twos, ing advantage of cover and conceal- nt. If the shades of the departed l men can see they must smile to note w modern warfare has adopted the tics of Indian fighting.

Times change indeed. The old gar- on reports show that a corporal won prize of "a turkey and a pint of isky" for making the best score at get shooting. At this time any one nd with a pint of whisky promptly placed in the ardhouse.

Speaking of guardhouses, re is another great change. the old days a soldier com- tting a breach of discipline s placed in a cell in the lls of the old fort. Now man is questioned and his nse is explained to him. If is the first time, he is put probation, the assumption ng that any man will do ht if he realizes the neces- y for so doing. If he is an offender he is placed in the guard- use which is a large barrack building l is required to do extra work in lition to his military duties.

Although arms and equipment nge, certain things remain the same. e morning gun which salutes Old ory as it is hoisted to the top of the gpole is as old as the country itself. e parade at retreat when every one the garrison does honor to the lower- of the flag for the day is a daily les- in patriotism. Even the children ying around stop and stand rigidly attention with their tiny hands sed in salute as the flag is slowly ered while the bugles sound "To Colors."

Changing the guard daily is an- ier ceremony which dates back to crusaders and which always inter- s visitors. The command "Sound " has a significance which the lay- n always questions. Richard the Hearted first started this by re- iring those who had been selected to form a particularly dangerous duty march in front of the army, with gles and drums playing as a mark of nor. To this day those who are mounting guard stand at parade rest while the band marches and counter-marches in their honor.

In the old days at the fort sentries guarded all gates and no one was allowed to enter without permission. Now the visitor is cordially welcomed and the interesting things about the post explained. Old reports dating back sixty years tell that men were issued their rations and required to cook them. The inexperienced man cooked and ate his food at once and had to go hungry the balance of the period. Now the company kitchens and dining rooms are models of efficiency and cleanliness. The company cooks are men who have been especially trained and who are more saving than the average housewife. The menu is varied and tasteful and woe be to the captain who is not personally supervising his company mess.

Top—The saluting cannon on the wall.

Center—Ports for cannon and rifles in the walls.

Bottom—On the walls.

Eventually Fort Wayne will give way to some huge manufacturing plant and the walls will be torn down; the moat will be filled in and the green parade ground will be covered with buildings and tracks, but the spirits of those who lived and died in its walls will linger with those of the Indian warriors who sleep in the great grave facing the north and looking toward Canada.

Fort Wayne typifies our times. A great city has grown where once the red man roamed in the forests. It was built to defend Detroit against the Red Coat. Since then the Red Coat and the Yankee have fought side by side for a common ideal. The city is steadily crowding it and it has lost the original use and purpose, but the ideals which are sheltered beneath its walls will be continued in another Fort Wayne erected to carry on the training of the young American in "Duty, Honor and Country."

"Mad Anthony's" grim relic is not only a striking reminder of the struggle for American domination in the "City of the Straits," but it is a symbol of what our forefathers did to safeguard and consolidate the liberty we now enjoy.

Ministers' Code of Ethics

WHAT is believed to be the first code of ethics for ministers was recently drawn up in New Haven, Connecticut, by the New Haven Association of Congregational Ministers. The code deals with the minister's work, his relation to his parish and to his profession. Among the more outstanding features of the code are the following: He should tell the truth as he sees it and present it tactfully and constructively; he must pay his debts promptly and must not bring reproach on his calling by joining in marriage improper persons.

It is considered unethical for a minister to break his contract made with the church. He should make his service primary and the remuneration secondary. It is unethical for the minister to engage in other lines of remunerative work without the knowledge and consent of the official church board. Confidential statements made to a minister by his parishioners are privileged and should never be divulged without the consent of those making them. It is unethical for a minister to take sides with factions in his parish, to interfere with the parish work of another minister, to make overtures to or consider overtures from a church whose pastor has not yet resigned or to speak ill of the character or work of another minister, especially of his predecessor or successor.

Gold Standard Not a Union Jack

Lloyd George Protests Against Winston Churchill Replacing "Golden Calf"

By MAURICE MANNING

THE leading article in the *Times* "International Banking Section" of its annual "Trade and Engineering Supplement" is on "The Gold Standard: What it Means to the Nations," by Professor Edwin Cannan.

Gospel of Gold According to Edwin Cannan

I have known and read the arguments of all sorts of "currency cranks" —and conditions in the United States during the past half-century have encouraged the evolution of many varieties of the genus—but I have seldom read an argument so characterized by ignorance of the very fundamentals of the science of money and exchange as this by the eminent defender of things as they are. He seems deaf, dumb and blind to the refutation of his arguments by the invincible logic of cold facts when he comes to urge that the gold basis means stability of prices and a bulwark against inflation of the currency, as against the advantages of a properly managed and regulated currency controlled by the government. That gold basis or no gold basis, currency issues must be controlled by some one and that the some one should be a responsible government rather than a bank not responsible to the public or the government, Professor Cannan utterly fails to see. In fact, he distrusts popular government to such an extent that he advances as a clinching argument in favor of the gold basis that: "Experience shows that the general tendency of nationally managed currencies is toward over-issue and consequent depreciation at various rates, mostly rapid."

The same number of the *Times* annual contains a suggestive resumé and review of the first volume of the Senate Committee's report on European Currency and Finance, edited by John Parke Young, Ph.D., and which is boomed as containing an exhaustive survey of monetary problems and "a very lucid exposition of the case for the gold standard." Here again we find the assumption that the gold standard is inevitable, the only sure and sound basis for money. There are, however, some damaging admissions concerning the fitness of gold to serve as a basis for a stable currency. The value of the metal, even on a market in which it is given privilege and favor by such government action as surrenders to it the monopoly advantage of serving as reserve for currency issues at a government fixed price, is subject to frequent fluctuation. The Senate Committee's reporter tells us:

"The present purchasing power of gold is about 35 per cent below the 1913 level, and about 25 per cent below the average for the years 1788 to 1913 . . . Conditions, especially with respect to the demand for gold, have so changed that predictions as to the future value of gold are hazardous."

Comparison of this U. S. Senate Report with Mr. Churchill's references to the gold basis creates an impression that he must have had the report before him when he prepared his speech. Note this from the Report: "When the gold standard is reintroduced, European countries will doubtless economize in the use of gold and manage with as little as possible, since they need many things in addition to gold. The redemption of paper money in gold and the circulation of the metal in coinage will probably be discouraged as far as possible."

A Delusion Locked in Bank Vaults

In plain English, the new style "gold basis" is to mean the complete dependence on a paper circulating medium not really redeemable in gold. The pretense is that a reserve of the metal locked up in bank vaults gives to paper currency some mysterious element of real value, soundness and stability that is lacking in a paper currency backed by the credit of the nation! The farce is especially stupid in a country like Britain or the United States whose financial faith and resources are unquestioned, which is collecting a surplus revenue and paying its debts dollar for dollar and on the dot and yet is able to float loans at a premium.

Prominence is given to the fact that this Senate document advocates an international monetary conference to be held at an early date. Such a conference, it is suggested, would do much to bring about common action in the matter of the general adoption of the gold basis and the bringing about of "uniformity of different currency units." The fact that most European currency systems are in a state of flux is deemed to "offer a better occasion for currency unification than has probably ever before occurred."

International conferences of this sort are a favorite scheme of the International Jewish money-changers. They are a convenient device for investing schemes of spoliation determined in secret with a show of publicity and open consultation.

Much light is shed on the whole situation by a news dispatch from Geneva announcing that the Swiss Government, following England's example, intends shortly to adopt the gold standard *for international trade* the present prohibition of gold export being lifted, *but the circulation of gol coins in Switzerland not being allowe* And it is added "the pound sterling i now above par in Geneva and the pape Swiss franc has for some time been at premium over gold."

In a dispatch from Cape Town South Africa, further enlightenment a to the true inwardness of the presen situation is conveyed. The Currenc Commissioners are reported as recom mending a return to the gold standard but it is pointed out *this does not mea that bullion will be converted into sover eigns* at the Pretoria Mint. "So far a the mines are concerned," we are told "it is a fact that the premium on gold i now so low that it would be mor profitable to turn the bullion into coi at the Mint than to ship the gold i bars to London, if it could be done. Th deciding factor will be the *cost* of export taking the exchange into account At the end of January, the premiur was two shillings an ounce."

Obviously, the return to the gol standard simply means an increase i the purchasing power of gold and so c its commodity value on the market The manipulations arranged in Wash ington recently between the Governo of the Bank of England and the Pres dent of the Federal Reserve Ban means a substantial increase in th market value of gold in all the world markets, *to the immense profit of th owners of the metal*, to wit, th Rothschilds and their allies and con nections. The sedulously promote and disseminated opinion that th change means an appreciation i the value of the British Treasur Notes—now to be merged in Bank c England note issues *not* under the con trol of the British Government but c the Bank—is a mistaken notion. In short time, this will be made plain t the simplest con

The Hypnotic Spell That Holds British Politicians

sumer in the experi ence of rising price measured in th new currency.

Altogether the psychological mo ment seems near—if it has not alread arrived—when intelligent people every where will recognize the fallacy that restoration of the world's trade t normal conditions, and of improve conditions all 'round, will follow return to gold. The pretense is wearin so thin that people on either side of th Atlantic must surely see through it and seeing through it, riddle it thoroughly

There are encouraging signs of breaking of the hypnotic spell tha has so long held Britain's politica leaders in thrall in the course of th debates in the House of Commons o

Churchill's Budget, several utter-
es show a shifting of the wind of
ion concerning the gold basis.
rd George, who as Chancellor of the
hequer at the outbreak of the war
nished Europe, and especially Lom-
l Street, by the genius he displayed
national finance, had this to say a
days ago:

"I am not one of the wor-
hipers of the golden calf. I do
ot believe in an ideal that does
ot see you through your
roubles. In the war, its altars
vere deserted and the image
vas locked up. Now Mr.
Winston Churchill has come and
pened the cupboard with an
merican key. He has polished
t up with his burnishing rhetoric.
Ie has replaced it on its pedestal,
nd when they heard of it in
he Valhalla of Wall Street they
tarted twanging their golden
arps for joy. It is undoubtedly
omething of a gamble and those
vho are engaged most deeply in
British industry are those who
re least happy about it."

Mr. Philip Snowden, Mr. Churchill's
ediate predecessor as Chancellor
ne Exchequer, based his objection
he return to the gold standard on
precipitancy" and showed anything
a deep appreciation of what the
n really involves. Yet he had this
y:

"Immediately on the issue
f the report of the Cunliffe
Committee (the first open step
owards resumption of the gold
asis), the Government and the
Bank of England began a policy
f very rapid deflation, a policy
vhich has had serious conse-
uences. It has ruined thou-
ands of business men; it has
reatly enriched those who are
olders of fixed interest-bearing
ecurities; and it has been largely
esponsible for the great trade de-
ression and widespread unem-
loyment during the last three or
our years. The precipitate re-
urn to the gold standard may
ave similar consequences."

Of course, everyone who knows any-
ig about the money question knows
a drastic contraction of the money supply was a necessary and logical preliminary to Britain's restoration of the gold standard.

Another Pungent Protest Against Gold Myth

Much more pointed was the protest
ed by another Socialist, Mr. Wall-
d, the member for Merthyr.

'It was a curious thing," he said, 'that while deflation had been going on the shares of the Bank of England had been going up in value by £90 per share, and the values of the shares of the 'Big Five' joint-stock banks had advanced in proportion. While bankruptcy was facing thousands of traders and unemployment had knocked at the doors of millions of workers, the bankers had reaped a richer harvest than ever before, and had tried to cover up their profits by putting up palatial buildings."

This last was a hit at the fact that several of the big banks (like the Federal Reserve in the United States) are not only putting up magnificent main building offices in the City (where land is valued at anywhere from a million to five million dollars an acre), but that even the new branch bank buildings in small suburbs are on a scale of magnificent costliness. Each of the "Big Five" banks has more than 100 branches within the limits of the London district alone, and in England as a whole they have an aggregate of more than 5,000 branches.

The "Gold Standard Bill" passed its third reading after two brief and inconclusive debates. The outstanding feature of these discussions, with the exception of some expressions of vague uneasiness as already noted, was that Britain's legislators simply accepted what the bankers and "financiers" told them to accept. The general note was a weak confession that the members who voted for the bill were unable to penetrate "the intricacies of finance." They left it to the experts, assuming that the experts knew and recognizing their own ignorance of the subject. Mr. Churchill's own attitude is proof of this. So afraid was he of the British gold supply being raided that he felt obliged to make the remarkably unusual arrangements for its protection thus described:

Concerning Credits and Some Creditors

"Two credits have been provisionally negotiated: one with the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, who had undertaken to give the Bank of England a revolving credit of $200,000,000 for two years; the second was with Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., and was for $100,000,000 for a similar period."

Concerning this "revolving credit" certain facts have come to light as to the terms on which it was arranged, facts that are subjecting Mr. Churchill to considerable added criticism. It appears that the British Exchequer has agreed to pay Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., at the rate of 1¼ per cent, or £250,000, whether the credit is called on or not. In the second year, the payment will be at one-half this rate—that is £125,000—if the credit is *not used*, but at the full rate of £250,000 if it is used, so that the total liability of the British taxpayer is half a million pounds sterling. It is pointed out that this is an excessive interest rate, even if the credit were certain to be used, as any good merchant house in Britain at today's rates can get dollar credits in New York at ¼ per cent for three months' bills, which is equivalent to one per cent per annum.

By this bargain the Government, with the vast resources of the British Empire behind it, are to pay a larger commission by ¼ per cent than would be charged to any sound private firm in Britain. Indeed, it is likely that the big banking and acceptance houses in London would have been glad to have negotiated the transaction with their New York agents at one-half the price to be paid by the British Government, so that, through what is described as "Mr. Churchill's blunder," fully £250,000 of the taxpayers' money is being wasted!

Purchasing Power Is Quite Different Now

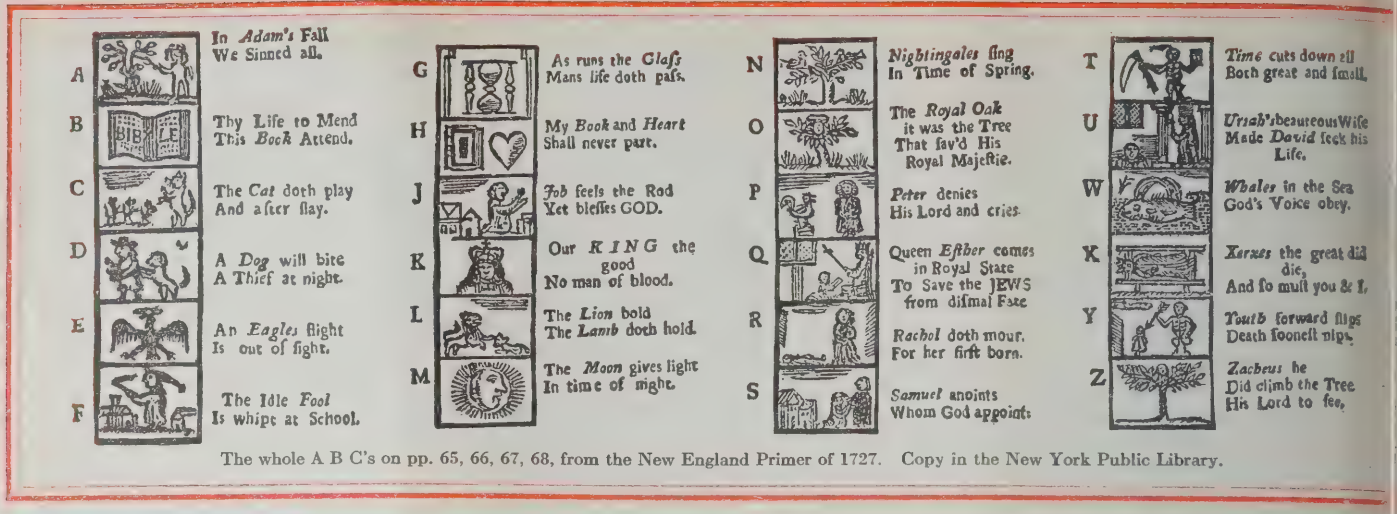
William C. Owen, an able financial authority, makes a bold and serious charge against the wranglers of the gold basis scheme in this connection. On March 31, 1914, that is just before the war, he says, the British National Debt stood at £661,473,765. On March 31 of this year the debt amounted to £7,646,394,000. The greater part of this enormous increase of nearly seven billion pounds (about 35 billion dollars) is for advances made to Britain by the Gold Clique when the nation was in the throes of a life and death struggle.

These advances were made *when the purchasing power of the pound sterling was only from eleven to thirteen shillings*, or say *little more than one-half of the present purchasing power of the paper pound* exchangeable for gold. Since then the efforts of the International Bankers have been concentrated on bringing back the pound to its twenty-shilling value, thus almost *doubling the burden of Britain's debt* and putting an extra rake-off of one billion dollars in the coffers of the international usurers!

Deflation is in the interest of the bond-holders; every penny of this enormous increase must be paid by the workers who are the wealth-producers.

The British national wealth at the beginning of 1920 was equivalent to thirty billion pounds and the national *debt* in round figures to seven-and-a-half billion pounds, or one-quarter of the national wealth. The doubling of the value of the pound since that date, *in order to reach the gold standard*, has practically doubled the already staggering burden of Britain's national debt. Measured by the gold standard, Britain's national wealth now amounts to roughly fifteen billion pounds, so that one net result of the return to the gold basis is the raising of the national debt from one-quarter to one-half the total of the national wealth! Incidentally, it has doubled the burden of the annual interest charge which the taxpayer has to shoulder. It has wrecked hundreds of British industries, stagnated trade, bankrupted thousands and perpetuated the era of unemployment.

Even with the Gold Basis bill a law, the financial writers in the daily papers unconsciously reflect the fact that the metal has come to be regarded not as money but as a commodity.


A In Adam's Fall We Sinned all.
B Thy Life to Mend This Book Attend.
C The Cat doth play And after flay.
D A Dog will bite A Thief at night.
E An Eagles flight Is out of sight.
F The Idle Fool Is whipt at School.
G As runs the Glass Mans life doth pass.
H My Book and Heart Shall never part.
J Job feels the Rod Yet blesses GOD.
K Our KING the good No man of blood.
L The Lion bold The Lamb doth hold.
M The Moon gives light In time of night.
N Nightingales sing In Time of Spring.
O The Royal Oak it was the Tree That fav'd His Royal Majestie.
P Peter denies His Lord and cries.
Q Queen Esther comes in Royal State To Save the JEWS from dismal Fate.
R Rachel doth mour. For her first born.
S Samuel anoints Whom God appoints.
T Time cuts down all Both great and small.
U Uriah's beauteous Wife Made David seek his Life.
W Whales in the Sea God's Voice obey.
X Xerxes the great did die, And so must you & I.
Y Youth forward slips Death soonest nips.
Z Zacheus he Did climb the Tree His Lord to see.

The whole A B C's on pp. 65, 66, 67, 68, from the New England Primer of 1727. Copy in the New York Public Library.

A Rare Book Now

New England Primer of Pre-Independence Days

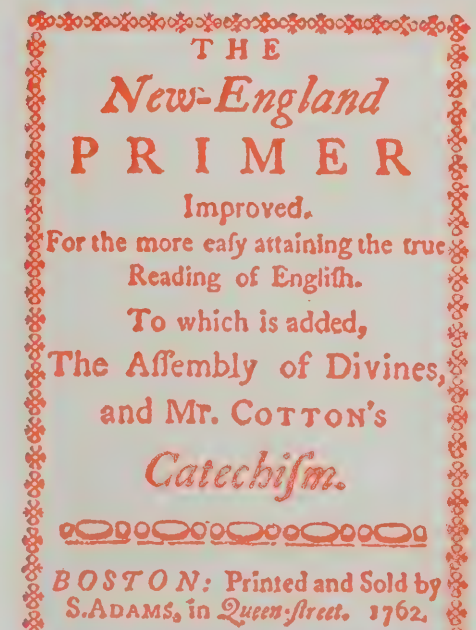
By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE most widely used books of one age are by the irony of fate the great rarities of a later age. The very popularity of a work contributed to its being destroyed by use. With primers and horn books, the insignificance of the work, also, invited destruction when the book was slightly torn or mutilated. The large and magnificent specimens of early printing, like the Gutenberg Bible, even though printed in small editions, are more frequently found in printers' advertisements, than many earlier but more insignificant works. No book in early America was more frequently printed than the New England Primer. At a rough estimate two million copies were produced during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in America, yet of the seventeenth-century editions not a single copy survives and of the eighteenth century approximately 200 copies, some mutilated.

Books with the A B C's, with the Lord's Prayer or Pater Noster, with the Creed, and with prayers appeared almost with the invention of printing and were used for the instruction of the people by the clergy. In English Henry the Eighth permitted the publication in 1534 of a little book, "A Prymer in Englyshe with certeyne prayers and goodly meditations, very necessary for all people that understonde not the Latyne tongue." This was later replaced by the so-called "Royal Primer, Or, an easy and pleasant Guide to the Art of Reading, Authorized by His Majesty, King George II."

Henry the Eighth was animated by enmity toward the Catholic Church in the publication of the Primer. The religious quarrels in England occasioned numerous other works of that kind, with doctrines adapted to the views of the party in power, for more than a century.

Toward the year 1680 Benjamin Harris published in England, "The Protestant Tutor," said not to have been relished "by the Popish Party, because it is the design of that little Book to bring up Children in an Aversion to Popery." In 1686 Harris left England and sought new fields of endeavor in New England, having a "Coffee, Tee and Chucaletto Shop" in Boston, combined with a publishing house. This was not an infrequent combination in Colonial America. Some time before 1691 Harris published his New England Primer, an advertisement of which is found in an Almanac of 1691, "News from the Stars," printed by R. Pierce for Benjamin Harris at the London Coffee House in Boston, 1691." This advertisement does, in fact, refer to a "Second Impression of the New England Primer, Enlarged,


THE
New-England
PRIMER
Improved.
For the more eaſy attaining the true Reading of Engliſh.
To which is added,
The Aſſembly of Divines, and Mr. COTTON's Catechiſm.
BOSTON: Printed and Sold by S. ADAMS, in Queen-ſtreet. 1762.

The title-page.

to which is added n
Directions for Spell
the Prayer of K.
ward the 6th,
Verses made by
Rogers the Mar
left as a Legacy to
Children."

Recently I
Worthington C. F
found in the Stat
er's Register, the list of books as prin
in England, under 1683, the annou
ment of a New England Primer p
lished by John Gain. This disturb
item possibly upsets the theory
vanced very ably by Dr. Ford's brot
Paul Leicester Ford, that the
issue of the Almanac appeared in N
England after the arrival of Benja
Harris in 1686.

The most comprehensive acco
of the New England Primer is fo
in the history of the modest li
book written by Paul Leice
Ford. This is supplemented by
fine bibliographical account of kn
copies, made by Charles Heartm
of Metuchen, New Jersey, giv
the location of two hundred copies.

Harris published Protestant d
ments during Catholic times in Engl
and in 1681 was hailed before an
friendly court, fined 500 pounds,
placed in the pillory. This unplea
experience directed the thoughts
Harris to America. It is quite possi
as Heartman suggests, that John C
was none other than Harris and it
be that the New England Primer
first printed in old England wit
view to subsequent sale in America.

The alphabet verses are presuma
the work of Harris. During the cours
time various changes were made in
verses. A pious printer, one could
say *poet*, changed:

"Thy Life to Mend
This Book attend,"
to
"Heaven to find,
The Bible Mind"

and similar changes in numerous ver
In particular after 1775 Ameri
printers hesitated at any reference
Kings as good, and substituted
publican sentiments.

How Modern Monopoly Works Out

(*Continued from page 5*)

e will no longer buy at any price. here a price for a new plant is too gh, he refuses to haggle, but brings o play the enormous financial back- g and underselling power of his com- ie to force the owner of the plant o ruin or submission. He moves rough the sea of competition like a nking submarine, sinking his com- titors without a trace. But he does t sink the towering accumulations of pital and costs, which mount with ch competitor destroyed.

These accumulations have now ought him into closer and closer ntact with what the economists call e "Law of Diminishing Returns." everyday English, the point of iminishing returns" is the point at ich the consumer begins to rebel, accept substitutes or do without. is the point at which an artificial mbine begins to stumble under a ight so excessive that even its nopoly power cannot bring it more pporting income. It is the point at ich the bankers become pessimistic and balky.

He Now Borrows From the Public

The commander-in-chief, approaching the height of his power, finds himself approaching also a precipice. The nkers will lend him no more money. e prospect of the next dead market es him nightmares. *Since the bankers ll not lend, he decides to borrow from public through a great bond issue.*

For this purpose he enters Wall eet. He enters it, a monarch now, t not a Caesar with his legions intact. is, rather, a Damocles with a sword er his head that hangs by a thread. r the sale of his bonds he delivers nself over to a syndicate of so-called nkers who are in reality more pawn- kers than bankers. The syndicate dertakes and guarantees the sale of e bonds with a proviso for a sub- ntial "bonus" to itself. This bonus, ether paid in bonds or cash by the mbine, or in added cost to the pur- asers of the bonds, means more in- ltion, more investment in artificiality hout return in actual industrial eration.

The commander-in-chief moves on. s combine is colossal, but it carries a usand items which a single business uit, built out of honest competitive fits, would never need to carry. e economies of its mass production d mass distribution are less and less mpetent to offset the mass of its ess investment and mounting over- ad. It now controls, let us say, fty per cent of the business of the ntry, and the commander-in-chief cides that this is enough. He is ser and more modern than Thales. wishes to avoid a complete monopoly f several reasons. For one thing, there is a public prejudice and a Sherman Law against it. He finds it necessary in many ways to have a number of small pseudo-competitors in the field. These little fellows are all disciplined and harness-broke; they will follow his prices because they know he can always undersell them in a pinch (by taking losses). He lets them live, if they can, in those periods of dead markets which he has come so to dread because he fears public opinion should he become a 100% monopoly. In other periods of active consumption and high prices he can bring his excess capacity into play at any time and take all the business he wants from his pigmy competitors. In order, however, to have a clear, if silent, understanding with these "competitors" regarding the minimum price by which they are all to be bound, he fixes on a system of selling his goods at what is called a "delivered price," which means a price at his principal plant plus freight to the point of delivery. This pricing method,

Meanwhile the policy which has determined our commander-in-chief to limit his control of business to fifty per cent does not prevent his expansion into related and auxiliary lines. He has abandoned further horizontal development, but he now goes in for perpendicular development. This perpendicular development, which the economists call "integration," means the acquisition of power and importance in the production of the raw materials of his business, and in the distribution and retailing facilities for his finished products. The combine becomes self-sufficient, controlling its own raw materials and carrying its own finished products to the consumer's very doorstep.

Stabilization Becomes a Fetish

The commander-in-chief moves on. But there moves also, closer and darker, the deadly Law of Diminishing Returns. The day of the next dead market may be the day of doom for the combine. The commander begins frantic and even fantastic efforts to "stabilize" prices against the recurring business cycles that may one day turn him to economic perdition. He comes to emphasize the word "stabilization," to love it, to make it a part of his business faith. To accomplish it he uses his monopoly once more to put into effect two utterly artificial devices—resale price maintenance and the "guaranty against decline in price." The "guaranty against decline" means that, to maintain both his distribution and his price, he agrees to reimburse his jobbers or distributors for any losses resulting from a decline in his own factory price subsequent to their purchase of goods from him at the higher price. Of course he has no intention of lowering his own factory price unless he is forced to do so, and he hopes by this guaranty to maintain, at no cost to himself, the price discipline of his distributors. This is the device he uses to reassure those of his distributors who are dutiful but nervous. For those who may be rebellious or over-independent, he uses the other device, "the resale price maintenance" contract. This is a contract whereby, under threat of having their source of supply cut off, jobbers and distributors agree not to sell goods below a certain price stipulated by the combine.

When the Kick Comes From the Consumer

The "competitors" of the combine, of course, follow suit with guaranties and resale contracts of their own. The eventual result is a play into the very hands of the on-creeping Law of Diminishing Returns. Distributors, assured against loss on their purchases from the combine or its "competitors," buy recklessly. For them it is a "heads-I-win-tails-you-lose" proposition. As their stocks increase they force their goods on the consumer through all sorts of methods (except the one forbidden method of cut prices). The combine assists them by a national advertising campaign with added millions of dollars spent to hypnotize the consumer into buying more than he needs or can afford.

It needs no imagination to guess the final result. The point of diminishing returns, which is really the point beyond which the public refuses any further "forcible feeding," is at last reached. The buyers strike. Purchasing demand on the part of the consuming public fades to the vanishing point almost overnight. (This is exactly what actually occurred in the spring of 1920 when, after a protracted period of rising prices, demand fell off so abruptly that the whole price structure of the country collapsed and a near-panic ensued.)

It is the twilight of the gods. The voice of the people has sounded at last, as it will always sound in the end. The commander has come to his Waterloo. His distributors, who have placed large orders with him, ruthlessly break their contracts. Those whom he has guaranteed against price decline hover near him waiting for the break in his own price to claim their guaranty. If he does not lower his price he can sell no more and must carry an enormous inventory and overhead at a continuous loss. Bankers, scared out of their boots, refuse further loans and begin calling the loans outstanding. The great combine which has for so long forced the consumer to maintain it in artificial splendor must now shoulder the whole brunt of the consumers' strike.

There is only one thing to do—surrender and a plea (*Concluded on page 30*)

Oarsmen and the "Conibear" Stroke

College Coach's Discovery Which Led to the Winning of Many a Water Derby

By WM. A. SIMONDS

SOME call it the "Leader" stroke; others the "Washington" stroke; but out around Puget Sound waters, where it first originated, they call it the "Conibear" stroke.

Coach Hiram B. Conibear is now dead. Were he alive today, he would be just as much surprised as anyone to find that his pupils were making rowing history all over the world. With Yale under Ed Leader winning last year's Olympic finals and humbling Harvard; with Washington, Conibear's old school, winning the Poughkeepsie classic twice in succession; and with such institutions as Harvard, California, and others seeking Conibear graduates for rowing coaches, old "Conny" would suddenly find himself more famous than he had ever dreamed during his lifetime.

Circle—Coach Hiram B. Conibear. Left—Coach Ed Leader, of Yale, whose crews have yet to meet their first defeat. Right—Ky Ebright, of California, another Conibear oarsman now head coach at Berkeley. Below—"Rusty" Callow, coach at Washington, whose crews have won two Poughkeepsie championships in succession.

Of course, all of the credit for the phenomenal records these pupils have been making is not due to the old instructor or his stroke. The pupils themselves, Leader, Callow, Sam Shaw, Ky Ebright, Spuhn and Grant, have far surpassed their mentor. Fame such as the veteran coach never knew has come to them. But his memory still lingers and occasionally one of them pays tribute to the man who developed rowing at the University of Washington.

Conibear was not, strictly speaking, a crew man. But he was a developer and conditioner of athletes; he had had much experience as trainer in professional baseball; and his stroke which he taught the men left them at the finish of the gruelling four-mile race in perfect physical condition instead of exhausted.

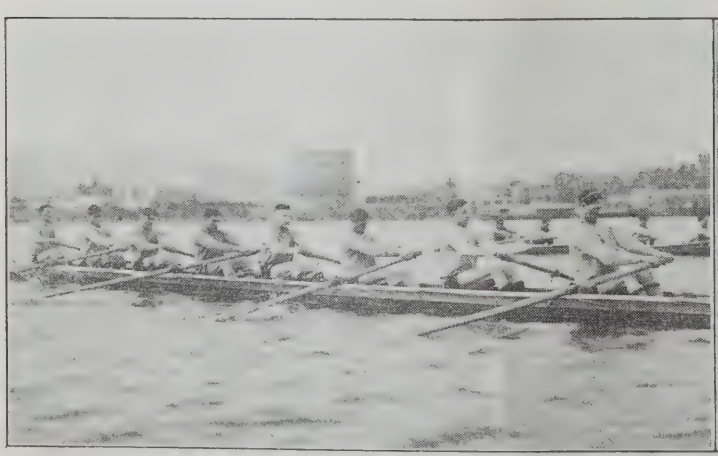
Things were not any too rosy for "Conny" at the Northwest University. In those days, particularly from 1908 to 1912, money was not plentiful and rowing did not supply funds for the athletic exchequer as did football. Consequently equipment was hard to obtain. A barge was pressed into service and christened *Old Nero* probably because it reminded the students of the ancient Roman galleys where slaves strenuously worked at the oars.

From *Old Nero* the successful crewmen graduated to the racing shells. Here they were taught to take full advantage of the long sweep which their oars had. Instead of pulling back the oar-handle as far as it would go, while they leaned back on their sliding seats and exhausted every ounce of energy they allowed a brief interval during which the shell glided along over the water between strokes. The momentum of the previous stroke was used to gain another yard or two, while the oars were swung back into position. With a readier recovery and reserve supply of energy, all they required was finish and polish to take their places among the great crewmen of all times.

The finishing touches have been added by the pupils. In 1924 the Yale crew under Coach Leader was kept in perfect condition for a month longer than any college crew has ever been kept, broke the Olympic record, and rowed four different distances, 1½ miles, 2 miles, 3 miles, and 4 miles.

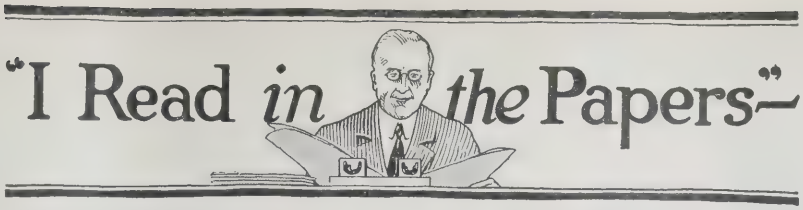
In 1923 the Washington crew, hitherto a contender at Poughkeepsie, swept over the Hudson course a winner over the élite of the East. In 1924 under Coach "Rusty" Callow, the tall westerners duplicated the feat. During those same years Washington did not know a defeat on the water. This spring the purple and gold oarsmen began their third year of triumph by setting a new record on the Oakland Estuary against California.

There are doubtless many more victories in store for the "Conibear" stroke.



This year's Cup Defenders—1925 Washington crew preparing for Poughkeepsie regatta.

Winner of 1924 race at Poughkeepsie. Washington crew coached by "Rusty" Callow. Don Grant, diminutive coxswain, is now on the Yale coaching staff.



ad in the papers t Dayton, Tenee, of Evolution e, owes its origin to Fiji Islanders. W. Gardenhire brought n to the United es, toured the coun- with the islanders reaped a small fortune. He later osed of them to P. T. Barnum and rned to the community of his youth. Mr. Gardenhire conceived the idea vesting the money he got from his oits with the Fiji Islanders in the truction of a town. He selected ton as the site and acquired 234 s in 1879. Many of the houses been constructed when the first passed through en route to ttanooga in 1880. Then he had town made a county seat, which ared it for its present fame. lation, 2,200.

I read in the papers that radio broadcasting in England has attained the dignity of an art, probably because a paid service is given. For example: the nightingales of the woods have been surrounded with microphones and their sweet songs sent all over Great Britain. It is as if the mocking bird of our South were enabled to sing for the delectation of Northerners on cold winter nights. The boom of Big Ben's bell has been sent broadcast, as has been the roar of the sea at Plymouth. Cornishmen are asking that the street sounds of London, the bustle of the Strand, the traffic of Piccadilly, be sent them in their distant retreats. Truly, radio has marvelous unifying possibilities. The time may come when perfumes may be wafted abroad or even weather transferred. For we are still in the beginnings of things.

I read in the papers that the airplane has been used as a hearse. Whether or not the following is the account of the first aerial funeral ever held, I do not know, but early in June a British officer was killed in action at the Azmir Pass near Suleimanie, in Iraq. His body was conveyed by airplane to Bagdad for a military funeral. There is nothing strange in the idea of using an airplane for such purposes, and we may yet see it become common, avoiding the long and sorrowful journeys often made by rail for purposes of burial in home plots.

Tea and Talk With H. G. Wells

(*Concluded from page 2*)

ld like to go round the world."

Why not do so? Gloomy pessi-," said I, and we laughed like -year-olds, "and don't be so lly serious. Tell me; don't you re-read one of your books?"

No. Yes. I had to do so for the cted edition. It was most dising. I felt that I had missed so y opportunities; wasted my youth. ht have done so much better. As a er of fact, I'm least dissatisfied t 'The Undying Fire'; I think it's got most finished shape of anything I've . Of course, nobody else thinks so."

How many plays have you en?"

None."

None?"

Well, nearly none. Never rd play. Chesterton and ll write, or rather put toer, some funny little as for a children's toy ter; tremendous fun! In of them we had Bumble character; he was cut nd popped into a cauldo. But that wasn't the end lm; he popped out again, e, alive and kicking. You n kill Bumble."

And, confess; you are a e?"

I am—not. O, well, I once write a poem; eight lines."

Hurray! Hand it over at once!"

I will not. And I won't tell you e you can find it."

appealed again for help to Mrs. es, but she simply said, "He's coy."

He doesn't look it," said I. "I ve it was an impassioned love net addressed—*not* to you, Mrs. es. You should look into this."

he first, last, lost and only poem te Famous H. G. Wells! Now then, ye lovers of literary treasure-trove, rise up and hunt. The only clue I can give you is that it appeared anonymously.

At last I was able to nail him down to momentous matters.

"You were at the Washington Conference in 1920, weren't you? What do you feel about the chance of a really permanent world peace?"

"I'm not very hopeful; at least I'm sure it won't come immediately. The League of Nations seems to lack a sense of proportions, of scale; their task is bigger than their vision. They don't seem to be able to break away from the old ways. It is the work of the Secretariat at Geneva that is most hopeful. Most promising. They do seem to be thinking out the old problems in new terms. Many of the members are able civil servants, from various countries; they are coming together finely; working together for a common end."

View of H. G. Wells' London home.

"Don't you think that France is a storm center?"

"Well, no. I've been a lot in France lately; am going back there in a few days. There's a change working there, I think. France is much more reasonable in substance than she seems to be on the surface. Less importance is now attached to nationalism. The press there is much more open-minded than it used to be. At the back of all there is the terror of another invasion. To us, and still more perhaps to Americans, the desire for security seems to be almost a mania. We don't know what invasion means."

After some minor matters, we turned to literature.

"What about modern fiction?" I asked him.

"There's much very good stuff being written, very good indeed some of it. There's a lot of fine fiction coming from America too."

Finally—in answer to a query of mine—

"I don't know that I've any particular form of amusement. Walking, and talking, yes, talking—"

"And—" I added, "kicking out impertinent fellows like me."

So I thereupon rose to depart. In the next room I noticed a formidable pile of proofs upon a table.

"What's that?" I inquired, "something new for us?"

"No. They are the proofs of a new issue of my 'Outline of History'; it's coming out in parts again. When I first wrote it the shadow of the War still darkened everything; made material things seem to be the only real things. Now I find I can add what then felt a bit out of touch with the sternness of life; almost unreal. I am putting in something about the beginnings and the growth of art, music, literature."

And so, away. Pleased and having profited.

Certainly I have found the world a place of more wholesome activities than my friend the sex-novelist seems to find it.

"Sex-O-Clock"

(*Concluded from page 3*)

with other creators of character? How was it with a Hawthorne, a Thackeray, a Dreiser, a Fielding, a Sterne, a Twain, an Austen? You may see for yourself that by no process of psychoanalysis could Thackeray have made a Becky Sharp. She, indeed, stands revealed to us as a living character by her acts. Or take Huck Finn. Mark Twain could no more have created him otherwise than by observing the outward boy, active and careless, than could have Robert Burns after seeing a dissected daisy have written that

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r
Thou bonnie gem.

Deeds, acts, these are in the long run significant index of the man. So by their deeds and their acts you know Hawthorne's Judge Pynchon, Zenobia, Hilda, Priscilla. So also you know Pickwick and you know Mickawber. So you know Natty Bumpo, Cowperwood, Major Pendennis, Beatrice Esmond, Mrs. Proudie, Tom Jones, Robinson Crusoe, the Shandy Brothers, Corporal Trim, Falstaff, Parson Adams, Juliet. You know them as persons of individuality and autonomy, as real types with lives of their own, acting according to their natures. Their conversations are characteristic, their prejudices, their ambitions, the manner of their minds are quite evident to us. And with the characters given action results from the collision of character upon character. You see them wavering in storms of uncertainty, each according to his nature, just as you see people in the world about you. But they do not run around on a subhuman plane. If you met them in the flesh you would know how to conduct yourself in their company with some hope of avoiding friction. You would, with excellent reason, expect Robinson Crusoe to struggle on in feebleness rather than to collapse in despair. You would not expect to find Falstaff self-conscious and self-absorbed. You would not look upon Tom Jones as one likely to luxuriate in sorrow. Each and every one of those named would stand forth clean cut and sharp edged, playing the game of life eagerly. But you never could know what an Alvina would do next because, dominated by the sex-theory, her creator lost his contact with human beings about him. And what ailed D. H. Lawrence ails all those running on the same scent.

Broadly speaking, that fictional literature which has achieved immortality has been that which was a faithful reflection of the contemporary world. If the sex-o-clock novelist pictures the contemporary world, then all's well. Perhaps it would be better to say that if he does, all's far from well. Certainly I have found the world a place of more wholesome activities than my friend the sex-novelist seems to find it. Something alert, vivid, exciting, seems to me to be going forward all the time and I can find in me no sympathy with those who, lusting for a piece of cake that they cannot have, wrap themselves in self pity and wail that they can never be happy again. For that appears to be something like the theme of the sex-novel.

As for the effect of the psy analyst theory upon style and manner of presentation, that ca dismissed in a few words, plain w and simple, as easily to be unders by ordinary men as the multiplica table. There is no need for myst no need for long words. As you see, the psychoanalyst novelist n above all things, give prime atte to the first thought that leaps t mind. Nothing, positively not must be allowed to interfere with direct impulse. Second thoughts not best. Down on paper the must go, whatever it is. Sha repolishing, rearranging would be tortion, distortion of the pre primal thing proceeding from his i consciousness. Not for him that w ing over of experience which Hawthorne to produce exquisite li ture in the Blithedale Romance; him none of that finished expre characteristic of Washington Ir for him none of that delicate and theatrical pathos of George found by common men in the fortunes of the Rev. Amos Ba certainly none of that quiet and ostentatious perfection of finish t found in the work of Walter P Certainly not. What he seek original crudeness, the cruder better. If there is incompleteness, and good. If because of all digging into the depths, the worl comes a place of gloom where m cholia is the normal mood, also and good. And if you tell him, psychoanalytic novelist, that t are honest cakes and ale in the w if you tell him that there is somet

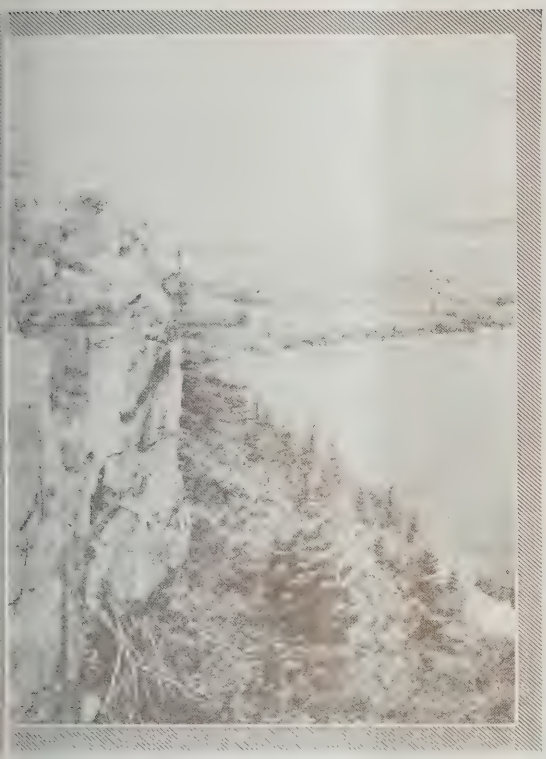
Down on paper the idea must go—nothing must be allowed to interfere with the direct impulse.

of dignity in the expression of h vague aspirations of man, he will be very apt to look upon you as a which is a little disconcerting. it is better to be looked upon as a than to be one.

Devils Lake Reveals Story of Ages

A Region Which Was Once in the Ocean Bed Is Now a Park

By FRED L. HOLMES



Inspect Point is more than 1,400 feet above the sea level and gives view of countryside.

DEVILS Lake is a peculiar name. It is a region in Central Wisconsin that reveals the geological story of the ages.

Perhaps it was the weirdness of the il and haunting scenery about the ey which caused the Indians, who abited the country centuries ago, to e it the evil appellation. Maybe it the craggy alpine cliffs that caused first traders to continue the tradi-n. But there is neither evil in the e nor in the scenery. There is bi-re picturesqueness. For a quarter a century it has been visited by ntists from all over the world, who il here in a single column the story of centuries that have passed.

In other places will be found records eological history. A mountain peak l tell one story, a pile of rocks an-er. The complete history is recorded a pocket edition at Devils Lake. ientists claim there is more geology hin a circle of ten miles there than rwhere in North America.

Over the face of dark heavy boulders y read the story of ages as if it were t yesterday. They need no keystone m the Egyptian lands. Nature has tten the tome in her own language l in her own inimitable way. This eion was one of the first places on the rth American continent to poke its e above the watery deep.

There are other lakes in Wisconsin re beautiful than this blue-glacial eyelet surrounded by towering pinnacles and ragged rock scenery. There are none that can surpass it for the geological history which it has been unfolding through eons of time. Surrounding it are hillsides shattered into hundreds of craggy fantastic shapes.

"I know of no other region of the state which illustrates so many principles of the science of geology," declared the late Charles R. Van Hise, a distinguished geologist and for many years president of the University of Wisconsin. Geology classes from the Universities of Wisconsin and Chicago have been making trips to this spot for a quarter of a century. By students it is looked upon as one of the geological wonders of the world."

Ages ago—who shall say how long—this region was a carpet of the ocean. Twice it has been deluged into the ocean or sea and again has risen. This is the story as told by geologists to whom generations of time are but ticks of a second. In the millions of splintered rocks, towering pillars and bold outcroppings more than 500 feet above the lake on either the east or west banks is written a pageant of history which the modern-day geologists can interpret.

As this story is revealed the Archean rocks lay possibly fifty millions of years ago at the bottom of a sea. Sand came shifting over its surfaces, which at a later time changed into sandstone and at a still later time into the hard quartzite which now forms the ragged sharp-edged cliffs of the bluffs on either side of the quiet, wind-protected lake.

Then some vast commotion shook the foundations of the sea. When peace was restored bleak mountains stood above the surrounding country rivaling the Alps for their majestic sublimity. The great beds of limestone and igneous rocks were folded into twists and layers and inclined about fifteen degrees as shown along the bluffs at the east side of the lakeshore.

"The Baraboo bluffs are among the oldest-formed things on the globe," declares H. E. Cole, the historian of this region, "older than the Rockies or Alleghenies, older than a pound of coal in the earth, older than any bird or beast that has ever lived."

From somewhere came a mighty river, eroding the surface of the rocks and plowing a gorge through the lower Narrows of the Baraboo River, over the present bed of Devils Lake and then onward in an avalanche of haste to its mouth.

At some later time, through some terrible cataclysm of the earth, the lands of the mountains and valley were again immersed in the waters of the ocean, and the tops of the bluffs stood as little islands to be lapped and wave-bitten by the surging waters about. Again the sea retreated and a river, flowing from the north and now known as the Wisconsin, cut a valley through the range. Geologists read this later story from certain sandstone outcroppings in Devils Lake gap and in the vicinity around.

Perhaps ages were to wear away before the glacier came nosing down from the north. The Wisconsin River, once flowing over the bed of Devils Lake, was changed from its course by the advancing Selkirk. It was this action which formed the gorge into a (*Concluded on page 30*)

End of the lake as seen from the headlands.

lake without a visible outlet after the melting ice sheet.

"Those who visit the state park at Devils Lake may picture three strikingly different scenes," declares Professor L. C. Martin, of the University of Wisconsin geological staff. "The first is the region as a stream valley. The river is the Wisconsin, flowing into the Devils Lake gap from the north, turning abruptly eastward near the present site of the Kirkland Hotel and its cottages, and then flowing around the Devil's Nose and southwestward toward Prairie du Sac. If you had climbed the bluffs at that time you might have found the Devil's Doorway, or Turk's Head, or some of the other picturesque crags and pinnacles of today. If they were not there it is certain there were others equally bizarre. You would have looked down, however, on a different scene.

More Beautiful Than Niagara Falls

"The surface of the present lake lies 600 feet below the East Bluff, but the waters of the preglacial Wisconsin River flowed along at a level at least 280 feet lower. The gorge was then 900 or 1,000 feet deep. The scene must have been even more picturesque than that in the present gorge below Niagara Falls. The river had less volume than the Niagara, but the gorge was deeper and more beautiful. At that time there was no lake. There was no hill at the railway cut east of the station. There was no hill where the wooded ridge now extends across the valley north of Devils Lake. There was no level land where the various groups of cottages now stand. The tumbled blocks in the talus slopes looked as they do now. The bluffs were much as today, except that they overlooked a deeper valley and, therefore, appeared much higher.

The second scene is that of Devils Lake during the Glacial Period. East of the site of Devils Lake railway station was an ice tongue, a lobe of the continental glacier. Since its terminus lay in a narrow valley it looked much like the larger glaciers in Alaska or in the Alps. No present-day ice tongue of Glacier National Park, of Mt. Tacoma (Rainier), or of the Canadian Selkirks, equals it in size or impressiveness. North of the lake was another ice lobe of equal beauty. They ended in sheer ice cliffs one or two hundred feet high. Between them was the glacial lake, dotted with icebergs, and at a much higher level than the present lake. This was at least 35,000 years ago, perhaps 80,000 years, perhaps more.

"The third scene is that of today, with the lake, the moraines, the bluffs, the fields, and the forests, a gem of true mountain scenery, such as cannot be seen elsewhere east of the Rockies."

The circumference of Devils Lake is three and one-fourth miles, its average depth 30 feet, and its greatest depth 43 feet. From Prospect Point on the West Bluff, 1,450 feet above sea level, there is a commanding view of the countryside—a vista of farmsteads and cities not unlike that to be had from the top of Rib Hill, near Wausau, the highest eminence in Wisconsin.

According to Mr. Cole, the Winnebago Indians have a tradition that the shattered rocky walls and loose rock at the lake are the result of a struggle which once took place between the thunderers (thunder birds) and the water monsters or spirits which inhabited the lake itself. The Indians thought the shattered rocks resulted or were caused by the thunderbolts hurled by the gigantic birds.

Rocks Which Suggest Many Things

It is the scenery, the bold escarpments of rock, the curious formations to be found on the trails over the cliffs on either side of the lake which mark the spot as a "world wonder." Several of these rocks from their grotesque forms have acquired whimsical appellations. "Cleopatra's Needle," a pointed pillar of rock standing out alone from the rocky hillside on the West Bluff trail, like the spire of a gigantic cathedral, is reached over a winding, tortuous path advancing up stony cliffs and promontories. Nearby is "Turk's Head," another unique formation in tabular stone. On the east bluffs, over a path still more precipitous, will be found the "Elephant Rock," "Balanced Rock," and the "Devil's Doorway."

For boldness of its setting and scenery, overlooking a valley for miles, and standing out like a protruding head at a height of more than 400 feet, the "Devil's Doorway" is a wonder in shattered-rock formation. Imperious waves of the ocean, when this cliff was below the sea, opened for their retre arches now lifted high above the valle through which the angry billows doub less crashed with tremendous fur About the scene the rocks are vivid color—splashes of burnt orange an dark-red on dark, ignorant lookir boulders. From this lookout tower, evening ushers over the valley and t sun dips crimson behind the west ridg the vista below presents an ever-chan ing diorama.

All these grounds were once with the currents of rushing waters. Abo are a score of potholes, where hard rocks had been snagged in the limesto and whirled in a pool of the migh river boring out circular, smooth-su faced openings on the boulders. The are also to be found the hard, igneo grinders, as if deserted by the gods the middle of a day's employment f work elsewhere in the valley.

From the eminences on the cliffs the foreground lay huge masses broken rock rent asunder and toss about like the ruins of a world. A bla of light struck one cliff while the oth lay in the deepe shadow, and on t rugged surface each might be trac a story of ages.

Flora and Fauna of Many Varied Kinds

The rough topography of the pa and the surrounding region prevent clearing, so the percentage of forest ar is large, and the native flora and fau have survived remarkably well. T native flora is extremely varied, a natural conditions will be maintain so that botanists will find not only t species, but also the ecological con tions under which they grow.

How Modern Monopoly Works Out

(*Concluded from page 25*)

for amnesty. The commander goes again to Wall Street, this time not a monarch, but a petitioner, slinking in from a side-street. The pawnbrokers who call themselves a "syndicate of bankers" have only one thing to offer—refinancing. There must be another great bond or stock issue, this time with a much larger bonus to themselves. The whole scheme of over-capitalization and artificial overhead must be attempted afresh. But before the public can be persuaded to buy this new issue there must be a gesture of good faith and repentance. In other words, the combine must be reorganized and re-officered. Particularly and especially, there must be a new commander-in-chief.

Sic transit gloria mundi. The man of ability and energy, the commander-in-chief of industry, yields his sword. If, out of the ruin of his organization, he has been wise enough or cunning enough to save something for his private account, he may retire to golf and gout in Florida. If he has not, his exile takes him to some economic Elba to dream of better days.

Globe-Trotting

(*Concluded from page 8*)

have met not a few distinguished m in military, political, educational, a religious work. I have discussed i portant questions with statesmen a soldiers and scholars and educato I have been sitting in at a wonder motion picture, and it has kept busy reading between ports that might be prepared in some degree what was to come. If a man has ti and money and has read widely and c go and stay a year, and if he is able apportion his time and select his ro so as to get the best results from journey, it is better for him to go dependently. But I think the avera American and his wife get more out a four months' cruise with lectures a guides and the assistance which such tour provides than some men get out a year of independent travel. It depe on the man. For among globe-trott there is a great difference. Some wo learn much about other lands if th never traveled at all. Others could be educated by any amount of tra But the average American learns so thing, and some of it is of value. Am the rest, he learns that home is a pre good place to which to return.

Wild Birds in the Barnyard

A Sanctuary Where Feathered Game Is Secure From the Pot-Hunter

By ESTELLINE BENNETT

IN THE sanctuary season of all wild birds comes occasionally a grouse, a partridge, or a pheasant into the open market. omes boldly without thought of ealment for it is not the hushed m of a lawless hunter but the wild r child of a little bantam hen on a -game farm in Northern Alberta, ada.

The Grath Side wild-game farm at ic, south of Edmonton, is one of the farms in the world where wild birds red in captivity. Unlike the silver s, they grow tame and friendly and rently as content with a home in a yard as ever they were in the far es. They like domesticity so much once they become accustomed to it hen they are hatched into it, they of their own accord, all their va- t instincts dormant. They live ives of domestic fowls without los- ny of their wild colorful charm and into the position of pets with gay ity.

This unusual and profitable enter- was developed, with no initial in- by David H. Bendick from the ng and care of a few wild birds on farm where sowing and reaping, ening, and the care of a few head vestock were his serious business, the wild-bird guests merely a pleas- hobby. From the time when, little than a baby, he cried over a en-winged Canada goose he found e edge of a pond, David Bendick loved all birds, but especially the rl, frightened wild things that every man's gun hand against et.

He was doing diversified farming on scenic acres in the Saskatchewan ly when he first coaxed a few prairie itens and wild ducks into domestic- y. He found them so interesting that xpanded his hobby until his farm aright with pheasants, Canada wild ee, prairie chickens, ducks, and ey variety of wild northern bird. It re to be the stopping place for mi- ory birds, and as time went on alien rs were imported. The beautiful edly fowls, usually exclusive in e choice of acquaintances and visit- gplaces, became so numerous and ir that to keep them from running w with Grath Side farm and all its el s, gardens, meadows, and barnyard ntry, the owner found it necessary ll a few ducks and geese. Imme- ia ly the demand for the wild birds re in captivity became so great that Mr Bendick abandoned all other ra ches of farming and devoted him- elentirely to raising wild birds. He imself is as much surprised as anyone o nd that an unplanned, untried in- dustry has jumped to such commercial importance, while the farm still looks much less like a workaday proposition than it does like an unglassed, unguarded aviary.

Long-tailed pheasants strut vainGloriously through his willow groves as casually and as much at home as the Light Brahma chickens. Wild ducks raise their broods in the sloughs on the farm with less anxiety than they had in the days when they shrieked and swam away from their nests on the shores of wild lakes to mislead the occasional interloper. Wild geese take their daily swim on his ponds with loud clatter and come to their master's hand to be fed.

There has been no introduction of incubators at Grath Side and for little orphaned eggs the Buff Cochin bantam hen has been found to be the most kindly and conscientious of mothers. She must often be as amazed at the spectacular children faring forth from the shells in her nest as was the mother duck in the Danish poultry yard that unwittingly hatched an ungainly little swan.

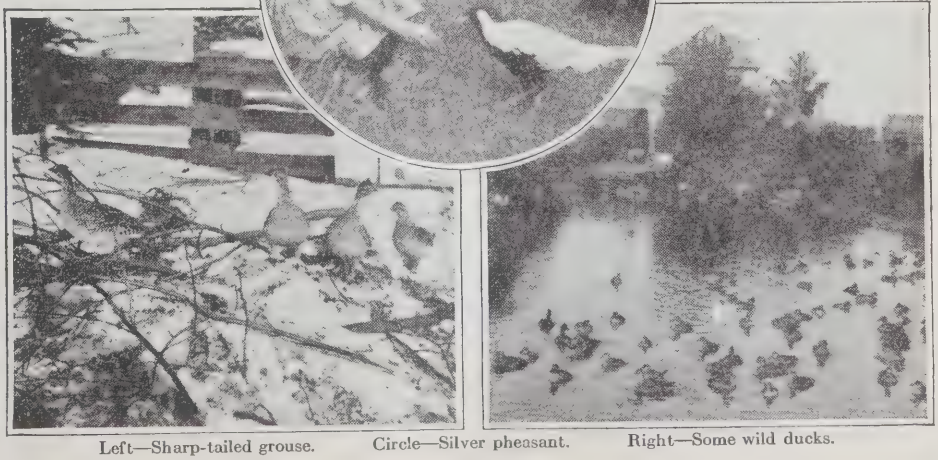
There is a big market for wild birds at fancy prices, according to Mr. Bendick, and while he raises many hundreds it would require thousands to meet the market demand. He has shipped birds to Hawaii, Australia, England, and Holland, but sells most of his birds in the United States. The canvasback duck, wood duck, and various members of the grouse family have proved most popular and profitable.

Grath Side farm now has more than sixty varieties of birds. Of these there are twenty breeds of ducks alone. There are twelve kinds of geese, ten varieties of grouse, quail, partridge and wild turkeys; eleven kinds of pheasants, five of doves, and cranes, sheldrakes and swans.

D. H. Bendick and his wise old owl.

Grouse bring higher prices than quail or partridge, and wild turkeys sell as high as eighteen dollars a pair. The highest-priced ducks are the Ruddy ducks at forty dollars a pair. The blue goose leads its clan at thirty-eight dollars a pair, and the rarest bird of them all, the Manchurian Eared Pheasant, brings ninety dollars a pair.

Birds are delivered alive to purchasers, so there is no grief at Grath Side farm, and safe delivery even to the far markets, is guaranteed. In spite of the fact that Grath Side has been commercialized to a profit beyond any dreams its owner may have dreamed in its days of wheat, barley, cattle, and garden truck, it



Left—Sharp-tailed grouse. Circle—Silver pheasant. Right—Some wild ducks.

remains to him more of an interesting hobby than a business venture, and he has close friends among the grouse, geese, and ducks, to say nothing of his wise old owl.

Four varieties of domestic chickens share the home of the wild birds, and among the feathered tribe, four antelopes are very much at home.

For love of the wild birds, before any commercial consideration, the owner of Grath Side, who has no other family, spends most of his time with the birds. But even the proud Manchurean Eared Pheasants are not permitted to interfere with his flower garden, and the pompous wild turkeys respect the rights of the tennis court.

While the raising of game birds is Mr. Bendick's chief pleasure, as well as his profitable business, he keeps his interest in it vivid and keen by slipping away frequently and running his car out into the far-away wild places. He takes with him on these gipsy journeys neither gun nor camera nor snare, but only his field glasses, to study the scenery which, across the great wheat fields west of Leduc, grow quickly into the grandeur that is the Canadian Rockies.

A Cathedral Crusade in Art

(*Concluded from page 15*)

dred and fifteen feet across at the transepts will greet the visitor to Washington Cathedral five years hence. The first of these designs has been transferred to the vaultings of the completed choir aisle. One thousand vaulting bosses will tell the story of Christianity, emphasizing the Nicene and Apostles' Creed. The west front will be an elaborate composition of figure sculpture. As an expression of religious principles, it will be a vital contribution to American art.

A modern Leonardo da Vinci is being sought for the mural paintings in the Chapel of the Resurrection just completed in the crypt of Washington Cathedral. Work may be started a few years hence, but the artist chosen must subordinate his personality to the Christian principles which the Cathedral will symbolize. That is the cathedral way. The Cathedral authorities believe that modern painting is often pagan in concept and execution, and they want the new Cathedral masterpieces to constitute a Christian rebuke to paganism.

Stained glass is distinctly a cathedral art. With the great windows which Gothic architecture made possible, painting was transferred from the flat walls to the transparent glass. Their color glowed in marvelous splendor. Such marvelous effects were wrought at Chartres and other cathedrals that modern glass workers almost despair at creating windows to equal it. Yet that is the aim of the builders of Washington Cathedral. It is likely that schools of craftsmen will be at work at Washington Cathedral for the next ten or twenty years, for although the fabric of the Cathedral itself might be completed in five years under pressure, stained-glass windows must all have the master's touch. There will be two hundred and twenty-five windows in Washington Cathedral—three great rose windows, thirty feet in diameter; forty clerestory windows, eighteen feet wide and twenty-nine feet high; eleven apse windows as high as forty-six feet; twenty aisle windows eighteen feet high, and many smaller windows like the windows in Bethlehem Chapel that now tell the story of the birth of Christ. Modern opalescent glass, so popular in some modern churches, will be barred.

An equally intense effort will be made to achieve the highest possible art in music, wood carving, ironwork and in everything the Cathedral attempts. The great oratories of the masters were intended for cathedrals. Music halls are makeshifts.

By acquiring sixty-seven and one-half acres of ground the founders of Washington Cathedral made certain that enough ground would be available to provide a proper setting for the great Cathedral. The effectiveness of many monumental buildings is marred by crowding them into a mass of miscellaneous buildings. Washington Cathedral will be surrounded by the woodland of Mt. St. Alban with enough space between the Cathedral and the city to insure its dominant position four hundred feet above the city. The work of the landscape architect will make the Cathedral Close a paradise. Plantings of the last twenty-five years include such famous historic plants as the Washington box, Dolly Madison box, Thomas Jefferson box, Cedars of Lebanon, Galstonbury Thorn and Canterbury Ivy. Nature in all its loveliness will have an opportunity to develop gracefully, unmarred by the extreme formalism of the Italian garden type of landscape architecture, or the imprisoning of flowers in exact geometric designs which has characterized so much American gardening.

Its length of five hundred and thirty-four feet will make Washington Cathedral rank among the largest cathedrals in the world. The idea of a National Cathedral originated in the early days of American history. Major L'Enfant, working under the general direction of George Washington, planned "a church for national purposes" in the Capital of the United States. The site was to have been where the Patent Office is now.

Today, more than a century after Washington dreamed of a national church, Washington Cathedral is a living institution. Schools have been established, the apse of the great Cathedral has been built, work is under way on the choir and transepts, all foundations have been laid and preparations have been made to interest the nation in completing the American Westminster Abbey during the next five years.

The Boston Marine Soci

(*Concluded from page 17*)

quired to reach the gold fields, and clipper, with its long, sharp ends enormous spread of sail, easily anything upon the ocean.

McKay put artistry and po as well as skillful workmanship his boats, and the names he chos them symbolized their characteris There was the *Surprise*, the first along the new lines; the *Mastiff* strength, and the *Great Republic* capacity and all-round excellence. was the inspiration of Longfell well-known poem, "The Buildin the Ship," and the day of her launc was a public holiday, thousands fl ing to the shipyards to be thrille the sight. But the most beautif all McKay's ships was the *Fl Cloud*, with slender, graceful lines, figurehead of an angel blowin trumpet. The *Flying Cloud* was the fastest of the clippers, making voyage to San Francisco in the undreamed-of time of eighty-nine d A single day's run exceeded by f two miles the fastest mail ship af

In one year seven hundred ve from Atlantic ports made into Francisco, while four comprised entire commerce for the prev year. The old-time chanteys, "L her, captain, drive her," and "(one more day, my honey," were planted by

"O California,
That's the land for me!
I'm bound for California
With my washbowl on my kn

On reaching the land of pro the crew and sometimes the off rushed ashore, abandoning the to its fate. To find men for the re voyage, not very praiseworthy m were employed. "Crimps" mad practice of drugging human dere and getting them aboard, and of s ing away fugitives from justice. practice was common on the whalers which, on their voyages of or three years without a stop civilized port, did not hesitate to aboard even savages from dis islands. The Boston Marine So recognized the evil and tried to fi remedy, yet they asked the legisla not to make flogging illegal.

Freight was as scarce out of C fornia as men, and the clippers us sailed to China to pick up a c often consigned to England. W these beautiful greyhounds of the lay at anchor in the Thames they the admiration of British shipow

The Society has now a membe of 420, about one-third of whom honorary, the rest "master marin among whom is Donald MacMi The Society has acquired, largel legacy, about $350,000 and it tributes yearly $20,000, for, with the improvements in navigation, t are still perils for "those who go d to the sea in ships."

"CUTTING IN"

From an etching by George C. Wales.
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TO HIM whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes and labors of men. Moral reform is an effort to throw off sleep. Why is it that men give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering? If they had not been overcome with drowsiness, they would have performed something. The millions are awake enough for physical labor; but only one in a million is awake enough for intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?

—*Henry David Thoreau.*

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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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"All I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying, and the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea gulls crying."—JOHN MASEFIELD.

(See article, page 28)

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

The last of the three banks which have been doing business in Hugo, Oklahoma, closed its doors May 6 leaving the merchants of a town of 6,000 population with only the money in their cash registers on which to operate.

An egg was fried on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., during the recent hot period, by an inquiring reporter who placed the egg on the asphalt at 12:42 o'clock. At 12:51 the egg was done to a turn.

Singapore has begun the manufacture of banana flour. The article will be used in the making of certain pastries, chocolate confections and cocoa beverages.

Vraic, a brown seaweed which grows in Japan, is rich in potash and makes an excellent fertilizer.

Secretary of Agriculture Jardine says that motor trucks are not hurting the railroads by taking the short-haul business from them, as it never has paid the railroads.

The National Board of Fire Underwriters announces that fire destruction in this country in 1894 amounted to $548,810,639—the largest total ever known. This means a daily loss of $1,500,000.

During the visit of the British police chiefs to this country, Sir Robert Peacock, head of Manchester's police, pointed out that in England, Scotland and Wales, with a population of 38,000,000, there were only 71 murders last year, while almost five times that number occurred in New York City.

Brule, a Frenchman, is said to have been the first white man who ever saw the Great Lakes. In 1616 he returned to Quebec after three years spent in Western exploration and spoke of a "great inland sea."

Who's Who in America contains 25,357 biographies. Of those whose importance in the life of the country entitled them to admission to its pages, 25.9 per cent were born on farms; 24.5 per cent in towns of less than 8,000; 24.8 per cent in small cities; 20.6 per cent in cities of over 50,000; 4.1 per cent in suburbs of large cities. Sons of clergymen made up 11.1 per cent of the total, which means that, in proportion to population, they composed 28 times the average number of notables.

The great-grandfather of Tom Mix, the movie star, translated the Bible into the Osage Indian dialect.

Major Julia C. Stimson, America's only woman major, is superintendent of the United States Army Nurse Corps, says that our country sent 22,000 women to the Great War as nurses and that there will be several times that number in the service if there should be another war.

At Buckfast Abbey, South Devon, a community of Benedictine monks are building an abbey on the site of the old abbey which dates back to 904 A. D. The abbey is sacred to man, and the only woman permitted to enter is the Queen.

The home of Mrs. Hamilton Fish, on Fifth Avenue, New York, will be razed and an apartment house will take its place. Mrs. Fish will receive an average annual rent of $50,000 for the property, the lease running for 84 years at an aggregate of approximately $5,000,000.

The Director of the Budget has reported to President Coolidge that we have 65,000 government employes.

Washington and New York City are conducting drives against obscene magazines.

E. J. Eckert, a radio amateur of Philadelphia, picked up a message from Dr. Alexander Hamilton Rice, explorer, sent from the upper waters of the Amazon River for transmission to his wife in Paris, France.

John Walker, an English chemist, made the first friction match in 1827.

O. P. Van Sweringen, who is trying, with the aid of his brother, to put through a billion-dollar railroad merger, was once a Cleveland newsboy. J. J. Bernet, who is operating the Nickel Plate system under him, started life as a blacksmith.

Cats, dogs and other household pets, will not be abandoned by New York City vacationers this season. The S.P.C.A. has 17 ambulances which will be used in transporting the animals to a place where they will be properly cared for during the vacation period.

According to a recent report of the United States Public Health Service, the average length of life in the United States is 56 years, an increase of fifteen years since 1870. In the sixteenth century, human life averaged between eighteen and twenty years.

The United States Mint at Carson City, Nevada, is to be transformed into a Federal prison, according to government orders.

Canada is to have a flag of its own soon. A red ensign bearing the Canadian arms is at present flown over Canadian buildings abroad. Although it has never been authorized, this flag, or the Union Jack with the Canadian arms in the center, may be decided upon, or an entirely new design may be arranged.

Gold has been discovered in the Cassiar district of British Columbia.

During 1924, Palestine received as immigrants 11,851 Jews.

Five thousand watches are pawned every day in New York City.

According to an estimate of the Bureau of the Census the manufacturing machinery, tools and implements in use in the United States were worth $15,783,260,000, in 1922. In 1912 the figures were $6,091,451,000.

July 25, 1925

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Presented in This Issue

Mr. Ford's Page begins this week a discussion of the quent question, Is a man better off in business for iself, or working as employe with a large organiza- n? This week's Page deals with a neglected fact. 11)

It may be that you are the "bird" that Mr. Benson es about. (p. 3)

Two Army officers play big in our pages this week. of them, Brigadier General Mitchell, has been minently before the public for some time. But this cle, by Professor Jerome Davis, of Yale University, sents the army aviator's case more vividly than ever re. Now that the atmosphere of personal controversy passed, the principles at issue may be quietly valued. 4)

The other Army officer is General Butler, who has e a different problem in hand. General Mitchell ies the country to be safe n invasion. General Butler a been trying to make one rican city safe from the s of crime. It appears the moral defense of adelphia presents more aling problems than the itary defense of the United es. Anyway, General ler has had a hard time, has once admitted defeat. be his defeat will be ded to revive the sodden, gged moral conscience of rican citizens. (p. 13)

The only true and growing speranto, or Universal Lan- ge, is the English language. 's quietly making its way the world. The two usand Anglo-Saxon words have conquered human ech are here discussed in teresting fashion by one knows and loves words. p.3)

You may travel at home this number. A yacht its you on the cover, with flying spray and gulls a-wing, and an interesting article by one who knows. Yachting used to be considered the sport of men with money; boat clubs, however, have made it the sport of anyone who loves the water. The question whether Americans are seamen can be answered, not by exclusive examination of a mercantile marine, but by observance of any sheet of water near any town or city. (p. 28)

If you would go to a pretty English village that Studdert Kennedy remembers, turn to p. 2.

If you would know how much older than Egypt is our own Mexico of the Pyramids, and feel something of the romance which attends the life of a Scot explorer who is working in the levels of prehistoric ages, there is a pleasant few moments waiting for you at p. 21.

No more penetrating glimpses into the human life of Africa than that offered by Henri Galland has come to us. The articles last week and this lead up to interior intimacies of African thought and habit. Together, they will comprise a valuable series. (p. 18)

As far afield as ancient Baalbeck, the city of the Sun God, our travel tour extends this week. Hal Walker, on his pilgrimage to the cradle of religions, found material to satisfy the "visiting mind" of readers. (p. 32)

There is a propaganda abroad in the country to change our American system of weights and measures. The people are not aware of it, but compulsory legislation on the subject has almost slipped through Congress on several occasions. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will publish articles touching various aspects of the subject, as a matter of important information to the plain citizen. The first article will be found on page 6.

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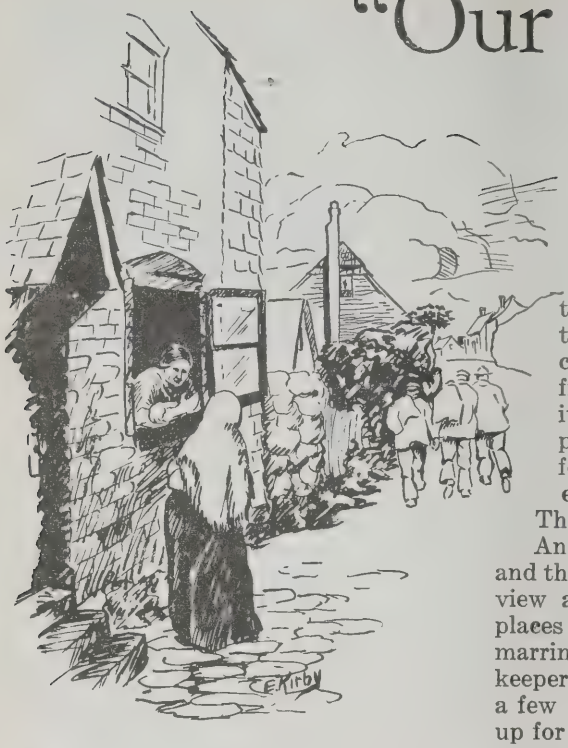
"Our Village About Now"

By HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY



THERE has been so much in the papers during the past few months about the decay of country life in England, that those of us who have been over there recently are constantly met with the strange query if it is "too late to visit England."

To this there is but one answer—England is still very much England. True, change has been busy. Statistics are remorseless things and statistics show that many of the old estates of England are changing hands, that the work of land management, so long restricted to one class, is passing to other hands, that the modern plumber is invading even the village inn, but anyone who knew and loved the English countryside of years ago can go back today without fear, and renew his faith. "Our Village" is still our village, and our village is still—almost anywhere in England.

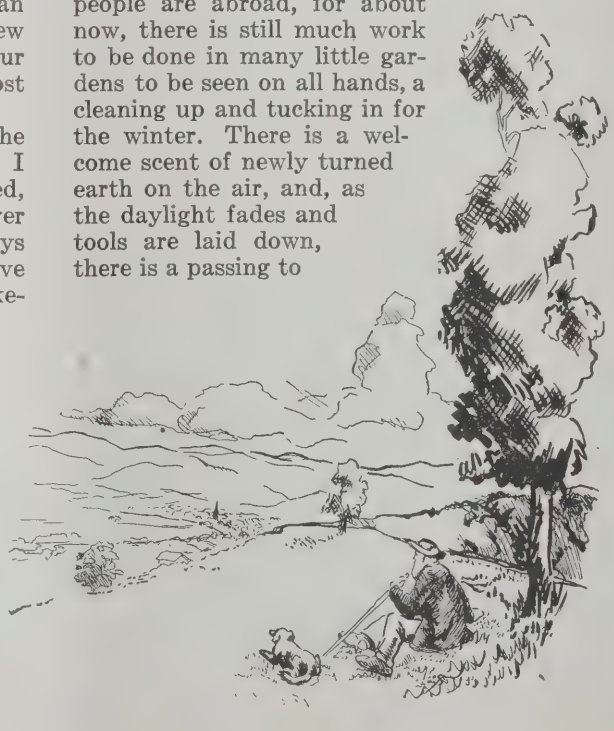
Those who have ever taken the open road, preferably on foot as I did last summer, and have wandered, preferably with no fixed intent, over the highways and through the byways of the country cannot fail to have noticed what a wonderful family likeness there is among all villages, especially the older ones. Materials differ of course, the cottage, the church and the parsonage grow out of the soil. There is the red stone of Cheshire; the gray stone of the fells in Lancashire and Yorkshire; the dull red brick and the tiled roofs of the East Riding; the "black and white" of Worcestershire and Warwickshire and the wonderful creeper-covered glories of Surrey. But everywhere it is the same gathering together, and to those who live there it is just "our village."

Who was it that said that he always seemed to see the things he wrote about most clearly when he was far away from them? Well, no matter who it was, it is true enough for many people. Writing out here in California our village seems, somehow, especially clear to me.

The saddler and the parson
And the man who keeps the inn,

and the long line of worthies come into view as welcome memories, changing places and changing villages without marring the picture. Not a few innkeepers, not a few postmasters, not a few "oldest inhabitants" go to make up for me, as for many others, my recollection of an English village.

And about now when a misty red and gold spreads itself over the great trees around the glebe farm, when the days are drawing in, and the nights are drawing out, when the yews in the churchyard begin to stand strangely dark against the old red brick of the tithe barn, is a good time to pass that way. The village is always welcome and welcoming at every hour. But it is especially good, about now to get there toward evening. The sun is sinking behind the low hills away to the west; there is just a trace of mist in the hollows and about the willows on the pool by the sawmill; and the lattice windows of the village inn catch the warm glow of the setting sun. It is a time when most people are abroad, for about now, there is still much work to be done in many little gardens to be seen on all hands, a cleaning up and tucking in for the winter. There is a welcome scent of newly turned earth on the air, and, as the daylight fades and tools are laid down, there is a passing to and fro, up and down, the village stre Now one, now another, will linger some open window, a common attr tion in the country to hail a friend a discuss with him or her matters church and state.



And so, one goes along the m street, the only street, past the i with its familiar sign, fashioned by artist whose name is shrouded welcome oblivion; past the little gro of thatch-roofed cottages, perched suddenly on a bank above the ro and so on down the dip toward stream, which convention has alw regarded as the boundary of the villa And here, hard by a little stone brid is the oldest house in the village. two windows on either side of the ing nook give a view, one way, all alo the village street, the other, up hill along the road to the market to some miles away.

Now, it is from the top of this h where stands an old farmhouse, a lan mark for many miles around, that view of our village commends it most generously. And so, one cros the bridge and climbs the hill.

By this time it is growing du an evening star hangs like a jewel the sky, and, if the time be well chos a crescent moon will be rising abo the tall larches which cover the h at the other side of the valley. Fr here our village lies spread below. The beauty of the design a shifting colors thrill the onlook the stream, the brid the white road, winding do the hill and on through high street. All color is mer into varying shades of mi blue and purple, checkered h and there capriciously wh points and patches of lig And, the dearest thing abou all is its familiarity and the w in which, in spite of seem change, it never really chang Night after night the sa lights are seen in the sa places, and, if there is a mo the gracious outline of chu and cottage and barn show bravely in the pale light.

Oh! dream of joy! . . .
Is this the hill? is this
kirk?

Is this mine own countr So felt the Ancient Mari about it, and so—well so d feel about it. And so m everyone who has learned o love such pictures still t about it. For such pictures n England are still to be se and still to be loved.

The Bird That Had Nothing on Its Mind But Its Feathers

BY ALLAN L. BENSON

YOU have seen a bird sitting on a telegraph wire. Forty other wires on the same pole. Perhaps eight messages passg along each wire at the same time. l kinds of messages, including some at might have something to do with e food-supply and general comfort birds. But our bird, having nothing its mind but feathers, heeds none them. It does not even know that ey are passing through the wire at its feet clutch. It is a bird.

What are you? What am I? What most of the other members of the man race? We sit on a wire that has nehow become rolled up in a coil l is called the earth. Millions of ces play upon us, the forces of ure, the laws of nature. Some of m, if we knew what they were and w to use them, would be of trendous service to the human race.

Marconi talked to me about this en he was here three years ago. light is power. But it is power ned wrong side out. Sunlight is ived from electricity. We know w to convert electricity into light we do not know how to convert t into electricity.

Marconi believes sunlight can be verted into electricity, only he, the rest of the human race, does know how. When we learn how do it we shall have power without it—except the sun's limit, which is te some. We shall not have to dig more coal with which to make t or steam. We shall not have to ed any more newspaper articles but men entombed in coal mines. shall not even have to take any re power from falling water—t will be too insignificant to ther with. We shall have so ch power that each man will able to produce many times re than he now produces.

You may not realize what this ans. An Indian, when he is ting, uses no mechanical wer, and a thousand acres of d are required to support him. armer with a team of horses n live on forty acres or less. e reason that the American kingman is, on the average, re productive than any other kingman in the world is that has more power behind him. e average American works with en mechanical horsepower. e average Englishman has but ee and a half. Workingmen of er nations have less.

A million other forces besides wer are playing upon us of which we are no more conscious than is the bird of the messages that pass under its feet. What we *don't know* is wearing us out, killing us before our time and making life poor and mean as compared with what it might be. We have to do many things over and over again because we do not know how to do them better.

We lose $300,000,000 a year because we do not know a cheap method of preventing iron and steel rust.

We lose a billion and a half in wages each year—so the doctors recently gathered at Atlantic City told us—because we do not know how to prevent colds. The average American is laid up three days a year with a cold. And we die absurdly young because we do not know what to do—and what not to do—to live longer.

What is the matter with us? We are suffering from *what we do not know.* We are birds on a wire. Have we anything on our minds but feathers? We hope so. If we have, the most important thing we can do in this world is to find out what is going on about us. That is what scientific research means. It is the job of all jobs that needs to be done. In importance, nothing else compares with it. A first-class fact serves to the end of time. Every discovery adds to the permanent wealth of the world. That is what makes scientific research so important. Its achievements are not for today only, but for all the days that are to come.

Why do we not make a great systematic drive for knowledge? Why do in a disorganized, slap-dash way what should be done in the most orderly, energetic way? Take another look at the bird on the telegraph wire. That is the answer. What is wasted on rust would finance the most tremendous research laboratory we could manage and still leave millions to spare. The billion and a half that colds annually cost us would pay the bill several more times. What is wasted by those who have money they do not want would pay the bill again.

The United States now leads all other countries in scientific research, but that is not because we are doing so much but because others are doing so little. And what we are doing is being done in a disorderly way. Sixteen different groups, for instance, are trying to find a cheap method of making iron and steel unrustable. What a way to go about this or any other similar task! These groups would be more than sixteen times as efficient if they were combined into one. In the operation of human minds there is such a thing as cross-fertilization. If all of the members of this group were in daily conference, any member of the greater group might, at any time, make a chance remark that would set some other member to thinking. You know, we are often told things by those who do not know they have told us and who, paradoxically, do not know the thing themselves. One man simply says something that clicks into some information that another man has and gives him an idea. To place into sixteen thought-tight compartments a great body of men each of whom is trying to discover the same thing is to make certain that the discovery will not be made as early as it might be.

That is the way, however, that scientific research is being conducted in this country and throughout the world. The United States should change this. The United States should have a scientific research laboratory that would associate, coördinate and energize the best scientific minds of America for generations to come. It should be, from the moment it opened its doors, the leading institution of the kind in the world, and it should remain, until the end, the leader. It should seek to discover, ponder, digest and apply to some human requirement, every possible fact in connection with the properties of matter and the operation of natural laws. It should seek to collect and (*Concluded on page 24*)

"The world is more interesting than it ever was before, but it is still a very dull place in comparison with what it soon will be."

Is Our Navy Out of Date

Brigadier General Mitchell Discusses This Question

Brigadier General Mitchell, former Assistant Chief of the U.S. Air Service, showing Air Service trophies to Brigadier General James E. Fechet (left), the new Assistant Chief of the Air Service and successor to General Mitchell.

In an interview with
JEROME DAVIS

A SILENT revolution has been taking place not only in the life of America but throughout the world. Most of us have scarcely sensed the transformation nor do we begin to realize its vast implications. The airplane is going to be produced cheaply. It will make a place for itself as the auto has. It is economical. An all-metal plane carrying five passengers costs less than a cent a mile for fuel. It means the shattering of real estate values. A business man can live sixty miles out in the country and yet reach his office in thirty minutes. It will result in still further competition for the railroads. It means the scrapping of old military principles, indeed the virtual abandonment of what used to be called the "Science of Warfare." It necessitates the formulation of a new military technique based on the air. This spells the doom of the naval battleship.

While most of us have been peacefully slumbering engrossed in dreams of things as they are, a few Americans in nearly every branch of social and economic activity have recognized the dawn of a new day.

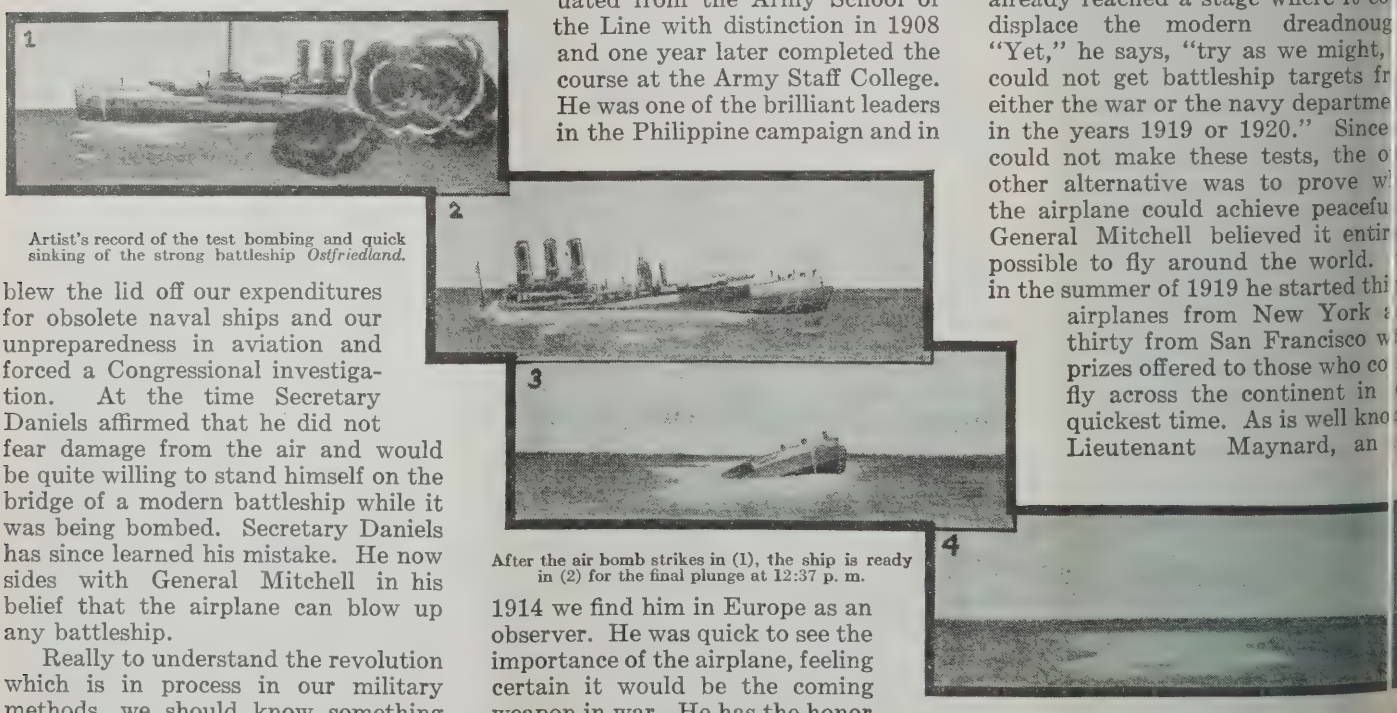
Among our military men there is perhaps no one who has done more to modernize our thinking and practice in the industry of air flight than has Brigadier General William Mitchell. Indeed he might be called the prophet of the air. It was General Mitchell who blew the lid off our expenditures for obsolete naval ships and our unpreparedness in aviation and forced a Congressional investigation. At the time Secretary Daniels affirmed that he did not fear damage from the air and would be quite willing to stand himself on the bridge of a modern battleship while it was being bombed. Secretary Daniels has since learned his mistake. He now sides with General Mitchell in his belief that the airplane can blow up any battleship.

Really to understand the revolution which is in process in our military methods, we should know something of the life of General Mitchell. Who is this revolutionary General of the Air?

Although not yet fifty years of age, he has not only participated with signal distinction in every war in which our country has been engaged since he was born but he has pioneered in the development of our air service, challenging the supremacy and value of our naval forces, causing several Congressional investigations and proving his contentions to have been accurate. Strangely enough he was not born in the United States but in France of American parents. He took his undergraduate work at George Washington University and while still in college had become a first lieutenant. Within four years after graduation he had completed the construction of the Alaskan telegraph system. He graduated from the Army School of the Line with distinction in 1908 and one year later completed the course at the Army Staff College. He was one of the brilliant leaders in the Philippine campaign and in 1914 we find him in Europe as an observer. He was quick to see the importance of the airplane, feeling certain it would be the coming weapon in war. He has the honor of being the first American to fly over the enemy's line and h already won the Distinguish Service Medal, the Disti guished Service Cross, h sides a host of foreign mi tary honors including t Companion Order of S Michel and St. George and t Commander of the Legion Honor. By 1917 he h risen to the rank of a Colo and in 1918 was promoted be Brigadier General a Assistant Chief of the Arm Air Forces of America. H still looks remarkably you and has the constitution an athlete.

Since the war he has startl America by the statement that t world stands on the threshold of t aeronautical era and that the na today is obsolete. One of his sta ments is, "The surface ship, as a mea of making war, will gradually disappe to be replaced by submarines that w act as transports for air forces a destroyers of commerce." He te America that "aerial torpedoes, wh are really airplanes kept on th course by gyroscopic instruments a wireless telegraphy, with no pilots board, can be directed for more th one hundred miles in a sufficien accurate way to hit great cities."

Just how General Mitchell arri at these startling conclusions is part the romance of the air. At the beginn of 1919 little was really known ab the dependability of the airpla General Mitchell believed that it h already reached a stage where it co displace the modern dreadnoug "Yet," he says, "try as we might, could not get battleship targets fr either the war or the navy departme in the years 1919 or 1920." Since could not make these tests, the o other alternative was to prove w the airplane could achieve peacefu General Mitchell believed it entir possible to fly around the world. in the summer of 1919 he started thi airplanes from New York a thirty from San Francisco w prizes offered to those who co fly across the continent in quickest time. As is well kno Lieutenant Maynard, an



Artist's record of the test bombing and quick sinking of the strong battleship *Ostfriedland*.

After the air bomb strikes in (1), the ship is ready in (2) for the final plunge at 12:37 p. m.

One minute later it begins the final plunge (3), and is down at 12:39¾ p. m.

United States anti-aircraft guns in action.

Baptist minister, won the race and nearly all the contestants finished successfully. In 1920 General Mitchell proposed to establish an airway from New York through Canada to Alaska. Captain Street took four machines from New York to Nome, Alaska, in fifty-four hours of actual flying time and returned here as quickly with no accidents or delays of any kind.

In the fall of 1920 General Mitchell tells us he was able "to announce definitely to Congress that we could destroy, put out of commission and sink any battleship in existence or any that could be built." At that time the Army Air Service was using one thousand pound bombs of TNT timed to explode under water so that whether they actually hit a battleship or not they would immediately make the vessel useless by damaging the propellers and rudder, if they did not indeed cave in its bottom. This statement itself landed as a bombshell in the ranks of conservative naval leaders who retaliated with the most emphatic and indignant denials. The Secretary of the Navy sided with the naval officers. The verbal explosion had one result of lasting significance, however. Congress passed a bill introduced by Mr. Anthony in the House and Mr. Wadsworth in the Senate authorizing the President to designate warships to be used as targets for explosions.

The first permission to make a concrete trial occurred on June 2, 1921, against the ex-German submarine *U-117*. Three airplanes flew out over the water to the attack armed with one hundred and eighty pound bombs. Inside less than three minutes the submarine was on its way to the bottom and even the naval boat which was directing the target practice one and one-half miles away had her condenser system so badly affected that she steamed into port that night at only three knots an hour.

The next trial occurred on the ex-German torpedo boat destroyer *G-102*. This time the airplanes used four hundred pound bombs and the destroyer met a fate similar to that of the submarine. The cruiser *Frankfurt* was the next victim and six hundred pound bombs were used. At the first direct hit fragments were hurled for more than a mile. At each of these tests naval men were astounded to witness results which they had before thought to be impossible of achievement.

The supreme test of the airplane as a military instrument was given in the attack on the dreadnought *Ostfriedland* built for use in the North Sea against England. She had been specifically constructed with every device known to science to make her impregnable. She was completely divided into water-tight compartments and had three separate skins to her bottom. In the Jutland battle she had been hit by two mines below the water line yet had made harbor under her own steam. To make the work of bombing more difficult, the navy department demanded that the target should be one hundred miles from the air dome. The boat was also anchored in one hundred fathoms of water where the bombs striking the water would have less effect. The first trial was made with 1,100-pound bombs which immediately put the boat entirely out of commission and could have sunk her had not the navy ordered the attack to cease. On the next day 2,000-pound bombs were used and the boat sank in a few minutes.

One further final test was afforded the air service when they were allowed to bomb the United States Battleship *Alabama*. The first two thousand pound explosive sank her in thirty seconds. On each and every trial General Mitchell accompanied and directed the bombers in his own airplane. By the end of 1921 he had demonstrated to the world his statement that "should a nation control the air it could more nearly master the earth than has ever been the case in the past."

During 1922 he was rewarded by seeing the air service in America capture all the world's air records including speed, altitude, long distance, and hours aloft. In 1923 our airplanes flew across the American continent from daylight to dark and in 1924 American airplanes were the first to encircle the globe.

In spite of the concrete demonstrations that a revolution had taken place in our means of locomotion, the military forces of America refused to make the necessary changes in their tactics, programs and appropriations. Great Britain realized this necessity at once and has made her air ministry co-equal with her army and navy. Indeed she has legally declared that the air force is "the first line of defence."

To summarize the effect of this revolution in the air on our military forces I asked General Mitchell the following questions and reproduce his replies just as they were given. Every American citizen ought to study them carefully.

Would our surface fleet be an asset in time of war?

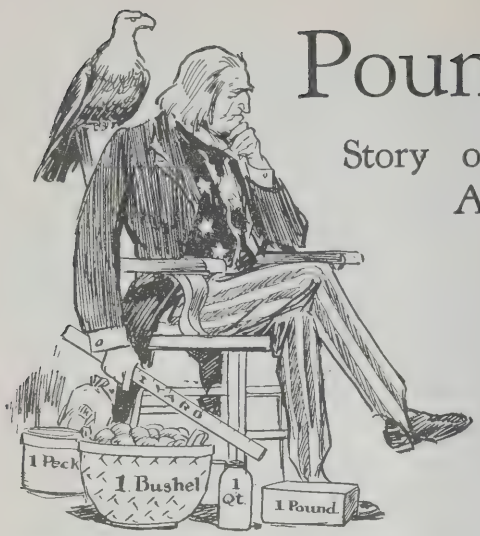
> "It would be a very doubtful asset in war and probably a great liability. Our navy is powerless to resist attacks from an insignificant flock of aircraft. It is at the mercy of any third-rate navy equipped with seagoing air forces. I think it is my duty to say so."

How much could be saved if money now being wasted on our navy were withdrawn?

> "This is very difficult to answer. Statistics show that up to 1920 we had spent on our shore stations alone $1,303,233,547.42. The information concerning actual expenditures of shipbuilding program, accessories, and ordnance is not available. I would suggest that you get this information from the navy."
>
> (In 1923 we were allotting $629,672,000 for our army and navy. If General Mitchell is right a large part of this was wasted.)

How much money would we need adequately to equip our air forces?

> "The last estimate of the Chief of Air Service as revealed in testimony before the Congressional Committee was $25,000,000 per year for a period of ten years adequately to equip the Military Air Service. It is my opinion that if the Servi es were combined under one administrative head with one system of procurements and supply (Concluded o page 31)



Pounds or Kilograms?

Story of an Active Attempt to Abolish American System of Weights

IF YOU glanced at your speedometer and found that you were going 96.54 kilometers:

If you ordered a quart of milk and was told that you could have a liter—which measures less:

If your *yard* of dress goods became a *meter*, at a higher price:

If your No. 16 collar became a No. 40 1/2 collar, centimeter:

If your grocer said he could not sell you a *pound* of butter at 45 cents, but would gladly sell you .454 kilogram at 99 cents a kilogram:

If the lady's No. 4 shoe became overnight a No. 25½ shoe:

Then we should have what Bills in Congress, Committee Reports and other forms of propaganda are determined that we shall have.

For there has been for years a movement on foot to change American weights and measures to the European system. It is an aggressive movement. It has won influence in the government itself. It has worked itself into a position of importance, and the American people are still ignorant of its existence.

How did it begin? It goes back to the French Revolution. It included a plan to abolish the calendar and make a new one in which the *Year One* should be the year of the Revolution. The seven-day week was to be abolished, and a 10-day week substituted. The month was to be three weeks of ten days each. The names of the months were to be wholly changed.

This change was established by law, but was never observed by the people, and the law was repealed in 13 years.

Origin of the Metric System

Along with these changes went a new system of weights and measures, as illustrated above. There was some excuse for this in France, since many systems were used there and it is desirable that a country have a unified system for the convenience and honesty of trade. The new system, known as the Metric system, like the week and the month, was based on decimals, or the system of ten. The basis was earth measurement, a *meter* being the measure of length equal to one ten-millionth part of a terrestrial meridian contained between the north pole and the equator. It was an attempt to discover a scientific measurement based on an unchangeable natural fact.

Later it was discovered that a circle on the earth's surface (meridian) passing through the poles is not a "constant" and that furthermore an error was made in estimating the length of the quadrant. Thus the meter is a mere arbitrary unit of length and in this respect holds no advantage over the yard which is also an arbitrary unit.

But there is something stronger than the ideals of academic scientists, and that is popular custom. Most of the French people used a system closely approximating the English system of inches and pounds. When the new metric measures were established by law the people clung to their old system and it was not long before they were legally permitted to retain their old measures under the name of the "Systeme Usuelle"—a name which clearly indicates how strong a hold the old system had.

The "Human" System of Twelves

That is one-half of the story. In the meantime the Anglo-Saxon peoples of Great Britain and America were living under the system of pints, pounds and inches, the most ancient and most nearly universal of all human devices in weights and measures. These peoples were destined to become the commercial and industrial leaders of the world, and they did so under the use of pints, pounds and inches.

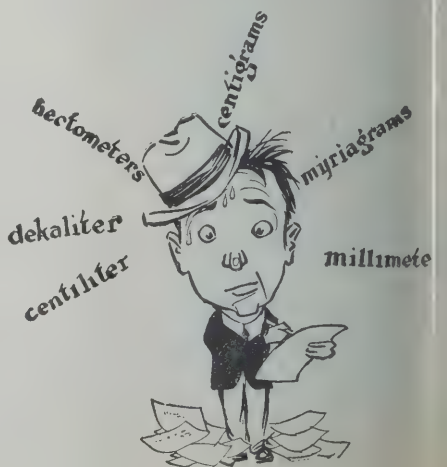
The difference between the French system and the English is that one is artificial and the other is human. It is not a system of *tens* but of *twelves*. There are twelve hours on our clocks, twelve months in our year, twelve men on our juries, twelve units in a dozen, twelve inches in a foot, twelve twelves in a gross, Twelfth Night—and so on back to the Twelve Disciples of the Lord and Twelve political tribes of Israel. Twelve is a number ingrained in the history, experience and customs of the Anglo-Saxons.

When France invented the metric system she was not a manufacturing country. None of the nat ons on which the French imposed their system was engaged in manufacturing. The sole motive, at the time, was to standardize the various provincial systems of weights and measures which existed at the time.

One of the countries impressed by France in favor of the metric system was Germany. But even Germany was not yet a manufacturing country. But the time came when she forsook h fields, built factories and competed f world trade. She made great strid among the South American countrie As part of her trade war she push propaganda for the metric system, b cause German goods were made a cording to that sort of measuremen Germany succeeded in securing offici sanction for the metric system in mo of the countries of Central and Sou America. The intention was to sh out Anglo-Saxon goods because th were made by the system of pin pounds and inches. But althou Brazil adopted the metric system 1862, Argentina in 1863, Chile in 18 Ecuador in 1856, Mexico in 1862, Pe in 1862, Venezuela in 1857, and so through a list of twenty Latin-Ame can countries, the fact remains (ascertained by the American Institu of Weights and Measures) that in no of these countries has the metric sy tem become the system of the countr Government and customhouse run the metric system, but the people car on their business on the "syste usuelle," that is, the usual syste which approximat that of pint pounds and inch

Metric System Unnecessary in Foreign Trade

In the meantir Britain and Am ica were flooding the world with sorts of goods, made without referen to the metric system. American a tomobiles and English soap and Can dian wheat went broadcast regardl



the metric system. These two peoes controlled the trade of the world, ithout hindrance from metric measrements, and control it still today.

Yet, because some South American overnments were induced *politically* decree a system of weights and easures which their people have never cepted, the United States is being ked to change its system, change it terly, to standardize this sysm in America. The manufacturg world at large, the greater portion it, is asked to change its entire sysm to conform with an idea of the ench Revolutionists foisted by German fluence on non-manufacturing peoples in Latin America.

Confusion Caused by Metric System

The introduction of the metric system into South America did not ify nor standardize the system of ights and measures, but created two stems, made confusion worse confnded, because the people would not cept the new order. And the United ates is asked to add to the confusion creating the same condition here.

Great Britain, the United States d imperial Russia, as governments, gether with the plain people everyere, have stood out against the ench system.

A diligent canvass among all classes American business disclosed no instence from any part of the world at American manufacturing methods changed to the metric system. The quiry covered more than 800 lines of siness engaged in international trade, erything from Airplanes to Zinc, and owed that it was American goods, nt the metric system, that the nans of the world were buying from us.

If the case could be proved that we re losing business because of our systn of weights and measures, it would l for consideration. Nothing of the kd is shown by any investigation that hs been undertaken. The German r against American manufactures, i which the metric system was the apon, never had a chance to win, d now is definitely lost. And yet in se United States the struggle goes o to change our whole system and ow our manufacturers and people no endless confusion. The attempt, ifsuccessful, would have the same rest as in other countries—the authorits could pass as many laws as they lied, the people would simply go on nking pints, pounds and inches.

The American people, it is believed, pfer a foot, a yard, a pint, a pound, millimeters and hectometers, centiters, and decaliters, myriagrams and ctigrams, and all the other terms ich call for the use of Greek and Ltin prefixes.

The propaganda for the metric stem finds its parallel in the propagda against the English language, i favor of French, or German or Eperanto. The English language admtedly is difficult, in some respects irregular, and an irritation to those who were reared in other tongues, but the fact remains that English is rapidly becoming the universal language, the true Esperanto, and that the industrial and commercial business of the world is being done in English. For the sake of unity with the rest of the world, shall we abandon English in favor of French? Then why abolish pints, pounds and inches for liters, grams and meters? Both propositions stand on the same basis.

Again it is said: If American and English weights and measures were in the minority, if the major part of the world's business were being done under another system, the situation would call for serious examination. But when we go to South America, in all the Latin-Spanish countries, we find a system point for point like the English and American. Officially, the government may be on a metric basis, but actually the people are on the English basis. The Spanish pound (libra) has 16 ounces (onzas). The Spanish ton (tonelada) has 20 quintales (twenty hundreds, or 2,000 pounds). The Spanish foot (pie) has 12 pulgadas (inches), and three pies (feet) make one vara (yard). The table printed with this will illustrate the other measures. There is then no need of a metric system to bring unity of practice in the Americas.

Spanish Weights and Measures used in Latin America showing their identity with the English system.

MEASURES OF WEIGHT

16 onzas . . .	1 libra (pound)
25 libras . .	1 arrobas (quarter)
4 arrobas .	1 quintal (hundred)
20 quintales . .	1 tonelada (ton)

MEASURES OF LENGTH

12 pulgadas . . .	1 pie (foot)
3 pies . . .	1 vara (yard)

As for the rest of the world, what do we find? In Russia, linear measures are based on the English inch. In China, 16 Chinese ounces make one pound and 100 pounds one picul. The Chinese foot is a mere half-inch longer than the English 12 inches. In Japan, he common foot in use is just seven one-hundredths of an inch shorter than the English foot. And, of course, throughout British possessions everywhere round the world, the pints, pounds and inches system is in common use.

The "Foot" is a Unit the World Over

If the interested reader will consult Vol. III of the Century Dictionary, under the article "foot," he will see at a glance how in ancient and modern times the "foot" of the great peoples has always approximated the foot which we use.

The metric system came too late; it has missed all the human rootage; it has not captured any people that has maintained its place in the world; and the demand that the world should surrender to it is somewhat premature.

One point which all the students of the question seem to avoid is the question what the adoption of the metric system would do to the people and to the cost of living.

Place a meter and a yardstick alongside, and the meter is about 10 per cent greater in value than the yard. In selling dress goods by the meter would the price be likely to rise only 10 per cent? Would we be likely to be paying yard prices for meter measurements? None would say so who has had experience of prices.

Place a liter beside a quart, and the quart has between two and three tenths greater value than the liter. In selling milk by the liter would the price be likely to drop two or three-tenths? Or would we be paying quart prices for liter measurements?

Place a pound beside its equivalents in kilograms and the latter must be represented thus, .45359. For the easy figuring which the metric advocates so earnestly desire, would it not be "easier" to "figure" the kilograms at .50, and let the housewife pay the difference?

Profiteering Dangers of Metric System

These questions are practical and they have been illustrated by actual practice. Under the metric system the present range of prices would have to be changed. Dress goods at 50 cents a yard would sell at 54.7 cents a meter—for how long? It would be "easier" to "figure" on 60 cents a yard, or meter under the new system, would it not? All the canned goods would be changed to convenient sizes under the metric system, not to the advantage, one may be sure, of the consumer.

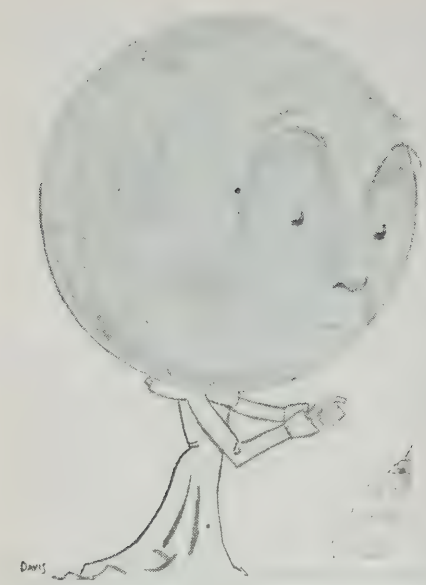
In 1911 there was considerable discussion about the variety of sizes of berry boxes used in this country. In some states the dry quart was the only unit of measurement for berries, and in others it was not. So, assisted by experts and the produce men, Congress framed a bill which included this passage: "Provided, that nothing in this Act shall prevent the sale of such small fruits and berries by weight or by liter, half-liter, quarter-liter, or multiples of the liter."

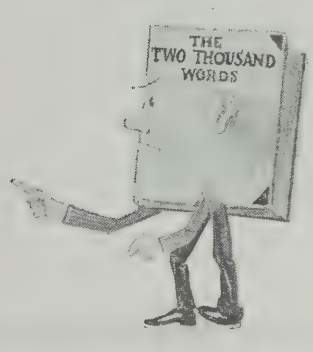
This was one of the occasions when the metric advocates came near being successful. BUT an investigation revealed that the produce men were behind the experts in providing for the liter because the liter is 10 per cent smaller than the dry quart. The Bill permitted them to sell liters for quarts. And when finally the law was passed in 1916, the metric provision was omitted in the interest of the people.

Our weights and measures are established by standards as infallible as any on which the meter is based. The standards are visible, tangible and present in the custody of the Government. They are the outgrowth, not (Concluded on page 30)

Two Thousand Words Conquered the Worl

Today's Foremost Language Built Around Old Angles' Lispin





By DUNCAN MACCONNEL

THERE is a New England. It was christened with this name in 1614 by Captain John Smith, because the summer-verdured shores of Cape Cod looked to him so much like the rising lands back from the beach of Devonshire. The name hides pathos, and reveals the homesickness of those who seemed to see their last views of their native island reappear in the first landscapes of an uncharted coast.

Thus the name New England points back to Old England, which Captain John carried in his heart. On his map of the unknown American shore he marked familiar British names, among them Plymouth, where later the history of Massachusetts began in a gray winter dawn.

The Naming of New England

New England has been made familiar to all dwellers in North America, because of history and tradition brought down through successive sages, writers of books. And likewise we have some familiarity with that Old England on the other side of the sea, and we feel that familiarity with Old England, though we may never have stood before its crackling Yule logs or felt the April scent of hedges of hawthorne blossom. For these things are part of the race-memory, the indestructible home-memory, of the far-scattered British family, truant in many lands.

The name New England was given in illusion, for it seemed like Old England though it is very different—and it seemed like an island though it is a part of the unbroken continent. The illusion has gone, yet we hold the name. And we, like the Pilgrims, call a certain wild thrush by the name of robin though it is not a robin, and refer to a trailing blossom as an arbutus when it is not an arbutus.

And just as there was an Old England before New England, there was likewise an Oldest England before Old England.

An English race made war and peace, taught law and justice, in an English speech of power and action, when the only races dwelling in Britain were Romans and Celts. To that Oldest England—to that original Englaland—must we go back, to hear the first faint lispings of the language which today is loudest on the tongues of men, and which seems to us, as we said in a previous article, to be prepared for the office and dignity of a Universal Language.

There are two inlets of the Baltic Sea, on the coast of Schleswig in Northern Germany, one known as the Schlei, and the other as the Flensborg Fiord. The little district of 338 square miles has now a population of 38,000 souls. Many a traveler passing through—for there are not many who stop among these meadows—have noted the appearance of flowering hedges like those of Kent and Surrey. This is a link which today still unites the district of Angeln, the old home of the Angli or Angles and the Oldest England, with the Old England after which our New England was named.

Yet this was England before Southern Britain was England, and in its time this was the only England. It never seemed, even in the beginning of history, as if the race of the Angles would remain fixed upon this soil. For the Roman historian Tacitus speaks of them as devoted to the worship of an ocean goddess whose shrine was upon an island off the tempestuous coast. And the oldest of English poems, the epic of Beowulf, is a tale of heroes sailing abroad for superhuman conflicts, to conquer and rule on other shores.

The Tenacity of Anglo-Saxon

Does it seem impossible that the speech of a tribe on a county of rocky coast can have significance for us? By that speech we are born, we grow, we serve God, we make love, we fight to lose or win, we are wedded, we have children, we die. *Every word in this last sentence is out of that speech,* and the heart of all our elaborated langua is that English heart. Dignified ritu ordain imposing ceremonial, villai and chicanery foist cant and sla upon the vernacular, but when feel deeply and strike hard in word deed we speak the tongue of Old England.

We speak it, we in America, thou we are not all racially English, or ev racially British.

We hear, and we expect to hear, old Teutonic in the words of the M flower Compact, written down by Pilgrims after they had sailed fr Holland toward Virginia, to find a place where they might maintain th faith as they had maintained it Holland, and retain their language they had retained it in England. I the Teutonic words ring out as wel the greater utterances of Negro car meeting hymns from the old Sou The Saxon "round-up" prevails o the Spanish "rodeo" in the wild w Closer to us than any living Europ nation is that nation of the Ang long merged and blended in their la

Vanished Angles Speak in Us

England, our England, with S on and Jute, D and Swede, N man and Celt, blended on this side of the ocean in Africa and Australia with ot bloods. Today the nations of pres Europe speak to us and of us, w the vanished Angles speak in us.

No one would claim that we to speak entirely the language of Angles. We are very far from speak it in the manner of the Angles. there were in the original tongue the Baltic tribesmen about two th sand words which covered many of vital relations of life, and these thousand words we still speak. have obscured other words of the seafarers' vocabulary. We h adopted many terms outright from the tongues of the earth, to rep the Teutonic compound words w picturesquely presented equiva thoughts. Under the pressure of a vocabulary and the demand fo large intelligibility the elaborate gr mar of the original Englishmen been simplified and tamed, as the feasts of Beowulf are reduced to shining orderliness of a modern lu eon.

(Continued on pag

EDITORIALS

When Is a Dollar $1

WE ARE coming along. The value of the dollar is becoming better understood. Newspapers are saying week by week something like this: "The purchasing power of the dollar amounted to 62.9 pre-war cents, against 62.7 cents the previous week."

In May, 1920, our dollar went down to 40.5 cents in purchasing power.

In January, 1921, the dollar was worth 58.8 cents.

On January 30, of this present year, the dollar was worth 60.8 cents, while on May 1, it was worth 64.9 cents.

The first week in this present month of July found the dollar worth two cents less than in May—the value being 62.9 cents.

In fact, our dollar values fluctuate like gasoline prices, and with as many fractions.

Barney Baruch and the Profiteers

WE DON'T begrudge Johns Hopkins University the quarter-million dollars, but it is to be hoped that Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, who admits that he had more power than any other man in the Great War, will accompany his donation with personal testimony as to the extent of profiteering in war times. This will greatly increase the material of the course of study which his money is founding. The United States Government started to do what Johns Hopkins proposes in this field, but politics stopped it.

There is one suggestion which will not come amiss in American thinking at this time. It is this: the Barney Baruch interest, together with others, has pretty definitely planned the communistic state which will come into being here immediately upon proclamation of the next war.

According to the plans now tentatively and cautiously being put forward in various quarters, and put forward on the assumption that they are already approved and accepted, it will not be necessary for communists to stage a revolution here, it will only be necessary to force patriots into a war. Upon the commencement of war, out come the blue prints, and the United States goes under communism in one day.

Mr. Baruch explained at length to Government committees a few years ago the super-government of wealth and material which he was able to erect in this country, and which he had previously planned at a time when the people of this nation were ignorant of it. He truly said that his power exceeded that of any other man. But his power was puny compared with that proposed for the next war.

Instead of one thing menacing us in war, now three things menace: first, war itself; next, the attempt at establishing communism as a war measure; third, the possible resistance of the American people in the circumstances.

The master mind which has wrought havoc in agricultural concerns, which is devitalizing important institutions like the Federal Trade Commission, may well be studied in its other operations.

China's Righteous Protest

THE trouble in China traces directly to industrial greed and thus offers fertile soil for that form of propaganda which lives by pretending to be the savior of the working masses. The industrial offenders, according to reports, are British and Japanese. Both American and British people have long protested against the conditions which exist in Chinese industry, and now the Chinese themselves are protesting even unto violence.

It should be understood at once by authorities whom the outbreak will force into action, that Right will prove the only right solution. It is not a case for denunciation or domination, but for firm compulsory education. The Japanese, who are the worst industrial offenders perhaps, are not to be blamed. They have no modern industrial philosophy. They have not created an industrial method that includes the benefit of the employe. They have imitated the worst faults of Western industrial methods. Their industrial structure reflects the most glaring defects of the worst period of American industrialism. Industrial malpractices which we have largely abandoned as self-destructive, are still received in the Orient as the shining secret of our greatness, when in truth their continuance would have been our economic ruin.

The British industrialists in the Orient have the same limited vision. And not only in the Orient, but also at home, for even British statesmen now admit that English unemployment is largely the product of mismanagement. Industry that is not built upon the principle of the worker being made also a buyer is doomed. It may endure awhile, as

British industry has endured, but its end is disastrous and bitter. And it involves even those who seemed to be most successful at the height of the false prosperity. The sins of the fathers are visited on the heirs and estates.

A China that is fed into foreign-managed mills and hardly paid enough for meager food is degrading to foreigners more than to Chinese, for the Chinese will revolt in time, but who can restore the foreigner's self-respect?

It is almost too simple for diplomats to consider, but the settlement of China's difficulty depends entirely on the introduction of the new-era principle in business. The little that is immediately gained by outworn labor methods will be overwhelmed in the immense loss which will follow China's long, long memory of the foreigner's treatment of her working people.

Pity for the Chinese is swallowed up in wonderment at the stupidity of the industrial policy which dividend-snatchers pursue in backward countries.

Why We Demand Payment

AMERICANS should realize, without being told, that our Government's insistent demand that foreign war debts be paid is not an indication that the United States is a rapacious creditor.

Such a view of our Government is held only by those who wish deliberately to misrepresent the American people, by those who wish to drive a wedge between Government and people, and by those who read but never think.

Let every American put it up to himself what *he* would do if *he* were sitting at Washington and knew how certainly the Old World is working itself into a state of war, and doing so with money that might better be employed in paying its debts. What would *he* do?

He would do his utmost to prevent the calamity, of course. And how? By giving Europe something else to think about. By reminding them that old wars should be paid for before new wars are contracted. By insisting that sound national financing consists in paying honest debts instead of buying unsound wars.

Sometimes when children are cross and quarrelsome we adopt means to change their state of mind. We send them out to look at the stars, or to count the roses on a bush, or to chop some kindling, or to run to the store. If the United States of America, choosing the only effectual method open to it, attempts to change Europe's war-mind by bringing sharply to its attention the cost of the war, is it to be charged against us as greed, or as good will?

Americans may be certain that greed does not motivate the Government. There could be little doubt that for Peace, the United States would gladly cancel the whole debt. The fact that cancellation has never received approval by our Government indicates that it regards the debt as the greatest peace-card we could play, and that cancellation would but release the war-mind to its pernicious activities again.

It is not a sign of superior intelligence nor of "international-mindedness" to criticize and denounce our own Government in its debt policies. There is more intelligence and international good will in our willingness to understand why our Government acts as it does.

Let the Doctors Talk and Write

TRADITION is an excellent guide when it is founded in principle and not in interest. Too much tradition, however, represents narrow interests of wealth or caste or profession. The British Medical Association still feels the chill of outraged propriety when one of its members writes on medical or health subjects for the people. It is a tradition that the profession should keep itself cloistered so far as the arts of publicity are concerned. But that it should be forbidden to share its saving knowledge with the public is quite another thing.

In America we have shot that hidebound tradition to pieces; or, to state it more elegantly, we have outgrown the state of mind which it represents. Medical knowledge is given freely to the public through the public prints, and if an occasional charlatan like Abrams gets in, the fault is not with the practice but with the news agencies and newspapers which neglect to certify the standing of the man whose name they carry. Much of the most interesting reading to be found in newspapers and magazines is based on expert medical men's observations of life in sickness and in health. The Henry Ford Hospital has long followed the practice of permitting its staff physicians and surgeons to give weekly radio talks on medical and health topics of general interest and usefulness.

It is reported that the forthcoming visit of some 500 members of the British Medical Association to America is to be used as the opening wedge to gain a like liberty for British medical men. Sir Arbuthnot Lane, whose article on cancer was lately carried in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, is one of the sponsors of the new medical liberalism. The usefulness of popular medical literature, as it may be observed in America, should serve to broaden the somewhat narrow tradition at present restricting British doctors.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

IS A MAN better off working with a large industrial organization, or conducting a business of his own? The question is often asked, and a snapshot answer is expected. But the matter is not so simple as that.

To begin with, the assumption is that a larger proportion of people are employes of others than are working for themselves. Upon this assumption is based the charge that initiative is being lost and men are being forced into subordinate positions, that opportunity is being steadily limited until it consists in nothing more than the chance of a job under someone else's direction.

This assumption is by no means to be accepted. It is extremely doubtful that, in comparison with one hundred or even fifty years ago, the proportion of those employed for themselves and in their own business has decreased. It is extremely probable that the proportion has increased. Instead of opportunities for separate business careers being decreased, it will be found that they have enormously increased.

A glance at any community is sufficient to provide the principles upon which an opinion is to be reached. Certainly, to every 1,000 of the population, stores have increased, and the vast majority of stores are owned by the men who manage them. Not only have the number of stores increased but also the number of kinds of stores. Where fifty years ago one merchant carried many lines, now we have specialty stores—groceries, meats, hardware, shoes, pharmacy, dry goods, cooked foods, men's clothing, women's clothing, automobile accessories, oils and gasoline—any four blocks in any enterprising community, compared with fifty years ago, will show a great extension of privately owned business, and a far greater proportion of private owners than would have been thought possible fifty years ago.

Not only stores where goods are sold, but business places where skilled service is rendered, have greatly increased, not only in numbers, but in proportion to the population. Compare the old blacksmith shop with the modern garage. Each garage represents a man in business for himself and the number of them with reference to the population is greater than the proportion of blacksmith shops ever were. The same may be said of workers in wood and stone and iron.

This form of inquiry may be run through all the trades. Though we have seen the arrival of the big industries, we have seen also a more than proportionate increase in small industries; around every big industry, scores and hundreds of smaller industries spring up to do business with the large concerns.

Most professional men may be said to be in business for themselves. The increase in dentists, physicians, lawyers, architects, construction and consulting engineers, and scores of other lines of special service, must be counted with the increased proportion of independent individual effort at present possible and actual in the world.

IT IS flying in the face of facts to assume that because modern industry has grown to large proportions and employment has so greatly increased, the avenues to independent business careers have therefore diminished in extent and decreased in number. It is drawing a false picture of modern life to say that opportunity has grown less in any direction. In proportion to the population there are more persons in business for themselves than ever before. Large business enterprises have increased the number of smaller enterprises, instead of shutting them out. Every success is the mother of countless others.

This is not offered as a complete answer to the question asked above, but as a challenge to the tone of triumphant assertion which often sounds through it. The situation is not at all as it is assumed to be by the reformers and critics who asked the question. There are now a hundred avenues, where once there was one, by which men may become their own masters and work for themselves in their own business, if they wish.

One has only to read the list of incorporations daily issued in every state to see how many men go into business. Also the list of failures and dissolutions to see how many men go out of business again. The thousand roads of free opportunity are crowded all the time with persons going and coming. And these official lists represent only a small proportion of the number of persons who are entering the field of business for themselves. From peanut stands up to substantial commercial and manufacturing institutions, the proportion of people engaged in their own private business concerns is not only greater than it ever has been, but is increasing all the time.

It is useless to attempt an answer to the question as to which is better for a young man to do, work for others or go into business for himself, until it is made clear what ways are open to him. But certainly it is only leading him astray to assume that there is only one way for him to take and that it is less desirable than some other way might be. There are more ways open to him than ever before.

So, in later Pages we shall consider other elements of the matter. But for this week let this important fact of widened opportunity be made a matter of observation and thought.

Two Thousand Words

(*Continued from page 8*)

The historian records how Angles and Saxons and Jutes and Frisians conquered Southern Britain. But from the first there was preëminence for the Angles. Saxon kings like Alfred traced their ancestry to chieftains of Angeln, Saxon writers spoke of their language as English, the Saxons of Europe gave to the Teutonic invaders of England the hyphenated name of Anglo-Saxons. For many years scholars treating of the old language of England followed this name and called it Anglo-Saxon. Of late years they have returned to the use of the writers in this language, whatever their dialect and whatever their tribal relation, by calling it English or Old English.

Two thousand words have conquered the world of speech. They have first conquered all the other languages which contended for control in the speech of the British people. They have now extended with the extension of the speech of the British people, so that these two thousand words are known to more ears and are familiar upon more lips than any other two thousand words ever given utterance. By these two thousand words and the other English words which range around them in the 250,000 items of an unabridged dictionary, a large part of the thought of civilization will be ruled for centuries to come.

The Adequacy of These Words

This can be shown. It cannot be shown by academic argument on the relative beauty, strength, expressiveness or other merit of languages.

The English language, the tongue of the Angles, started far behind in the race for preëminence. It was written in an obscure Runic alphabet when older nations had adopted more efficient letters.

More than a thousand years after the conquest of Britain Lord Bacon wrote his greatest works in Latin because he could not be sure that English would continue to live. The English language was never selected by a primitive league of scholars or league of nations. It was never fashioned or refashioned by forerunners of the creators of Volapük and Esperanto. But it grew, and we can see from this distance how and why it grew. Therefore, we can look forward from this point and see how and why it will expand and increase still more. The mother-tongue of the largest linguistic group must become the second-speech of all other groups, as the first world-wide international language.

English Ends the Esperanto Idea

The square-sailed ships with many oars which brought the first Teutonic invaders to Britain bore men with the names of four races: Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Frisians. Historians have tried painfully to study out the differences between these first three races, and the intermingling of the Frisians among them. Yet from the first some prestige of power and dignity belonged to the Angles. As we have said, King Alfred the Saxon claimed royalty by descent from English chiefs in Angeln. The writers of Saxon and Jutish regions called their language English.

What about Communism in Russia? What about the worker in Russia? Stanley High, in our next issue, gives us a realistic description of conditions as they now exist in that once prosperous city, Leningrad. Smokeless factories, unpainted houses, broken windows, rat-infested streets, ragged workers! All bespeak the result of seven years of war, revolution and famine.

Thus it was clear from early times that the moral primacy of the English would have recognition in the name of the country, and in the name of the language. Yet it was not evident from the first, nor for several centuries, which form of the language would set a standard for the others. Various dialects of the language existed. Various spellings were adopted when letters were more widely disseminated. Different regions were differently affected by Celtic neighbors or Danish invaders. Pronunciations varied from town to town.

But here also no body of scholars decided on the superiority of a given dialect. No league of kings or statesmen urged one dialect above the others. The most powerful group or tribe found means to express its will, and it became important to the people round about to follow this leadership in language even as they followed the same leadership in war or statecraft.

A Sign of Leadership

The periods of Anglo-Saxon or Old English literature, as found in the records, are also periods of Anglo-Saxon politics. At first the land was divided into a number of small kingdoms. The first rulers to extend their local power to the point of leadership over all England were the kings of the region north of the River Humber, the Northumbrians. In that region also literature first developed, a literature whose dialect lingered in fragments in all North British literature to the days of Burns. It was in the seventh century that the Northumbrians gaine preëminence over British kingdom To that century belong their writer the poets Caedmon and Cynewulf, an the unknown transcriber of the En lish version of Beowulf.

The Northumbrian supremacy w overcome, and with that the supremac of the dialect perished. In the Saxo kingdom of Wessex arose Egbert i 802, King Alfred the Great of Wesse made his kingdom paramount in En land, and Winchester an Englis capital. Now a new literature develope in a language still called English, b in the dialect of the West Saxon kin dom. King Alfred's reign was the fir golden age of English literature, b in the distresses of the next few ce turies, fewer books were written England.

England did not know, indee whether it was to be "Saxon or No man or Dane." The Danish Ki Cnut ruled England and Scandinavi And when finally the Germanic royal was restored in Edward the Confesso it was not a restoration of Engli literature nor a triumph of Engli speech, for the restored king w Norman in training and Norman language.

The court-and-palace conquest the English language by the Norm French was begun before the Norm Duke, William the Conqueror, a tempted the physical conquest of t nation.

The Anglo-Saxon Kings Depart

The Duke Normandy and l nobles, once in p session of Englan spoke French. Some Normans despis the speech and the people of Englan William the Conqueror himself soug to learn the idiom, but failed befo its difficulties. At this time Engli was again at a great disadvanta among languages. The French w spoken in many kingdoms and und stood in many others, and linked Latins in the gay chivalry of the Sou A jury of learned men of that d looking for an international spee would never have chosen English any development of English.

The French, in one or anot form, seemed destined to conqu And it might have conquered, if t English kings had retained all th holdings in France, and had det mined to unite both lands in Ga speech. For while the total number Norman invaders was few, and wh the English language was admitte prevalent in the island, the langua of law courts and schools, the langua of castle and palace, was Norm French. And to some of these t center of the realm may have seem to be in Normandy and not in Englan though William, ruling on the Contine as a Norman Duke, (*Concluded on page*

Gen. Butler's Clean-Up

A Club Has Replaced His Sword

by CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

DIRECTOR Butler told me that one of the most unfortunate features of Philadelphia's night life is at young girls of good families e tempted by sportive companns to visit resorts where illicit quor is sold; not infrequently ey are arrested by detective uads. Then the father or mother pears in the office of the Public fety Department in City Hall:

Indignant parent: "You've arsted my daughter. It's an outge!"

The Director: "Where did this ppen?"

Parent: "There was a raid on e Café Blank."

The Director: "Why that's an derworld cabaret, with immoral ncing and indecent shows!"

Parent (horrified): "Goodness, y I had no idea—"

The Director: "Why do you let ur daughter go to such places?"

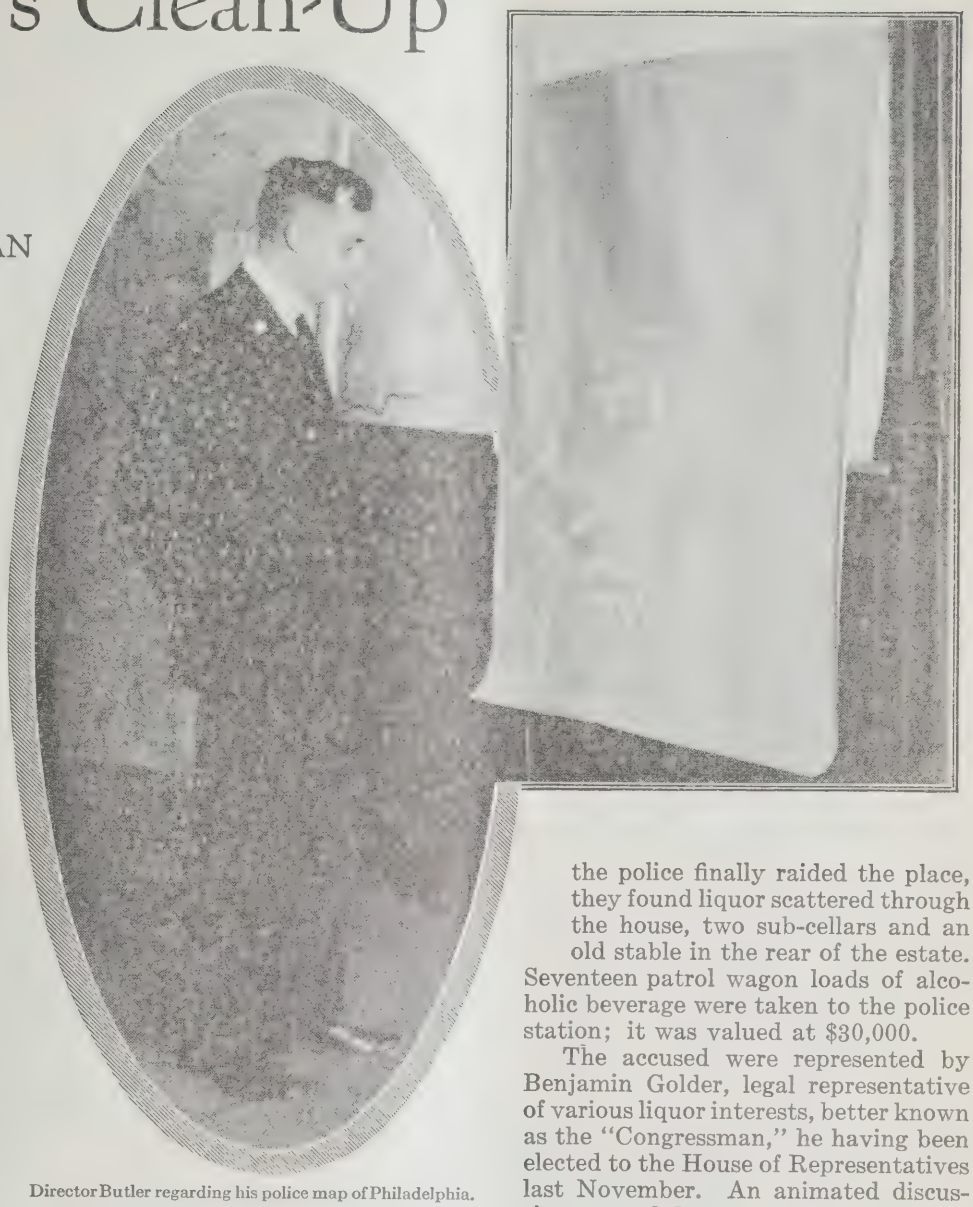
Parent (decidedly): "I'll see that e never goes there again."

Certainly to the superficial eye, iladelphia is a clean and wholesome y; that is the impression of the ranger arriving from Chicago, New ork or Baltimore, who makes comrisons as he traverses Market, Broad, ch or Chestnut streets. But an inection, also, of Callowhill, Franklin, oble streets, all the old Tenderloin m Sixth to Twelfth, from Vine to irmount avenue, tells its own story.

The Common Pleas Courts of Philelphia, still distinguished by criers d tipstaves, are presided over by od judges, acutely interested in the y's welfare; in the Municipal Courts, is sentiment is not quite so emphatic; deed, one of the judges is a member a league opposed to the Prohibition w. Among the 28 police magistrates, ere is less sympathy with the cleang up of the city.

On December 19, 1924, Governor nchot named the first woman agistrate to obtain that office Philadelphia, Mrs. Violet Fahnestock, president of the iladelphia County Women's ristian Temperance Union, o is active in many civic, urch and women's organizaons.

Both from the nature of her ice and the principles which e represents, Magistrate hnestock has ever since been



Director Butler regarding his police map of Philadelphia.

a storm center about which rage the anti-Prohibition and anti-reform elements of the city. One morning I attended a session in her court. The hearing concerned itself with the arrest of two men who lived in an ancient mansion at Wissahickon avenue and Abbottsford Road, in one of the old residential sections of Germantown. Police Inspector Holton, it seems, had received an anonymous letter, informing him that large quantities of liquor were stored in the 31 rooms of the old building; an investigation followed, which consumed two weeks. When the police finally raided the place, they found liquor scattered through the house, two sub-cellars and an old stable in the rear of the estate. Seventeen patrol wagon loads of alcoholic beverage were taken to the police station; it was valued at $30,000.

The accused were represented by Benjamin Golder, legal representative of various liquor interests, better known as the "Congressman," he having been elected to the House of Representatives last November. An animated discussion ensued between Golder and the magistrate, while the latter was interrogating a youth of 18.

The Congressman: "You can't question my client on that point."

The Magistrate: "Can you prevent me?"

The Congressman (dictatorially): "And you can't question me."

The Magistrate: "You're a fine attorney."

The Congressman: "And you're a fine judge." He insists upon the discharge of his clients, arguing that a stable or a garage is part of a private house, and therefore the police had no right to seize the liquor.

The Magistrate: "I shall hold the men for trial."

The Congressman (in a loud voice): "You've committed one wrong by permitting the raid; now why commit two by holding these men?" He directs a grin toward the bootleggers present in the little courtroom; then he edges over the railing and partly leans upon the magistrate's desk, adopting the air of truculence

A NEW FORCE IN AN OLD CITY.

Governor Pinchot declares that Butler is a refreshing change for "corrupt and contented" Philadelphia.

Joseph Pennell, the artist and acrid writer, says that drinks are openly served at the bar of a great club near City Hall. Samuel Vauclain, the locomotive builder, is dubious about it all. What do *you* think?

usually assumed by men of his race in police courts. "The Supreme Court has never rendered a decision in a case like this," he insists. "Listen to me; you're taking a chance."

The Magistrate: "I'm willing to take the chance."

The Congressman (menacingly, as he shoots his underjaw out in front of Mrs. Fahnestock): "I've given you my law, now you give me yours. Tell me what you base your position on. Let me know it," he demands.

It must be confessed, he displays little chivalry in his demeanor; he is trading on the new magistrate's inexperience.

The Magistrate (viewing the lawyer through her glasses—she may be inexperienced, but she is unperturbed): "I hold them each in $2,000 bail; *prima facie* evidence has been presented by the police."

The Congressman (shrugging his shoulders contemptuously): "Oh, what's the use!" He stalks out of the courtroom with his clients.

Mrs. Fahnestock is next confronted with a group of men and women who were arrested in a raid on the Pandora Café. Several of the young women are dressed in the latest mode. One of them explains that they were merely celebrating the engagement of one of their companions.

"That's a fine way to celebrate a marriage engagement," exclaims Mrs. Fahnestock. "The Lieutenant has testified that liquor was found at your table. Shameful! You would do better starting in life with only a loaf of bread and a Bible under your arm."

The antithesis to the above proceedings may be witnessed in the courtroom in which presides Magistrate Edward P. Carney, who is an avowed defender of personal liberty.

This morning the magistrate enters the police station with short, brisk steps; he wears an important air, and a conspicuous sapphire and diamond stickpin in his striped necktie. He is about to hear a case that appeals to his fancy. Detectives called at a house in Stanton street on information that a still was being operated there; it was a false tip, and now the offended house owner, his family, relatives and neighbors are on hand to complain of the overofficiousness of the police. He assumes the bench with a frown at the group of reporters and cameramen on his right, and fixes their attention with an upraised finger.

"You tell the truth about me," he warns, "or I'll put you all out of this place. I had one reporter fired from the *North American* this morning, and I'm going to put two more men out of their jobs.

"As for this policeman who made the raid, I'm going to hold him in $800 bail. When Director Butler sends 18 plain-clothes men into one café in a single evening, you can't blame the police department for having a hard time. While those 18 men were looking for liquor evidence in that one café, bandits and other wild characters were roaming the streets. I won't settle this affair until Director Butler gets a report of this hearing and has a chance to take some sort of action. If he doesn't act, I'll hold the policeman for the Grand Jury on a perjury charge."

The magistrate next holds four city detectives each in $800 bail for a hearing in connection with charges that they raided a private home. He complains that the warrant should have borne the signature of Magistrate Fahnestock, and he ostentatiously threatens to arrest his fair fellow magistrate. "I hear," he begins ominously, "that Mrs. Fahnestock says she won't appear before me in this case. I want to say now that I'm going to subpoena her next week, and if she fails to appear, I'm going to issue a warrant for her arrest and charge her with obstructing justice."

Bang! goes the gavel.

All these pleasant interludes are directed against the Director of Public Safety; they are subdued pin-pricks to which he is hardened. But openly, as a matter of fact, a truce has been declared between General Butler and the "organization."

General Butler talks in short, quick phrases, delivered with a toss of the head; he has decided views, and no hesitation in expressing them.

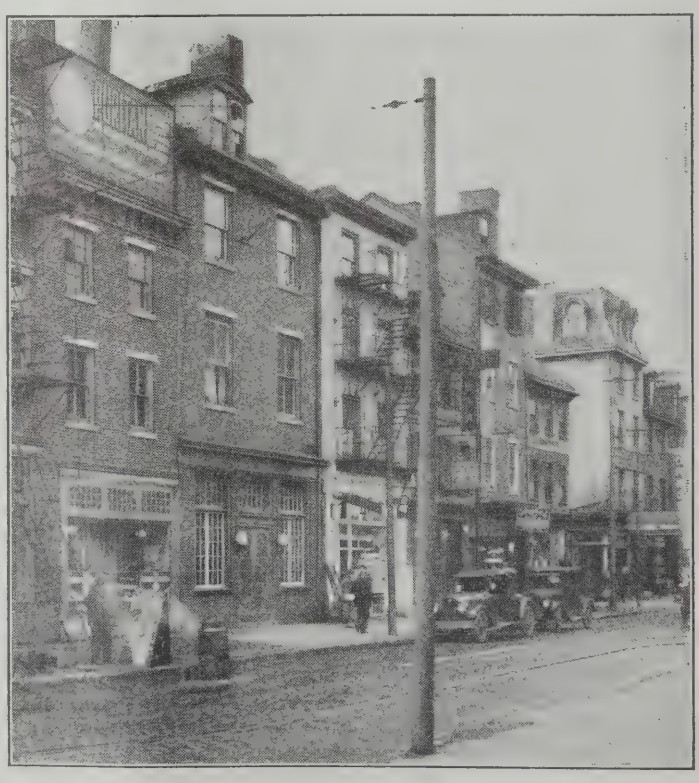
"A public official has got to be backed by public sentiment. The people of Philadelphia are peculiar. When I first came here they accepted me without question, probably because I am a Pennsylvanian, or maybe because I am the first Pennsylvanian to attain general rank since the Civil War. They knew my record and believed in me, and I'm convinced that they've still got faith in me. But they're ultra-conservative. From surface indications, one would suspect an absence of public spirit; but once aroused, Philadelphians can be most formidable. In 1905 they marched on the City Hall with ropes in their hands and threatened the Councils. One month after my appointment, while I was under an avalanche of attacks, ministers representing more than 500 churches protested to the Mayor against my removal or interference with my work. But they are reluctant to come forward in the work of cleaning up the city. In a way you can't blame them the moment they appeared in public they would be attacked by men like Carney and Golder, and because of their views, they would be held up to scorn.

"A forceful public opinion is needed to sustain the situation; there's no health in cloistered virtue. I've been devoting some thought how it is to be made possible for private persons to come forward in expressing their views on social questions without being molested by demagogues and agitators. I have thought out a way in which I believe it may be done. The thought came to me when Bishop Garland, of the Episcopal Diocese, invited me to preach from a pulpit at the Church of St. John the Divine, in Overbrook. I realized then that citizens could be induced to express their public views without fear or annoyance through the medium of the churches. there it is expedient for hundreds and even thousands to sign favored petitions, and these would have a telling effect upon men in public life."

"Do you consider that the underworld crowd has been eliminated from Philadelphia for good?" I asked the Director.

"Those people?" he exclaimed. "The moment law enforcement is relaxed they'll be back at once. They're boasting about it."

Grand juries are notoriously reluctant in handing down liquor indictments. While I was in Philadelphia I had an opportunity of witnessing the methods of Director Butler and his men



Types of Philadelphia cabarets which figure in General Butler's campaign.

in trying to overcome this obstacle. The April Grand Jury had earned the name of the "Wet Jury" through having ignored more than 100 liquor cases. When Lieutenant Charles Beckman, of the liquor squad, appeared before it, one of the jurors, Thomas Barrett, Sr., manifested reluctance to listen to his testimony in the police case against the Hotel Stenton. When Beckman suggested that a certain detective be called before it, Barrett said impatiently, "Oh, we don't want to hear him. His testimony is the same as yours."

Mrs. Violet E. Fahnestock, Philadelphia's woman police magistrate.

Beckman reported to his superior, Police Inspector Caleb J. Brinton, and the latter sent an account of the circumstances to Director Butler, accompanied by the police record of the juryman in question. Director Butler, accompanied by Edwin M. Abbott, counsel for the Public Safety Department, immediately went to court, where Judge Audenried was presiding at a trial. "Your Honor," said Mr. Abbott, "I wish to call your attention to a matter of great public importance concerning a member serving on the Grand Jury."

The Judge sent a court officer for the members of the Grand Jury, who filed into court, led by their foreman. Mr. Abbott now began a public examination of the juror, Barrett, who was an inspector in the Bureau of Weights and Measures, and a member of a political club in the Second Ward.

The lawyer: "Isn't it a fact that on October 26, 1912, you were arrested for selling liquor on Sunday and without a license; and that on February 10, 1913, you were convicted; and that three years later, February 4, 1916, a new trial was granted and the case was *nolle prossed?*"

The juror: "I was discharged."

The lawyer: "You were convicted?"

The juror: "I was discharged."

The Judge (leaning forward): "Is it a fact that the jury passed on your case and said you were guilty?"

The juror: "Yes; but the judge granted me a new trial."

The lawyer: "Weren't you arrested November 8, 1921, for assault and battery on a woman? Weren't you arrested October 17, 1924, for assault and battery by automobile?"

The Judge: "Well, Mr. Barrett, don't you think it would be better if you didn't serve in the administration of criminal justice?"

The juror (belligerently): "No sir; I never was convicted of anything."

The Judge (emphatically): "Well I do. You are discharged from service on the Grand Jury."

Judge Audenried then discharged a woman juror who had been seated beside Barrett. It was said that a motion for ignoring 56 liquor indictments in a single day had been made by the two retired jurors.

The difficulties with the grand juries are continuing. When the May Grand Jury refused to return many indictments in liquor cases, because, as its foreman declared, its members did not believe in the liquor laws, the admission brought a hot denunciation from Judge Monaghan. He told the jurors in effect that they had not done their duty and dismissed them without thanks for their services, an omission for which court veterans could find no precedent.

In charging the June Grand Jury in Philadelphia, Judge McDevitt told its members that grand jurors who permit their prejudices to sway their decisions were "traitors to the sanctity of their oaths." "We are being harassed on all sides," said the Judge, "by a wave of unprecedented lawlessness, disrespect for the law, disregard for authority and contempt for an oath. This is not the time to advocate mitigating the rigors of the punishment of a criminal. This is the time to inject common sense into the treatment of the willful violator of the law, the persistent desecration of the temple of justice."

His Honor, Edward P. Carney, known to Philadelphians as "The Dancing Magistrate."

Philadelphia is distinctive; it has been calmed by age, perhaps by the charm of its own tranquil streets, and the influence of a people who never, even in moments of folly, have lost the saving grace of sanity. But the exploiter seems always to find it both expedient and profitable to victimize such sedate and quiet communities. Philadelphians discovered this truth something more than a decade ago, and in the best reform movement their city had ever known, they chose Rudolph Blankenburg as Mayor; he had high courage as a leader, but nevertheless he failed, despite his splendid example, to rid the city of its incubus. Seven years after his term ended, in 1916, Philadelphia found itself worse than ever in the toils. It was the old, old story; a closely knit organization controlled its city departments and used them in deriving revenue from the Tenderloin, its disorderly cafés, its houses of assignation and, above all, its liquor traffic. In some ways it has grown the fashion to accept the inevitability of such a situation; but Philadelphians are a peculiar people.

The city for years had been a beehive of laboratories, of manufacturers of drugs and chemicals, of distillers and rectifiers; this may explain why, since prohibition, it became a head center for the illicit manufacture of low-grade alcohol. In the two years ended June 30, 1923, the amount of specially denatured alcohol produced in Philadelphia increased from less than 800,000 gallons to more than 5,000,000 gallons. An overwhelming proportion of alcohol, withdrawn for apparently legal manufacturing purposes, was packed in freight cars, under false labels, and shipped to cities west, south and north, for beverage purposes. "Judging from the amount of alcohol withdrawn, enough perfumery and toilet waters were manufactured in Philadelphia every day to supply the whole world with such luxuries for a week."

The noble city, whose State House Bell had once rung out to the world its message of Liberty, had become known as "the paradise of bootleggers." More than 1,300 saloons flourished, their traffic undisguised. Hold-ups became common and even several policemen were convicted of complicity in robberies. Throughout the country, the trials of criminals began to tend toward the City of Brotherly Love.

In November, 1923, the Philadelphians, with a majority of 285,000, elected W. Freeland Kendrick as Mayor, and announced that they stood behind him as a community in an effort to remake the city's municipal government. Mayor Kendrick requested President Coolidge's permission to engage the services of Brigadier General Butler as head of the Department of Public Safety, and Governor Pinchot joined him in the request; in this they gained the consent of the President.

General Butler is in the middle forties, and cut on the pattern of a cavalry officer, although he is in the Marine Service, member of a famous corps, with a fine record in many lands; twice winner of the Congressional Medal, he holds many other military honors.

(Concluded on page 22)

Romantic Rascals

John Law, Financier, 1671-1729

(Seventh of Series)

By CHARLES J. FINGER

WOOD BLOCKS CUT BY PAUL HONORE

(Copyright, 1925, by Charles J. Finger)

BEAU LAW was very rich indeed, and his father had made him so without the least effort or self-sacrifice, he being a goldsmith and a banker without opposition. For three years the lad worked in the bank, learning something of the mystery of money, then at the age of seventeen retired from business to seek less monotonous ways. Then came a series of short cuts to fame and, before his vivid history ended, he had succeeded in bringing more men and women to ruin, and dragging a pall of misery over more households than any one man in history before or since his time.

After leaving the bank, John Law, of Lauriston, Scotland, shone as a beau. Jessamy John, his neighbors called him, because of his smirking and parading, his spending hours at his mirror, his paying of compliments and all that sort of thing. He was a youth tremendously concerned about his coats and ruffles, his ribbons and buckled shoes, his powders and perfumes and gold embroideries. He appeared as a dancing, primping, affected puppet moving among hard-faced and robust Scots. When his father died in 1688, it was thought that John would buckle down to business. But John thought otherwise. Without a word to anyone he disappeared, and when next heard from, he was in London.

It was a London of coffee-houses, of bear-baitings, of prize-fighting, of high gambling, of public executions, of pillories, of narrow streets and mud and filth, but for the young Scotch dandy a haven of glory. At first he patronized the coffee-houses, mildly amused by the verse-makers and pamphleteers he met, but the impecunious and out-at-elbow fellows soon wearied him. So he flew higher, meeting men of note and talking national finance, his hobby. Once he met the queerly inquisitive and gossipy Samuel Pepys who knew something about naval finances, several times the great John Dryden at Will's coffee-house, now and then the elegant Joseph Addison and his friend and patron the Earl of Halifax. But, after all, they were dull fellows without the glitter and sparkle that Law loved. So he took another step and moved into a house westward of Charing Cross where lived those who held with Ethrige that it was a fashionable man's duty to dress well, to dance well, to fence well, to have a talent for love letters, a pleasant voice in a room, and to be always amorous but sufficiently discreet. For the world of fashion affected the French manners of the day, and selfishness and recklessness were marks of superiority, especially the recklessness of the gaming table. And there young Law shone, for he loved the sound of clinking coin and the subtle fascination of gold and jewels. To lose or to win four or five thousand pounds in a night was a delight. He flung away money, wagering heavily not only on cards and dice and basset, but on such trivialities as whether one raindrop would reach the bottom of a windowpane before another, or which of a couple of flies would take wing first. And to pass nights when there was no heavy gaming there was the company of roysterers who went about in noisy parties destroying statuary, pricking citizens with swords, seizing old women and rolling them down Snow hill in hogsheads. All that John Law found very charming and delightful until the crash came, and one night he went to bed with his estates heavily mortgaged and a duel on his hands because of some silly flirtation. In the duel he ran his opponent through the heart, was arrested for murder, and, being found guilty of manslaughter, was taken to the King's Bench prison.

How he escaped from prison was never known, but escape he did, and though there was offered a reward for his apprehension, he found his way to Amsterdam where he was soon known as the premier gambler. For fourteen years he wandered about Italy, France, Germany, Holland, known at every gaming house and at every fashionable resort; sometimes he was under suspicion and sometimes under arrest. Three times he was expelled from cities by the magistrates as a dangerous character—first from Venice, then from Genoa, then from Paris. But wherever he went he made it his business to call upon men interested in finance, setting before them a scheme to establish what he called a Land-bank. He wanted to be in charge of the institution and to have the right to issue notes backed by the value of the land of the state. All financial ills, he held, would be dispelled with the proper use of paper money. Notes should be coined, for no nation could expect to thrive on a metallic currency. He harped on his idea everywhere, wrote pamphlets about it and succeeded so far as to get the Scottish parliament to discuss the project. But meanwhile, so far as his own affairs went, he fell from bad to worse.

Suddenly a tremendous vista opened and the ruined gambler at forty years of age leaped into glittering light. France became his unexpected field. It was France financially deeply diseased and disorganized, a France with a population crushed by taxation, a France with a government in a perilous state because of the unwisdom and extravagance of her rulers. It was a France in which a babel of nostrums were dinned into weary ears, and where men were vehemently working out cross-purposes and discordant projects. The Duke d'Orleans, then Regent, listened to Law, resolved to give his plan a trial and, in 1718, Law opened his first bank in Paris with permission to manage the royal revenues and to issue notes upon landed security. Immediately there was confidence everywhere, not that anything had been done or that anyone paid any particular attention to what was to be done, but because everyone imagined that something wonderful would be done. Law was a mighty physician

public eye, one able to cure eco-
ic disease with a magic wand, so
rywhere was admiration, exultation,
piness; in every head a vision of
ional resurrection. Before a year
passed, Law's notes rose to a
nium of fifteen per cent and there
e branches of his bank in Lyons,
helle, Tours, Amiens and Orleans.
To obtain a monopoly was Law's
t step and the Regents granted
the exclusive privilege of trading
he province of Louisiana, and on
Mississippi River. But it was an
lly imaginary country that was to
exploited, one in which gold and
er and precious
es were com-
n. Law issued
k in the Missis-
i company and
sold readily.
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led trading
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ey into stock.
Despairing of
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congested state
ne streets, Law
ght the resi-
ce of the Prince
Carignan, and
park of thirty
s was fitted up
stock market.
nediately the
e was noisy
the voices
tools of a
sand men. A
e city of tents
booths ap-
ed, gaudy, flimsy structures, and
the rents exacted, a sum equiva-
to a hundred thousand dollars a
th went into Law's pocket. Law
like a man beseiged by people
sting riches upon him. Vast estates
me his in exchange for worthless
k. He was the owner of mansions,
ces, country seats, valuable jewels
were heirlooms. Neither his
lth nor his power could be esti-
ed.

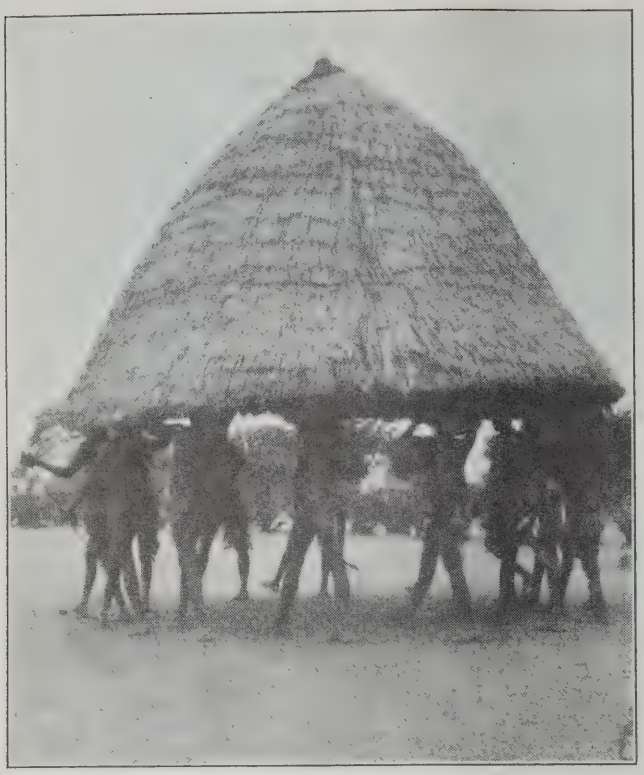
From all over France, and from
ign countries, too, people came
ring. To accommodate them great
ls were built and an army of workmen marched on Paris. Wages leaped higher and higher, workmen dressed in fine clothes, wore jewelry, bought and talked stock, built for themselves fine houses. Those who had land sold it for what it would bring and bought stock with the proceeds. Artizans sold their workshops and tradesmen their businesses and flew to Law with the money, some bribing his servants to intercede for them until they too grew rich and invested their gains. Mississippi stock leaped daily and the higher the price, the fiercer people fought. Up, up and up went the tide; daily the paper money increased, all original restrictions upon its issuance forgotten. Meanwhile the wheels of sound industry ran slower, for men had no liking for sober work when thousands of livres a day might be had by the purchase and sale of stock, and with the relaxing quality of industry, there were higher and higher prices so that the most sober joined the stock buyers.

Meanwhile royal personages sought the favor of Law, were eager to make marriage alliances with his daughters, offered him the entire management of their affairs. He gave away thousands of livres, literally dropped money when he went about in his carriage, and his progress was between lines of cheering and shouting people hailing him as the hero who had abolished poverty. Law was king of the world, the master of money, the glittering center of a vast rainbow-colored bubble blown to its utmost tenuity and he knew that at a touch the flimsy thing would vanish.

That touch came when he refused the Prince de Conti the shares that he wanted in India stock, at the price that he offered. In revenge, the Prince demanded payment in specie for his holdings, notes and stock, and sent three wagons to the bank to carry away the silver and gold. The contagion of that was inevitable. To ward off swiftly approaching trouble, the hard cash was ostentatiously loaded into the wagons and carried away under guard, six stout horses straining under the load. Before the day had ended, two-thirds of the cash was back again in the bank, redeposited under the order of the Regent. But that did not stay things. There were timid folk who tried convertibility. They were paid in copper money and had to refuse the tremendous burden. Vermalet the stock jobber was wiser, effecting his exchange in distant villages secretly by means of agents, getting out of Paris at last with a sum equal to half a million dollars in gold and silver, carrying it away in a farm cart, the money hidden under manure and himself dressed in a dirty blouse as a carter.

He got out of Paris with a sum equal to half a million dollars.

With the spreading of the cash-hoarding mania, paper was looked upon with suspicion at first, then flatly refused. Men saw their fancied fortunes melting. Everywhere was swift approaching bankruptcy. Trade and building activities slackened, then ceased entirely, and hundreds and thousands were unemployed. The life current of industry dried up and close-fisted money lenders seized upon those who were sane (Concluded on page 31)



Carrying the roof of a hut.

The African Negro

Intimate Glimpse of His Daily Menu

(Second Article)

By HENRI GALLAND

"WHY do you eat the flesh of snakes?" That question which I once asked the members of my caravan who were sharing pieces of a huge python they had killed in a termite-hill which it had turned into its refuge, brought me that other question: "Why do the white men eat the flesh of the water-snake (the eel)? You eat the snake that swims, we eat the snake that crawls; each has his own way of feeding!"

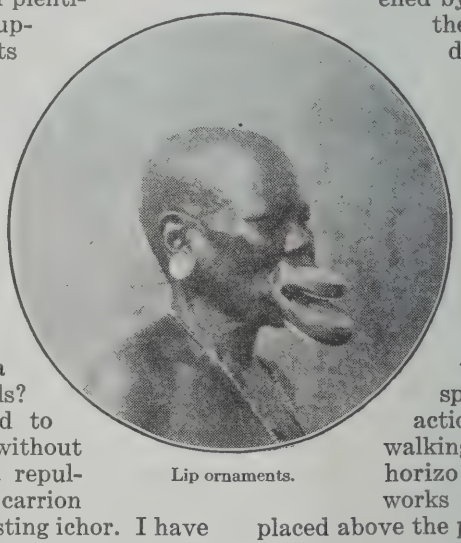
There is obviously no lack of logic in such a rejoinder, and nothing proves that the flesh of the snake is not as substantial as that of the eel. It is none the less true that the way of feeding of the black man can in no way be compared with that of the white man.

In the African highlands, in Angola, in Ruanda, the Kivu districts, on the spurs of Mount Kilimandjaro, in the country of the Masai, wherever cattle-breeding is possible, the black man is endowed with greater powers of physical resistance. But in other places, where the tsetse fly bites men and beasts, where it is therefore impossible to breed cattle (unless it be perhaps small cattle) the Negro is in a most wretched physical state and he easily becomes a prey to the diseases which are constantly waiting: sleeping sickness, tuberculosis, smallpox and similar diseases.

He does live, indeed, on the produce of his plantations. He even occasionally sacrifices a chicken or a kid, but, generally speaking, only in exceptional cases; for those animals are mostly or solely used, with many tribes, for commercial and matrimonial transactions. And if we bear in mind that many crops and fruits considered as native have in fact been imported by earliest white travelers, or even by the Arabs of Northern and Eastern Africa (manioc, maize, earth-nut, orange, lemon, etc.), we must conclude that the Blacks formerly lived on the produce of the savannah and of the forest, of their hunting and fishing, as the Negrilloes, with whom we dealt before, do even today.

Gradually, as they settled on the soil, agriculture became for them a necessity, but while, since that remote era, new processes have constantly been improving our own system of cultivation, has *their* system changed?

But for a few local variations, which were fortuitous, we may give a negative answer and state that the native agriculture is standardized and remains in the same stage of development. The black man acts only by routine and the whole of his philosophy rests on the principle that one must exert oneself as little as possible. He has the utmost contempt for agricultural work, well aware that his plantations, which he leaves entirely to the care of women and slaves, will provide him with his scanty fare. And then, has he not the forest and the savannah, those everlasting and plentiful storehouses, to supply him with fruits and animals, big and little, even the most loathsome of which delight his taste—rats, grasshoppers, caterpillars, palm-tree worms, etc., and the river, too, with its fishes of so many different kinds, some of which may reach a weight of 200 pounds?



Lip ornaments.

Anything is good to him. He will cook, without feeling the slightest repulsion, decomposed carrion covered with a disgusting ichor. I have seen paddlers jump into a river to get some half-rotten fish left on the bank by eagles. And if the black man is asked how he can swallow such putrefied flesh, his sure reply is that he does not eat the smell! What is essential to him is that he should be sufficiently fed, or if the reader will excuse a mo realistic phrase, "that he should full."

I mentioned hunting and fishing two of the means used by the bla man to get his food. Whether he liv in the savannah or in the forest, t Negro is passionately fond of huntir hunting is indeed for him the time pantagruelic feasts, for those feasts meat which often make him sick w indigestion, those repasts moisten with countless calabashes of palm-wi of which we haven't the slightest co ception.

In the savannah, when the season is nearing its end, the gr *battues* take place. Each village ow its hunting-ground, but this is always respected by the neighbo which is sure to cause quarrels, murd and even wars. Fire hunting is most commonly practiced; women a children take part in it; by th shouts and a deafening din they b down the maddened game tow narrow paths, contrived in such a w that the game cannot but go into th and fall in nets 30 feet long and feet high, where they are killed men who lie in wait.

Every year, innumerable antelo of all sizes are thus butchered. As buffaloes and elephants, they are compassed with a wide circle of f When the beasts are made blind the thick smoke which rises up fr burning bushes, and are frig ened by the crackling fla the hunters can ea draw near them a destroy them eit with their jave or their flint, percussion m kets.

They use a the same weap that, as we h seen, is emplo by Negrilloes; vertical mace, p vided with an i spear that is put action by the ani walking under it. horizontal mace, wh works in a similar way placed above the path and kills sma animals.

Nooses are used for hunting monk and birds, on the banks of rivers. T tall standing poles, tied the one to other by many lianas made into sna secure the catching of many migrat birds or even of those huge b

nmonly called flying dogs (*hypingutus nstruosus*) who attain a size of two t six inches long, and whose taste Negroes find delicious.

It is hardly necessary to add that ps, pits, lime-snares, etc., are comnly used for catching huge or small sts.

In the Gaboon's forests the Fangs Pahouins manage to draw the phants in inclosures made with big nks of trees where they can easily ghter them.

Some tribes breed dogs with a view eating them. Duarte Lopez, whose ount, translated by Pigafetta, was lished in Rome in 1591, already ed that in Angola the natives prefer h of dogs to that of all other animals l that they are especially fond of iled snake.

Again, large rivers and oks are for the Blacks rich res of food. All the fishing ices are made use of: nets, res, spillers, trawls, weirs, e feet high and four feet in meter; hoop-nets, huge den weirs extending from bank to the other with, e and there, very long bow s into which the fish become angled and are unable to l their way out.

Leaves, or their juices, serve in many districts to son and intoxicate the fish. People living on river banks t the hippopotamus by ans of a barbed spear which, le thrown from the handle, ains tied to it by a long e. To the rope they fasten uoy, which tells the place ere the pachyderm has k. Severely wounded, the popotamus sinks and gets wned, and only reappears the surface when its body putrefied. The beast is wn on the banks of the river, in spite of its loathsome smell, s immediately cut up by a troop of n who unhesitatingly fumble among stinking viscera. It is then cooked eaten with a gravy made of the test spices and outrageously salted n salt extracted through lixiviation n the ashes of certain plants. The t lasts for several days. Then ing comes, or even dearth, until ther feast is forthcoming.

It is on account of those periods of ing and of dearth that the program ducation for the youth includes a wledge of all that the forest, the annah and the rivers can yield. h some foresight the black man d easily manage to feed in a normal . He does, indeed, now and then, are smoked meat or dried fish. such provenders have for him an istible attraction, and they are n as soon as they are ready.

Among tastes peculiar to black s, cannibalism is worth serious sideration. The earliest travelers revealed the existence of that odious practice among many tribes of Central Africa. The custom, it may be confessed, is extant nowadays, but the strict penalties enforced upon those who practice it will soon cause it to disappear altogether.

I have stated that the physical wretchedness of the Negro was caused by his bad food. I must add also, by his want of hygiene, for it is a fact that the black man is unacquainted with the most elementary principles of hygiene. The child is brought up without any care. If child mortality does great havoc among the Blacks it is because during their suckling time (which lasts for four or even five years) children ingest from their earliest infancy the most dissimilar and ill-assorted aliment.

Sample of a fish of the Congo River.

In the native village the child is left to itself. It may be seen rolling about in the ashes of the fireplace, in the dust of roads, thus covering its body with a thick layer of dirt that will not be washed off until several days elapse. The same thing may be said as regards grown-ups, who wash very seldom. The only exception is perhaps the people who dwell on the banks of a river. Everywhere else, on the highlands where water is scarce—such as the boundless tableland known as that of the Batele, which extends northeast of Brazzaville—the natives do not wash. They think that filth protects them against sunburn during the rainy season, or against the biting colds of the dry season.

Often, too, the Negro will add to the filth that covers him a layer of reddish wood dust mingled with palm oil; on other occasions, when he is in mourning, for instance, he will paint his body white or ochre, and trace the most varied drawings on his chest. A *suibeneris* smell is produced by such an extraordinary mixture, which is for the Negro the proof of the most perfect hygiene.

His mouth is perhaps the only part of his body of which he really takes care. We all know that the whiteness of his teeth is a remarkable feature of the black man. After every meal, although he has drunk very little or not at all, he usually washes his mouth and rubs his teeth with a small piece of wood; that operation will often last for several hours and he performs it almost without being aware of it.

The custom of pulling out their teeth or of cutting them into a pointed shape is very common among them. Sometimes, the two upper incisors, sometimes the two lower ones, are thus taken off. Or else both incisor and canine teeth are given a pointed shape. Those different operations are accomplished by percussion and not, as is generally believed, by filing. But such details belong to the esthetic life of the black, which will be studied later.

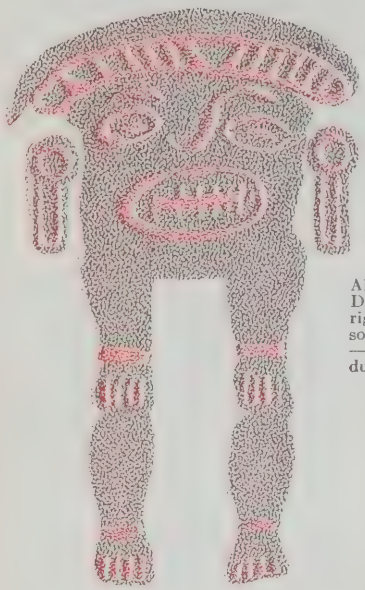
Shall we mention their hair, the adornment of which reveals some artistic taste and which is always attended to by women with minutest care? When they are in mourning, however, the fine structure falls down and they agglomerate their hair in balls plastered with soot or reddish wood-dust mixed with palm-oil.

Their dress is most primitive. Of course, in the cities where European influence is felt, the black man dresses more fully; but with what rags does he deck himself! Clothes and shoes are in honor, however worn they may be.

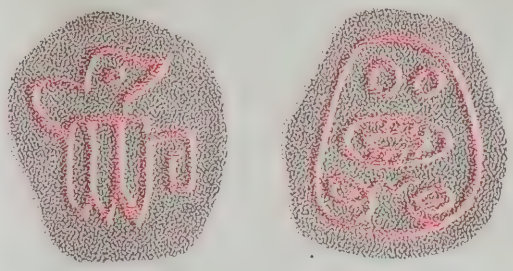
Is it surprising that the black man, living under such conditions, should be a prey to diseases of all kinds? Does he even try to protect himself against them? I have seen, more than once, natives whose toes were falling to pieces, gnawed as they were by the chigoe (*pulex penetrans*). Yet the chigoe could easily be destroyed. It is a small flea which lays its eggs in the sole of the foot or under the nails.

The cure of broken bones, wounds, ulcers or of more dangerous endemic or epidemic diseases is intrusted to the fetish-man, a personage to whom I shall recur in another article.

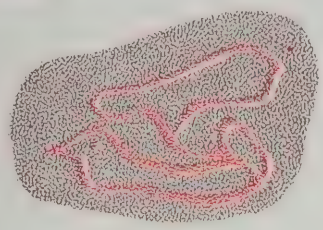
Last of all, let us mention their dwellings. The huts are of different shapes and sizes, according to districts, but they are everywhere stuffy and ill-smelling. True centers of infection that serve as refuges for all kinds of reptiles, gnawers and insects. There the natives sleep, free from all care, sometimes with their hens, their kids or their pigs.



Human figure.



Above—"Bird of Death." Above, right—Probably a solar diety. Below—Outline of a duck.



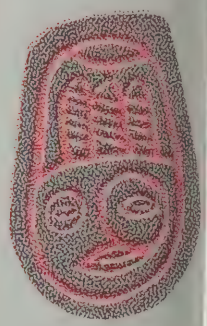
Typical Relics Unearthed by Niven Near Mexico City

All the objects shown here are believed to date from 4,000 B. C. They are of volcanic rock, and were found about thirteen feet below the surface.

A Maltese cross on a keystone shape.

Face in profile.

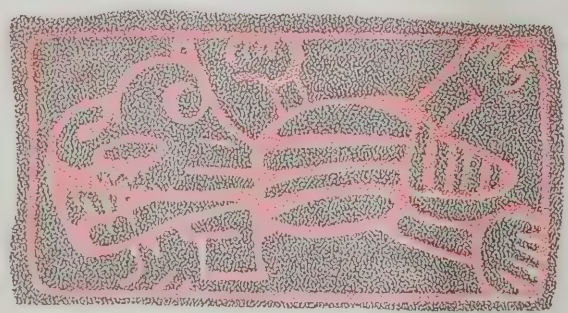
Above—Mr. Niven (center) at one of his excavations.



Human head.

Left—Possibly a crowned butterfly.

Right—This figure may represent the God of Fire.



Left—Possibly the primitive conception of a dragon.

et—diorite, 43x25x20 centimeters, red and yellow.

William Niven

A Scot Explorer and Excavator in Mexico

BY WILLIAM L. STIDGER

ILLIAM NIVEN is a Scot and a proud one, and yet he has spent the last thirty years of his life in Mexico avating the ancient ruins of buried es.

He is small of stature, wiry, with a le like the rising sun, as brown as one the Mexican peons who digs with , because he has spent most of his out-of-doors.

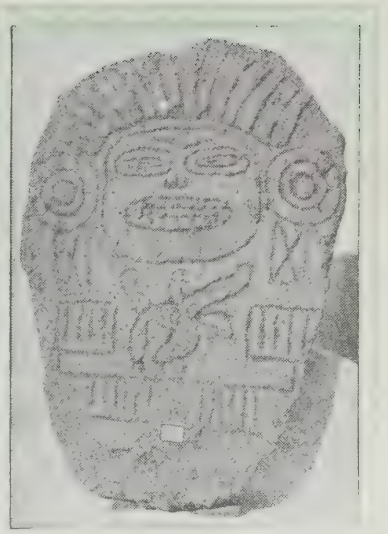
He has never been employed by scientific organization, and has ived little financial help from any- y. All of the 22,000 pieces that he excavated from the dark deeps of xican soil he has unearthed his own expense with the ateur's enthusiasm, work- from daylight to dark, year and year out, making a ger living from the few a curios he has been able ell, after he had given his pieces to the National seum of Mexico City, and er museums scattered all r the world.

He has lived intimately n civilizations ten thousand rs old, and the relics of a lization that existed five sand years before Christ e passed through his hands by thousands, after being unearthed by his excavator's pick.

I have seen him uncover these strange finds, and have seen him dig with a feverish and yet careful anxiety, when he felt his pick strike against the volcanic rock of a plaque that had been undisturbed for untold centuries. I have been his guest on several of these digging excursions in Mexico and have watched his Scottish eyes leap with light, and heard him laugh aloud like a boy at play, as he has made some glorious find. He granted me the privilege of digging with him when Mr. Morely of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C., was inspecting his ruins and his work.

To the everyday man Mr. Niven's explorations come with a thrill of adventure because we are told that the work that he has done has revealed civilization on the Mexican plateau that dates back as far as 10,000 B. C.

Perhaps William Niven's most startling discovery was the so-called "green skull," a story of which was published in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT more than a year ago. This skull was covered with wrappings of maguey paper, was green in color and was likely the skull of a priest. This is indicated by the care with which it was preserved and by the sacramental implements with which it was surrounded.



Red and yellow tablet of diorite.

Mr. Niven discovered this green skull within five feet of the surface of the earth in a deposit of black volcanic ashes. In this same pit many bones, of hands, arms and feet were also discovered and, in one corner, the bundle containing the skull.

The second great discovery that Mr. Niven has made is that of a partitioned skull. This skull was thirty feet under the surface. This partitioned skull, which created a great sensation when found, is reported to be the only known specimen of its kind. However, since this discovery was reported in this magazine two years ago, Mr. Niven has unearthed several skulls of the same type.

Starting from the center of the forehead within the brain cavity there is a long slanting

ove—Tablet of diorite and andesite, red and red and yellow in color. Below—Some Mongolian figures which Mr. Niven says are the most perfect he has ever found.

piece of bone joined to the forehead which runs back to the rear of the skull. From the peculiar curve of the eyeball socket Mr. Niven feels that these skulls are of the Mongolian race.

The third discovery is suggested by the second, that of the Mongolian civilization, which undoubtedly came over from Northern China, found its way down along the Pacific Coast until it reached the high plateau of Mexico and remained there because of the delightful climatic conditions.

Just a few months before this article was written Mr. Niven invited the secretary of the Chinese legation of Mexico City to examine his collection of archeological finds.

Before Secretary Tao was through he was convinced that there was a Mongolian civilization in Mexico. He found not only the Mongolian features like his own native land, exhibited in the clay and volcanic figures dug up from the excavations, but he also noted many implements and touches of workmanship similar to those of his own country. Three mortars of baked clay, one painted red and the other black, were examined and declared to be identical with similar objects in China. They are found in temples, are used for worship, and are known as "Tings" in Chinese.

What is believed to be a primitive calendar, 40x27x18 centimeters in size.

Red is the color used in all adornments of the temple altars, in incense pots, just as red is the dominant coloring found in all of the drawings, carvings, and implements of incense in Mexican excavations.

The use made of these implements in Mexico is exactly the same as the use made of them in China, according to Professor Mena, the leading archeologist.

In China the number three has special ritualistic significance, and it is noted by Mr. Tao that most of the implements of worship dug up in Mexican ruins, thirty feet under the earth, from a period 10,000 years back, are three-footed vessels, the same as the Chinese.

Mr. Tao, when shown a collection of heads with the headdress displaying a bird, and informed that these were of Toltec origin and Aztec elaboration, stated that the bird was undoubtedly a quetzal, or hteri, or sacred one, with all of its characteristics showing in these Mexican Toltec figures. But the Chinese noted and mentioned the fact that not all of the Toltec figures had the topknot, nor the long, slender feathers. Therefore, if they should be peacocks, there would be a great resemblance to a passage in an old popular Chinese book of the ancient classics entitled "A Journey Westward," in which it is told how in 627 A. D., during the Tang dynasty, an Emperor sent the monk Chen-Youan-Tehuan on a journey to India in search of Buddhist bibles, and that during his travels there he came across a statue of Buddha whose headdress was adorned by a peacock.

Then Mr. Niven called the attention of the Chinese ambassador to the fact that this peacock style of headdress was not at all uncommon in these Mexican excavations, and that hundreds of small figures were being dug up with this adornment. Mr. Tao when shown a headdress with flowers also noted a distinct resemblance to the Mongolian type. This was also true of certain types of Mongolian helmets and military headpieces which were absolutely of the Buddhist type.

Referring to one of the paintings on the volcanic stones he said that it was almost identical with the writing of the Chinese word for "money," and that another little bit of baked clay representing a flower with four petals, with a little central circle, strongly resembled the Chinese word for "plum."

Mr. Niven is not a scientist, but the greatest scientists fully recognize his splendid contribution to archeology.

This old sun-bronzed Scot is a well-known figure on the streets of Mexico City, and has been for nearly half a century. He has survived many revolutions, and has as one of his workers a man whose life he bought for ten pesos, by persuading a general not to execute him for desertion. The peon was to be shot at sunrise, but Mr. Niven interceded for him, paid the general his money, and promised to keep him at work in the excavations. Mr. Niven's plea that Philipe was worth while to him saved his life.

Mr. Niven has seen Mexico City bombarded time and again. He has had to retire from the city for weeks. He has seen the streets run red with blood.

Any day he may be seen with his canvas bag, his old straw hat, his archeologist picks, and his faithful peons, down in a trench, amid the many little mounds of Atzcapotzalco, digging away as if his very existence depended upon it—which it does not.

A rare soul, whose children are now begging him to rest on his laurels and live with them the remainder of his days.

Gen. Butler's Clean-Up

(*Concluded from page 15*)

He has been a member of the Mari since the Spanish-American War; h seen service in Cuba, the Philippin in China during the Boxer Rebelli in Vera Cruz, and is known as the m who cleaned up Haiti. He is known "The Fighting Quaker," although Marines privately dub him "Old Gi let Eye." General Butler is used action, and when he was drafted the hardest job in the country, he i mediately accepted; he realized th was a situation in Philadelphia that b fighting, and action was promised.

Philadelphia now had the prom of a new deal in city government: lentless war for law enforcement. I the Ring that had so long control it was cynical; it had destroyed reputations of so many men, that challenge of a new arrival merely p duced skepticism among its memb

In City Hall, January 7, 1924, G eral Butler took the oath of office, s wearing the uniform of a Briga General; thirty minutes later he arrayed in a specially designed b uniform as Director of Public Safe He then called the bureau chiefs i his office and demanded their resig tions. "If you do your duty," he s "everything will be all right, and resignations will be torn up and thro into the waste basket. This admi tration will go up or down on its po force; that has been the history of city as I understand it; the people Philadelphia have no confidence in police force, absolutely none whate Since I have been in this town I h heard of people moving out of cert police districts because they w afraid to live in them." Leveling finger at the assembled chiefs, the Director continued: "There are police districts in this city; I h officers responsible for what goes o their districts. They must please or I shall reduce the offenders on si That goes from the lieutenant strai down the line. You have 48 hour which to clean up; no more gambl bootlegging or other forms of vice. your police lieutenants that I s take the best man from the ra and make him a lieutenant if I hav do so. Don't worry about polit influence. I know the majority of men will be straight if they have right backing. My policy is t What has been done is forgotten; stand or fall by what you do under

A series of "48 hour offensiv raids and sudden attacks followed, certain types of offenders hurriedly the city. But while bookmakers, g blers and criminals generally had t great extent gone under cover or fle other cities, those who had prof from the operations of this class fo many years were not idle, meanwh in efforts to frustrate or discredit campaigns of the New Director.

One day in September, Gen

tler marched with the Holy Name iety in Washington, and caught a ere cold which developed into a eat of pneumonia. While he was l up, a definite statement was made t the Mayor was about to ask for resignation. Immediately there ne a storm of protest from the law-ding portion of Philadelphia. The w Jersey Methodist Episcopal Con-nce praised the Director's record; ic and business organizations urged yor Kendrick to retain him in his ce; nearly 500 churches adopted olutions calling for his retention. e Law Enforcement League organ-l a mass meeting in the Academy of sic; the auditorium was filled with athering that registered its objection he Director's removal.

Whether or not it had been in the id of the Mayor to remove his Di-tor of Public Safety is not clear; how-r, the real or imaginary differences ween them were smoothed over, l as the General's leave of absence n the marine corps was on the of expiration, Mayor Kendrick ressed the hope that he might ain.

As a distinct warning to criminals, police now appeared upon the ets of Philadelphia wearing Sam wn belts, their holsters grimly dis-ying the handles of Colts or 38-bre Smith & Wessons. Five bandit es were established, in each of ch were stationed ten motor cars, ays manned and ready to pursue oers; a dead line was thrown about banking and commercial district, n Arch to Locust and from the ier to Nineteenth street; 75 banking guarded 170 monetary institutions; gnal system was put in force, with 0 signal lights and alarm boxes at ortant intersections, for the imme-e report of hold-ups and robberies. In one year's service as Director of lic Safety, General Butler suc-ded in convincing law-abiding Phil-phia that a fearless, energetic head he Police Department, having no tical axe to grind, could work won-in rehabilitating the police force checking crime and lawlessness. city of more than two million in-tants, highway robberies and hold-had seriously diminished; 1,049 rderly houses had been closed; 2,566 keasies had been wiped out and 0 alcohol stills confiscated.

The progressive nature of improve-et was shown by the first four ths of 1925; highway robberies, h numbered 309 in the months n January to May, 1923, had sunk mber to 90 during the same period 25. The Director of Public Safety d truthfully say at the close of pl, of the present year: "We have finished the best month in the re-r years of Philadelphia's crime rec-d." There had been 111 hold-ups highways and in stores in April, ; in April, 1925, these have been 24 in number.

Baseball of the Old Days

Interesting History of Our National Game

By ZETA ROTHSCHILD

BASEBALL, the only game born and bred in this country, first saw the light about 1843. A group of young men in New York City were playing a game with bat and ball that, though reminiscent of several old English games, had characteristics all its own. These young men, who called themselves the Knickerbockers, first played in an empty lot, later to be the site of Madison Square Garden.

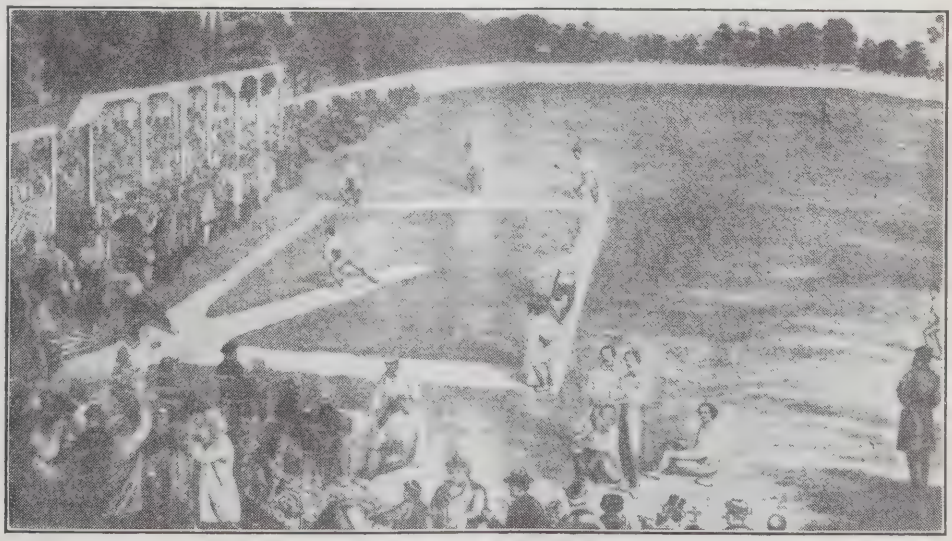
A few competitors came into being during the next decade and several games were played between them and the Knickerbockers. By 1860, there were sixty-two amateur clubs actively engaged in baseball. Then came the Civil War and though the war itself broke up the playing in and about New York City, it, on the other hand, did much to spread the game throughout the country. The players found themselves at the front and there, in their leisure hours, they had their nines and, it is said, played it before Fort Fisher. They played it in the Confederate prisons and thereby sold baseball to the South. Union men from the west saw the game and took it home with them and by the end of the war there were baseball fans from coast to coast.

And when in 1866 a baseball convention was called, two hundred and two clubs answered!

The Cincinnati Red Stockings, the first professional baseball team, was organized at this time under the leadership of Harry Wright, and made a national tour in which they never lost a game. Wright is said to be the first baseball club owner and it is interesting to note the salaries paid this championship team. Harry Wright, center fielder, $1,200; George Wright, shortstop, $1,400; Asa Brainard, pitcher, $1,100; Waterman, third baseman, $1,000; Sweasey, second baseman, $800; Allison, catcher, $800; Cal McVey, right fielder, $800; Hurley, utility, $600.

Baseball was popular at the time of the Civil War, and regimental nines played on the parade grounds.

One of the illustrations accompanying this sketch shows the field during a game between the Atlantics of Brooklyn and the Athletics when these teams played for the championship in Philadelphia before twenty thousand persons.



Second Championship Game between the Atlantics of Brooklyn and the Athletics of Philadelphia, 1866. From a contemporary photograph.

The Bird That Had Nothing on Its Mind

(Continued from page 3)

classify such a mass of information as has never existed upon this earth.

It should do far more than that. It should study special problems that, for the moment, seem pressing, and focus all of its faculties upon their solution. Right now, for instance, if enough brain power were applied to the task, a cheap synthetic rubber could be evolved that would save the American people hundreds of millions of dollars a year. The time may come when a cheap synthetic motor fuel will be needed to replace gasoline. Without doubt such a fuel can be produced—but we don't yet know how to do it. We don't know because enough trained ability has not been applied to the task of finding out.

Scientific research pays the biggest dividends in comfort and happiness of any material thing in the world. What would be the easiest way to go back to the Dark Ages? Forget a few things that we have learned. Cut off the dividends that are coming from our knowledge. Forget that power may be derived from compressed steam and falling water. Forget these two things and every factory and every train in the world will stop. Not even electricity could start them. Electricity is not power. It is merely a means of conveying power. Forget how to use steam and falling water and we should have a world without factories and trains. We should have to go without or make by hand all that is made in factories.

Forget how to make a high-speed internal combustion engine and every motor vehicle in the world will stop. The motor industry, with all that it implies in modern life, is due to the fact that men learned how to explode certain fumes from certain oils in a certain way. It is perhaps a small bit of knowledge, but it has had tremendous results. Who knows how many other such small bits of knowledge may be lying about the universe?

One of the most astonishing facts about scientific research is that every new fact learned may vitalize a thousand other facts that we already knew but could not use. What good would it have done, a thousand years ago, to have known that gasoline fumes, exploded in a cylinder, would create power? How could the fumes have been exploded? The solution of this problem required a knowledge of electricity.

Benjamin Franklin and all the other early students of electricity were really working on the automobile, though they did not know it. They were working on the radio, too. So were the men who learned how to blow glass. No glass blowers, no tubes; no tubes, no radio except crystal sets. It is just as simple as that. The radio is possible today because its fundamental facts fit into a number of other facts already known, without which it would have done no good to know all that is known about super-heterodynes, reflexes and all the rest of it.

That is why the world seems to be moving along so much more rapidly now than it ever did before. We are gradually accumulating a stock of facts into which later facts may fit. This is the sole explanation of the unexampled progress of invention during the last hundred years. There is no proof that human intelligence is greater now than it was two thousand years ago, but there is abundant proof that we have more tools with which to work. Facts concerning the operation of natural laws are tools.

Men have wondered whether we can keep up the pace. Men have wondered if there will ever be another century that will produce so many scientific marvels. They need not wonder. The pace will not only be kept up but accelerated. The greater our stock of facts concerning the operation of natural laws the more rapidly we shall proceed. This stock must steadily increase.

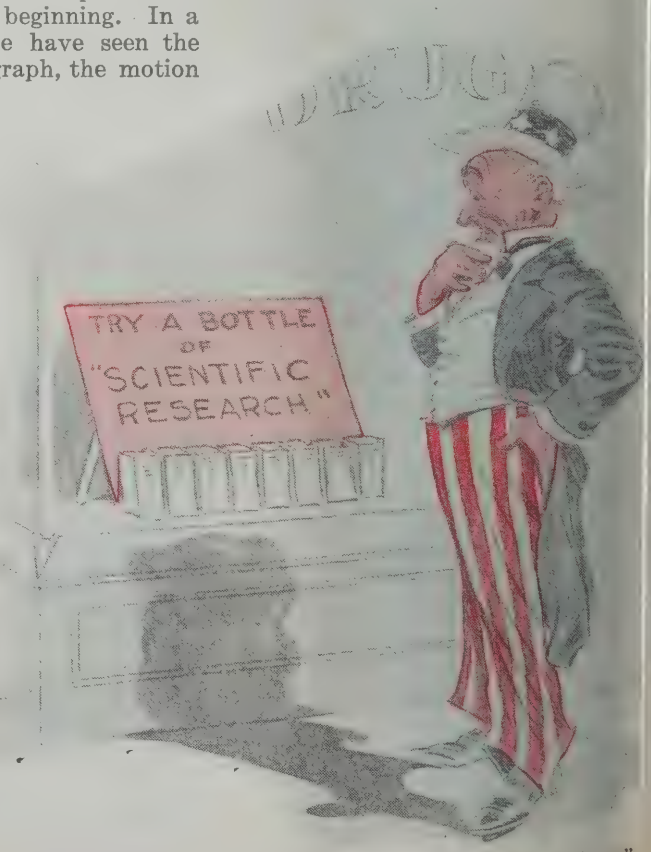
We are now in a state comparable to popcorn after it has been over the heat long enough to make the kernels begin to move about uneasily. Beginning with a few sporadic "pops" there is soon a volley of explosions. What heat is to corn, facts about natural law are to the mind of man. The "popping" of inventions has already passed through the sporadic period and the real fireworks are beginning. In a short half-century we have seen the coming of the phonograph, the motion picture, the electric light, the development of devices for the generation and transmission of electricity, the automobile and the radio.

We are beginning to learn how to use a few of the forces that play about us. We are also just beginning to use our inventive faculties. Edison looks forward to the time when the achievements of himself and others will seem to have been the antics of so many boys with building blocks. He feels that man is about to strike his stri and do some inventing worth wh His idea is that the machinery of t future will be largely automatic a that each machine, instead of makin part of a thing, will make it all. is all a matter of brain-power," said. As an illustration, he said t he believed a machine would be b that would spin cloth, make it i clothing, pack it in a box and set down ready to put on a merchan shelf.

The world is more interesting n than it ever was before, but it is s a very dull place in comparison w what it will soon be. From now things like the automobile and radio are going to come to us at c stantly shorter intervals. Men a women now living will see the ti when getting a living will be the smal part of the troubles of the human ra

It is because scientific resea means so much to the world that writer has long wondered why it left to proceed among small gro that are not in touch with each oth

Whatever we learn now comes us only because some manufactu has an interest in finding it out. T is a good reason, as far as it g but it does not go far enough. Ma facturers do not always find it advis to seek what the world needs m Take power, as an example. Proba cheap power would do more to impr the conditions of human life t anything else. (Concluded on pag



"What's the matter with us? We are suffering from what we do not know."

Selling Books by Auction

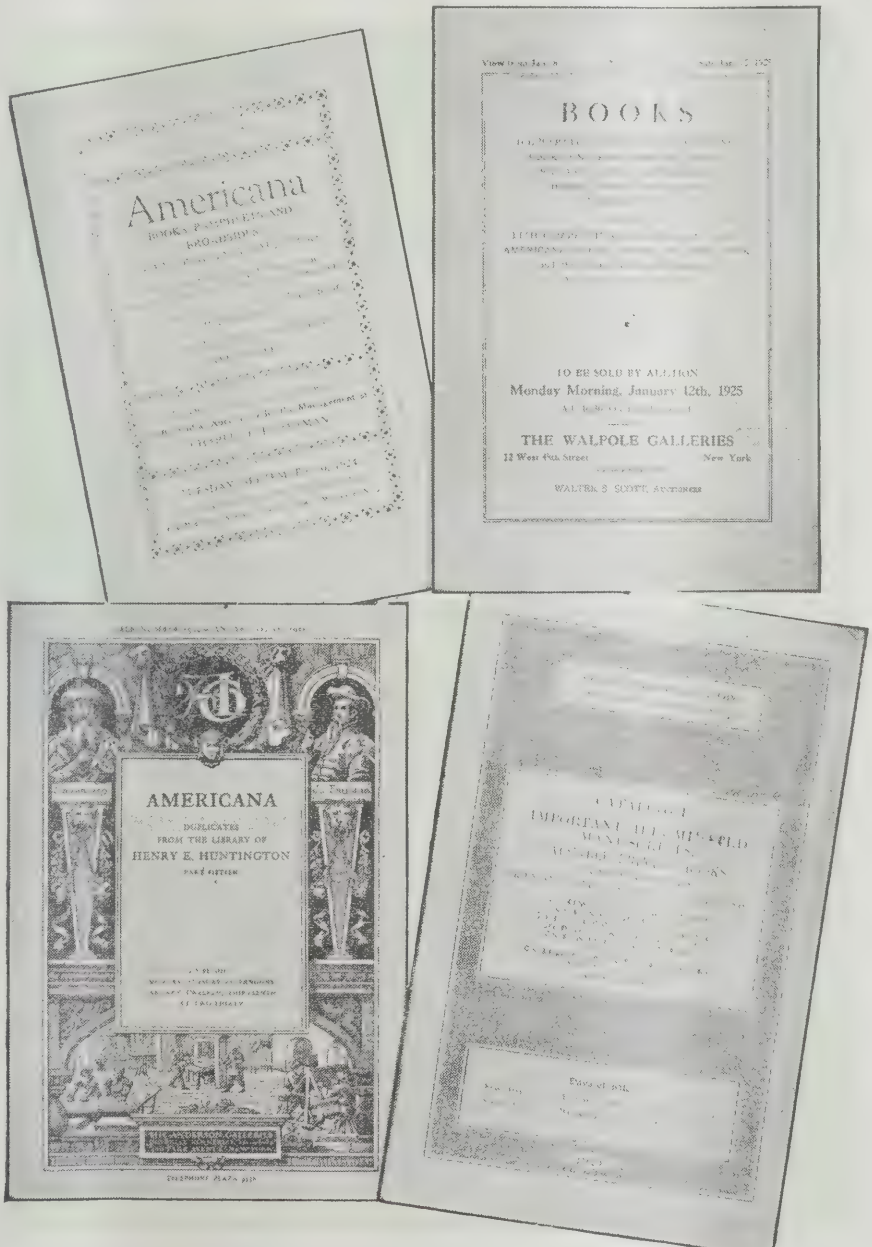
Many Rare Finds Are Made by Those Who Know Book Values

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE bookseller and the book-buyer are equally indispensable to the printer and publisher of books. In the early ys of printing and to a large extent en today the printer and publisher also as bookseller. New books much like any other article of trade h fixed prices and a fairly regular rket. Antiquarian books, not to the vulgar designation "second-nd," require, how-r, particular treat-nt, especially in case of rare and hly desired works. The earliest book tion on record was sale of the library Philip van Marnix, rd of St. Aldegondi, ose books were d in Holland on y 6, 1599. The t English sale was d by William Coo- in London, Octo- 31, 1676, and from t time on the prac- was common in gland; of these ly sales it is re- ded that they gave eat content and isfaction to . . . buyers, and no couragement to sellers."

The most engag- personality in the ly book-auction m was John Dun- who became con- ted by marriage h Daniel Defoe l Samuel Wesley, ner of John Wes- On one venture 698 Dunton took argo of books to blin and sold them auction for about 500. American oksellers owing n £500, Dunton k, in 1685, a cargo f ooks to New Eng- d but in a terrible ssage of four nths books to the ue of another £500 e lost and on arrival in Boston he as welcome to the booksellers there sour ale in summer," so he later te. Dunton placed an agent in em but the net result of his venture to keep him "within doors for ten nths" to avoid the sheriff. America not then a good market for books.

The rare book in English literature or in American history is sought today by a hundred collectors and by many great libraries. The bidding against each other of agents representing these buyers frequently disposes of the book at a price far higher than would be realized by private sale. At the same time the advertising of the sale brings new and unknown buyers into the field.



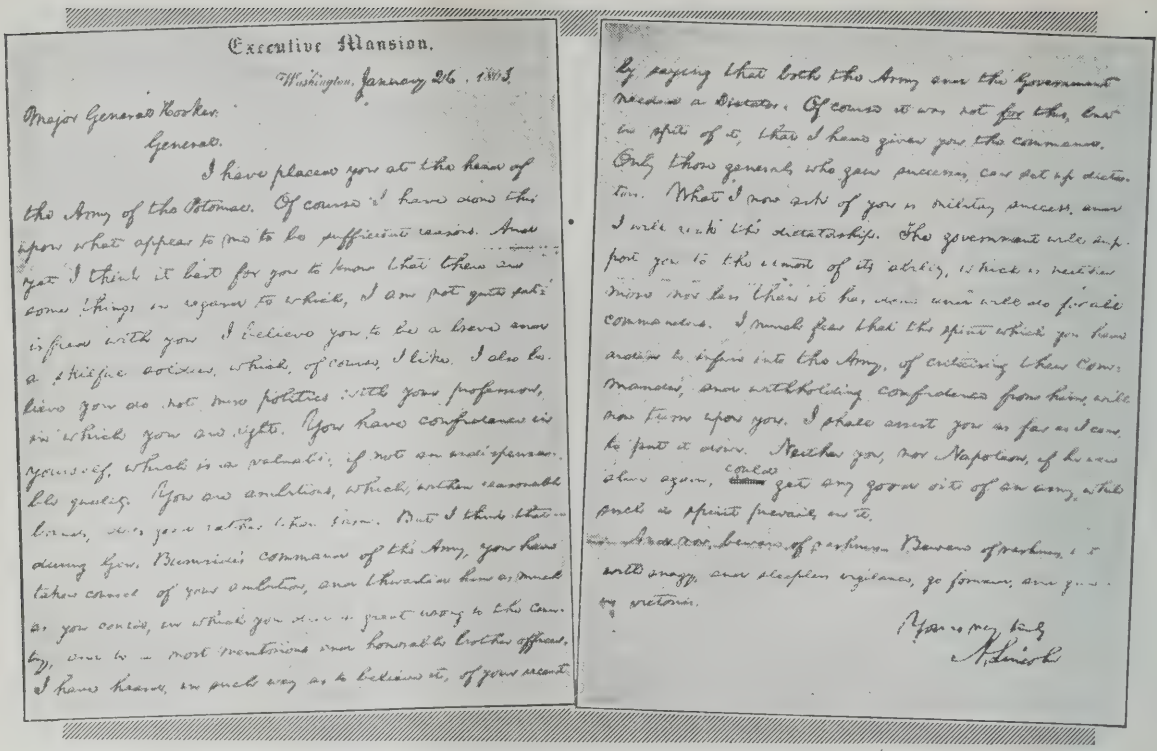
(1) Heartman's in Metuchen, N. J., an American center. (2) The Walpole Galleries, well-known New York auction house. (3) The Anderson Galleries in New York. Sale of duplicates from one of the most famous libraries in America. (4) Sotheby's, London. Probably the oldest book auction house in the world, founded by Samuel Baker in 1774.

In America there are today five active book auction houses where books, manuscripts and prints may be sold by auction. Three of these houses are located in New York City, the greatest center of book collectors. In Philadelphia there is one auction center and at Metuchen, New Jersey, Mr. Charles F. Heartman holds sales largely of items of American interest, *Americana*, which are attended by many booksellers and representatives of the great collectors of America.

It is necessary to have the books or manuscripts cataloged and described, with some indication of their significance in literature, art, or history. This work is done by the experts connected with these auction firms. Commonly the owner of the books pays for the preparation and printing of the cataloging and also 15% upon the price realized at the sale. With rare books and manuscripts this generally nets far more than could be realized by selling the articles privately. The well-known collectors do not, in general, appear in person at an auction but are represented by some dealer in rare books. In fact, some dealers consider it a breach of courtesy for the collectors to appear in person, depriving the dealer of a commission, but the more modest collectors frequently have the pleasure of personally bidding at the sale.

A book is placed on view, the number in the catalog is given, and the bidding starts. Frequently good but not rare books go at a song and frequently, too, some item brings a price beyond the fondest expectation of the seller. With supposedly ordinary items fifteen or twenty may be sold as a lot. It was in such a lot that the first book printed in America, the "Bay-Psalm Book," was bought for a few shillings many years ago by an English dealer whose knowledge of rare books gave him a fortunate "hunch."

The American Book-Prices Current (priced at $15.00) is a publication which lists the sale prices of rare books;



Executive Mansion.

Washington, January 26, 1863.

Major General Hooker.

General.

I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons. And yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which, I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm. But I think that during General Burnside's command of the Army, you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country, and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the Army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course, it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain success can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you, to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done, and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the Army, of criticising their Commander, and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you, nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army, while such a spirit prevails in it. And now, beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy, and sleepless vigilance, go forward, and give us victories.

Yours very truly,

A. Lincoln.

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its hopes and as
rations, more truly than any other fig
in our history.

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Yours very truly
A. Lincoln

although now a volume of 916 pages, only books which have sold at $7.50 and above are listed. England supports two such publications, Book-Prices Current and Book-Auction Records.

At a recent sale in Philadelphia a notable list of rare manuscripts of fundamental importance in American history were placed upon the auction-block. These items are worthy examination, as their like will not soon be seen again in the open market.

In the year 1682 William Penn granted to the people of Pennsylvania a charter of liberties giving the people of that province the right to choose a Governor and a Legislature with power. To this notable document of American history William Penn affixed his name and his seal. This manuscript came into the possession of Sir John Fenn, prominent among the great English collectors of historical manuscripts. From Fenn the precious manuscript passed into the hands of the Dalton family, to William Dalton, to Henry H. Almack, of Milford in Sussex, England, to Dr. Edward Maris, and then into the hands of the late George C. Thomas, former partner of J. P. Morgan. This charter was sold in Philadelphia recently to Gabriel Wells, of New York, the well-known collector and dealer, possibly acting as agent for some wealthy collector.

Some of the sections of the Charter, with the Laws, follow:

"TO ALL PEOPLE, to whom these presents shall come. WHEREAS king Charles the Second, by his letters patents, under the great seal of England; for the consideration therein mentioned, hath been graciously pleased to give and grant unto me William Penn (by the name of William Penn, Esq. son and heir of Sir William Penn, deceased) and to my heirs and assigns forever, all that tract of land or province, called Pennsylvania, in America, with divers great powers, preheminences, royalties, jurisdictions, and authorities, necessary for the well-being and government thereof: NOW KNOW YE, that for the well-being and government of the said province, and for the encouragement of all the freemen and planters that may be therein concerned, in pursuance of the powers aforementioned, I the said William Penn have declared, granted, and confirmed, and by these presents, for me, my heirs and assigns, do declare, grant and confirm unto all the freemen, planters and adventurers, of, in and to the said province, these liberties, franchises, and properties, to be held, enjoyed and kept by the freemen, planters and inhabitants of the said province of Pennsylvania for ever."

Among the Charter provisions the twelfth is worthy of special mention.

"Twelfth. That the governor and Provincial Council shall erect and order all publick schools, and encourage and reward the authors of useful sciences and laudable inventions in the said province."

"LAWS AGREED UPON IN ENGLAND.

"Thirty-fifth. That all persons living in this province, who confess and acknowledge the one almighty and eternal God, to be the creator, upholder and ruler of the world, and that hold themselves obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly in civil society, shall in no ways be molested or prejudiced for their religious persuasion or practice in matters of faith and worship, nor shall they be compelled at any time to frequent or maintain any religious worship, place or ministry whatever."

At this same sale other notable and precious documents in this Philadelphia

(Concluded on page 30)

Two Thousand Words

(*Concluded from page 12*)

led in London as an elected English
ng.

The question of England's language
as settled by the course of public
airs. It fell to the lot of English
bles to decide the succession of
veral English Kings. This gained for
ngland and the English the affection
Henry the First and others. But in
04 came a heavy blow to the mon-
chy, when King John lost sway over
ormandy. This monarch was the
st to take the title of King of Eng-
nd instead of King of the English,
owing the centralization of his do-
main in the island.

Norman Conquerors Adopt English

French was still a potent speech in England, used in courts and schools, t the time was near when great ues would be determined in English. thin 50 years after the loss of ormandy royal proclamations were ued in English as well as Latin and ench. Still more significant was the t that Edward III, who began the ndred Years' War with France on a im to the French throne, opened a rliament in English. The politico-igious controversies roused by John yclif found expression in the English gue. Then came that group of ets, Gower, Chaucer, Langland, all ferent, but all using English in the st-remembered portions of their rks. Chaucer is still studied, be-use he wrote the life of his time in language of the capital city, and dialect of the educated classes of ndon has been the standard English r since.

Neither Chaucer nor the later ters of standard English made the guage. They took the form they nd current, and by the excellence their matter they helped to fix that m. But Chaucer became a great t of all England, instead of being a at dialect poet, because he used kind of English used in the capital. ere were many poets under the rman Kings who wrote in French, l whose writings today are not embered at all by English readers. is not that their language was not ellent, but the political march of nation was away from French to English.

The Influence of Chaucer

After Chaucer comes a strange perio of four centuries in the history he English language. Many books e forth, many of them manifestly ered with immortality: the Eliza-han dramatists, the Elizabethan ts and historians and translators, King James Bible, and all that owed—but in century after century scholars and poets still expressed their fears that English would perish! Bacon had this fear. It was the terror of Milton and the dread of Dryden. Many urged an academy to standardize and thus perpetuate the language. Many mourned that the language showed no sign of the permanence of Latin or the flowing vitality of Greek.

But English grew, despite even the pessimism of those whose writings lifted it to heights of glory. It grew, but not by academic merit or the force of theories. Therefore, theories of language and estimates of merit cannot now affect it. It grew because the English-speaking men, Angles and Jutes, and also Welsh, Cornish, Irish, Scotch, and Manx, were like the devotees of the ocean goddess, and like the adventurous hero Beowulf, seeking glory abroad.

In Britain, English drove back Gaelic into the Highlands and the isles, silenced Cornish, and made Welsh second in its own principality. In the wide outside world the English mariner was not always first, but he and his successor the English settler lingered longest. Portuguese might have been the prevailing European language of India, Spanish of Africa, Dutch of Australia, French of Canada, but all of these lands and many more have been swept under the political or commercial influence of English-speaking nations. The island kingdom which is one of the smallest of European states has upon every other continent the largest vassal dominion.

An Island Rules an Empire

And every extension of vassal dominion has been an extension of the sway of language. The British and American nations, different in many respects, have singularly paralleled and reinforced each other in the extension of the English speech. When Great Britain gained the Dominion of Canada by the treaty of Paris of 1763—and when, forty years later, Jefferson purchased the Louisiana Territory from Napoleon—the policies were different, but the two acts combined to establish English instead of French throughout the great domain from Quebec to New Orleans. When the United States purchased Florida or the Danish East Indies, when Texas or Hawaii were annexed, when the Philippines or California came as war prizes—territory was added to the English language, as when the Bahamas, or Hong Kong, or South Africa, or Burma, became British.

The English-speaking nations have not sought or attained the physical or political conquest of the world. What they have attained is what the Angles had among the Teutonic tribes which invaded England. Their language is preëminent, and undisputedly preëminent, with a vast distance in numbers between English and the language with the next-greatest number of speakers. There are Siberian regions where Russian is unknown, Tibetan steppes where Chinese is unheard, but the English-speaking nations carry to the ends of the earth their interest in education, and education carries English to the last frontier town of the last province of empire.

Colonies and Their Languages

Among languages, English now reigns not yet crowned. It has more foreign students than any other language, more than all the artificial international languages combined. It is the basis of every type of "pigeon-English" or any other "inter-racial" dialect now in use. It is the language actually used in a number of international papers published on the continent of Europe. There is not a race of men nor a great nation which is not in intimate and direct contact with some land or province or colony of the English-speaking nations. Therefore, there is not one nation to which English is not a necessity of life, as well as an instrument of culture and knowledge.

Five things have made languages powerful in the past: political power, commercial activity, diplomatic eminence, moral prestige, literary grandeur. All these elements reside in the English language and the Anglican peoples. The union of them was never found before.

We have not tried to make an argument for the prestige of English, but merely a record of it. We have merely announced that English is already an international language, and its recognition and use as such are certain to extend.

A Natural International Language

The language meets all the needs of internationalism. Its vast growth has not stifled any other speech, nor prevented a wholesome revival of the old Celtic dialects of the British Isles, nor hindered the wide extension of French and Portuguese. But while the language serves the greatest number as a mother tongue, it stands ready to serve all in intercommunication. To all races and languages this is a high service. To the users of English it has a thrilling significance, for he who uses English today comes more nearly than any man of any former generation, more nearly than any man since the building of Babel, to speak to all mankind as if they were of one language and one speech.

White Sails on Silvery Seas

Yachting, a Fascinating Sport for Every Man, Comes Into Its Own

By PAUL MACDONALD

THE skipper of the trim 30-footer sat astern, his legs dangling over the side of the sleek racing craft. It was morning, the skies were clear, the wind favorable and he had a few idle hours ahead.

"Well, why shouldn't they?" he asked and puffed his pipe before supplying his own answer:

"Why shouldn't people take to yachting? The land is all taken over. You can't do anything in comfort any more. There is no longer any privacy. I can see no sport in going out to gather recreation and bumping into people at every turn. And, after all is said and done, where can you get better sport than you find in yachting? And where is there more exclusive sport? The big wide open spaces of the sea, as the novel writers put it, beckon you and take it from me that once you handle one of these boats there is nothing on land that will ever win you from the sea. If you doubt that it grips you look at all of the boats along here. Just look them over and decide the matter for yourself."

Swaying slightly in the light breeze were boats and boats and boats. They were unlike those sailing boats that we see in old prints; unlike the sailing boats that the mind pictures when sailing boats are mentioned. These boats were something else again, slim and trim things, sleek whippets of the sea. They had what horsemen describe as "class." And this "class" could be discerned by any layman whose home was far removed from tides and breakwaters.

There was something about these boats that caught the eye and filled it and held it. Had these boats been humans you would have looked twice and again and concluded they were people of breeding, probably nobles, at least aristocrats. They had that appearance. Sleek and trim. They had the lines. They had what would be called bearing in the human race. They looked the part of being something else again.

Yachts! And then many more yachts. Not the toilers of the sea but the racers of the sea. There were yachts of various lengths, yachts of various descriptions, but all designed for speed and sport.

Probably you who live between the oceans or below the Great Lakes have decided that yachting has declined. I have been told that by a number of persons and that is why I went along the Atlantic to find out.

Sometime ago there was published a book on ships. It dealt with the ships that sail the high seas, the ships of commerce. In this book it stated that there was more sailing today than ever in the history of the world.

C. R. Patterson, the greatest living American authority on sailing, replied to this:

"The actual facts are that there were over one hundred times as many sailing vessels twenty years ago as there are today."

Commercial sailing has been dying out. In a few years from now it will be extinct, except for coastwise trade. But while commercial sailing has been going out yachting has been coming in.

The passing of commercial sailing is readily explained by the increasing number of engine-driven craft and the facilities they afford. Shipping in these vessels is quicker and safer. It is just as cheap in the end, if not cheaper.

But, while commercial sailing is going out, sailing for sport is coming in. The trim racing yacht is gaining popularity every year. There are toda along the Atlantic seaboard alon more than two hundred times as ma yachts of various sizes as there we forty years ago. In this we include a yachts that are used for recreation an competition. Then, consider the i creasing number of yachts on the Gre Lakes and the Pacific Coast and yo can get an idea how the sport is gro ing.

I asked one veteran yachtsman Boston just how he accounted for th rise in popularity. In asking t question I advanced this argument:

"All of the men in sport that know tell me that this is an age speed. I am constantly informed th we are an up-and-doing people, th what we want is dash and go and p and spirit and all that sort of thin In track athletics, for instance, excel in the sprints where sudden a brief bursts of speed are demande On the stage the pieces that are t big hits are the musical shows or revu that have snap and dash and vim a speed and go. We cannot take time f anything, even in sport and amus ment. Everything has to be done in hurry, a dash and a scurry. The how do you account for the increasi interest in yachting? If this is all tr in sport and amusement, and it a parently is, how does it come th people do not al' go in for mot boating? In motorboating you sure find the qualities that the Americ people seem to crave and it is equal evident that they do not find them yachting."

He waited only moment to answer:

"Motorboati and yachting are ju as different as t spoken drama and t motion pictures. Bo belong on the wat as the spoken dra and the movies bo belong on the sta and both are boa but there the semblance ceases. T sort of people th care for motorboati do not care for yac ing and I can s safely that the yach men do not care motorboating. The is no sympathy of o for the other. Th really have nothing common. The one engineering and t other is craftsma ship. One is mechan

International six-meters at Larchmont Regatta.

d the other is sport. That is my inion and I dare say that every real chtsman will give you the same swer. I have heard dozens express emselves in like manner.

"What is more I believe you are wrong about this speed and dash d go and hustle and bustle and vim l whatnot business. I believe that American people are getting out of That seems a broad statement to ke but I have been a keen observer the last five years and I am of that nclusion. I believe that the American come to realize that the making of lars is not the only thing there is in s life and he has decided that he is ng to get some kick out of living ore it is too late. I see evidences of very day, out on the water and if could spend a week with me I uld prove it to you. More and more tired business man, and the business n who is not so tired, is getting the it of doing less work and living re, making less dollars and adding s to his life. And where can he get re real recreation than out here on water? He gets the salt breeze, pure air. He finds quietude, com-te rest. There is everything out e that is needed to recharge his ve batteries, to replenish the fuel his system. No other sport will do or him as completely as yachting.

"When you get right down to it, w many real sports are left to ericans? How many honest ama-r sports have we outside the select ege field? You can mention four—nis, golf, polo and yachting. One them, polo, is prohibitive. Tennis its limitations. Golf is expensive. re remains yachting."

I told him that as far as I have ever rd yachting was more expensive n golf, but this he denied. He orted me along the dock and in-duced me to a number of yachtsmen he repeated my remark to them they laughed.

Yachting, it seems, can be made ensive or inexpensive. It is like ing a home, or owning a car, or a , or pictures. Yachting, like these ngs, depends a great deal on how r taste runs.

Last year a yachting enthusiast, ett by name, designed a sailboat, asuring not more than 18 feet over-ll with a 12-water line perfectly sea-thy. This t was built \$350. His was to make ing possible men of ordi-ary income. No ner had the sign of this new e become wn than rs were re-ied. The ship-uding com-pany that builds this craft has been unable to fulfill demands. On June 1 of this year there were 67 boats of this type alone at Rye, New York.

Some men own three and four yachts, others own two and three. It all depends upon the purse and preference for type. There are numerous boats of different types and new types are being introduced constantly. Around New York there are twenty-two classes of racing yachts in competition. This list of twenty-two includes four divisions of miscellaneous types that have gone out of general use but of which a few still remain.

There is always the desire to introduce a new type of racing craft. Nathaniel Emmons, of Boston, brother of one of the skippers of the *Resolute*, recently imported a "Hoogar" from Holland. This "Hoogar" to Americans is a queer-looking craft, of such shallow draft that to keep her headway the centerboard is replaced by outriggers. She is rigged with gaff and most of the American racing boats are discarding gaff. No one can guess what new type of boat will come from this "Hoogar."

There is constant progress made in boat-building. The numerous changes in rigging attest to this.

In the East the 30-footers are the most popular type of racing boat. The Long Island Sound Racing Association alone lists 231 boats of this class and more are constantly being added. Many eastern yachtsmen who were racing larger craft have gone to the 30-footers. They seem best to answer the demands of yacht racing and furnish the most desirable sport.

The highest prices ever paid for racing yachts are being paid today. An indication of this increase is found in the Stars, a popular class. Stars are being sold today for from 35 to 45 per cent more than they cost originally.

On the east coast there have been added this year sixteen of the new cruising type of schooners, each boat costing \$20,000 and upward.

When it was decided to hold an international race for 6-meter boats, this class came into favor and this summer 30 boats of 6-meter type were competing in the East.

Two of the American 6-meter boats are being taken to Scotland by Clinton H. Crane, the architect, and Sherman Hoyt, of Corinthian fame. They will try to lift the Seawanhaka Cup, won at Marblehead, Massachusetts, last year and to be raced for on the Clyde this summer.

It was expected that an international race for the Lipton Cup would be the leading yachting event of 1926, but this is not definite. There have been various rumors that the Sir Thomas Lipton challenges have lost favor in the East. Sir Thomas, always pictured by the daily press of this country as the smiling and ardent sportsman, is also a keen business man and in the inner yachting circles of the East the impression has grown that the visits of Sir Thomas in the rôle of challenger are not as thickly associated with sport as the American public has been led to believe.

"Sir Thomas is an Irishman by birth but he appears to be a Scotchman by training," a leading yachting enthusiast on Long Island told me.

It is strongly suspected that the challenges of Sir Thomas, while apparently those of an ardent lover of yachting, have an underlying business motive. Sir Thomas is an astute business man, as those who have had dealings with him will testify. He is likewise an extremely clever publicity getter and while an international race may cost Sir Thomas a million dollars, as the public is led to believe, he gets a few million dollars' worth of advertising out of the venture, and since Sir Thomas does an extensive business in the United States, this publicity is not unwelcome. It is, to say the least, extremely desirable from a business standpoint.

There is a belief among yachtsmen that those at the head of yachting would give a more sincere welcome to a challenge from any outsider than would be extended to one from Sir Thomas. They believe that he mixes business with sport and the thought is disagreeable to them.

"The charm of yachting," one of them told me, "lies in the fact that it is utterly separated from business and the trade. It is pure sport and its future attractiveness rests in keeping it in that state."

It has always been thought that international competition whets the appetite for any sport but yachting, with no outstanding international event on the summer's program, has been winning new supporters each week.

Yachting is thus giving American sportsmen a fine opportunity for recreation and competition.

Pounds or Kilograms?

(Concluded from page 7)

of a French Revolution, but of the peaceable evolution of human affairs rom the earliest times. Perhaps that 's one element in their unmovable strength. Our very terms are deeply rooted in human experience. Twelve inches make a *foot.* The original *foot* was the length of a man's foot. We still use the term *hands* in measuring horses; a horse, we say, is twelve hands high, the hand being a handsbreadth of four inches. We say *yard* to indicate three feet. What is a yard? It is a term which maritime nations use to indicate a spar swung cross-wise to a mast -the yardarm of the p rate tales. The arm swung out from the body makes a "yard." In other times the length of the arm from the center of the chest was the mercantile measure for a yard of cloth. Some of us have seen in country districts as late as twenty-five years ago the dry-goods merchant measure cloth from his chest to the finger-tips of his outstretched arm. The legend goes that when men's arms were found to differ in length, the king's arm was made the official standard of the "yard." The weight of three barleycorns was once the standard of an ounce. The penny was once the weight of thirty-two wheat corns "in the midst of the ear"—that is, the full-grown grains, not the smaller, undeveloped ones near the top of the ear. The term "grain" still remains in use for fine measures. Carat, the measure of gold and diamonds, is another term going back to the use of grains as weights, and comes from "carob," the Arabic term for bean. The carat has since been standardized, however, as 1/200th metric grain.

A most fascinating study awaits the inquirer into the human origin of our system of weights and measures. And if the insistent propaganda to overthrow it continues in the future as it has in the past, we may expect to see a rather widespread interest created in feet, pints and pounds, their origin and their meaning, and the consequences that might ensue if they were changed.

Selling Books by Auction

(Concluded from page 26)

This letter brought ten thousand dollars. Who would dare to place a value upon the document?

Notable also was Grant's famous message: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Fifty-three hundred dollars it brought, and the message was worth as many millions.

Thomas Jefferson wrote a touching letter, concerning a love affair, which is not quite so pathetic when we realize that it was not his only affair of the heart:

"If she consents, I shall be happy; if she does not I must endeavor to be as much so as possible.

"The most fortunate of us all in our journeys through life frequently meet with calamities and misfortunes which may greatly afflict us; and to fortify our minds against the attacks of the calamities and misfortune should be one of the principal studies and endeavors of our lives. The only method of doing this is to assume a perfect resignation to the Divine will, to consider that what does happen must happen; and that by our uneasiness we cannot prevent the blow before it does fall, but we may add to its force after it has fallen."

Most amusing in this sale whose like will not soon be seen again was the controversy concerning the gold pen with which Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. Three pens are now known which have some claim to the distinction. The Massachusetts Historical Society which possesses the pen with the best history denounced the pen offered for sale as a "fake" yet it brought one thousand dollars, coin of the realm.

It is reported that the New York Collector and Bookseller who bought the Penn Charter offers it to the state at this purchase price, without any profit. This action is characteristic of American dealers and collectors of rare books who are generally interested in the preservation of historical documents and in placing them in the appropriate places.

Bird That Had Nothing on Its Mind

(Concluded from page 24)

Every manufacturer is interested in cheap power, but he is not interested in a plan that he might not be able to develop for a good many years.

It would seem also to be worth while to make such a drive as has never yet been made to learn what is best to eat and, generally, how to live the longest. We know next to nothing about food, except that it is expensive and most cooks do not know how to prepare it. Yet what we don't know we can learn. It is all a matter of going after it in the right way and persisting in the search.

This writer hopes to live to see the day when there will be in operation a great national research laboratory in which will be conducted, not alone great drives for specific knowledge, but a search for every fact that can be wrested from nature. Whatever is learned should be published to the world. Moreover, manufacturers should be encouraged to tell their needs and have their problems, if of sufficient importance, studied without cost.

Enough financial power is going to waste in America to conduct a scientific research laboratory that would be of incalculable benefit to the world—not for a day or for a year but throughout all time.

"I Read *in* the Papers

I read in the papers that Ohio spe more money upon its state gove ment during the year ending June than in any year of its history. Besid it seems inevitable that the taxpay will have to pay still greater sums i the local and state treasuries, beca the last legislature passed—over governor's veto—an act to reappra real estate values throughout the sta These values are reappraised only to increased—every fool knows tha and the purpose is to increase tax Ohio has a beneficent law which fi the maximum tax rate. Politici evade it by leaving the rate as it and reappraising the citizen's prope values. This revaluation process just another application of the immor public finance doctrine of Colbe "get the greatest amount of feath from the geese with the least amount squawking." The taxpayer will informed that the rate of taxation not been increased and that therefore is being treated quite fairly.

If Government had to be sold the people on the basis of the b service at the lowest price—if th were tax reductions as an evidence increased administrative efficienc would politics be more promising, wonder? Or is our Government serv really worth all that we pay for it— wonder? Maybe it is. Maybe not.

I read in the papers that the once mous and wealthy Tom Lawson is clared by his relatives to have died "wi out a five-cent piece." It is a singu illustration of the failure which fin ciers make of their own finan affairs. Lawson was once wo $20,000,000 and handled millions commonly as others handle nick But he produced nothing, and th fore by the law of compensation retained nothing. The secret of decay of fortunes is that they go law back to their source because t represent not production but explo tion. Effort is frequently made prove that what is here called ploitation is really a productive serv Maybe so, maybe so, but when takes a squint at real production then at this other thing, one ca help but feel there is a fundamen difference. Anyway, people do look to the future as much as they In the last generation, people away for a rainy day, as they said against old age. That doesn't seem worry people so much today. T feel young for a longer time. maybe that has its useful side. there was a virtue in prudence thrift which would serve us very today if we could bring it back.

Romantic Rascals

(*Concluded from page 17*)

ough and enterprising enough to ke an attempt at honest trade.

Then came an effort to straighten tters by edict. It was enacted that person should leave the country h money, that no one should pur- se jewelry or plate or precious nes, that no family should have re than a hundred dollars in the ise under penalty of fine and con- ation. To insure the bringing of guilty to light, informers were mised one-half of the amount found excess of the allowable sum. At e there was nation-wide espionage. rkmen spied on their employers. glars operated under the cloak of law. Men invaded neighboring ilies and the privacy of the home at an end. Suspicion was enough. one could get out a search warrant any accuser was believed. Al- ther it was a France whose con- on was very grievous, very full of l, and everywhere were com- nts, recriminations, forebodings, isations.

For Law there remained nothing empty-handed flight. His invest- ts were all on French soil, he was ched, there were threats of assassina- . By back ways and in the dark of t he got out of Paris, out of France, into Copenhagen. There he dis- ered that a pardon had been granted his killing of his opponent in the and he was allowed to sail for Eng- in a ship of war. Because of that, e was a debate in the House of ls with Earl Coningsby furious that enegade who had forsworn his lion and country and had thrust a on in misery should be treated with courtesy at all. But the noble lord ndered idly, for Law's spirit was hed. The magnificent crash had him a wreck. He went to Venice there died in poverty.

But the fever he had created did die in France. It touched England, gh Walpole stood out against dangerous practice of stock- king" which would divert "the us of the nation from trade and stry." For eight months visions nillions danced before Londoner's and, as the ballad has it:

'Stars and garters did appear
Among the meaner rabble;
'o buy and sell, to see and hear,
The Jews and Gentiles squabble."

Prince of Wales cleared $200,000 ne day and others followed suit. k was sold for companies "to ae boards out of sawdust," to "trade air," to "extract silver from lead," carry on an undertaking of great ntage, but nobody to know what i' and knavery gathered its harvest he stupidity suffered. Then in nland, as in France, the nation had t and shiver by the ashes while a e1 financial structure was being f nded.

Is Our Navy Out of Date?

(*Concluded from page 5*)

and one system of training for personnel, that the expenditures now for Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Postal Air Services, and other Governmental establishments, would be very materially reduced."

How effective are anti-aircraft guns?

"I could take a target up and let anti-aircraft guns shoot at it all day. Only one-tenth of one per cent of all the aircraft across the battle line were lost from anti-aircraft fire in the recent war. The average hits in this country is one in 30,000 shots."

Why does not the navy agree to try the effectiveness of bombs by a test on the battleship *North Dakota*, which has to be sunk anyway under the treaty?

General Mitchell did not commit himself as to just why the Navy Department was unwilling to make this test but he did very vigorously assert, "It is my opinion that if this experiment is attempted the *North Dakota* will be sunk in less than ten minutes after the bombing planes reach their objective."

How many airplanes does the United States have now?

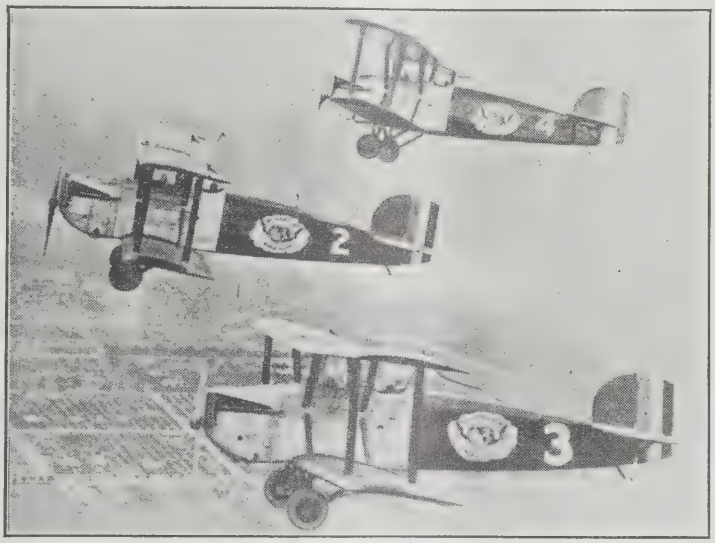
"The United States has only 19 modern pursuit ships equipped and ready for action. She has probably 25 bombardment planes equipped ready for action. These planes are the Martin bombers which are now more than three years old. Our observation planes are DH4B type that were built during the War. However, the Army Air Service, as you have seen published in the newspapers, has let the contract for 100 more modern planes."

The air forces of the nation are on an entirely different basis from almost any other form of military activity because they can be efficiently employed in time of peace for constructive tasks. Hence it comes about that even the pacifists endorse our air mail service, for example, although these same planes could in time of war be used with more deadly effectiveness than many battleships. Knowing these facts, I asked General Mitchell how a military air force could be used in time of peace. He replied, "An Air Force can be used in time of peace for forest patrol, surveying and mapping, air mail services and the training of regular services, as well as for the organized reserve and National Guard."

In conclusion, I asked General Mitchell what methods could be employed to secure an enlightened public opinion on the subject of airplanes. His reply deserves wide circulation.

"I think that the best way to educate the American public in the possibilities of airplane travel and the importance of aeronautics in our plan of National Defence is to reveal to them through publications and through public schools and colleges, what is being done in foreign countries. A system of air lines, over which aircraft are operated commercially whereby the people come directly in contact with Air Service personnel and Air Service equipment, will reveal to them the importance of the industry. Also such projects as the around-the-world flight, the dawn-to-dusk flight, the non-stop transcontinental flight, the Porto Rico flight, the proposed flight to Hawaii Islands by the Navy, and the International Air Races, all bring Air Service activities directly to the people.

"Anything that can be done to get the people in general to thinking and to talking about the possibilities of Air Service leads to a further education along these lines. It is a comparatively new development and is somewhat foreign to the routine education of American people. They must be brought directly in contact through reading or through experience to realize its vast importance."



The American World Fliers over California after encircling the globe.

Apple-Green Tint Explained

Opposite Buckingham Palace is to be found the Victoria Memorial. This beautiful piece of workmanship is particularly remarkable for the clear, delicate green of the water in its marble basins. The secret of its coloring and translucency was revealed recently when two workmen were drawing a large sack through the water. The sack was filled with a substance which prevented the growth of weeds and gave the water its apple-green tint.

Ancient Baalbeck, City of Sun Goo

Auto Busses Replace Caravans in the Heliopolis of the Greco-Roman World

By HAL WALKER

NINETY kilometers from Beyrouth lies the most wonderful ruined city in the world—Baalbeck. No one knows its origin, or its builders, but it is generally conceded by modern engineers and scientists that no race now upon the earth could have erected the giant columns which remain intact as the monument to a vanished race.

It is possible to reach Baalbeck from Damascus and by automobile in about three hours over the desert, but as it fitted our plans better we made the visit after circuit of the north. It may be that General Gouraud kept this wonder city as the final sight which would open eyes already almost surfeited with strange scenes in his domain. If this was his intention, it met with huge success.

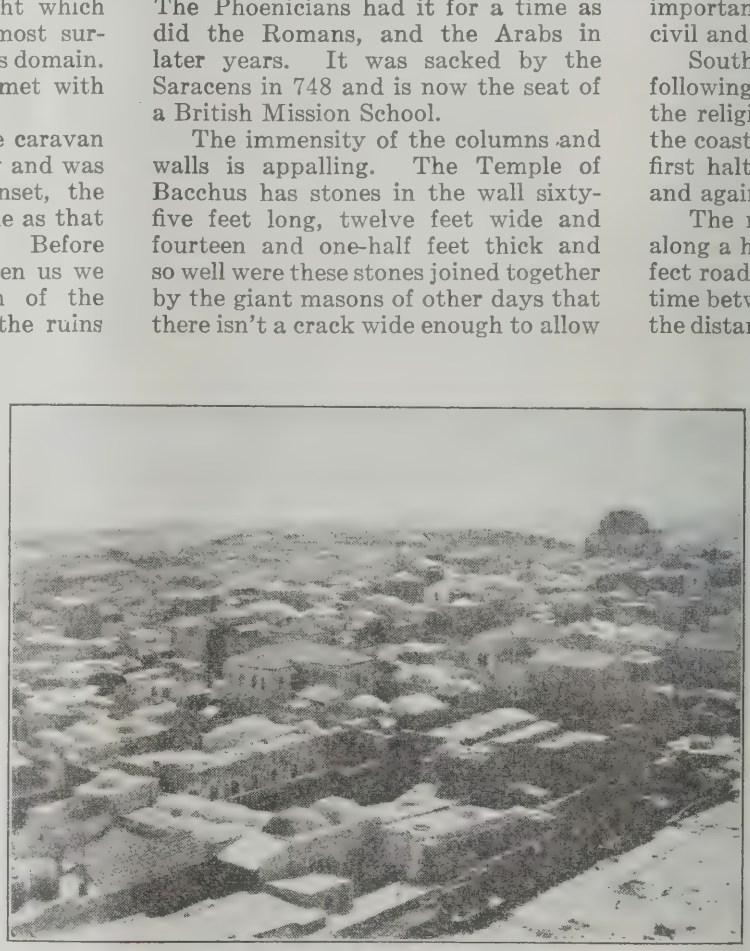
In the afternoon early the caravan of automobiles got under way and was in Baalbeck long before sunset, the road for a time being the same as that followed toward Damascus. Before having the real sensation given us we visited the remount station of the French forces, and then at the ruins of Baalbeck we had the explanations of M. E. de Lorey who is the chief of archeology for the French Government in all Syria, and the head of the museum in Damascus.

Awe-inspiring is an inadequate word to use in trying to describe Baalbeck. These ruins dwarf the Parthenon at Athens, so that may convey some idea of their immensity. Picture stones fifty and more feet long, ten and more feet broad and thick, weighing hundreds of tons and made into buildings somewhere near the dawn of creation. One stone in the quarry from which the building material was brought was never finished and transported—its end is still attached to the ledge—but this one stone hewn out is 69x16x14 feet and must weigh a thousand tons. How was this mammoth to be transported to the site of the buildings, unless with the use of mastodons, as some authorities believe?

There have been many theories as to the origin of these temples which are believed to have been the first structures in the world. The Arabs say that Cain built the city about 133 years after the Creation as a refuge from Jehovah's curse after murdering Abel, and that he peopled it with giants who were drowned in the Flood. Some authorities agree that the stones antedate the Flood and that they must have been transported by some huge animals long extinct as the race which raised them into place.

Another theory is that the city was built by Solomon as a caravan center, and that the temple to Baal was built to please the Queen of Sheba, according to the Arabs. The walls of the city are between two and three miles in circumference and it has seen many conquerers since the time of Solomon. The Phoenicians had it for a time as did the Romans, and the Arabs in later years. It was sacked by the Saracens in 748 and is now the seat of a British Mission School.

The immensity of the columns and walls is appalling. The Temple of Bacchus has stones in the wall sixty-five feet long, twelve feet wide and fourteen and one-half feet thick and so well were these stones joined together by the giant masons of other days that there isn't a crack wide enough to allow a blade of grass to grow. The ordinary stones in the walls are thirty feet long and weigh 400 tons each.



Jerusalem—view of the Jewish quarter.

I have known men and women to travel two thousand miles just to see the Pyramids by moonlight, but to see Baalbeck under the same moon would be worth traveling many times that distance. And we had a special entertainment among those ruins with the dancing of children clad in white in folk dances of the Syrians. These dances were arranged by the Touring Club of Syria, and so the pigmies danced while other pigmies looked on in the shadows of the structures built by the giants which we could not understa

The next morning we started back Beyrouth through the fertile Bekaa a at night had our final official dinner the palace of General Gouraud in setting truly oriental. The walls of huge salon were decorated with troph the host had collected through ma years of colonial service in North Afri native Syrian soldiers were the gua at the door—and the dinner would ha done credit to the most select restaur in Paris. Then followed a reception board the flagship of the French admi in command of the French fleet in Near East at which were present all important men and women in Beyrou civil and official.

Southward along the sea we sped following day bound for the cradle the religious world, Jerusalem. Al the coast we stopped several times, first halt at Saida, the ancient Sid and again at Acre.

The road for the last ten miles along a hard beach which makes a p fect roadway of hard-packed sand a time between half and full ebb tide, a the distance was covered at a faster p than we had been able make at any time dur the day. Haifa is northern terminus of railroad to Cairo and policed with true Brit efficiency. There is a g hotel at Haifa, or at le what is called good in East, and we stayed night in a town where th was more English spo than I had heard several weeks.

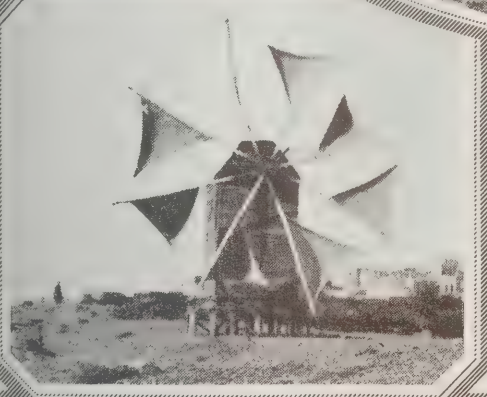
The heat on the tr ride from Ludd to Je salem is something tha shall always remem like that coming fr Aleppo a few weeks earl However, there was m comfort in the Jerusa run because the cars w full-size and not miniat which gave a better circulation of although this was nothing to boast abo

Winding between the rocky wall low hills rising on each side, the tr crept along at a snail's pace a gre part of the distance with long stop small stations where there was onl hut for the station agent.

We finally reached the station were met by the French consul.

Out from the station motors c popular American make were awai us and we sped over the long white to the gates of the Holy City twentieth century comfort instead plodding on foot as true pilgrims to t cradle of Christianity should do.

The beach at Sidon.



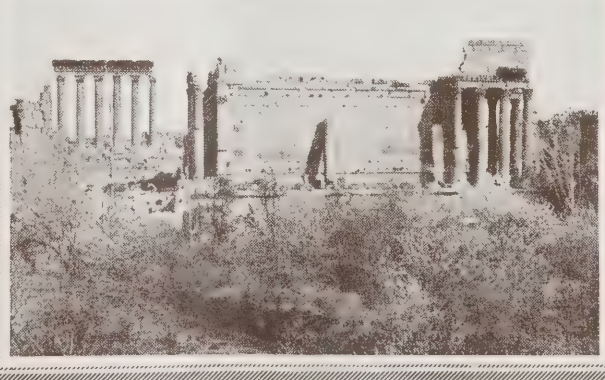
Upper left—Baalbeck columns standing alone.

Center—Saida, the Sidon of old, from the sea.

Left—Windmills on the Syrian coast.

Right—Baalbeck, part of Temple.

Porte de Damas—The Damascus Gate.



Baalbeck ruins in distance.

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URBANA ILL

"THE right to think, to know, to utter," as John Milton says, is the dearest of all liberties. Without this right there can be no liberty to any people; with it, there can be no slavery. When you have convinced thinking men that it is right, and the humane men that it is just, you will gain your cause. Men always lose half of what is gained by violence. What is gained by argument is gained forever. Let us believe that the whole of truth can never do harm to the whole of virtue . . . The last lesson a man ever learns is that liberty of thought and speech is the right of all mankind; that the man who denies every article of our creed is to be allowed to preach just as often and just as loud as we ourselves.

—*Wendell Phillips (1811-1884)*

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

ol. 25 No. 41 August 1, 1925 Ten Cents a Copy

Why the American Farmer Leaves Home
By ALLAN L. BENSON

He Writes for Twenty Millions
By DIRK P. DE YOUNG

The Rats of Leningrad
By STANLEY HIGH

Can You Express Yourself?
By THOMAS L. MASSON

The Jews Meet the Arabs—Which Wins?
By REVEREND RALPH STOODY

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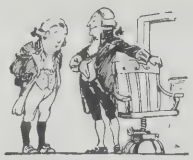
SEP 1 1925
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

The royal house of Abyssinia is supposed to have descended from a son of the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon.



Thomas Jefferson invented the swivel chair.

The importation of the Bible into Soviet Russia (from Leningrad to Vladivostock) is forbidden.

In 1922 the privately owned central electric light and power stations were valued at $4,229,357,000. They have increased enormously in value since that time.

The books of the National Association of Credit Men show that Americans are using the installment plan for purchases totaling more than $3,000,000,000 a year.

By means of a dip net, an Eskimo woman will catch an average of one little auk a minute, as they fly through the air.

Near Sebastapol, on the Black Sea, a landslide recently removed about 130,000 tons of earth, thrusting it into the sea in such a way that when it settled it had formed a peninsula and several new small islands that may be made habitable.

In Mexico City symptoms of bubonic plague have been found in rats, and the people living there are taking measures to prevent a possible outbreak.

It has been estimated that about one-fifth the population of the United States attends the movies each day. The amount of admissions in one single year totaled $906,000,000.

The "Trans-Canada," of the Canadian Pacific Railway, claims the distinction of being the fastest transcontinental train in the world.

Turks in Constantinople are wearing straw hats instead of the peaked fez.

Seventeen years are required to complete the course at the El Azhar University at Cairo.

Russian goods sent to Great Britain and Northern Ireland last year were valued at nearly $100,000,000.

Three hens that lay purple eggs recently arrived at Purdue University in Buenos Aires.

Mr. Gutherie, a British subject, was the first to describe mustard gas in the year 1860.

Hotel Ponce de Leon, situated in St. Augustine, Florida, existed in 1888 and was the first hotel to possess electrical facilities.

The *Country Gentleman* is the oldest agricultural paper in the world. It was established in 1831.

A cat chasing a mouse caused a $40,000 fire in Cardiff, Wales, when the former knocked a box of matches from a table, which occasioned ignition.

The fastest single screw merchant ship in the world is the steamship *Royal Scot,* which was built to give a speed of twenty-two knots, and plies between London and Edinburgh.

The first national forecasting service was established, in France, in 1855.

Thirteen million gold marks (about $3,000,000) flow into the coffers of the German post office, annually, in the form of radio license fees.

The first definite discovery of oil in Australia has been reported by J. A. M. Elder.

The edition of Rudyard Kipling's first book, "Schoolboy Lyrics," published in 1881, was sold recently for $1,000 in the American Art Galleries.

The population of the United States has increased by eight million during the past five years.

The total registration of motor-driven vehicles in the city of Havana, Cuba, is 17,464.

The Mound Builders Country Club of Newark, Ohio, use the ancient earthworks of the mound builders as tees, traps, and bunkers

Dr. Binder, eminent sociologist, says spanking is the idea punishment for disobedient children; that other forms of corporal punishment soon lose corrective effect, and that verbal castigation and threats are more harmful than any form of bodily chastisement.

One of the smallest radio receiving sets in the world is mounted in a shirt button, five-sixteenths of an inch diameter. It is audible on a loud speaker nine feet distant.

The Argentine wheat harvest begins the first part of January, in many sections of the country.

The seventy-five pyramids in Egypt, that were built as tombs for the kings, date from the period between the fourth and twelfth dynasties.

The newest life of Carlyle, "Carlyle Till Marriage," by David Alec Wilson, is not only a masterful biographical study with new materials, but is unique in that some of its chapters are but one page long, and the book is not copyrighted.

"Scientists think that the discovery of a fossil of a five-toed horse is a more important event than the Birth of Christ. They travel around the world to see a skeleton, but would not cross the street to save a soul."

—*W. J. Bryan.*

Japan has an avenue of trees, fifty miles in length, extending from the town of Nikko to Namada.

Believing that the "elixir of youth" may be obtained from the California Redwood trees, an Oregon scientist is now experimenting with the sap to determine whether it will prolong life.

August 1, 1925
* * *
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Vol. 25, No. 41
* * *
Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Presented in This Issue

r once, here's sense about farmers. Fewer farmers etter conditions! The departure of millions from rm is not an occasion for prophecies of doom—the reverse. Three farmers now accomplish what merly did. (p. 3)

ats! Rats! everywhere in the capital of the Czars f Lenin. Symbol of the dark, destructive attack has been made on Russia, and what it leaves in ke—rats! (p. 5)

e writes for twenty millions what the twenty ns think, and on the whole his influence is good, he is not poison-gassed by New York propaganda. ean Dr. Frank Crane, a parson who found a wider with Mr. Hearst. (p. 2)

r. Ford's Page this week continues the question, ring a job better than being in business? (p. 11)

ings have been flutter-ound men for ages, and t has dawned on men hey can make wings for relves. Planes, rudders ropellers are the a b c ture: they are the latest etures of mechanics. "The of Wings" is another of Aaron's nature articles tated by himself. (p. 7)

e American frigate, *Con-m*, known as *Old Iron-s* is only a relic at Boston Yard now, but 114 ago she was the terror seas. Here is the record me fiery but glorious , from the old ship's ien she made the Ameri-ag respected on salt (p. 12)

e Jew claims Palestine l has been possessed by for 2,000 years. The has naturally raised ties. The Arab, who a descendant of Abra-, has a case which must tally be decided by civilization. That case is here presented by a clergyman who went to Palestine inclined to favor the Jews. An article well worth attention. (p. 14)

Self-expression is a wild modern term that stands for any sort of nonsense. But not with Tom Masson. Here is a humorous philosopher who has kept his perceptions clear. How do *you* express yourself? Chaplin does it with his feet. Some people do it with silence. It is the best thing we do. (p. 16)

"Perigord, the truffle city," takes us on excursion into France where this delicacy of the mushroom family is "hunted" with hogs. It ripens in November, but to locate it man needs the acute sense of smell possessed by his sow. (p. 18)

Dr. Barton, the famous Lincoln biographer, has another round-the-world contribution this week: Awakened India. It appears that British power in India is menaced by something besides Indian discontent. (p. 31)

Quaint and curious Gloucester, the wind-swept town by the sea, with the streets that curve and climb—how grateful are these pictures of distant, restful places at this season! (p. 25)

The delight of owning your own home is known to increasing millions. It is good news that the single residence is gaining in popularity among young people over the unAmerican "flat" or "apartment." (p. 8)

Professor Karpinski adds another of his articles on map-making, this time describing how the Northwest was put on paper. It took a long time for cartographers to realize how big this country really was. (p. 20)

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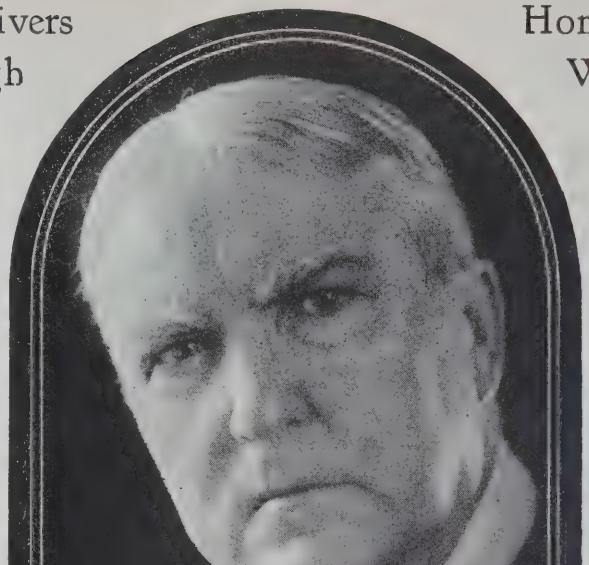
A Preacher Who Delivers His Sermons Through the Newspapers



DR. FRANK CRANE.

His Editorials Read by Twenty Millions

By DIRK P. DE YOUNG

MEET Dr. Frank Crane, preacher, lecturer, journalist, who writes a corking editorial daily for 200 large newspapers, published in many countries, with approximately 20,000,000 readers. He has been writing for the past fourteen years. He was a minister for 25 years before that.

But I had never met Dr. Frank Crane in the flesh until this week, when I called at his office in New York City, for the purpose of interviewing him. I expected to wait a long time before I could be admitted to his sanctum, which I imagined would be filled with books and paintings. I was shown in at once, and instead of finding the Doctor engrossed in the task of composing his daily essay or reading the classics, he was working on a cross-word puzzle. And his editorial studio has a smaller number of books in it than a stockbroker's office in Wall Street. Moreover, the walls thereof were as thinly hung with portraits and paintings as the kitchen of the average home.

Dr. Crane was so deeply engrossed in solving that cross-word puzzle that he did not hear me walk nto the room. His greeting was cordial, but there is a very noticeable reserve about the man. Not uppishness, but the reserve of the student of philosophy; it is mental rather than physical. He is not a backslapper, in other words, although his ideals and his sympathies and his thoughts are of the popular brand.

Although he was a noted preacher for a quarter of a century, he does not look like one. Neither does he look like a lecturer, nor like a writer, nor a college professor, nor any of that class of persons. At the age of 64, with graying hair, tending slightly to portliness, his movements rather quick and decisive, he reminds me of an elderly business man, who is just about ready to retire on a competence. He puts on no airs, has no striking mannerisms. When I put to him the question of style in writing, he referred me to something he had said on the subject before, which reads:

" 'Nothing to that writer except his style,' you say. Bless your life! that's all there is or ever was to any writer, or painter, or musician, or man.

"Everything else in the world we have is common property with everybody else. Our style's our own.

" 'Anne hath a way,' wrote Shakespeare of his Anne Hathaway. And that is all any woman hath. Have not all others arms, nose, hands and teeth, even as our dearest? But it's that little way of hers!

"The good of an apple is its taste. And yet, remove the flavor, and the finest scales in the world will detect nothing gone.

"It makes little difference (that is, of course, when hearts are trumps) what you say, what you do; it makes all the difference in the world how you say it and how you do it.

"Style, flavor, aroma, personality, are they elusive? Not so. They outlive temples and kingdoms. The fact mongers of Greece are dead and dust. Old Homer's sonorous fancies will never die.

"The Roman Forum is a cluttered hole in the ground. The proud emperors, millionaires and conquerors that trod it are gone. There was one man who walked there who amassed no useful information, 'did' nothing, all he had was a little way of saying things; his name was Horace, and it is evergreen.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but personality shall not pass away.

"There is only one thing your race cares for from you; it is yourself.

"Style is the one thing that never gluts the market. You can have too many potatoes, too much wheat,

Homely Philosophy Won Him a P Among Common

too many farm labore there never was half enou liarity to go around.

"Better have a style be born rich. Why do and Tetrazzini and Ga no end of money a min the artist who can sing well' has hard work to g money? Answer: style. little way.

"What made Jefferso field, Irving, Terry, C Bernhardt, Rachel? Oh, to speak of, just a way t

"Why does not Sha go down with the yea Dryasdust's Works conta more facts and much mo information, and are f Again, nothing; only a n charm of saying things. he is the eternal rose of lite

That is not quite all t that splendid little essa Crane on style, in which sentence of it sums it a the words that a man's his soul, but what he about style in our intervie up with the above. Thi do with his own style, style of others.

"I put the gist of my in the first sentence," plained. "And every word t lows hangs directly upon that many bricks are laid on a fou

"I try to make every thoug out clearly, using simple wo simple illustrations. I neve more than one point in an e Every word, every sentence paragraph, contributes to the of the idea I am expressing. have thrown out the theme story, I race to the conclusion, only of how it can be made as day in the fewest words. Onc ceive an idea for an editorial, t ten in five or ten minutes. Bu spiration is a slower proces thought may come to me i neously; and it may grow on me

"Although I embellish my by drawing on the classics, I ga ideas largely from the doings masses of today. The rank an humanity know more than the who try to teach them. I obser the Smiths and the Joneses ar ing about and give expression views, rather than tell them think they ought to do. Eve reform has started with the people, not with the élite. Chri itself began that way. The sense of the world reposes in th of the average folk. I merely drift of popular

(Concluded on

ewer Farmers a Good Thing for Farming

In 1824 There Were 97 Farmers Per 100; in 1924 Only 30—Cause: Greater Efficiency

By ALLAN L. BENSON

OBODY has ever got rich by farming. Farmers who have become wealthy have done so by buying cheap land and ıg for the pressure of population crease its price. There is some- money in that. But producing ıas never made a big fortune for ody. In the old days it was be- nobody could produce much than he had to consume. Now production has enormously in- d, conditions are better, but rs still work hard and feel that, mparison with the rest of the ation, they are getting the worst

rm conditions are not bad, how- for lack of advice from the city; ould they remain bad if advice the city were any good. It is a ay when somebody in town does ll the farmer what is the matter im. The feeling in the city seems that farming is unlucrative be- of lack of laws. The logic of this sion is, of course, more legisla- Moreover, even the farmers have e convinced that this is true and amoring for help from Congress. w these few remarks will be upon the assumption that what matter with the farmers is *not* f laws, and that legislation has wer to get at the real cause. If easoning be correct we at least an explanation of the failure of m legislation enacted up to this

Ike the facts as we find them in 07, and they point to a conclusion. e our first census was taken, in 0 of each 100 of our population 97 engaged in agriculture. They food *for themselves* and *for three* in the cities, with none for ex- t. They could not raise more be- they worked under disadvan- es Part of their time was spent g land and shooting Indians. Having no machinery, they did everything by hand. Wheat was cut with a sickle or a cradle and threshed on the barn floor with a flail. Each 97 farmers did pretty well to raise enough for themselves and three others in the cities.

Very different conditions existed when the census for 1920 was taken. Only 30 persons out of each 100 of our population lived on farms and the other 70 lived in cities. Each group of 30 farmers was able to produce enough food *for themselves*, and *for 70 others* in the cities *and still have a considerable margin for export.*

What had happened during these 130 years so enormously to increase the productivity of the farm worker? Two things—agricultural machinery and the use of mechanical power. Flails gave way to threshing machines driven by steam engines. Gasoline tractors began to be seen in the fields, each doing the work of more than twenty horses. Binders, mowers, hayloaders and a long procession of other machines had come into common use. Power farming!

With what result? With the result that each worker on a farm produced more than any farm worker had ever produced before. Thirty farmers can now raise more than the 97 farmers who could only raise enough to feed themselves and three others in the cities.

When more men are on a job than are needed to do the work, somebody has to go. As machinery and power moved on to the farms, human beings had to move off. Why? Because there was not work for them. We thus have an explanation of the movement from the farms to the cities that began more than half a century ago and is continuing to this day. This movement was accelerated, of course, by other forces, but the basis of it was lack of work on the farms, due to the fact that machinery and power had enormously increased the productivity of the farmer. Chief among the accelerating forces was the call to the city—the lighter work, shorter hours and the increased opportunity to get in touch with life in the cities. Human beings crave companionship. Farm life was once rather lonely.

Each farmer who removed to a city not only took a man away from the farms but he placed a man in the city for some one on a farm to feed. Thus was agriculture helped in two ways—by decreasing the competition among farmers for employment, and by increasing the demand of the cities for farm products. But more machinery and more power increased the productivity of the farmer more rapidly than emigration from the farms helped him. As more machinery moved on to the land, still more men moved off. And now only 30 men out of each hundred are engaged in agriculture and they are producing all the food we can eat and all that we can sell abroad.

This analysis seems fairly sound, but here is the proof of it. *What would result if 97 per cent of our population moved back to the land and thus restored the conditions that existed in 1790?* What should we do with all the food they could produce under modern conditions? If the present 30 per cent can produce all we can eat and all we can export, what would happen if three times as many were to be engaged in agriculture?

Now comes a harder question: with 70 per cent of our population living in cities and towns why is farming still unprofitable? Too many men are still engaged in agriculture—that is the answer. Machinery has more than kept up with migration. Make all the necessary allowances for lack of or-

ganization in agriculture, the fact still remains that our present relatively small agricultural population is more than large enough to do the work. Is not this proved by the fact that we always have not only enough but an abundance of food? We never have a year in which there is not enough. We never have a year in which our farmers are not looking for foreign markets. Whatever faults may be attributed to the farmer, the fault of neglecting to produce enough food has never been brought against him.

Some say that the farmer should organize his business and cut down production. They cite the fact that small crops oftentimes bring the farmer more money than large ones. As an example, the corn crop of 1924 was 20 per cent smaller than the crop of 1923 but brought $200,000,000 more. But this would be reducing production in a dangerous way. It would be wiser to reduce the number of farm workers than to reduce the productivity of our farms. The economic unsoundness of trying to solve an industrial problem by permitting men who are not needed on a job to remain and produce less, is apparent to any mind. In the long run, we get only what we produce and if we don't produce, we do not long get. Everybody should be usefully employed. Loafing on the job is not the right way to remedy the defect of too many men on the pay roll. Everybody is needed somewhere. The thing to do is to find the place.

The truth is that the farmer has been caught in the great evolutionary development that began with the invention of the steam engine and the introduction of machinery. The same thing has occurred in the cities, but with perhaps a more rapid adjustment to the changed conditions. Power and machinery have vastly increased the productivity of city workers, but for the city worker's products there is no fixed limits to his markets. The man who was quite comfortable without an automobile before he ever heard of one must have one now. By buying a motor, he gives employment to those who make it. *But there is a very rigid limit to the market for food.* One can eat so much and no more. He may eat food that is better prepared and pay more for it, but the excess that he pays goes to the chef and the management, not to the farmers who produced the beef, wheat or other ingredients. As a man becomes more prosperous, he can buy more of the things that industrial workers make, but he does not appreciably increase his daily number of loaves of bread, potatoes, or other of the farmer's products. The size and the capacity of his stomach were fixed a million years before he was born and no amount of money in the bank can greatly change them.

The thing we next see is that the farmer, without any advice from the city, has from the first been doing the right thing by quitting the farm. Readjustment was what was needed and he is readjusting himself. The process of readjustment is still going on. Migration to the city has not solved the problem because the forces that make migration necessary are still in operation. A state of equilibrium will not be reached until all the machinery and power that can be used on the land are there and all the farmers that are not there needed are elsewhere. In a country like America which, agriculturally, is still so far from developed in comparison with countries like Denmark, equilibrium may not be reached for a long time. Evolutionary processes usually move slowly. But it seems that the worst is over. Farm machinery has come generally into use. Power, as expressed by gasoline and electri
just beginning to go on to th
Men will have to leave the land a
comes to take their places. B
should men complain? Pow
stimulating science, invention a
covery, is responsible for about
improvement in the condition of
beings that has taken place in a
sand years. Power produces wea
takes the load from human back

Farm life is destined soon t
very different thing than it is
has ever been. And as farm life c
so will city life. Mr. Ford pr
has the right idea in assuming th
trend of development will be
village industries in which farm
be profitably employed during
when there is no work for them
farm. No development of po
machinery on the land can ever
the fact that there is very lit
farmers to do in the winter. Th
employ themselves after a fashi
it is employment that is econo
unproductive and therefore ec
cally unremunerative. Time that
waste is like water that goes
dam without turning the mill
It enriches nobody. Farmers w
better off if they had something
to do during the periods when f
is at a standstill.

If work were to be done in
factories that is now done in th
it would naturally follow that s
the workers who are in the cities
have to go back to the country
jobs. That would be a good th
the workmen and a good thing
country. Every city is, in the
hideous place in which to d
human beings. So far as pop
is concerned, the cities are to
and the country too small. Th
evolutionary processes that
brought about these conditio
now on the way toward rem
them. But the situation can
remedied by any man-made "b
the land" movement. Men can
back to the land until the land—
to say, the country—offers them
thing to do. Village industries
this.

Farming will yet get its just re
but the rewards will not come
of Congress.

NEXT WEEK

In 1870 the twelve-hour day was common. Now wage-earners work less than ten hours, most of them eight.

The table set by our people in 1880 would not satisfy the average citizen today; bread and meat, gravy and molasses were then the staples.

The majority of divorces in the United States are procured by wives. The causes are usually economic.

Read what the Commissioner of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics has to say on this subject that touches every one of us. His interview with Mr. Ulm, our Washington correspondent, is replete with interesting information.

he Rats of Leningrad

Drill Grounds, Idle Factories; Poverty Over All

By STANLEY HIGH

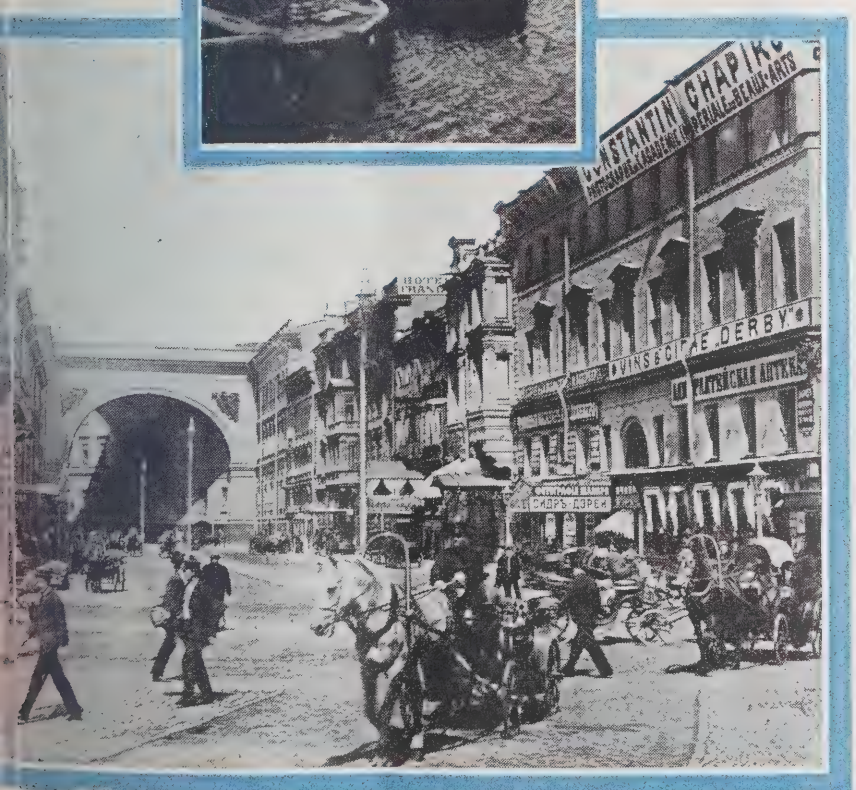
HIRED a cab in Leningrad. It was like the city. The paint—pre-war paint—was scaling off. The wheels ed uncertainly over the cobbles. battered horse and its more ed driver were both relics of r days, when royalty lived in eat palaces along the Admiralty t. Petersburg was the capital of npire.

e driver, in fact, illustrated, well, the history of the city's n years. We hired him in the lace, because, of all the army lf-starved drivers that fought ir patronage at the Leningrad he seemed the least belligerent. ace rattling off into the city he e suspicious. Evidently I ap- too pros- for starv- ningrad, and ewriter case as though ht house an al machine. r first fifteen s my inter- sought to at that my in Lenin- was wholly itical; that I did not represent the Kremlin; that, in fact, I had come from that Seventh Heaven of aspiring Russians—the United States.

Once convinced that I was not a member of the secret police and our driver was a changed man. He sat sideways in his seat, with only half an eye for his horse and the traffic, and related, in Russian dramatic style, his story and his plaint against the Communists. In his golden age our cabbie was coachman for one of St. Petersburg's numerous Grand Dukes. Seven years of war, revolution and famine had landed him atop this wobbly cab. We drove out through Katherine street, near the Neva, and past the deserted palace which was the scene of his former glory.

"There," he said, waving his whip toward an open court, "I exercised the Grand Duke's horses. Look at the place, now. Look at me!"

The front of the great stone building was shell-pocked with the rifle fire of the 1918 revolution and the windows were broken in. The iron gate to the court hung open. The entire length of the street—one of the most imperial among Europe's pre-war streets—was deserted. Two rats scurried out from the palace steps into the street and back again. The driver cracked his whip at them.



let—Looking across the Neva, Leningrad. Below—Bolschaya Morskayo, a busy street of old Petrograd.

Canal of Peter the Great.

"That's Russia now," he said, "broken windows, deserted houses and rats—rats everywhere," and he wandered off into a violent tirade against the Soviets who had driven the Grand Duke into exile, set his liveried coachman driving a dilapidated cab for a few kopecs a day and turned rats into the palace.

Our driver, however, wasn't quite so positive when I asked whether or not he wanted a return of the Czars. He shrugged his shoulders in silence.

"But if the Czar came back," I said, "you might have your old job with the Grand Duke."

"That's right," he said, "but then the trouble is there's a lot of people in this city and everybody couldn't be a coachman."

Leningrad has gone through many of the same experiences that fell to the lot of our cab driver. No city in Europe, before the war, wore richer liveries than St. Petersburg. No city in the world, today, is more frayed out in appearance and down-at-the-heels in spirit. Only the rats, apparently, thrive in the old capital of the Czars.

St. Petersburg, itself, was an artificially constructed city. On the map its commercial location appears ideal. Actually, however, the land on which Peter the Great built the capital, which was to serve him as a "window" through which he could look out to the west, was a vast marsh. In 1700 Peter began his wars with Sweden and victory in his efforts to drive the Swedes from the river Neva led him to lay the foundations for St. Petersburg. In 1703 he erected a humble log

hut, Peter's cottage it was called, and there, away from the luxury that he despised, he directed the first work in the erection of the new capital of Russia.

The glory of the city that finally was completed is rather dimmed by the fact that its foundations were laid upon the suffering and sacrifices of the Russian people. Hundreds of thousands of workmen, through a long period of years, were forced into labor battalions and brought into the vast swamps to further the work of construction. Disease was rampant. It is said that 200,000 workmen died in the building of St. Petersburg. Even many of the Russian nobility opposed moving the capital from Moscow to this new city on the borders of the west. But Peter would not be dissuaded and the work that he began was completed by other rulers.

From the very first St. Petersburg was a city of soldiers. Monuments to soldiers rise in every square. Barracks and drill-grounds are on every hand. The architectural design—along the main thoroughfare of the city—is distinctly European, in striking contrast to the oriental construction in Moscow and other Russian cities. The streets are wide and a few of them are well paved. There are frequent parks, laid out in western design. The stores along the Nevskii Prospekt—pride of pre-war Russia's streets—are less like the cluttered shops of Moscow and more European. Beyond these main streets, however, one meets up with the oriental influences. The paving comes to an abrupt end, and the familiar cobbles begin. The wares of the tiny shops overflow into the street. There are bazaars of all sorts, where men and women in an assortment of costumes jangling over prices make a confusion that is typically oriental.

Idle factories near Leningrad.

But Leningrad shows clearly the effect of the chaos through which Russia has passed. Before the war St. Petersburg's population was over 2,000,000. Today it is only a little above 500,000. The Soviets turned out the Czar and his government and there were none to take their place. Riding along through the streets one has the impression that the city has just passed through a siege. Coming from Moscow on the Moscow-Leningrad express, I counted over fifty idle smokestacks in the industrial suburbs of Leningrad which, before the war, contributed considerably to the industrial life of Russia. Along the principal streets of the city whole blocks of shops were boarded up. In many of the most important sections where the business of the present day is transacted only the first floors of the buildings are occupied, and the upper stories are left vacant—walls falling into disrepair, and the windows still shattered with the gun fire of the revolution.

Along the Nevskii Prospekt the stores were open and business proceeded in a desultory fashion. But there was none of the bustle and activity that one found in the new capital of Moscow. No one in Leningrad, apparently, has anything to do that cannot, and probably will not, be postponed. There are even fewer automobiles than in Moscow and the army of battered droshkas is not so large. People stroll in Leningrad as though every day were Sunday afternoon.

Out in the Admiralty Shaya—now left to the rats—the streets are practically deserted. This nobility section resembles a modern Pompeii, uncovered for purposes of exhibition. Many of the palaces, in fact, are converted into museums. The Soviets, apparently, take pleasure in utilizing every building which can be fitted up with a coat of mail or a picture, for a n
There were many reports th
dictators in the Kremlin had de
most of Russia's art treasur
investigate the exact situa
well-known English art
recently visited Leningrad.
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stroying these treasures, the
have taken particular care to
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museums to the public.
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50 public museums in all Russi
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In Moscow, however, and
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Palace of Justice—was com
wrecked. This was doubtless a
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It will be a long time, h
before the smokeless factories
working full blast again. Five
thousand people are not very m
city built, on magnificent prop
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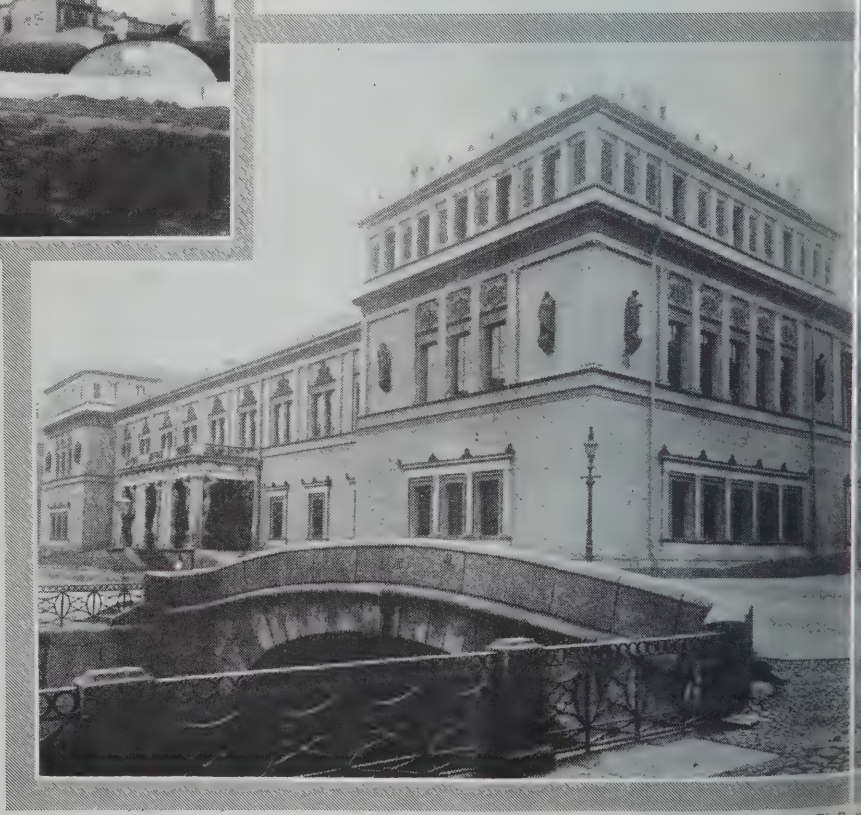
Our old cab driver, so he told us,
to spend the remainder of his
top of his wobbly old cab,
along the Admiralty, where h
the Grand Duke's horses, it w
long day before prosperity re
fill the deserted streets.

"The rats," said our cab
"have overrun the city, and th
not enough people to drive the



Hermitage—Russia's most famous art gallery.

(C) B

ower of Wings

A Study in Flying Birds and Insects

By S. F. AARON

Comparative wing structures, showing invariable rigidity of anterior portions and flexibility of the wider posterior extensions. The little brown bat, a burrowing bee, the great albatross, a swallow-tailed butterfly, the ruby-throated humming bird, a bee fly. The bee and bee fly are the swiftest of all flying creatures.

ROM the viewpoint of constructive fulfillment and the extreme of application to a most difficult acquirement, ower of flight is perhaps the most y specialized development in Na-

Leg support and motion were rally and simply developed to teract gravitation and friction a supporting surface. Swimming n a heavy medium probably pre- l dry land locomotion. But so letely, easily and skillfully to over- the determined influences against eavier-than-air mechanism seems another matter, though it has widely and quite variously de- ed.

Whatever the limitations of nature has been an abundant and lerfully varied evolution, progres- and amplification adequate for survival of thousands of species, power being the most essential ective attainment. No creature out wings can be as sure of es- g all enemies and of obtaining its as the birds, bats and the winged ts.

More than half a century ago the *nal* of the Smithsonian Institution shed a treatise on the method of al flight, by Marey, who had bly given the subject considerable , his deductions being often ed and never questioned. He very debatable explanations figures, supposed trajectories ng tips, et cetera, that the observer can hardly help nging.

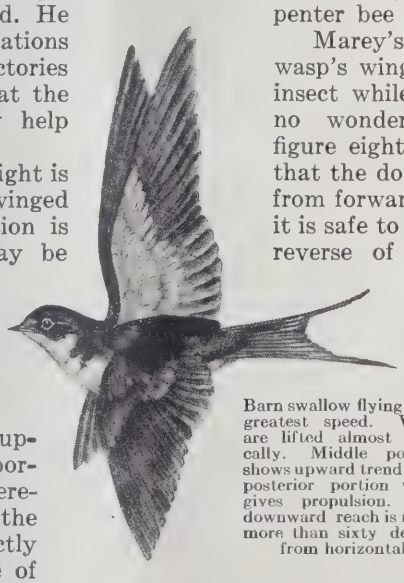
he simple method of flight is sely the same in all winged ures and its explanation is rom difficult. It may be best, of course, by s.

he overcoming of ty requires the ut- muscular effort st a medium offer- o little comparative sup- und this is of first impor- . It will be observed there- that by necessity the e of the wing is directly ght angles to the line of , or, in other words, when the creature's body is horizontal the stroke is always vertical. Pro- m is secondary and depends en- upon the wedge principle as elled by the shape, the variable ance and the attachment of the .

o put it in another way yet per- a little less succinctly because of detail: the directly downward stroke of the wing lifts the flying creature's body and maintains it; the direct attachment and relative greater resistance of the anterior part of the wing and the more flexible posterior portion attached only to the anterior part compels the air to be driven backward as by the blades of an airplane propeller and therefore, against this resistance, drives the body of bird, bat or insect forward.

This is the sole means of propulsion and never, under any circumstances, is the stroke of the wing backward, as Marey and many others have stated directly or implied, the idea often being taken quite for granted. The most casual observation of the flight of any larger bird, particularly that of a pigeon, crow, heron, gull or pelican, will at once fix this in mind; also the method of flight may be ascertained by closely watching a swallow, grackle, kingbird or other species that move their wings not too rapidly, or by noting the blur or glistening haze of the wings of the humming bird, the sphinx moth, the hovering sand-hill hornet, the Carolina grasshopper, the male carpenter bee or the syrphus fly.

Marey's trajectory of a wasp's wing was taken of the insect while held captive and no wonder it indicated a figure eight. It was assumed that the downward stroke was from forward to backward but it is safe to say that it was the reverse of this, the air resistance to the stroke driving the wing of the captive insect forward. And the upward stroke, quite for the same reason, would be the reverse of the downward stroke.



Barn swallow flying at its greatest speed. Wings are lifted almost vertically. Middle position shows upward trend of the posterior portion which gives propulsion. The downward reach is rarely more than sixty degrees from horizontal.

As a matter of fact, the wing motion is in relation to the speed of the flying creature and its trajectory is therefore to be expressed by the figure of a series of waves, the height being the extent of the upward and downward reach and the length governed by the difference of strokes per second from the distance traveled in the same time. For instance, if a bird made six strokes of its wings per second and traveled six feet in that time each stroke would represent an upward and downward motion one foot long, the crests of the waves being just that apart, there being no difference between the angles of progression of the wave strokes both up and down.

When a flying creature wishes to increase its speed it merely strikes the air harder or more swiftly. When hovering the wing is flattened, or better, the posterior portion is held rigid with the anterior portion and with such nice adjustment that the air is only driven directly downward, the body lifted evenly. The best way to ascertain this is to get a side view of a sparrow hawk hovering as it watches for field mice. The vertical motion of the wing may be easily seen and when the bird starts on again there is an instant change in the position of the long primary and secondary feathers.

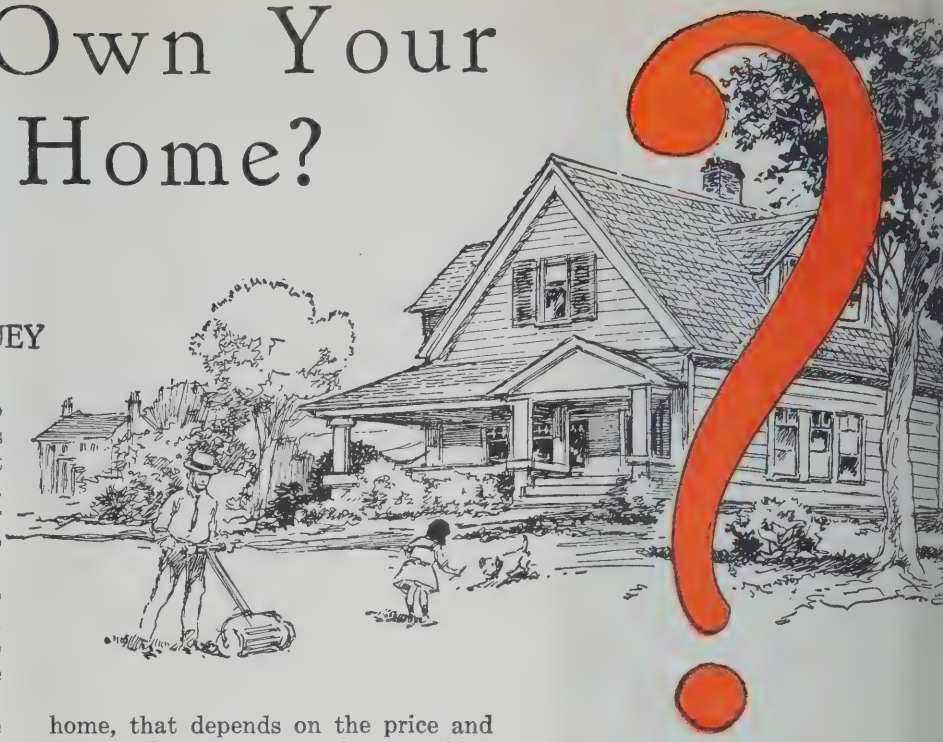
The general mechanism of all wings is remarkably similar; Nature has adopted one scheme, as has been said. The bones of the wings of the bat and bird, the veins in the wings of insects show a construction singularly adapted for rigidity forward and pliability backward and this is essential not only in the propelling downward stroke where the upward "give" is not too great, but also in a non-resistant upward lift where the downward bending is governed by the resistance. The attach-

(Continued on page 23)

Do You Own Your Own Home?

We Do—Partly!

By MARY WILLIS SHUEY



THERE are some people who think that everything that is theirs is just a little bit better than any other like it. Their egos extend unto the least of their possessions, and everything related to themselves is magnified.

But we are all like that about two things: our *homes* and our *children*. They are the things that really have to BELONG to us before we appreciate them.

Our friends' children? They may be the dearest, most attractive children in the world to their own parents, but there is no especial thrill in them for the rest of us. Rather plain, everyday children, anyhow. Dozens a lot like them. But our own? That's different! We try not to boast of it, but we can't help knowing what superior children our own are!

Our friends' homes? Some of them have very nice places. We'll even go so far as to admit that they are larger and cost quite a bit more than our own. But when it comes to the little things that make a place individual, ours has it all over the rest of them! We never do care very much for our friends' tastes in some things, you know.

A House and a Home are two very different places. A House is a dwelling, a structure, an edifice—whatever your cross-word puzzle defines it. It is an inanimate, soulless thing. But a Home is alive. It is a house that has had so many plans and memories in it and around it that it has become a vital thing.

Just say "Home" yourself. It doesn't mean the apartment you are renting. The chances are that if you are not living in a home that you OWN your thoughts go back to your childhood home.

Yes, a cross-section of the Human Heart shows a strong streak of sentiment for Home. There is no place like ours—until someone comes along and offers us enough profit to really pay us to look for another one!

Homes and children do not belong in the same category after all, for almost every one of us has in the back of his mind the exact figure that will induce him to sell his home. Just this morning we were offered within $300 of OUR price, and I'm divided between hope and fear that the offer will be raised.

As to whether it pays to SELL a home, that depends on the price and the family. There are homes which have been in families for several generations, and they have come to stand for something definite in the minds and hearts of children and grandchildren. They cannot be replaced. They have character, and it takes time to build that in wood, or trees, or furniture. There are not many of those places in cities, however. Growth and changing residential sections, with encroaching business districts, rarely let families live several generations in one house. We find them in the country and in small towns, and as a rule they are not listed for sale.

To some families moving is an actual uprooting. They feel the strain and stress, and a move means a complete readjustment to a new set of conditions. It would take a large profit to make a family move when moving means an upheaval.

Some of us move easily, and do not object to the excitement of change if we have a larger house, or a larger equity in the new one, in exchange for our trouble. I know people who have made several moves actually buy substantial homes. They feel that it has paid them well to take profits on each house.

Your disposition and your financial code will determine whether it pays you to SELL a home. But there is little question in my mind as to whether it pays to BUY one. We are confirmed home-owners—even if the home isn't entirely paid for!

It pays to buy a house because it is much easier to make a home in property that we own than in property we rent. Any place CAN be home, but a home usually IS where we are working to make it ours. Not long ago I looked over some "Better Homes" definitions, and the one that had the truest understanding was written by a little boy. It ran like this: "A Better Home is one my Father is glad to work for, Mother is proud to live in, our frie enjoy coming to, and we children happy to grow up in." That hom usually an *owned* home. Any pl that can give gladness in work, pl in living, enjoyment of friends happiness of children is a mighty g investment!

Home-owning pays in money, t Saving in most cases is a purely quired habit, and it takes both incent and plan to make us do it. Buyin home furnishes both. The incentive own a place that is OURS is so str that we sometimes wonder if it is a fundamental trait. The plan furnished by the building and l associations, or the banks, and as a r it does not take a large cash paym to buy a home. Granting that the p chaser uses fair judgment in the pr paid for a home, there is almost chance of losing. We can always f pessimists who predict a rapid decl in property values, but we haven't s it in good residential property. T one per cent of the loan a month, wh is the rule of most home finance pla plus taxes, insurance and repa amounts to just about what the rent the house would be. In about years the home is completely paid During all that time the purchaser had the pride and joy of home own ship, and the chance for a profit on and at the end he really has the hou

Not only is it paid for, but it been improved. A rented house may to pieces, but an owned home is kept good repair, and little improvements added each year. Perhaps we va those improvements above the amou they add to the house, but who does think the porch HE screened or flowers SHE planted increase value? We may overestimate th personal touches, but (Concluded on page

EDITORIALS

The New York Point of View

NEW York is an alien island situated off the eastern coast of the United States. Between it and the Republic no passport or immigration restrictions exist. Hence the overflow of America with the New York point of view. Just now critics are hailing the coming of the American novel from Wisconsin or the prairies, and a prize has been given for a novel with a Scand-American setting. But it reeks with the New York point of view. Main Street was not Main Street at all, but Broadway suffering boredom on Main Street. Reports of the Tennessee trial were anything but Tennessean: bright young Jewish gentlemen, from New York, interpreted the proceedings to the majority of newspapers, with all Broadway's good-natured contempt of Christian concern for religion. Even our Washington news comes through the New York prism. Our "liberalism" is mostly Newyorkese for cynicism. Our "drama" is the reflection of New York's repudiation of the Ten Commandments. But with all its success in controlling the vehicle and channels of ideas, it would greatly surprise New York to know how little its point of view is accepted by the nation.

The Northwest Burgeons

THE near Northwest is perhaps the most prosperous region of the United States today. Business is not only exceeding 1924 records but also disproving the tradition that a slowdown is natural during the summer months. June building activities, for instance, are ahead of May and far in excess of 1924. The volume of sales recorded and actual movement of commodities have not been equaled since the decline of 1920 occurred. The price of farm land and the number of sales at profit-taking figures indicate that agriculture, the basis of Northwestern life, has turned the corner. At the same time the Sapiro-inspired coöperatives in that region are going into a sad decline. These quack remedies that burgeoned during distressful periods either have been failures or the people are unwilling to continue the agencies that membership salesmen asserted would cure every trouble. Coincidentally such widely different publications as the *Nation* and Mr. Curtis' New York *Evening Post* have paid their respects to the breed of coöperatives for describing which, in terms that the farmers and others would understand, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT braved initial criticism.

English Criticism of Coolidge Speech

NO TWO peoples have the right to discuss their mutual concerns more frankly than have the United States and Great Britain. Americans are accused of assisting in the war because they felt that the ruin of the Empire would endanger the security of the public. If that is true of war perils, it is equally true of peace perils. What weakens Great Britain weakens the common interests of civilization. American interest in peace problems may, therefore, be as useful as her war assistance was.

It is therefore unfortunate that British papers should have conceived President Coolidge's Fourth of July speech as offering gratuitous and impertinent advice to the King's government. The speech itself was one of the most refreshing discussions of George Washington's character and the causes of the American Revolution ever given by an American statesman. No character is so little known as Washington, and historians have played hob with the facts underlying the Revolution. The President made a speech which indicated an appreciation of facts not seldom met in Fourth of July orations, and a judgment infrequently found in politicians.

But even that seems not to have prevented British sensitiveness being touched by certain passing paragraphs which plainly were not integral parts of the main speech, and yet were considerations which the President could utter with perfect propriety.

What the British public should understand is that tens of thousands of American citizens return from their annual tours abroad more critical than any official would confess to being of British stupidity. Or it may be not stupidity but stunnedness in face of the problems that confront Britons. The spectacle of The Dole, a premium on idleness, when the country itself cries out for public works, is something that no American has been able to comprehend. The millions and tens of millions that foster pauperism and break down by wholesale the character of British workmen are sufficient to repair, rebuild and enlarge the entire public works system (which would be an incalculably valuable financial return) and also maintain the self-respecting character of the British workingman, which is a national asset not to be measured in the most extravagant terms of wealth.

But, with all her wisdom, Britain has not seen it. Has even shrugged resentfully when

Americans have tactfully asked if such a course has ever been considered. And at last breaks out peevishly in the Press, asking us to mind our own business.

Our business is England's business. It was so in 1917. It is so in 1925. England seems to be slowly falling back before a more powerful enemy than Germany ever was. We would help her if we can. It is not a good temper that resents practical counsel merely because one feels the humiliation of being in a predicament where counsel is necessary.

Busybodies

THE country grows more normal all the time. We are recapturing the state of mind in which good work is done with little tension. One excellent sign is the protest that is going up everywhere against "drives." Another is the protest against the over-organization of "welfare" activity, to the exclusion of helpful old-fashioned charity that had a heart in it. Another hopeful sign is the wholesale withdrawal of support from all the busybodies who print long letterheads full of important names, naming Committees and Commissions and Boards and Investigations, which really accomplish nothing at all except the payment of the Secretary's salary.

American Youth and Religion

THE United States offers a fresh religious field, in that millions of her citizens are as ignorant of Christianity as any jungle dwellers are. It is not entirely a disadvantage. When religious teachers are reduced to repeating the same old sayings to people who know beforehand what is coming, the result is deadness. When, however, religious teachers are faced with the task of winning a Christian nation back to an understanding of Christianity, the challenge is heroic and the possibilities are great. Teaching gets a meaning under such conditions.

Dean Walter S. Athearn, in his recent book, "Character Building in a Democracy" discusses the general question of religious or ethical education from a very evidently wide experience, and together with excellent counsel gives some very startling statistics.

He says that there are over 27,000,000 American children, nominally Protestant, who receive no religious instruction whatever, who are unattached to church or Sunday school. He says there are 8,000,000 American children, nominally Protestant, under 10 years of age, who are growing up in homes that have no contact with the church.

Of the 8,676,000 Catholic youth of the country, under 25 years of age, he says that only 1,870,000 are in religious schools, although in these figures it must be considered that most of the others received religious training and instruction previous to their confirmation. Still, his figures show 6,806,000 who forsake instruction through middle and later adolescence.

There are 1,630,000 Jewish youth under 25 years of age, of whom only 87,000 are in religious schools, and 1,543,000 are not.

He thus concludes that 19 out of 20 Jewish youth under 25 years receive no religious education; three out of four Catholic youth under 25 are receiving no religious education; and two out of three Protestant youth of the same age group receive no formal instruction.

On the whole, it means that seven out of ten of the youth of the United States are untouched by organized religious instruction.

Of course, the figures are not all one-sided. There are 15,000,000 youth enrolled in the Sunday schools of one religious group alone. But nonetheless the adverse figures are impressive, especially when laid alongside those which show that the bulk of the crime is committed by youth under 25.

Is it the fault of the young people? Is it the fault of the church? Is it the fault of the method of instruction? Is there lack of reality in the kind of religion offered? Surely a truth that is true and vital should have resources of strength within itself to make its way to men's minds.

Narcotic Use Is Decreasing

THE public is justified in doubting the claims of the liquor forces that prohibition has made America a nation of drug users. This evidence of interest in the welfare of humanity by the friends of the booze business is very touching, but in this instance, at least, misplaced.

The Foreign Policy Association announces that the claim that drug using has increased since the Volstead Act is untrue. The Federal Public Health Service and the Federal Narcotic Division both declare that the drug habit has decreased since prohibition. The Surgeon General, backed up by the pharmacologist of the Public Health Service, declares that drug addicts are fewer than a number of years ago.

Dr. Alexander Lambert of Bellevue Hospital in New York City states that prohibition has not only not increased drug addiction but that drug addiction has appreciably diminished during the years of prohibition.

Comment is needless. Statements about the personal damage wrought by the inability of the public to buy liquor freely are mere propaganda to be rejected.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

DAILY observation refutes the theory that modern industry has narrowed men's opportunity to go into business for themselves. The openings toward private business are more numerous than they ever have been. It is just a matter of inclination and initiative. The effect of big industry has been to increase vastly the number and kinds of lesser business opportunity, as anyone can see.

Statistics confirm the observation. We hear much about there being fewer farmers than before. But there are more farmers in the farming business for themselves. Between 1910 and 1920, farmers "on their own" increased by nearly 250,000. On the other hand, farm laborers decreased by more than two million. Modern power machinery increased the number of farmers working for themselves and decreased the number of farmers working for other farmers.

This increase is general in all lines. But it is not emphasized by writers on the subject. It is the one fact avoided by those who oppose industry on the false supposition that it deprives men of their independence. Reformers talk constantly about "the employed class," wholly blind to the fact that in this country there are immense numbers whose nature and initiative will permit them to work for no one but themselves, and that opportunity for this independent effort is so numerous that when a man accepts employment from another it is al-almost proof that employment is what he prefers.

GOING into business for oneself was once the only way out of the rut. But employment as a career has become a strong competitor with private business for the favor of young men. Where there was once only one way up, there are now two—and employment is one of them, just as luring to ambition as the other. For the average man, private business cannot offer the extent of opportunity and the assurance of success that modern employment can. Nor the same freedom to use his natural powers, combined with the certainty of livelihood. A Job is now a bigger business than some businesses are.

The reason for this widespread self-employment, or being in business for oneself, is found in the nature of the people who make this country. All of us are descendants of nations who saw in private business the only opportunity to advance their fortunes. Thus was England called a "nation of shopkeepers," and thus does the Italian immigrant set up business with a two-wheeled cart.

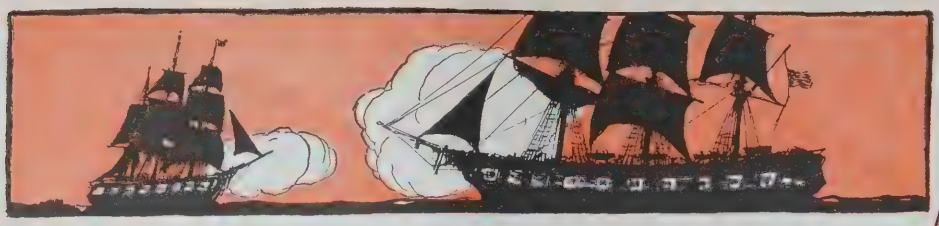
It is only within comparatively recent years *that employment offered a career*. This is the element which students of the problem have generally overlooked. The fact is not that opportunity to go into business for oneself has decreased (it has increased, as we have seen) but that employment is now offering a career of such certainty and extent as to constitute a genuine competition with the other method as a means for self-advancement. As long as going into business for oneself was the *only* way to improve one's condition, ambitious persons chose that way. But now that employment offers *another* way, the people's range of choice is wider.

Employment as a career competes with private business in a field which reformers seldom realize. That is the field of creative effort. A great deal of nonsense has been written about the freedom of the workman under the old system. Much untrue description has been given of the ideal conditions supposed to have existed under the old-time guild system. The union rules and repressive traditions of that system weighed heavily upon independent business man and employe alike, and led to little satisfaction for the individual and to no widespread prosperity for society.

The urge to create has never been so heartily encouraged, nor its field so widely extended, as in modern industrial employment. Take the world of design, as only one example: the best the past has left us in industry was its designs, but the world of design has expanded illimitably since the arrival of industry with its extension of service and its encouragement of individual effort. Where there was one designer set free to do his natural work, there are now hundreds. And even if some modern designs are not the best, neither were most of our forbears' designs of any account; but most modern designs are better, and even if they were not it is better to have a people designing, even if the result be poor design, than working forever and uncreatively with the designs of a previous generation.

While it is a fact that opportunity to go into business for oneself has greatly enlarged, and the number of those who have embraced it has been greatly increased, it is also a fact that the ratio of employment is greater still, and that the activities that afford the largest employment form the basis of all the rest.

This would indicate not only the wide choice of employment that has been made but also its appeal to the faculties of the individual. To intimate that this is due to pressure is merely to sneer; the range of free personal choice of economic action is wider today than at any time in human history. Men associate themselves with business and industrial organizations which they have neither hope nor desire to own, because of the freedom of range which large endeavors give them. Instinct and common sense move them toward it.



Stories Old Log Books Tell

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON MADDOX

AT 2 p. m. got under way and proceeded down the harbour of Boston with a fresh breeze from the W. N. W. As we passed Long Wharf and the private armed brig, *Neufchatell*, they cheered us from both places. At 4 h. 30 m. passed the lighthouse in safety, discharged the pilot and made sail for sea; no ships or cruisers in sight. Unbent cables, stowed anchors, cleared the batteries, gun deck, and such chores, making everything ready for the night.

"Latter part fresh breezes with much sea, cold, cloudy, and light snow; nothing in sight."

So runs the log of the *Constitution* for Sunday, December 18, 1814—and the American frigate most dreaded by the English had taken to the seas again. For seven months an English squadron had held her bottled up in Boston Harbor. But for once their vigilance had relaxed, and she had not been slow in seizing the opportunity to scamper out for what was to be her last fighting cruise, and probably her most gallant.

Word was immediately passed along to English shipping that *Old Ironsides* was free again and that they had better look to themselves.

The *Constitution* had never been in better trim. During the seven months in Boston Harbor she had been thoroughly overhauled. The brown, patched sails, reminiscent of the *Guerriere* and the *Java*, that had made her so marked a figure on the seas, had been replaced by new ones. A complete refitting had been given her, and when she dropped down the harbor that December afternoon she was the best equipped and best ordered ship of her class that ever answered helm.

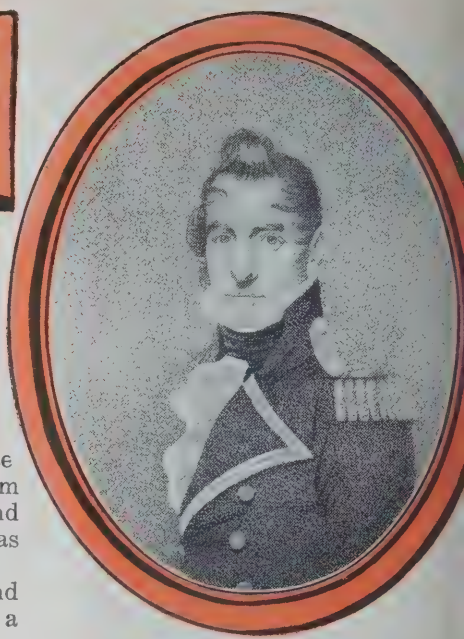
On her quarter-deck was Charles Stewart, a commander of singular ability, whose popular fame unfortunately has not measured up to his deserts. Since the age of thirteen, when he left home as a cabin boy on a merchantman, Stewart had followed the sea. Twenty found him in command of an Indiaman, with the offer of a commission as lieutenant in the United States Navy, which he accepted. He served with distinction in the Mediterranean. When war broke out in 1812, he was thirty-four and commander of the *Constellation*, a 36-gun frigate Upon the return of Bainbridge from his victory over the *Java*, the command of *Old Ironsides* fell to Stewart. It was the most coveted post in the Navy.

At the time Stewart took command of her, the *Constitution* had achieved a reputation that was unique. She was the most talked-of ship of the day on both sides of the water. The English made no bones of their respect for her, although the papers there spoke of her as "the dangerous nondescript." Many an English commander displayed a peculiar tenderness for his reputation when he recognized her high freeboard and saw her enormous flag unfurled. It was thought no disgrace to avoid a fight with her single-handed. The British Admiralty had ordered its frigates to cruise in pairs and 18-pounder frigates were forbidden to engage those of 24-pounders if it could be avoided. A number of its ships of the line were cut down in an effort to make them more of a match for the *Constitution* and our other heavy frigates.

Having gained the sea without even catching sight of the enemy, Stewart shaped his course southeast by south, heading for his favorite cruising ground, the high seas east of Bermuda. On the twenty-third he encountered heavy squalls, and the next day came upon an English brig, the *Lord Nelson*, in distress. Taking possession of her, he placed a crew aboard, and set out in search of her convoy, from which she had parted. Through some misconstruction of his orders, the *Lord Nelson* was scuttled.

On New Year's Day, Stewart notes in his log, he "boarded a brig under Spanish colours from Cadiz bound to Amelia Island. Permitted the officers to send letters by her." The next day he "took the trade winds with fine weather," being somewhat south of Bermuda. On the fourth he "gave up the pursuit of the convoy and hauled on a wind to the northward."

It was an open season for chases, and Stewart didn't overlook a thing that carried sails or looked habitable. Nearly every day saw him in pursuit of some sail. He was out for Englishmen, but each stranger, whatever her nationality, had to give an account of herself before he permitted her to continue on her way.



Charles Stewart, Esquire, of the United States N

Sunday the eighth, having drop farther southward, found him "v studding sails out in chase of a schoo which appeared to be a cruiser. 3 p. m. fired on the chase, our s falling short. Carried away one of studding sail booms; took in the s At 3 h. 30 m. the chase hoisted Am can colours; made the signal of the to her which she answered; made signal to speak with her and shorte sail, of which she took no notice continued her course. At 5 gave the chase and hauled to the eastw under easy sail."

The latter part of the month unusually productive. On the twenti he overhauled a Portuguese brig; t two days later a French one, with anot of the same nationality on the twe fifth. Two more Portuguese brigs w boarded, on the twenty-sixth and fifth of February respectively. On eighth he brought to a bark ur Hamburg colors from Cork, which formed him that peace had been sig at Ghent between the British and Ar ican commissioners. The afterno though, found him in chase of w turned out to be a Russian brig, wh had papers on board confirming report of peace having been conclu

Cape Finisterre was sighted on tenth, and three days later Stew fired upon and brought up a Portugu frigate. On the sixteenth he sigh the Rock of Lisbon. The next day took possession of the British s *Susanna*. Putting a crew aboard, sent her off for the United Sta His next chases were a Russian an Portuguese brig.

Stewart then bore away to the e ward to see what he could find in waters about the Madeira Islan He had not far to go, and what found served as a fitting climax to notable career of *Old Ironsides* a fighter. His log for Tuesday, twenty-first, written himself, gives story of this famous action in

phic, terse style of a seaman. Like good logs, there's a word first about weather.

"First part moderate breezes and udy with a little haze. At 1 p. m. ail in sight to the southward and stward. Hauled up for her and gave se; set staysails, etc. At 1:15 made out a large ship.

"At 1:30 discovered another ship the westward of her, both standing se hauled toward us under a press sail with their starboard tacks on rd.

"At 3 the weather ship made signals.

"At 4 she bore up making signals the ship to ward and firing ns;—bore up er her and wded all sail chase. Set er, topmast, gallant, and al studding s.

"At 4:15 the ship tacked he southward.

"At 4:30 car- l away our in royal mast.

"At 5 fire on chase from the t gun 1st divi- n and the chase on the fore- tle; our shot ling short, sed firing; the ship tacked to northward.

"At 5:40 they ed, passed within hail of each other, rtened sail, hauled up their courses, appeared to be making prepara- ns to receive us.

"At 5:45 they set staysails, hauled ard their tacks and endeavored to wind us.—5:55 they shortened sail formed on a line of wind at half a le's length from each other.

"At 6 sent up our colours, they sting at the same time red English igns.

"At 6:05 ranged within 300 yards n the starboard side of the stern- st ship and invited the action by ng a shot between the two ships, ch immediately commenced with exchange of broadsides. In about en minutes their fire became slack; ered our batteries to cease firing il the smoke cleared away; finding selves abreast of the headmost gave her our broadside, backed after yards and closed with the nmost ship under cover of the ke. The action was renewed with itional vivacity on both sides and tinued until 6 h. 35 m., when their again slackened, and we discovered headmost ship bearing up. Filled after sails, shot ahead, and gave two broadsides into her stern; the nmost ship was then discovered e waring. Wore short round after her. She luffed to on our starboard bow and fired her larboard broadside; luffed to on her larboard quarter within 50 yards, when she struck her colours, hoisted a light, fired a gun to leeward, and yielded.

"At 6 h. 50 m. took possession of His Britannic Majesty's ship, *Cyane*, Captain Gordon Falcon, mounting 34 carriage guns and two swivels. Got out all the officers; put fifteen marines over her prisoners and gave her in charge to Lieutenant Hoffman with a small crew.

"At 7:45 filled away after her consort, and at 8 discovered her with

The action between the *Constitution* and the *Cyane* and the *Levant*.

damages repaired and topgallant sails set standing toward us.

"At 8 h. 40 m. passed on opposite tacks within 50 yards to windward of her. Exchanged broadsides, wore under her stern and raked her. She made all sail and commenced running. Set the courses, spanker, and flying jib in chase.

"At 9:30 opened fire upon her from our chase guns. At 10 finding escape impossible she fired a gun to leeward and yielded;—took possession of His Majesty's ship, *Levant*, Honble. George Douglass, Captain, mounting 21 carriage guns. At 11 all hands employed repairing damages, securing prisoners, etc., etc.

"At 1 a. m. the ship was put in good fighting condition."

The surgeon reports 12 wounded and 4 killed. By way of contrast the loss on the English ships was 77 men.

So much for Stewart's simple, ungarnished account of the day, written in a hand as legible as copperplate save for the faded ink and discolored paper. But it relates a brilliant series of maneuvers. Naval critics have given him unstinted praise for the able way he handled his ship and fought her against two such resourceful antagonists. For the force engaged, it is rated as one of the most brilliant actions in naval history. Not once was the *Constitution* raked by either of the enemy, although she raked them repeatedly and to disastrous effect.

There was no mistaking the eagerness of the English for the engagement. As the three ships closed, the crews of both the *Cyane* and the *Levant* burst into hearty cheers. On the *Constitution*, all was silence—but there was a reason. With two ships to fight, some of the men complained that they should have a double ration of grog. An old quarter-master heard the grumbles with disgust.

"Shame, messmates," he cried, "we need no Dutch courage on this ship!" And springing to where two buckets of spirits stood ready to be served out, he kicked their contents into the scuppers—which evidently gave the men something to think about besides cheering.

The defeat was a bitter pill for the English captains, and they made no attempt to hide their feelings. Stewart notes in his log for the twenty-fifth:

"The prisoners orderly except some of the British officers, of whom this ship's ward room officers complain that they did not conduct themselves below like gentlemen, being in their language indecent, vulgar, and abusive to each other."

Stewart treated Douglass and Falcon as honored guests, permitting them to eat with him in his cabin. One evening over their wine the two defeated captains got into an argument, each abusing the other for the result of the action. Their host listened for a while; then, rising gravely, said: "Gentlemen, there is only one way that I see to decide this question—to put you both on your ships again, give you back your crews, and try it over."

Taking the ships was one thing, and getting them safely to the United States was another. Of the two, the *Cyane* was destined to be the only one to make it. And the reason is related by Stewart in his log for Sunday, March 12. Stewart had made for the Island St. Jago,

(*Concluded on page 27*)

Married women of Bethlehem (high head dress) buying fruit.

Arab Versus Jew

An American Looks Into Zionism; Finds the Native Palestine People Decidedly Opposed to It as Unfair

By REV. RALPH STOODY

An interview with Jamaal Husseini, General Secretary of Palestine Arab Congress.

"THIS Zionist movement will die," said Jamaal Husseini, General Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Palestine Arab Congress. "It has within itself the seeds of its own disintegration. Our strenuous opposition is not out of any fear of its ultimate success. We are simply seeking to prevent injustices to the Arab population during the period of experimentation which will eventually demonstrate its failure."

I had come to Palestine knowing little about this movement which would fill the Holy Land with Jewish colonists, but rather kindly disposed to the idea of "giving the country without a people to the people without a country."

My first jolt came when I found the first part of this euphonious slogan to be utterly false. Palestine is in no sense a "country without a people." In reading the official government handbook I learned that there is a population of 80 to the square mile, which, when adjusted by the fact that much of Palestine is waste land, becomes a very much larger figure. In the same book the estimate of Moslem population gives them 77 per cent, though the Arab Executive claims to represent 91 per cent. No census has been taken, but whatever the true proportions are, there is no doubt that the Arabs outnumber all others eight or nine to one. This convinced me, in defiance of the slogan, that Palestine has a people and the "people" are the Arabs.

I was next amazed to find that practically all of the foreigners with whom I talked were of the opinion, in varying degrees, that the native population possesses certain rights which seem to be imperiled by the government's paternal fostering of Zionism. They said, in substance, that the Arabs have a case, and their protests cannot, either fairly or safely, be laughed out of court.

Without attempting a balanced presentation of arguments pro a con, I wish to relate my findings in attempt to understand the Ar grievances due to the inrush of Jew Through the good offices of one of t leaders in a great humanitarian ent prise in Jerusalem I was introduced two brothers, Christian Arabs. O is a druggist in the city, a graduate the American University in Beir while the other has just returned fr Yale University Engineering Scho As an example of what the Arabs l lieve to be discrimination against the this native of Jerusalem who has ju returned after four years in Ameri was readmitted to his native la only after long delay and endl red tape, while at the same ti Jews, who in contrast to this educat gentleman, may never have been Palestine and may be almost outca from the countries from which th come, are not only welcomed, b sought after as immigrants. Af talking in general terms about t situation these gentlemen, seeing r eagerness to master the Arab vie point, arranged an interview for with Jamaal Husseini, whom th regard as the best authority in Palest on the subject.

Mr. Husseini, a very alert man less than forty, is a member of t Husseini family which claims desc from the Prophet Mohammed. member of this family occupies t position of *mufti*, the Mohammed patriarch of Jerusalem. Socia religiously, financially, and, apparent politically, the Husseini family belo to the Arab nobility.

Jamaal Husseini, a univers graduate and lawyer, has been spokesman for the Executive Co mittee of the Palestine Arab Congr in its appeal to the President of Council of the League of Nations. I talked to him in the men's apa ments of his Jerusalem home I that underneath his oriental gen manliness, there was an intense bitt ness which sometimes showed it in spite of his effort to discuss the A cause impersonally.

"With the continuation of spiri resistance to these impositions u the Arab population I believe t Zionism will see its end in a decad he said. "Were we to cease our opp tion it will take forty or fifty years the experiment to fail conclusively, d ing which time our people would su very serious economic oppression."

When asked to give his reasons the firm conviction which he ho concerning the ultimate failure of "National Home for the Jews" id he developed four lines of argument

1. *Palestine is an agricultural country and the Jews are not agriculturalists.* The only agricultural colonies which have been successful in making money are those which are devoted to orange culture, and these find it necessary to employ Arab help.

Within the past few days I have returned from Palestine. While there I became intensely interested in the feud between the Arabs and the Zionist Jews.

As a Christian minister I went there in a neutral attitude but through Bible study and Christian tradition rather predisposed in favor of the Zionists.

I found Englishmen and other foreigners quite sympathetic with the Arab grievances, and I sought to discover the nature of their case against the Jews. It was my good fortune to obtain an interview with Jamaal Husseini, who is the brains of the organized Arab movement.

The inclosed article is the result of that interview. It does not pretend to be an unprejudiced presentation of the subject, but does seek to set forth the case of the Arabs against the colonizing Jews, and their resentment against the favoritism of the Palestinian Government in furthering their nationalistic ambitions.

This is as I wrote it in Jerusalem.

2. *The Jews will not stay after the subsidies to the colonies stop*, and it is certain that this philanthropy on the part of wealthy Jews will not always last. When Jews like Sir Edmund Rothschild discover that colonies will not become self-supporting, as long as there is any disposition on the part of anyone to subsidize them, they will become convinced of the unfeasibility of the plan. He mentioned one colony which has been receiving outside help for forty years, and is not yet self-supporting.

3. The Jews are eager for opportunities which give large monetary returns. *These do not exist in Palestine.* To substantiate this Mr. Husseini referred to American Jews who have abandoned the Holy Land and returned home.

4. The antagonism of the surrounding Arab states to Jewish expansion will be sufficiently strong to be a political and economic handicap to a successful Jewish nation. In this connection he noted the treatment of Mr. Balfour by Arab sympathizers in Damascus.

When questioned about the new niversity recently dedicated in cere-onies in which Lord Herbert Samuel nd Lord Balfour participated in April, Ir. Husseini said that the Arab ttitude was quite skeptical.

"It is a gesture," he said. "You re, of course, aware that *this is the ird time that it has en dedicated.*"

He raised the ques-on as to whether ade-uate support could be btained for it, owing o the enormous sums hich wealthy Jews re constantly being alled upon to give for ne subsidy of the col-nies and the support Zionist propaganda.

One practical fea-ure which promises ne downfall of the niversity is, to the ind of this Moslem ader, the policy of sing the Hebrew lan-uage for all instruc-on.

"If this is not anged, it alone will om the institution," said. Mr. Husseini ade clear the diffi-lty involved by a ference to the experience of his own alma mater, the American University at Beirut. Here, he said, it was the original intention to confine the instruction to the Arabic language alone. Within a short time the faculty discovered that, though textbooks could be translated and published at great expense for the recurring subjects of study, that unless they trained their lawyers and physicians and other professional workers in a language in which the journals and current literature of their callings could be read, they would doom their graduates to be "has beens" very soon after completing their courses. *They therefore adopted English as a medium for teaching.* If this was necessary in the case of Arabic, which is a living language, the medium of millions of people, and in which each day books and magazines and newspapers are being published, reasons Mr. Husseini, how much more will it be the case with Hebrew, a dead language!

The desire to make Hebrew the national language, revealed by signs posted everywhere, "Speak Hebrew," is interpreted by the Arabs as good evidence that the nation which they hope to establish will give scant attention to the interests of the 600,000 Arabs who have occupied this land for the past twenty centuries.

The impression is incorrect that the present strife is religious.

"Our grievances are wholly economic," said Mr. Husseini. "We lived in harmony with the Jews before their ambition to achieve nationality drove them into such solidarity, and before their aims were furthered by the government."

The Arab leader traced briefly the official utterances which have led to the present dissatisfaction. Going back to the time that Turkey entered the war he told how Sir Henry McMahon, then High Commissioner of Egypt, notified King Hussein that Great Britain was prepared to recognize the rights and independence of the Arabs. For the sake of the independence thus offered, the Arabs turned against the Turks, their natural colleagues in tradition and religion, and coöperated heartily with the Allies.

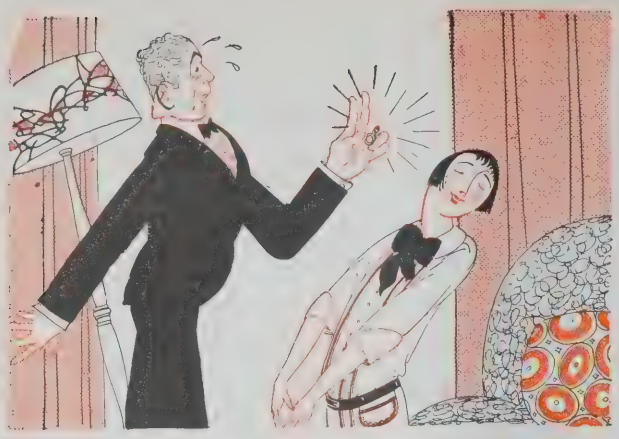
The next encouragement which the Arabs received was when General Allenby, entering Jerusalem in 1918, declared that its occupation by the Allies was only to rescue the Arabs and to give them a voice in their government.

In 1919 Lloyd George, in the House of Commons, stated that the pledges which the Arabs had made had now been fulfilled, and that the time had come for the British Government to fulfill its obligation. Winston Churchill, then Colonial Secretary, in 1921, made similar statements.

To the followers of Mr. Husseini the Balfour Declaration in 1917 seems entirely contradictory to the foregoing assurances. Mr. Husseini attached particular significance to the fact that this declaration was made to Lord Rothschild in a personal letter, containing the salutation, "dear sir," a phrase not common in state papers. When asked if his implication was that the declaration was part of an effort to secure the support of certain wealthy Jews to the war, Mr. Husseini replied laconically: "England needed money and the Jews

(Continued on page 26)

Wilderness of Judea.



"The happy result depends entirely upon your ability to express yourself."

Expressing Yoursel

A Study of Phases of Self-Expression

By THOMAS L. MASSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

SELF expression! There is no salesman so humble who does not seek constantly to attain it; no artist so exalted who does not give it his complete attention. It enters into business, art, music and literature; many schools are dedicated to it; it occupies a large part of the thought of all business men; without it in some measure, we should hardly be able to do anything; yet how misunderstood it is, even by those who practice it most!

I was one day discussing this question with a bright young salesman, and in speaking of another young man just starting out, I remarked that it was doubtful if he succeeded.

"He can't talk," I said.

"Well," replied my friend, "that may be an advantage."

Indeed, there is all the difference in the world between self-expression and self-explosion.

Charlie Chaplin has acquired a great reputation and made a wad of money, by expressing himself through his feet. He is said by those who know him to be a very intelligent man of studious tendencies who leans toward socialism—whatever that may mean. If he had tried to express himself through his head, however, instead of his feet, he would probably never be heard of.

Self-expression breaks out from the inside of any individual through places where the pressure is greatest. Margot Asquith (nee Tennant) is the wife of a former British Prime Minister. She came from a notable family, and as a girl was headstrong, indeed wild. Eventually she married Herbert Asquith. The war came on. In 1920 she startled the world by publishing her diary; later she came to this country and lectured. What she wrote, what she did, what she said, were all startling, if not shocking. No American woman, so far as I can recall, has ever talked about herself and her husband in public as Margot Asquith did. Why did she do it? She was perfectly frank in stating her reasons. She said her husband had spent a large part of his fortune in being Prime Minister. They needed the money, and so she went out to get it, by expressing herself.

The shocker form of self-expression is by no means new. In the seventh chapter of Matthew it is recorded of Jesus that when he had ended his sayings, "the people were astonished at his doctrine; for he taught them as one having authority." Socrates shocked the Athenians and they also killed him for it. Caesar's "I came, I saw, I conquered," still holds good as a form of self-expression. Woodrow Wilson's "Peace without victory" still rings insistently in our ears. Before that, Theodore Roosevelt's "mollycoddle" and his big stick—which was a kind of materialization of his habit of self-expression—held the center of the stage. Lincoln's "You cannot fool all the people all the time," with its proper prelude, still remains as a firm rock in the foundations of our political thinking. The relationship of self-expression to restraint offers a grand field of speculation for the student. Roosevelt, in his strenuous way, left behind him a string of expletives. His "You're a liar!" has scarcely lost its novelty. Apparently reckless in his volubility, he yet succeeded in striking home, his sincerity and Americanism carrying him through. But think of the difference between him and President Coolidge, with whom self-expression seems to be a form of silence! All writers on style have emphasized this restraint, Art being commonly defined as knowing what to omit.

Let us now suppose that you are engaged in an occupation, or are confronted by some problem, the successful outcome of which requires all of your courage, skill and experience, and that you suddenly come to realize that the happy result depends entirely upon your ability to express yourself. This is a common problem. We mu say the right thing at the right momen We must be silent at the right momen We are quite positive that if we ca make ourselves understood, the thin we have in hand will go through. It highly essential, therefore, that w should see just what the elements a which go to make up the power of sel expression. We can say of every su cessful man, no matter in what d partment of life he has succeeded, tha there is something about him which individual. Also, when we want get a certain thing done, we look abou us among the men we know, and f upon the right man for the job in han by a knowledge of the combination qualities he possesses; and we kno all this because he has been able express these qualities to us in his ow manner.

There is another importa thing to be noted right here. A for of self-expression may be very imperfe and yet it may produce the exa result intended. Awkwardness, equal with other restraints, may be valuab Self-expression is therefore not a matt of technic; it cannot be practiced itself; yet it must be practiced co stantly in connection with the thing be expressed, and this is what makes t understanding of it so important. Se expression is the result of hidden, invisible forces which must have outlet somewhere, and in this respe it may be compared to a steam-heati plant, where the heat is generat through some unknown workman, w seems to take a secret pleasure piling on the coal when the weather warm, and in suddenly withholding in a cold snap. If there is a modera uniform pressure, then we move alo quite comfortably, wasting a good d of heat, it is true, but still witho

"Nowadays there exists in certain quarters a phase of self-expression running into all forms of jazz, crime, divorce, e

ch disturbance. Some people are ing somewhere all the time, from the ssure. Some blow up every once in hile. Some have enormous pressures imes but have contrived automatic ty valves, so the steam is turned off ough harmless channels. There are -pressure people and high-pressure ple. The majority express themres through work. When this work one in large groups, it is automatic, individual self-expression would ear to be either unnecessary or . It is rare because the majority e small imagination, but it is easily sible. Many cobblers have been ts, and good ones. If a man has an gination, it will work itself anyre under any conditions; so autoic motion may not be so bad for it r all. If a man has small imagina, and it is uncultivated, then his acity for self-expression takes contionalized form.

For example, a group of manual kers, when they are released m their regular occupation, all do about the same thing, express themselves. They will y cards, go to the movies or do tever is convenient for the majority. asionally one will move off by self. He will walk in the woods, he be "different."

There must be satisfaction as the l result of self-expression; if there ot, the victim frequently goes mad. tzsche, the great German phipher, expressed himself in his great ks, perhaps the greatest being us Spake Zarathustra." No results owed the publication of his works. re was no process of sublimation, Nietzsche's mind gave way under pressure. Sublimation is a modern d, used by the psychoanalysts to lain the release of certain forces ough some new channel.

To continue our steam illustration, us suppose that, with a high pressure team, all the radiators in a steam plant suddenly turned off. Something has to break. But if, through some new let, the steam is permitted to blow, would be a process of sublimation. urring experiences, some of them entures with the shock element, are stantly crowding into the mind. y sink down into what is termed Unconscious, and create pressures re. Then, again, there are desires ch, being repressed, sink down into Unconscious and form pressures. en all the radiators are turned off the steam keeps forming, there is, peat, likely to be an explosion somere. We hear of boys and girls ning away from home suddenly, of g all sorts of queer things, often inal things; that is because they e been repressed somewhere; there been no process of sublimation. ts simplest form, we see this law king on the nursery floor, where a l will burst into tears over a broken but will smile again when another—aps quite different—is presented.

There must be an outlet, but here again a very important factor enters, which must be duly considered in its relation to one's total self-expression.

This is the factor of control. There are, as I have indicated, and as we all know, people of high pressure and people of low pressure. Let us suppose there are two persons of equal pressure, and one of them blows up and the other doesn't. How do you account for this? By the measure of self-control induced in the latter. If you study your steam-heating plant, learn all about it, how to adjust all the stop cocks and to make the pressure uniform throughout at critical periods when the gauge rises, then you go right on without disaster. We are much too likely to blame the unhappy victims of these explosions, when the fault lies elsewhere. Consider the pressure brought to bear on many poor girls who run away from home.

"A form of self-expression may be very imperfect and yet it may produce the exact result intended."

We have come to know what another word used by the psychoanalysts means, namely, the complex. A complex is an unexpressed desire for something. Think of Romance as a complex! Think of all the things which Romance has meant down the long ages! Knights in armor, milk-white steeds, strange lands and heroes with strong arms. Romance is a great beckoner, and beckons none the less forcefully in an age of machinery. Then there are all the other repressions of family life, and no proper understanding on the part of parents. Well, then, what do you expect? Nature cannot be thwarted. But the educators who know most and are wisest tell us that if habits of self-control are formed very early in life, then this process of sublimation can be managed with the greatest results. We know this to be so through countless examples. The prize-fighting phrase, "a glutton for punishment," is often worthy of a higher mark. A boy who is taught to take punishment learns to go over the radiator valves, to hold the pressure until such time as he can blow off steam and thus make his proper noise in the world. Success comes by a series of minor adjustments, each one seemingly slight. Some people call it luck, when it so often depends upon the kind of parents one has selected. Still, we must not, also, forget this interesting fact: that those who blow up often come down on their feet, and later on, come into their own, in spite of everything previous. There seems to be no rule for women like Margot Asquith or Sarah Bernhardt. Or Shelley. Or Burns. The worst of this is, however, that so many young ones think they can write poetry like Shelley's just by blowing up.

Considered as a distinct quality by itself, self-expression has three aspects, or it can be roughly divided into three groups. In its simplest form it is merely work; it is a man expressing himself automatically, through certain movements which bring him in his sustenance. Such a man, as I have indicated, now has growing leisure thrust upon him, and so he is being aroused to sublimate his desires during this leisure. He is the majority.

The second aspect of self-expression is still largely automatic, but also individual. It is more than this; it is imitative and the imagination is awakened. We see it in actors, salesmen, professionals of all sorts and in a large proportion of writers. To understand the line of demarcation between this group and the one higher up (the third) one has only to witness an actor making a speech in response to a curtain call. Playing his part, his form of self-expression is built on undoubted talent, plus long practice. We understand his individual contribution, we credit him with the second best form of self-expression. But the highest form is, of course, the creative.

There is still another aspect of self-expression which should be noted, although it does not appear to me to be distinct enough to be put in a group by itself; that is the emotional. We are slowly coming to recognize that, as a form of self-expression, mere emotion is unproductive; it gets us nowhere. The soul progresses, not by means of acrobatics, but through slow agonies.

The wear and tear upon his organism seems to receive no compensation which is adequate to keep him balanced. By this I mean that the creative output generally leaves the victim sapped out.

Can you express yourself? When we Americans, each in his own bailiwick, come to examine this question for ourselves, in the light of our practical everyday life, we shall soon discover that our capacity for self-expression is the greatest asset we have; that the understanding of it, and its intensive cultivation, are of supreme importance. How then can it be (*Concluded on page 22*)

Perigord—the Truffle City

Delicacy Dug From the Earth for Epicures

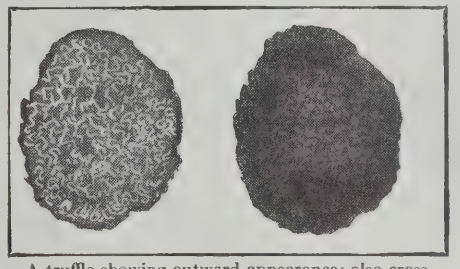
By ANDREE PRATOUCY

View of Perigord Cathedral from St. George's bridge.

WITH its thick, scented cloak of golden gorse, its evergreen oaks and fig trees wrapped in the soft hills, its luminous and fertile valleys, its artistic glades and large horizons, Périgord has been praised by nature lovers as one of the most original and attractive southern provinces of "*la douce* France." There bleak solitudes skirt splendors and the sun swallowed by the deep glens seems to weave its beams with every drop of water which then gushes out into dazzling waterfalls. Kingdom of vivacious rivers and wooded highlands, it was once the cradle of the human race along the Vézère River, the happy hunting ground for epicurian Romans who romanized the Celtic capital Pretocorium (actually Périgueux) into the "cité" Vesunna. Its people proudly trace their own lineage back to the Cro-Magnon man of the glacier period, and ethnologists take them to be a sturdy, intelligent though obstinate race, with unusual artistic feelings, sharing in the legendary wit and humor lavished on the south by the sun of Gascony, and intensely keen for liberty. The legend tells us that Hughes the First, first king of the Capetian dynasty, trying to yoke down the "will-o'-the wisp" Aldebert, Count of Périgord, sent him an emissary with the sole words, "Who made thee a count?" And back went the emissary with the answer, "Who made thee a king?"

Ever since the days of Aldebert the province has been honeycombed with lords. Crumbling dungeons are familiar scenery in the Périgord landscape, and even now medieval chateaux are still inhabited by most of the remaining nobility, who transformed into mere "*gentil hommieres*" the bristling fortresses of past ages whence sprang forth a particularly brilliant host of poets, litterateurs, philosophers: the "troubadour" Bertrand de Born, Brantôme, Montaigne, Fénelon, Maine de Biran.

But it is not to the genuine beauty of its valleys nor to the fame of its artists that Périgord owes its greatest popularity and renown. Most people ignore it on the map who welcome it on the menu, for there are indeed few banquets worthy of the name which do not boast of any truffled fowl or dish "à la Périgord." Few also, it may be said, are dishes "à la Périgord" really including the very reason of their qualification, the black, tough, round, much-sought-after, perfumed little ball, diamond of the Périgord soil, the truffle.



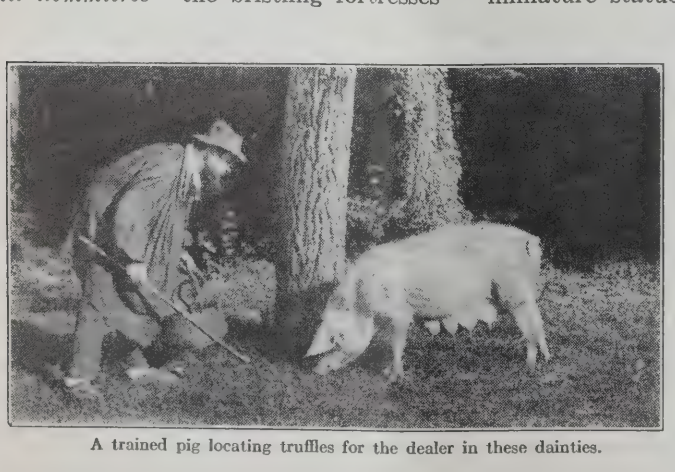
A truffle showing outward appearance; also cross-section.

Buried in the ground under or around oak and sometimes elm trees, truffles vary from the size of a nut to that of an apple and, when dug out, are so intimately plastered with earth that they look like little balls of clay ready to be modeled into the rough cast of some miniature statuettes. When carefully washed and brushed, their surface presents a quantity of small protuberances forming a rough, black skin. The inside is dark purple, a smooth, hard substance checked with delicate white veins. Subterranean as they are, they often form a treasure which remains unknown to the very owner of the land. Marauders have an easy time as they go r bing invisible goods which will br them good profit in return, for truff being scarce, are in great demand on market.

The mystery of their birth a growth adds to their popularity. W is a truffle? A root or a mushroom? self-made vegetal or a parasitic pla Aristotle's disciple, Theophraste, lieved it to be a "rootless vegetal eng dered by autumn rains and thund Plutarch and Juvenal considered "product of thunderbolts and storr and as late as the fifteenth cent "sky-fire" seemed to be the only t fle seed. Modern science brought r methods of research but it appears t every mode of experimentation a another theory to the controversy.

Theophraste and Juvenal's opir is still shared by some Périgord p ants, who will tell you with firm as ance that clods of earth are made i truffles by the magic power of m stars, flashes of lightning, thunder, r Too good to be true, indeed, but fact is that truffles are in greater ab dance after stormy weather and t autumnal rains add to their volu perfume and quality. Some more vanced "*trufficulteurs*" suppose t truffles are engendered by a sort exudation of the fallen leaves and b ches, little by little, buried at the of trees. Others believe the roots, the leaves, to exude a honey-like s stance which eats up the root and h ens into a truffle.

The more scientific "gall the gathers many partisans. Should walk over the truffle ground on s sunny winter's day you would obs an odd little blue fly seeming to p out from under the ground to be fri ened away at any noise. Dig up abandoned clod and you will su find a truffle, ex-dwelling of the insect. From that observation s scientists draw the conclusion that truffle is but a gall, result of the sti ing of the oak roots by the "*mo*



A trained pig locating truffles for the dealer in these dainties.

ffigene." A keener observation
ves the "gall theory" to be false.
ly the fly is related to the truffle,
only when the tubercle is ripe and
n the insect uses it as a ready-made
ng room for itself and its larvae.
h an inhabited truffle is not worth a
on the market.

The last theory most commonly
epted and supported by the Acad-
of Sciences includes the truffle in
mushroom family. A strange mush-
n, indeed, without stem or head, a
hroom which has to breathe through
to twenty centimeters of earth and
ally never gets to the open air be-
the gathering. But it shares with
mushroom many peculiarities, such
he physiological phenomena which
ide over the functions of
r organisms. Their chemical
position is alike. Both of
n lack leaves. Both of them
e carbonic acid as the result
their respiration. Both of
n have a sudden growth—
eeded for the truffle by a three
ix year preparatory stage.
Then the truffle is a fungus
possesses as a fungus mycelia
spores. Its very fragile my-
um is composed of a mass of
thin, brown threads four to
millimeters long quivering
er the lightest breeze when
mined under a microscope. It
gs to rootlets, usually oak
lets, and is widely spread in
truffle ground. At the end
May, after the spring rains,
mycelium thickens into a
of felt. Then some little
nd corpuscles appear on its
face, white, gray and black in
n. When corpuscles reach
size of a pea the mycelium
mpletely absorbed and the
fle is left alone to find its own
sistence. How can it find it? How
s it assimilate it? There resides the
stery, for all the admitted theories
some important concluding point.
any rate the adhering earth contin-
wet around the truffle so that it
be supposed the tubercle gets by
osmose the nourishing elements out
ts own surroundings which are then
dered absolutely sterile to any other
etation. Truffles "burn" the ground
the slow disappearance of briar,
se, thistle or any other grass in a
piece of land gives almost a certi-
e as to the formation and patent
tence of the subterranean wealth.
For the truffle is very exclusive in
riendship and very odd in the choice
site. Its most congenial roommate
he oak, the roots and shadow of
ch are necessary implements for the
elopment of the tubercle. But what
egenerate specimen of an oak it has
emain its life long! Not more than
to seven feet high, stunted and
ly looking, it bears nothing in its
appearance which can relate it to the lofty king of the nearby woods. Indeed it is more a shrub than a tree and the stony truffle ground, red with iron or white with chalk, is more a bare bit of wildness than a cultivated land. The truffle spurns cultivation as it is understood for other vegetals and a deep plowing would cause its death.

However difficult it is to cultivate truffles, that has been done. When phylloxera had passed over the country blowing destruction through vineyards and poverty into the peasant's cottage, the planting of properly selected oaks, the transportation of "truffle earth" into the devastated sectors together with a careful chemical treatment of the soil to favor the development of mycelium, all these efforts were crowned with success in the creation of artificial truffle grounds. But it takes three to seven years of constant tending before an ordinary land can give its first harvest.

Natural or artificial ground, that does not affect the quality of the "*Truffe de Perigord,*" the real black *Melanosporum,* with its firm, marbled flesh, its characteristic genuine flavor. Does it know that Christmas and New Year "*reveillon*" want it on the table, perfuming gravy and stuffing geese? It is ripe right on time, at the end of November, and provided Jack Frost be clement enough, the crop lasts all winter long. Odd crop, indeed, which has always appealed to humorists. In the research of the truffle lode, man's precious intelligence is deeply handicapped and has to be helped by animal instinct. Owing to its acute sense of smell, the sow wins the prize. It is a rather peculiar but very common sight to see man and sow going side by side, one dragging the other. Very fond of truffles, the animal goes straight to the hidden tubercles, digs them up with a quick "push and pull" of its snout, and would eat them promptly should its master permit it. But the heartless master slightly strikes the sow with a stick, gives it some crumbs or corn on the side and throws the find in the basket he wears by a strap around his neck. Things do not always go so smoothly. Should it believe it is cheated, the sow goes on a strike and absolutely refuses to move on. Because of this bad temper dogs are sometimes preferred, although their scent is weaker. They are also excellent helpers of marauders, for it is much more easy and innocent looking to walk with a dog than with a sow; much more easy, too, to run away when discovered.

Truffles are to be found also in Provence, Burgundy, Dauphiné. But the quality of the real *Melanosporum* brought such fame to the tubercle growing in Périgord land that wherever it may come from it is always labeled "*Truffe de Perigord.*" As for the boundary-fixing of the Champagne vintage, the question has been raised to know whether that fraud could be permitted—and has been settled in such a manner that one can read on cans of preserved truffles:

Truffe de Perigord, de Villiers le Duc, Bourgogne. That elegant fashion of turning the law does not prevent Périgueux from being the truffle capital. Tubercles are sold there for millions of francs every year, mostly for export, and the truffle perfume is well known to any traveler whose train happens to stop at the city station for a few minutes.

Before the war any modest household could feast with a truffle-flavored chicken, for truffles were then worth five to ten francs a pound. And although peasants in blue blouses, women in checked headkerchiefs, have not changed an atom of their provincial attire, nor the queer little market place its old-fashioned, roughly cut wooden boards, something has changed today. It is no longer ten francs that sellers ask in their peasant patois—it is sixty francs a pound. The "*menageres,*" going home from the vegetable market, seem to ignore the well-known fragrance. They don't stop. No "*pate de foie gras,*" no "*poulet truffe,*" no "*boeuf a la Perigord*" this year in the province—the truffles of Périgord go to the English turkeys. Owners of truffles do not complain, nor do English owners of turkeys. Do consumers sigh in both countries? Perhaps, but—oh, well—who cares for consumers nowadays?

Midsummer

The butterfly and bumblebee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats its throbbing drum.
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house.
The oriole flashes by; and, look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

—*John Townsend Trowbridge,* 1827-1916.

Mapping the Great Northwes

Fake Records Made by Unscrupulous Cartographers Claiming New Lands.

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE great Northwest successfully eluded any complete and definite exploration until the nineteenth century in spite of the efforts of many nations who hoped to colonize there. The approach from the west was made by the English, from the south by the Spaniards, from the southeast by the French and Spanish, from the east by the French and from the northwest by the Russians. But all of these efforts proved unsuccessful and the region remained a prize for the Americans, the one large section of the United States explored and placed upon the map by native sons.

Two jokes upon cartographers of this region were successfully played by paper explorers and were reflected upon the maps even into the nineteenth century. The desire for a water passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific led two unscrupulous adventurers to satisfy that desire by invention. A great Bay of the West was the fabrication of a Spaniard, Juan de la Fuca, who placed his imaginary explorations of 1592 in the vicinity of the present Bay of Vancouver. The River Long was the addition of Lahontan whose entertaining mixtures of truth and fiction enjoyed a wide popularity from 1703 for nearly a century; his river appears upon many maps of the eighteenth century.

The first attempt to reach our Northwest was made by the Spaniards from the west. The voyages to the western coast of South America had proved so fruitful of gold and silver that the progress northward was by contrast unattractive. However, in 1542 to 1543, Juan Rodriquez Cabrillo made a voyage northward as far as the present southern Oregon line. In 1579 Sir Francis Drake swooped down upon the unsuspecting Spaniards on the western coast of South America and extended his plundering voyage as far as the western coast of Oregon. Upon a map of 1587 Drake's exploit is commemorated by the name Nova Albion, New England, thus applied first to the region of the Northwest Territory.

Neither the Spanish voyage of Cabrillo nor the English expedition of Drake had any further effect upon exploration of the Northwest Coast nor were there any successors for more than a century and a half.

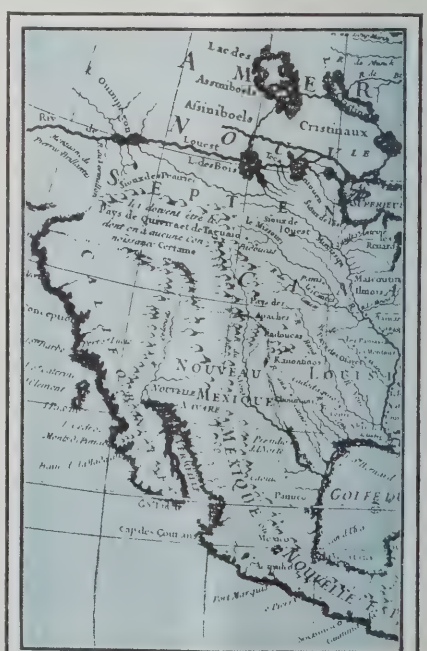
"From Purchase Ho Pilgrimes."

In 1596 a Greek named Juan de Fuca met the English geographer Michael Lok in Venice and there related to him an amazing tale of his voyage made in 1592 on the West Coast of America. From Lok the story passed to Samuel Purchas who incorporated the account in his book of voyages. "Also hee said, that . . . The said Viceroy of Mexico sent him out againe Anno 1592, with a small *Carauela*, and a Pinnace, armed with Mariners onely . . . for a discovery of the same Straits of *Anian*, and the passage thereof, into the sea . . . And that he followed his course in that Voyage West and Northwest in the South Sea (the Pacific), all alongst the coast of *Noua Spania*, and *California*, and the *Indies*, now called North *America* (all which Voyage he signified to me in a great Map . . .) vntill hee came to the Latitude of fortie seuen degrees and that there finding . . . a broad Inlet of Sea, between 47. and 48. degrees of Latitude, hee entred thereinto, sayling therein more than twentie days."

This fictitious voyage of Juan Fuca made an interesting story and century and a half after his pretend voyage other navigators looked for strait and applied his name to t strait, at the entrance to Puget Sou which Juan de Fu never had seen. T Great Bay of the W was delineated upon t map of 1750 and even to 1800 by French geog phers who relied upon t old narrative. Strange say the great bay was r adopted early in the spre of the Juan de Fuca f tion, but appeared up the maps just before t Russians and the Engl and the Spanish and nally the Americans w demonstrating the fal hood of the delineation

During the period fr 1600 to 1725 the Span were penetrating the sou western portion of United States and French were making pr ress westward from St. Lawrence and northward along Mississippi and Missouri. As early 1641 the French had reached L Superior and in 1659 two adventur Frenchmen, Radisson and his broth in-law Grosseillers, had penetrated yond the Mississippi to the Gr Northwest. Returning loaded with f from a second expedition to West these intrepid explorers w fleeced by French Gover with the res that both fo time gave th services to E land. Under th inspiration Hudson Bay C pany was org ized in 1670 continued nearly two c turies to play great part in development the Northw Country.

The defi discovery in 17 of the Mississ by Louis Jo and Père Mr quette was l lowed about years later colonization p jects under LaS



French map of 1746 by Le Ronge Lahontan's Great River of the West.

d his faithful lieutenant, the man
th the iron hand, Henri de Tonti.
e Mississippi outposts and the Lake
perior missionary and trading sta-
ns established bases for western
ploration.

In 1731 Pierre de la Verendrye,
e Joliet a native son of Canada,
barked upon the northern route
m Kaministiqua on the northwestern
ore of Lake Superior, the most
stern trading station. Lake of the
oods and Lake Winnipeg were def-
tely placed upon the map but the
estern Sea, for which the intrepid
rendrye and his three sons sought,
ded them. Young Jean de la
rendrye lost his life in a party
assacred near the Lake-of-the-Woods
1736, by a war party of Sioux
dians. Notwithstanding this tragedy
e two sons, Pierre and Francois, set
t in 1742 for the Missouri Country
d were the first white men in the
hteenth century to gaze upon the
cky Mountains; only Radisson had
eceded them.

The eighteenth century saw many
ploration enterprises begun and con-
ued primarily for the advancement
knowledge. Peter the Great became
erested in the question of the con-
ction between Asia and America.
der Peter's inspiration, although
er his death, Vitus Bering in two
peditions between 1725 and 1742
aced the Bering Strait upon the map.
eutenant Chirikof landed in 1742
on the Western Coast of North
nerica at about 55° North Latitude,
ile Bering reached the coast at about
°.

This Russian interest in America,
rticularly in the fur trade, was re-
ved toward the end of the eighteenth
ntury and in the early nineteenth
th the result of the Russian ac-
isition of Alaska, their claims being
sed upon the discoveries under
ring. Further the
onroe Doctrine was
st enunciated in 1823
th particular references
possible Russian col-
ization on the north-
st coast of North
nerica.

The great Captain
ook began his notable
peditions in 1768 with
voyage around the
rld. The third voyage
Cook was for the pur-
se of exploration of the
st coast of North
nerica. Cook lost his
e at the hands of natives
the Sandwich Islands
1779, after having cov-
ed the Northwest Coast
m 55° to 70°. Cook's
ssels later made port at
nton, China. Here an
onishing demand by
e Chinese for furs some-

what accidentally acquired during the voyage opened up new vistas of trade in the Orient. The English began this fur trade on the Pacific Coast of North America and Yankee ships and traders from Boston soon participated independently in the enterprises, by interest largely aroused by the accounts of the American Ledyard, graduate of Dartmouth College, who was with Cook on the voyage of 1776.

The fur traders of the Hudson Bay Company of Adventurers of England entered upon American activities in 1670 and exerted for more than two centuries a profound influence upon the development of Canada and our own Northwest. Rival trading companies also played no little part in this exploitation of the American fur resources. Among these traders were inevitably many with the love of adventure and discovery. The Arctic Ocean via Coppermine River was reached by one of these intrepid traders, Samuel Hearne, in 1771. Eighteen years later a Scotchman, Alexander Mackenzie, repeated by another route the trip to the Arctic arriving there by the Mackenzie River. Four years later the dream of Cartier, the dream of LaSalle and the dream of LaVerendrye was finally achieved by this same Scotchman who was able to paint in vermilion on a great rock on the Pacific Coast, the legend: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three." Thus the passage across the northern route to the Western Sea was finally found, but not an easy waterway for which the English Government as late as 1776 had hopefully offered a reward of 20,000 pounds.

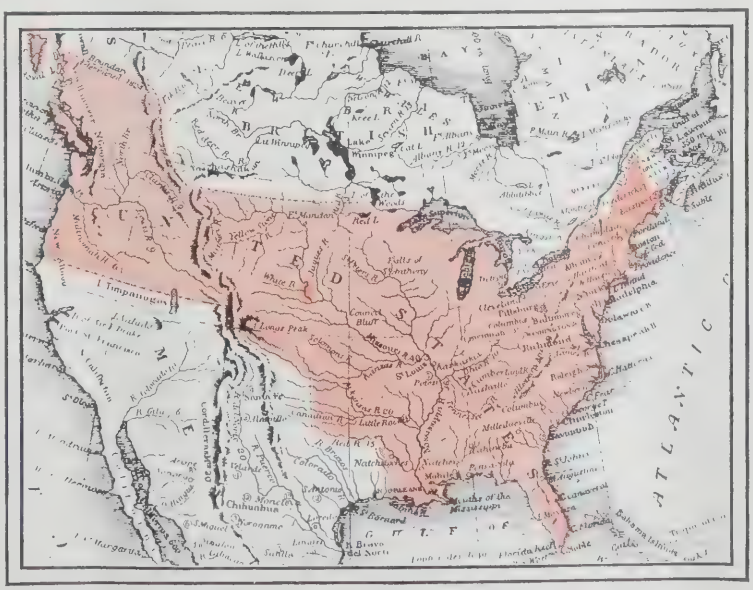
Map of 1782 by Janvier, French Geographe. The mythical Bay of the West.

In 1787 a group of Boston Merchants fitted out two vessels, the *Lady Washington*, and the *Columbia*, to engage in the fur trade on the west coast of America. Of these two vessels the *Columbia*, under Captain Robert Gray, reached China, traded furs for tea, and completed the first circuit of the globe by an American vessel, arriving in Boston on August 10, 1790. Almost immediately the *Columbia* sailed again around Cape Horn and on to the Oregon coast. English and Spanish vessels were also at this time engaged in the coastwise trade.

The mouth of the Columbia River had been noted in 1776 as Entrada de Heceta, by the Spaniard Heceta in one of the voyages made between 1769 and 1779 to reëstablish Spain's claims to the western coast. The Englishman Vancouver in 1792 explored thoroughly and scientifically the western coast. Shortly before his vessels spoke the *Columbia* from Boston, Vancouver had noted breakers at the mouth of the Columbia River, but supposed the entrance not passable. The good ship *Columbia*, however, entered the river on May 10, 1792, giving the United States a claim to the region by priority of discovery. Within a short time Vancouver returned, learning through Spanish vessels of Gray's exploit, and made a more intensive exploration of the river than Gray had done.

Spanish, Russian, English and American claims were now somewhat hopelessly involved in this region. For many years Spain claimed the sole right to colonization on our western coast, but gave up the claim in 1792 on the threat of war by England. Russia also made extravagant claims, yielding to diplomatic pressure by England and America.

Immediately after the purchase of Louisiana in 1803 (*Concluded on page 28*)



American claims in 1829. Map of 1829 by D. F. Robinson and Company, Connecticut.

His Editorials Read by Twenty Million

(*Concluded from page 2*)

thought. Instead of telling people what they don't know, I tell them what they do know, in my own way, thus adding to their previous convictions and expressing clearly in print what the reader has long felt himself before. And they appreciate a writer who can express their thoughts.

"It is the workers of the world who keep things going. The loafers are the trouble makers. It is the masses, too, who are moral, and are otherwise sanely balanced. So far as history reveals, the magnificent ones of earth have never had a collective moral impulse. Happiness is a by-product of work. A normal condition of man is that he should labor for his daily bread."

The Loafers Are the Trouble Makers

The last paragraph, from Dr. Crane's most recent book, "Why I Am a Christian," which he pointed out to me during the interview, illustrates why he inclines to his views—that we should learn from the masses instead of attempting to teach them. It also gives us a clear line on the man himself, which Stevenson says is his own style. Dr. Crane is a democrat. He has mingled in all classes of society but likes the ideas of the common people the best. And he likes to work instead of loaf, as he says in this same book a little farther on:

"It is strange, the contempt of the world for work. I have even seen pictures of Hell wherein the abode of the damned was represented as filled with smoking factory chimneys, and the wheels of machinery, and I do not recall ever having seen a picture of Heaven in which any of the saints and angels were engaged in doing anything but loafing. And yet, to my mind, any continued existence would be repulsive unless the soul were to be engaged upon some worthy occupation, some service to the community, some wholesome labor that would give play to the normal faculties.

"My own notion of Heaven is that of Samuel Johnson. One evening when he and Boswell were strolling in the garden and viewing the starry skies, Boswell asked him what was his notion of the future life. He replied that to his mind the same laws that govern us here would continue to govern us there. So it seems to me that if any existence is to be continued beyond this earth, no heaven would be welcome unless there was in it some fit task, unless I could be occupied in subduing the forces of nature, studying the laws, and solving the problems incident to an intelligent life.

"In other words, I do not think I should want to go to Heaven unless I could find a job."

Having read Dr. Crane's widely syndicated editorials for so many years, there were many questions I wished to ask him, but it was impossible to get them all in. I wanted to know what he ate for breakfast, how he lived, and so on. And to make a long story short I will tell this in my own words.

Dr. Crane has prunes, toast, and coffee for breakfast. He goes to bed at 12 o'clock at night and gets up at 6 in the morning. He eats meat once a day and sleeps an hour after lunch, for which he goes to his home in uptown New York. He smokes cigars and exercises very little. He makes many rules for preserving his health but, like all the rest of us, is always breaking them. He gets hundreds of invitations to lecture, to speak at informal gatherings, to dine here and there; he belongs to clubs, organizations of all sorts, and his presence and his advice are much in demand. But the place he loves most is his home, with the wife of his youth, Ellie C. Stickel, of Hillsboro, Illinois, who took him for better or worse some forty years ago, when he was a struggling Methodist minister out in the Cornbelt. He likes his easy chair, his slippers, his cigar, the evening paper to mull over, more than he does the glitter of the formal world.

I wanted his opinion on other things. What about the world, as this brilliant journalist and ex-preacher views the passing show? Is it getting better or worse? Are children being brought up right? Are flappers flapping too much? Does the coming of women into man occupations mean the breaking up of the home? And so on, and so on?

On all of these points Dr. Crane is an optimist. The world is getting better; women in business make men more decent and they will continue to rear the children and preserve the home. There were flappers among our grandmothers, and children are better today, he says, than when he was a boy. And he illustrates his point by referring to his two grandchildren, whom he asserts behave themselves better than he did at their age.

"All the Religion I Have I am Using"

He also believes that the editorial has just as much weight now as ever, if the writer thereof is expressing public views. Newspapers, and the tone of journalism, according to Dr. Crane, are much improved over the old days. He speaks, of course, of the rank and file in all these matters; the heart of humanity is sound and the evolution of man is to a higher plane.

Dr. Crane was 50 years old before he began as a journalist. He was born in Urbana, Illinois, in 1861 and was graduated from the Illinois Wesleyan University in 1882, receiving its honorary degree of Ph. B. in 1892. Two years later t Nebraska Wesleyan University ga him a D. D. He was pastor of t Trinity and Hyde Park M. E. church of Chicago, 1896-1903, and became t pastor of the Union Congregatio Church of Worcester, Massachuse 1904. In 1909 he began to write the belief that he could reach a wid audience in that way than from t pulpit. In the last fourteen years has written an editorial every da never missing. These efforts are pu lished in daily newspapers in the Unit States, Canada, Japan, France, Norwa Sweden, Denmark, Hawaii, Englan and a few other places on the plan During that time he has also writt a number of books.

In his book, "Why I Am a Christian we get a good glimpse of Dr. Cra which corresponds with my "close-u of the man in this interview:

"All the religion I have I am usi I am carrying no extra baggage. I a not loaded up with a lot of beliefs th make no matter. What religion I ha is one hundred per cent practical."

Expressing Yourse

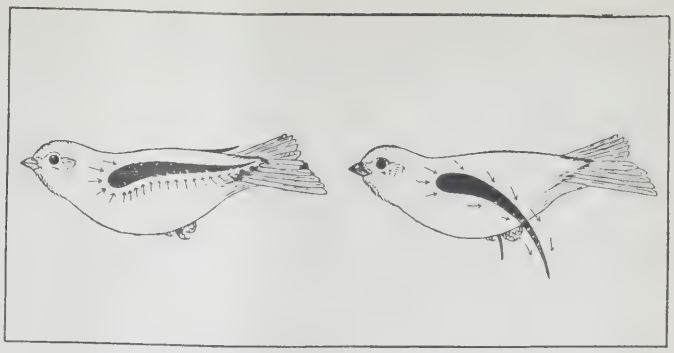
(*Concluded from page 17*)

done? We may belong to the fir second or third class I have defin but in any case the problem the same. We must learn to expr the truth in us. And that is ve difficult.

If anyone will examine the sta ments he makes during one day on he will be astonished to learn that m of these statements are founded hearsay. We are great repeaters. accept what we hear and, from habit of mental laziness, assimilate readily as our own, and deliver it gospel to the first man we meet. H many young men, starting out business, with something to sell, ta the word of someone else as to t value of the product they are selli Now in nine cases out of ten, t product may be exactly as represent but by getting their information seco hand, they lose out all along the li for without enthusiasm there is sm hope of success, and enthusiasm m be based on accurate first-hand kno edge. A list of the lies and scand which sweep through any communi in the course of one week and die c to be succeeded by others would pitiable reading. Self-expression, t keynote to success, must be based self-examination, and self-examinati must lead to the truth. Ask yours constantly, Is this true? Your pow of self-expression will grow, in prop tion as you learn to discriminate b tween what is true and what is false.

Power of Wings

(*Concluded from page 7*)



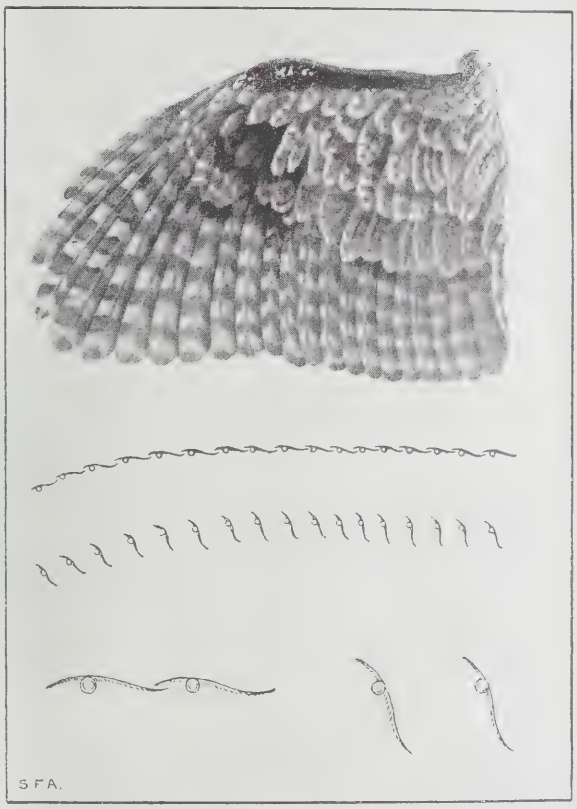
Method of flight. At left—Downward stroke. Right—Upward lift. Arrows indicate approximately the greatest resistance of the air.

nt of the wing to the body also icates clearly the necessity for dity in the downward stroke and bility for the lifted wing, the muscles ng the socket joint of the bones so as prevent twisting the posterior portion the wing up and over the anterior tion, but not preventing the decided necessary twist in an opposite ection, which permits the upward oke. With the insects this attachnt is remarkably effective for the pose; it may best be observed in the ger moths and the dragon s. With these a forcible sting of the wing in the dition of its essential rigidity dislocate it.

All flying creatures except birds possess membranous gs and the downward twist of posterior part is necessarily reme so as to carry the g upward edgewise to the air stance. The birds have thers and while the same bility in the uplift of the g is necessary, it is less so bese of the long primary and ondary feathers that extend kward and are the chief tors in both support and pulsion.

Each of these feathers in wing of a bird acts just as wing does in its entirety; quill, for this purpose nded, permits the twisting pivoting of each feather in fleshy socket. The shape of feather is such that in the nward stroke the wide web praced against the narrow, re rigid part of its fellow and the upward stroke it pivots n so as to permit the air to s through.

Yet with this obviously double adtage of the feathers and wing atnment the birds are no better s than those creatures with memnous wings. The humming bird not equal, in speed, tirelessness nor trol, the largest sphinx moths, metimes called humming bird hawk ths because of their manner of hovering before flowers (though the name hawk has never been explained). The little kinglets, the active wood warblers, the flycatchers and even the swallows can all take lessons in aerial agility from the bats, though for grace and poetry of motion the swallows far excel, which is not so much a matter of skill as a habit of flight. There is evidence also that the birds are more untiring than the bats which either indicates more muscle in the birds or less needed effort.



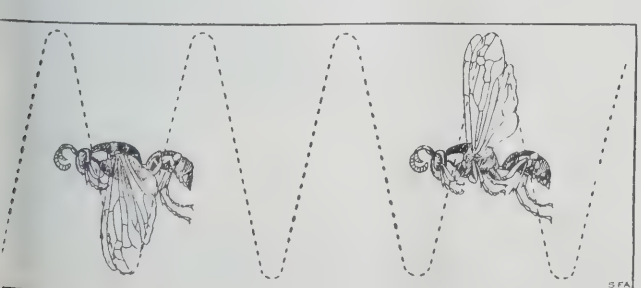
Wing of a screech owl. Sections of the primary and secondary feathers during downward stroke. Same during upward lift. These sections enlarged to show interlocking and pivoting.

It is not fair to compare the largest soaring birds with those insects that possess similar tendencies at times; because of the ease of overcoming gravity on motionless pinions we marvel at the vultures, albatrosses and ospreys. The larger-winged butterflies and the emperor moths (the latter seen only at dusk), drift along between wing flaps with more comprehensible ease, their wings not held horizontally but at an upward angle of about forty-five degrees.

There is especially among the larger flying creatures a very decided limit to wing power as a result of gravity and air resistance. Nature has not attempted anything like the airplane or the dirigible, never having developed a motive power apart from the weight-supporting wings and it is very evident that for both speed and carrying weight man's invention is greatly superior, though as yet never quite so sure. A vulture never has its engine go dead in the air, unless from such an outside source as a shotgun. The California condor and the great albatross are the extreme examples in nature of sustaining weight on motionless pinions, but surpassing these are the heavier migratory wild swans that attain high speeds over hundreds of miles. Compared to these the wild turkey and the giant Asiatic bustard are quite ordinary. The limits of speed are shown by the fact that few birds can attain over sixty miles an hour, though considering what momentum should do as an aid to continued rapid effort and how little resistance to the air can affect a smoothly feathered, stream-line body it is really surprising that much greater speed is not attained.

Some years ago we read of the observations of an ornithologist whose chief desire was evidently to announce wonderful discoveries rather than to state cold facts. He claimed to have timed the flight of many birds between measured points and he found that a rate of more than one hundred and twenty miles an hour was attained. The writer has carefully experimented in exactly the same manner, every condition for accuracy most carefully observed, a stop-watch playing the principal part and on days when there was no wind. A fellow observer stood at one point and signaled to me at another four hundred yards away when a bird passed a fixed point on a near sea river. Much patience was required.

A herring gull flying without soaring at an average rate of speed made a little more than twenty miles an hour for the distance. A black duck just start-



trajectory of a wasp's wing tip, when the insect is flying ten feet per second and the wing strokes are over one hundred per second.

ing did only a little better; another having gained good headway improved on thirty miles. A teal considerably exceeded forty miles. A great blue heron fell below a mile in four minutes. Shifting our ground to a like distance between inland hills we found that homing crows on a still winter day about equaled the above gull. With a strong wind they attained a mile in two minutes, but against a stiff breeze their speed fell to a mile in about three and a half minutes; against a hard wind, in which the birds were taking every advantage of hillside and woodland windbreak, they hardly flew at the rate of a mile in five minutes. The speed of the crow, with its long, deliberate sweep of wing, is surprising. A kingbird, martin or even a swamp blackbird can make a dash and easily overtake the black maurader, but on a long flight only the kingfisher, the flycatchers, the swift and the swallows, the smaller hawks, the plovers and snipe and certain sea birds, as the ducks, terns, cormorants, petrels and skimmers will exceed the crow in speed.

Most birds are surprisingly slow of flight; they by no means meet the common impression of exceeding power-driven wheels. Traveling in a train at about thirty miles an hour permits ready observation of comparative speeds of many birds that rise and fly with the train for even a short distance. Sparrows, grackles, meadow larks, shore larks, pipits, robins, all fall quickly behind. Most birds are loath to continue parallel with the train for any telling distance. Swallows and the chimney swift easily keep abreast even when their line of flight is many-curved and when they want to put on speed they instantly forge ahead, as does also the killdeer.

At one time we raced a frantic chipping sparrow that persisted in keeping between the car and a high, close embankment and for a time kept up with us at a speed of about twenty miles an hour; it then began to fall back and finally dashed into some overhanging vines.

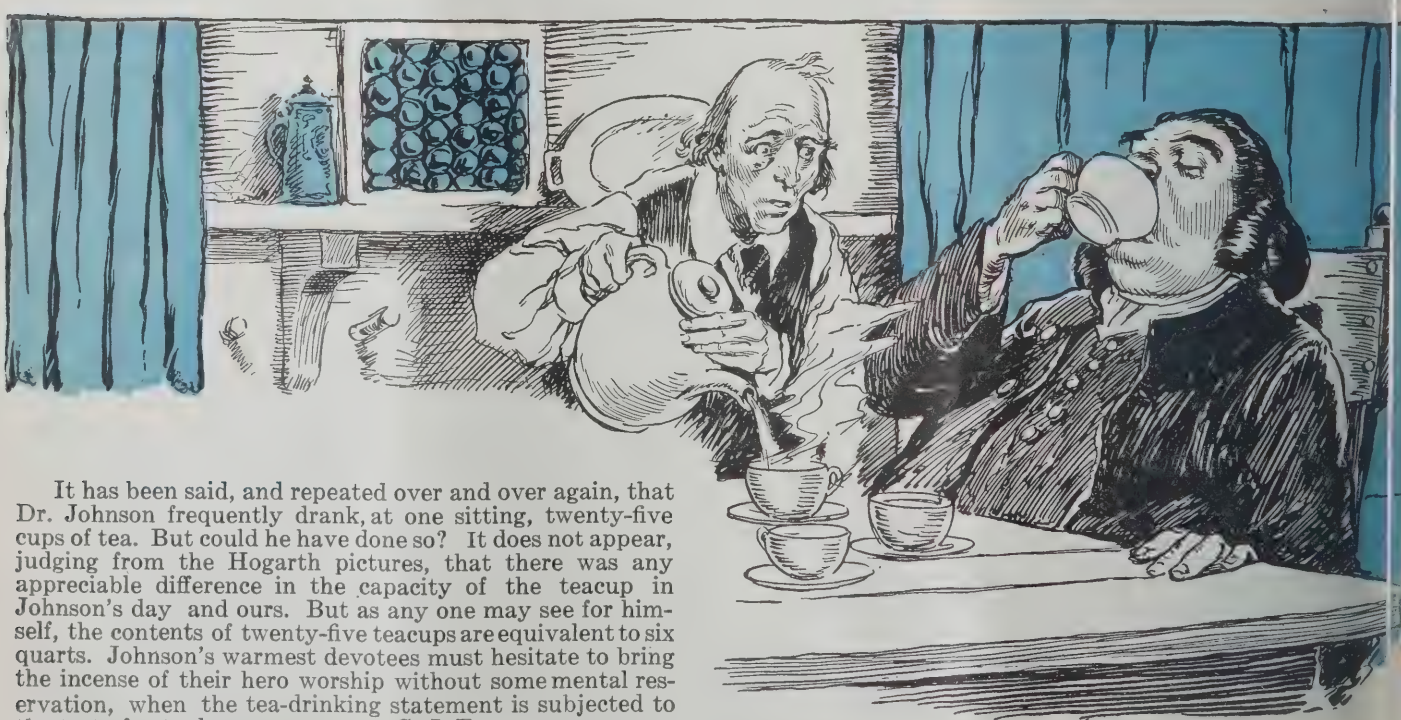
Once in an auto along a smooth, level stretch we raced with a sparrow hawk that was after English sparrows dusting in the road. The little falcon missed his strike, then dashed off, keeping one direction and gradually pulling away from us, though we were making about a thirty-mile speed. A friend whose word may be relied upon tells me that while traveling from Philadelphia to Atlantic City in one of the fastest trains they sighted a wild duck, species not known, that kept abreast of the train for several miles, then very gradually forged ahead until it went out of sight or veered off and it is possible that the train was making fifty miles an hour, or better. This was a case of continued momentum increasing the speed and it is certain that this enables migrating birds to reach a considerable velocity. Then, of course, varying speeds, as with the killdeer, which can loaf along or beat the swiftest hawk, the kingbird and the purple martin, which are very indolent fliers at times, make estimates somewhat uncertain. It is, however, safe to say that few if any birds—falcons, plover, kingfisher, man-of-war bird, swallow, swift or skimmer—ever attain a speed greatly exceeding sixty miles an hour and they never equal one hundred miles, as h been carelessly asserted. The swift undoubtedly the fastest of our la birds if not of all species.

Making allowances for the lesser influences of gravity and momentum, better, for proportionate weight compared to air resistance and mus we turn to the insects as examples extreme wing control. Observe bee flies and their close of kin syrphus, tachina and blowflies, all that two-winged, stout-bodied h that move their wings at the trem dous rate of several hundred beat second and that dash through the almost like shafts of light. Har second to them are the small, solita digging bees, the *Andrenidae*, the sc of their wings, indicated by the tun fork, making as swift a measure.

Watch dragon flies do stunts ove swamp or pond: rushing forward, st ping instantly to hover, drifting actua backward at times, pivoting about right angles or entirely turning, div downward or straight upward and with the utmost ease and a hardly p ceptible wing motion. These are l ture's biplanes, with the lower wi set behind and a little below the oth not directly underneath.

Keep your eye, if you can, upon sand-hill hornet dashing after a l bodied cicada that is hardly less s in flight. You may have as much task following a skipper butterfly larger-winged vanessa, a noctuid m or the male of the carpenter bee pl ing a sort of tag with his fellows aro the house. Here is speed, with limitations, of course, but it is diffi to determine what they are.

Tea Drinking Extraordinary in Days of Cheshire Chee

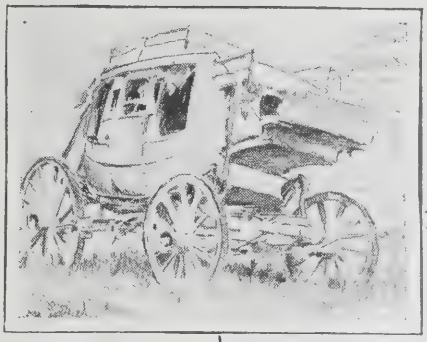


It has been said, and repeated over and over again, that Dr. Johnson frequently drank, at one sitting, twenty-five cups of tea. But could he have done so? It does not appear, judging from the Hogarth pictures, that there was any appreciable difference in the capacity of the teacup in Johnson's day and ours. But as any one may see for himself, the contents of twenty-five teacups are equivalent to six quarts. Johnson's warmest devotees must hesitate to bring the incense of their hero worship without some mental reservation, when the tea-drinking statement is subjected to the test of actual measurement.—C. J. F.

Gloucester—Old, Quaint and Curious

An Historic Seaport With Romantic Past

By MAY B. WHITING



Above—Relic of bygone days. An old stagecoach with leather springs.

Right—Half Moon Beach, where the blue sea laps the rocks and the yellow sands.

WINDSWEPT town with streets that curve and climb and narrow sidewalks that try to keep the pace but must netimes have recourse to a flight of ps, rows of colonial houses with ormous shells from the tropics in front yards, a modern city jos- ng and edging into the gaps of the , the tang of sea in the air and the ell of cod from the "flakes," and ays, over the tops of plants and rehouses that line the water's edge, spars of fishing schooners riding ide the wharves—such is Glouces- , quaint, time-honored, and with t a touch of the exotic that old sea- ts always have to landlubber eyes. Yet the town is typically American, tled by unusually hardy stock whose mes are still among the foremost izens. Gloucester was the first of Massachusetts Bay settlements, l her history begins long before that ne. According to the Saga, when the rsemen skirted New England in 01, they landed here and the Viking orwald was killed in a quarrel with Indians. But the first white man record authentically his visit was amplain who, in 1606, sailed into oucester Harbor which he christened Beauport. Then came Gosnold and ng and Morton of Merrymount and t hero of romance, John Smith, who med the cape Tragabizanda in mem- of the princess who had helped him escape from Moslem captivity, and islands at its point he called the ree Turks Heads for three Mussul- ns whom he had slain in single com- . But when Prince Charles came ng he rechristened the cape in more er fashion after his mother, Anne of nmark.

The first permanent settlement was 1623 when a company from Dorches- , England, landed at Half Moon ach, now a part of Stage Fort Park, l established themselves as a fishing nmunity. This enterprise was not a cess. The arable lands were few l some of the newcomers even com- ined of the "ill choice of the place for ing," and many returned to Eng- d. The "stage," or wharf, which y abandoned, became a bone of con- tion between new settlers and a com- ny from Plymouth. The doughty les Standish was all for trying it by ce of arms but the wisdom of Roger nant prevailed, and it was agreed t the men of Gloucester should keep "stage" and help build another for men of Plymouth. In 1632 a meet- -house was erected and a few years er a charter was given to the town der the name of the cathedral city in gland whence many of the later set- rs had come.

For many years the new plantation s a mysterious, out-of-the-way place. sorts of rumors were current about it, even that "lions were seen on Cape Ann." But in times of stress among the colonies her citizens were always in the foreground. They were with Pepperell when he stormed the citadel of Louisburg. Gloucester was especially interested in that enterprise because as long as the French had a stronghold on the island of Cape Breton her fishing boats were never safe.

One story of this expedition has been repeated many times and it is quite likely that you would not have to search very far today to find some aged grandam who more than half believes it. Two soldiers before departing called on Peg Wesson who was rumored to be a witch. They chaffed her in cavalier fashion and she became angry and promised that they would see her at Louisburg. One day in camp they noticed a crow circling above the tents and several soldiers shot at it in vain. Then one of the Gloucester men remembered that only a bullet of precious metal could harm a witch and he tore off his sleeve button, shot it, and the bird came fluttering to the ground. At that same moment Peg Wesson fell on the pavement with a broken leg, and when the surgeon dressed it a silver button fell from the wound.

There were other characters of like repute in Gloucester. There was Tammy Younger, "Queen of the witches," and her aunt, Luce George, who used to take toll of every cart that passed her door. If the driver objected she would bewitch the oxen so that they stood with tongues lolling out until she had worked her will. When a fishing boat was in she was always on the wharf where she claimed enough fish to last for several days. These two women lived in Dogtown, the mysterious hinterland of Gloucester, as truly a "Deserted Village" as the Sweet Auburn of Goldsmith's fancy.

Back from the city and extending in a wide area almost to the tip of the cape, is a strange, wild region where, on every hand, vast boulders are scattered or heaped one upon the other. This whole section is now known as Dogtown Common and is visited only by geologists to study the glacial moraine or by curious tourists who, in company of a guide, for it is not safe to wander alone in the bewildering waste, trace its almost obliterated ways. The disordered imagination of a Poe could not picture a more weird or desolate habitation for human souls. Why any one should ever have built there is a mystery, but the most plausible conjecture seems to be that, while the men were away fighting in the Revolution, the more defenseless part of the population withdrew from the shore, and, as the dogs were the only protection, the village was called by their name.

Gloucester itself has many houses built before the Revolution. In Center street there are at least a dozen, mostly without architectural features, for seaport towns are not given to paying overmuch heed to their dwellings on shore. The most noteworthy house is the Sargent-Murray-Gilman House, which has a fine stairway and mantel and a charming garden in the rear inclosed by a paneled wall of brick. Here, in 1791, was born Samuel Gilman, author of "Fair Harvard." The house was built half a century earlier as a gift to Judith Sargent on her marriage to the Rev. John Gilman, the father of Universalism in America.

There are, and always have been, many churches in Gloucester, but it took them a long time to learn to live in amity. Richard (Concluded on page 30)

Arab Versus Jew

(*Continued from page 15*)

had it." He referred to a sentence in the speech of Sheikh Suleiuman Faroukhy made in behalf of the Arabs to the Colonial Secretary a few days before: "We do not ask Great Britain why she made the Balfour Declaration, but we do say that it is oppressive. Great Britain gave the Balfour Declaration under certain economic influences."

When I recalled the failure of the Arabs to vote for representatives in the Legislative Council, proposed two years ago, I asked this question: "If you Arabs were eager for self-government, and if you outnumber the Jews something like ten to one, why did your Executive Committee advocate a boycott of the election which would give them a share in the government?"

Mr. Husseini's reply was a sharp reflection on the justice of the proposal. To his mind it gave every advantage to the incoming Jews. This Legislative Council, he said, called for the High Commissioner and eleven appointive members, together with twelve members to be elected as follows: Jews, 2; Christians, 2; Moslems, 8. Although this has an appearance of fairness, the Arabs, seeing the apparent desire of the government to foster the colonization movement of the Jews, feared that the appointed members of the Legislative Council would give them a majority.

"We would be ready at any time," said Mr. Husseini, "to entertain a proposal in which the Moslems would have a working majority, even though our population would warrant us in demanding much more than a majority. With 90 per cent of the people we are unwilling to enter into a plan which might enable 10 per cent to outvote us." Later the Arabs were offered participation, with a similar representation, in a so-called Advisory Council. "Naturally we were even less inclined to this than to the previous proposal," said Mr. Husseini. "The next proposition was the establishment of an Arab Agency, side by side with a Jewish Agency. This, of course, seemed to us even less tolerable, since it would put our more than half-million Arabs on an apparent parity with the less than 100,000 Jews."

Packing the Advisory Council With Jews

Recently Mr. Amery, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, replied to the deputation of Palestinian Arabs who came to protest, using, in part, these words:

> "In the opinion of the British Government there is no incompatability between Arab and British coöperation and the Balfour Declaration. The interests of the Arab population in Palestine were most carefully considered before the British Government committed itself to any declaration, and that part of the declaration referring to the interests of the existing populations is just as important as any other part thereof."

In the light of this reassurance, I asked the Arab leader to explain the fears of his party. His reply involved a practical denial of the good faith of the above statement.

Jewish-Inspired Gouging of Arab Farmers

"How can we feel that we are not being discriminated against when we see so many evidences of the deliberate attempt of the Government to bring about an economic situation for the Arabs which will compel them to sell out our land to the Jews?" he asked. In substantiation of this he cited several acts which the Arabs interpret as inimical to their interests and tenure in Palestine.

In 1920 there was an unusual crop. Palestinians rejoiced at the prospect of prosperity due to the high prices which the exportation of their products would bring them. Many borrowed on the probability of an augmented income. *Suddenly, when the crops were harvested, the High Commissioner shattered their hopes by placing a ban upon all exportation.* This ban had the immediate effect of bringing down prices to one-fifth of expectations, and succeeded in bankrupting many previously poverty-stricken Arabs who had borrowed on the prospect of a successful marketing. Whatever may have been the cause of this prohibition of exportation it would be impossible to convince Jamaal Husseini that it was anything other than a deliberate attempt to force land out of Arab and into Jewish hands.

A further attempt to accomplish the same purpose is seen by the Arabs in *reviving a dead-letter law of the Turks, which calls for the confiscation of land, which for three years has not been productive.* I suggested that this law must have been resorted to in order to secure the maximum of production. Mr. Husseini admitted that this was the ostensible purpose, but the injustice came in the fact, well known to the government, that the poverty of the people was so great that vast tracts could not be cleared or prepared for cultivation on account of the high costs. Thus they were thrown on the market for Jewish buyers, or, to save themselves loss, the Arab owners borrowed so heavily from Jewish usurers that they eventually lost their property.

A third evidence of collaboration between the government and the Zionists which Mr. Husseini took as a discrimination against the native population, was in the settlement of the affairs of the Ottoman Agricultural Bank. This institution was founded for the pose of extending credit to peasa The capital was furnished by an a tional tax of 2½ per cent above regular tithe. Following the depar of the Turks, Mr. Husseini said th was generally supposed that bec of the complete impoverishment of country these claims would not be vived, and the moratorium exten especially since the original ca had been collected directly from people. Much to the surprise of Arabs the government announced these loans must be paid. This t regarded as a further effort to force sale of land to Jewish immigrants.

Still vindicating his view that government has been fostering Je designs on Arab farm lands, Husseini referred to an excessive ta tobacco, which takes the profit ou that industry, leading to the b ruptcy of the growers. He repo further a feeling among the Arab unnecessarily enlarged expenses government, with *officials ten time numerous as formerly now being ployed.* This results in increased t tion which renders still more impos the economic situation of the Arab

Numerous other economic injust as the Arabs see them, have grown of *the awarding of concessions, wit public tender*, to Jewish capitalists, only depriving Arabs of the opportu to invest, but giving with the con sions great financial advantages the Jews at the expense of the na population. An example of this is

The Jewish Salt Monopoly

salt concession. Salt has been a governn monopoly in P tine. In 1923 present administration secretly gra to the Jewish Economic Board of Alfred Mond an exclusive conces to produce salt in Palestine to be to the government at P. T. (about $13.00) for a consider number of years. Although this cession is not signed, the concess aire is forwarding his salt in accord with these terms. It happened s time ago that a consignment of which was found unsalable was back by the government to the cessionaire, and the government up for public tender the purchas 500 tons of salt. An Arab merchan Jaffa delivered it for P. T. 210 (a $10.00) a ton. The salt was of best and the Arab merchant expre his willingness immensely to decr the price in case the governn wished to contract with him fo longer period and for larger quanti Owing to the existence of the Je draft concession his offer was refu Thus the government loses n than P. T. 55 a ton and the inhabitants, mostly Arabs,

a higher price and enrich a Jewish mpany.

The Rutenberg Jordan Concession vich provides a monopoly for 70 ars to harness the waters of that rer and its affluents for the purpose generating electric power to be used f all economic purposes in Palestine, luding also the exclusive right to duce for sale, electric power by any ier means than water, has brought its train a storm of opposition from te Arabs.

In the first place Mr. Pinhas Rutenrg is himself *persona non grata*, ing a Russian Jew who worked in the vernment of Kerensky as Chief of lice for St. Petersburg. The Arabs ject to his being called, as is done in te concession, *a Palestine engineer*. ey object to the granting of the conssion in secret, since it gives to the ncessionaire such a large measure of ntrol over the life of the people as a ole. They object to the complete oring of the existence of the Arabs o form the overwhelming majority Palestine, while the concession provides that "the memorandum and articles of association and constitution of said company . . . shall be subject to the approval of the High Commissioner in agreement with the Jewish Agency referred to in the mandate." They object to the rejection of *a prior application for this scheme* by an Arab capitalist of Bethlehem. Although there has been failure on the part of the concessionaire to fulfill the terms, the monopoly is respected as in force and several smaller schemes are thus being suppressed, even though recently this concession has been said to be still under consideration in the Colonial Office, London. This is due, in the opinion of Mr. Husseini, to the severe criticism which has come from many quarters over the secret award to this non-Palestinian Jew.

Arabs are not allowed to fly their state colors, while the Zionist flags are allowed to fly on notable occasions. Recently Lord Herbert Samuel, himself the most ardent Zionist, sent out a confidential circular to all higher officials whereby he asked them to stand up as a matter of courtesy when the Zionist anthem, "The Hatikva," is being sung. But when the Arab anthem is sung officials do not stand up as a "matter of courtesy." The Zionists have their national name for Palestine, ERETZ ISRAEL, meaning the "Land of Israel."

The Zionist High Commissioner gave formal recognition to the Zionist name by printing on stamps and other official papers the initials of Eretz Israel in Hebrew under the Hebrew name of Palestine. Quite contrary to the mandate is the use of this name, in the opinion of the Arab leader.

To those who have lived long in this land the encouragement of the government to establish the national claims of the Jews, in contrast to what seems to be a studied ignorance of the claims of the Arabs, is an evil which can be overcome only by the establishment of a National Constitutional Government in which the two communities, Arab and Jewish, will be proportionately represented.

Stories Old Log Books Tell

(*Concluded from page 13*)

tering the harbor Porto Praya. He ites:

"Commences with fresh breezes d thick foggy weather. At 0 h. 5 m. m. discovered a large sail through e fog standing in for Port Praya. 0 h. 8 m. discovered two other ge ships astern of her also standing for the port. From their general pearance supposed them to be one the enemy's squadrons, and from e little respect hitherto paid by them neutral waters I deemed it most udent to put to sea.

"The signal was immediately given the *Cyane* and *Levant* to get under y. At 0 h. 12 m., without topsails , we cut our cable and got under y, when the Portuguese opened a e upon us from several of their tteries on shore. The prize ships lowed our motions and stood out the harbor of Port Praya close under st point passing the enemy's squadn about gun shot to windward of em; crossed our topgallant yards and foresail, mainsail, spanker, flying-, and topgallant sails.

"The enemy, seeing us under way, ked ship and made all sail in chase us. As far as we could judge of eir rate from the thickness of the ather, supposed them to be two ips of the line and a frigate.

"At 0 h. 30 m. cut away the boats wing astern, first cutter and gig. 1 p. m. we found our sailing about ual with the ship on our lee quarter, t the frigate luffing up and gaining r wake and rather dropping astern us. The *Cyane* dropping fast astern d to leeward and the frigate gaining her fast, I found it would be impossible to save her if she continued on the same course without having the *Constitution* brought to action by their whole force.

"I made the signal at 1 h. 10 m. to her to tack, which was complied with. This manoeuver I conceived would detach one of the enemy's ships in pursuit of her, while at the same time from her position she would be enabled to reach the anchorage at Port Praya before the detached ship would come up with her; but if they did not tack after her it would afford her an opportunity to double their rear and make her escape before the wind.

"They all continued in full chase of the *Levant* and this ship, the ship on our lee quarter firing her broadsides by divisions, the shot falling short of us. At 3, having dropped the *Levant* considerably, her situation became from the position of the enemy's frigate similar to the *Cyane's*. It now became necessary to separate also from the *Levant* or risk this ship's being brought to action to cover her; the signal was accordingly made at 3 h. 5 m. p. m. for her to tack, which was complied with.

"At 3 h. 12 m. the whole of the enemy's squadron tacked in pursuit of the *Levant* and gave over the pursuit of this ship. This sacrifice of the *Levant* became necessary for the preservation of the *Constitution*.

"Set the royals and kept large from the wind. Sailing master Hixon, Midshipman Varnum, one Boatswain's mate, and twelve men who were absent on duty in the fifth cutter to bring the cartel brig under our stern were left on board the *Levant*, which ship they reached before she cut. Surgeon's mate Johnson, with the sailmaker and his mate, were likewise on board the *Levant*."

The *Constitution's* luck still remained with her, and another narrow escape was added to her long list. Putting in at San Juan, Porto Rico, Stewart learned officially of the declaration of peace. He made for home without further delay, dropping anchor in New York Harbor, abreast the Battery, on May 16. And the last fighting cruise of the grand old ship was ended.

It is estimated that during the war she captured property to the value of $1,500,000, exclusive of the merchant prizes she had sent back to the United States.

Shortly after the war a British officer chanced to be going over the *Constitution*, lying at Boston Navy Yard, where she had been newly fitted out for a cruise in the Mediterranean. She made a smart appearance and the American officer who accompanied him was pointing out her various features with pardonable pride. As they stood upon the quarter-deck, he asked:

"Well, what do you think of her?"

"She is one of the finest frigates, if not the very finest, I ever put my foot aboard of," responded the Englishman heartily, "but, as I must find some fault, I'll say that your wheel is one of the clumsiest things I ever saw. It is unworthy of the vessel."

The American laughed.

"Well, you see," he replied slyly, "when the *Constitution* took the *Java* her wheel was shot out of her. The *Java's* wheel was fitted to her to steer by, and, although we think it as ugly as you do, we keep it as a trophy."

Mapping the Great Northwest

(*Concluded from page 21*)

Jefferson sent the Lewis and Clark expedition to explore the Great Northwest and to find possibly an overland route to the Missouri and the Mississippi for the furs of the Northwest. By their heroic exploits the American claims to the region were much more definitely established and colonization projects put a seal upon the American interests in the region. Further, the geographical unity of the Oregon region with the rest of the United States undoubtedly had much to do with the reasonable attitude adopted by England in her long negotiations with this country.

In 1808 the American Fur Company was granted a charter by the State of New York, due to the activity of John Jacob Astor whose fortune had been amassed in the fur trade. In 1810 the ill-fated *Tonquin* sailed for Oregon and a post, Astoria, was established at the mouth of the Columbia. The *Tonquin* left colonists, and on the return voyage the ship was lost, the crew being massacred by Indians. An accompanying overland expedition from Saint Louis reached Astoria early in 1812, but the outbreak of war induced the abandonment in 1813 of the venture and the sale of the post to Northwest Company of Canada. An over-enthusiastic English naval officer seized Astoria in 1813, directly after its sale, and rechristened it Fort George. This action was regarded at the close of the war as an acknowledgment of American sovereignty over the Columbia. It must also be said that had the United States Government supported the Astoria ve ture the whole coast mig have been placed und the Stars and Stripes.

The Northwest in Mitchell's American Atlas of 1853.

In 1814 the Trea of Ghent had provid for the restoration of " territory, places and p sessions, taken by eith party from the oth during the war." Th included the Astoria te ritory on the Columb taken by the Britis In 1818 a treaty of Joi Occupancy of Oregon w signed. After the Spa ish claims in this regi had been transferred the United States, En land in 1846 by trea recognized the bounda of 49°. Many America were enthusiastic f claiming the boundary far as the Russian str whence arose the famo slogan, "fifty-four for or fight." However, one can read the histo ical accounts of discov ies and explorations wit out the conviction th only by great go fortune was the geograp ically evident boun ary of forty-nine degre established for t United States.

In our Pacific Northwest America may well take a just pride that nati sons first entered in the finest river this region, that native sons travers the upper reaches of the Misso and the Columbia. This region is t one large section of our country c own by discovery and colonization

The Borrowed License Plates

By M. L. HAYWARD

"I'M a stranger to you, but I've just moved in your town, and bought a house up on High street," the stranger explained. "I used to live in New Hampshire just across the state line, and I've got everything moved down except my automobile," but failed to add that he had been the champion borrower in his New Hampshire home town.

"Glad to see people coming into Massachusetts, and any time that you want anything in our line, we're right at your service," the garageman assured him.

"Well, I want a favor right now. My car'll stand to run down here, but it needs a lot of repairs and a thorough overhauling before I actually put it on the road. I've applied for a Massachusetts license, but haven't got it yet, and want to get the car down here to your garage without being held up."

"That's easy," the garageman suggested. "Take the license plate off'a that car'a mine over there in the corner, put it on your car and run it down here, and you'll have no trouble."

The new citizen acted on this suggestion, took the license plate to New Hampshire, attached it to his car, headed for Massachusetts, collided with a citizen of that state, and the injured party sought the garageman who had loaned the license plate, demanding that he pay the bills.

"Me? Why, I didn't know that you'd been smashed up till you told me," the garageman protested.

"But you lent him the license plate which he had on his car at the time of the collision?"

"Yes, that's true."

"Well, that makes you responsi for the damage he did."

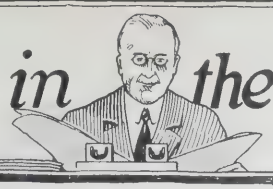
"Nonsense. Do you pretend say that if I lent a neighbor my g to hunt rabbits, and he shoots y dog, that makes me responsible?"

"I'm not talking about rabbits I'm arguing on license plates, and yo find that that's the law in Mas chusetts. I just came from a lawye office where I paid him $5 to find it ou

And the injured citizen was rig as the Massachusetts Supreme Co has decided in a recent case report in 136 Northeastern Reporter, 2 that if A lends B a license plate wh B attaches to a car, goes out on t road and injures C, then A is persona liable for the resulting damage.

This is the Massachusetts law, b cannot be depended upon in other stat

"I Read *in* the Papers"—



ead in the papers, Bob Washburn's lumn in the Boston *inscript*, a good story: We knew a young n who graduated h honors from a dical school, opened office and then pro- ded to starve to th. Had he seen the footprints a patient on his office door mat would have thrilled with the sen- ions of the derelict Crusoe when saw tracks on the beach. One there was a great noise on the eet. "The King of Pain" had arrived. took an adjoining office and was n trampled to death. One day the ig entered the office of our young nd. He said: "Young man, I have practice, you have an education. eed your counsel in a case which is ond me, as most are." "I will help t," the boy replied, "if you will tell why you, with no training, have ients and I, with much, have none." will," replied the King. "Come with to the window. See those ten men a group by the store door. How ny have common sense?" "One," lied the young man. "There is your wer," said the King. "He is your ient, the rest are mine." Since then have had a high respect for minori- s.

ead in the papers that a Negro in Maryland averted a passenger n wreck that would have thrown cars fifty feet down the mountain e. She noticed a tree that had en across the track and flagged a n rounding a curve a few yards from obstacle.

I also read in the papers that the lman Company for the first time its history has named a car after Negro porter, Daniels. He recently rificed his life while closing the door of his car to prevent steam from the locomotive of the wrecked train from entering and roasting the sleeping passengers.

And we all have in mind the heroic Tom Lee of the recent river disaster.

It makes me believe that, after all, the true opportunity of life is to be serviceable and heroic, and I know of no condition of life that deprives any person of it.

I read in the papers that the federal courts have been invoked to make examples of persons who have written their names upon Gettysburg battlefield monuments. This is a commendable move; perhaps the publicity will stir authorities elsewhere to deal vigorously with other vandalism of this variety. We are unworthy of the heroic deeds that inspired noble monuments if defacement of them is longer permitted. Thirty persons are named on the Gettysburg complaints. Of the thirty, all but one are alleged to have written their names on the 44th New York monument on Little Round Top, from which twenty-three names were taken and information laid before Commissioner Wible.

Photographs of the defaced tablets were made to be used as evidence.

Little Round Top is a favorite stopping point in the tour of the battlefield for visitors, and the 44th New York monument, the loftiest point on the knob, is annually visited by thousands of tourists. It was ordered closed until after the disposition of the fifty-three pending cases.

I read in the papers that the Commercial Law League of America representing business interests favors the payment of larger salaries to Federal judges. The League asserts that "while the payment of larger salaries may not always procure a better judge, still the salary should be sufficiently large to make it possible for the competent lawyer who has not attained a position of financial independence to accept the honor of a Federal judgeship without being worried as to how both ends are to be met."

Time was when the best lawyers everywhere eagerly sought these posts and the public obtained unequaled administration of justice; now Federal judgeships frequently go begging among well-qualified men. The public suffers through such stinginess. The courts, even more than Congress, constitute the cornerstone of the national confidence, and there is no dignity in our land more honorable than that of an upright judge.

"LUNATICS"

Nearly everyone knows someone who makes a hobby of "collecting." They devote considerable time and money to acquiring antique furniture, rare volumes, old coins, and such.

Sometimes we are wont to call them "lunatics." But should we?

A writer in the next issue upholds their "lunacy." He undertakes to show just why it is justifiable.

Do You Own Your Own Home?

(*Concluded from page 8*)

l things added to living comfort add preciably to the selling price too.

Budget authorities have different es as to the price of the house we afford to buy. One rule is that the use should not cost more than 2 to times the yearly income of the chaser. (This is for our old friends, l "average man" and the "moderate mes.") Or apply the rent basis ures to your monthly payments. budgets say that one-fifth of the me should cover rent, and that rth is the highest possible ure. You can go a trifle higher in ments on a home, but do not be so ried away that you forget that living enses go on just the same, and that ring a home should be a joy, not a den.

We have to live in keeping with our house after we buy it, so it is best for us to consider the standards that the house requires, as well as its first cost. We aren't hide-bound conservatives, but it is usually unfortunate to buy in a neighborhood where you do not live by the accepted formula. Now we live in a city of a little more than 400,000, in a two-to-three children, one-servant, $8,000 to $12,000 house block. It is perfectly proper in our neighborhood to sweep our own porches, or hammer and saw on trellises, or dabble in paints, if we feel like it. If you have an income of around $4,000 a year—a little more or a little less will not bar you!—you can safely buy in our neighborhood, if you budget at all wisely, and live as we do while you pay for your home and save a little money each year besides.

But don't buy around us if your back yard is going to be a *patio*, or a courtyard, or boast an outdoor living room, or any of those Home Beautiful ideas, for the rest of us have bought for the sake of a plain, boy-made BACK YARD! Swings, trapezes and tents have crowded out some of our flowers, and at various times we have dogs, rabbits, cats and pet chickens, with a squirrel or two for good measure.

We feel that the biggest advantage in our own home is freedom for our children, and a pride of possession. If there is anything in the theory of being rooted in the soil, our children have the privilege!

Once they told us that we had to be good to be happy. Now we are learning that we—especially children—have to be happy to be good!

Which may have little to do with owning your own home, but I think it has.

Gloucester—Old, Quaint and Curious

(*Concluded from page 25*)

Blynman was pastor of the first church. He was a learned man, and, it would seem, something of an engineer, for he planned and made the first excavations on the canal or cut which connects the Squam River with the harbor and makes Gloucester an island. But Blynman was not happy in his parish nor were his successors after him. Universalism was growing in favor and in 1774 John Murray was invited to the town. The first church suspended some of its insurgents, tried to tax others, and a mob threatened the new minister with violence. But Mr. Murray stayed and his followers drew up articles as an "Independent Church of Christ," and in 1870 erected a meeting-house.

The present edifice, built in 1806, is the oldest Universalist meeting-house in America. It is a beautiful church, its austere lines relieved by a wide avenue of elms leading across a pleasant park, making an entrance not unlike that of the Stratford church in England. Within are many objects of interest, a beautiful gilt clock of colonial days, Mr. Murray's desk, and an organ played by turning a crank, which was "taken" from a British ship by Captain Somes, privateer. No doubt it was intended for more festive uses for, in its repertory minuets outnumber psalm tunes ten to one.

The church of the first parish, on the same street, has its relics, too, among them a cannon ball fired by the British sloop-of-war *Falcon* which chased an American boat into the harbor and tried to take it captive. The bell in the tower set up a clanging and the captain, in a rage, ordered that the cannon be fired. The aim was not a bad one, but the bell was not silenced and the minutemen, assembling, forced the *Falcon* to withdraw, leaving behind her a tender and four small boats. The night of that exploit the bill for "likker" at Stevens Tavern, now the Ellery House, was a generous one.

But none of these things are Gloucester's chief glory. She was the pioneer among fishing towns, and up to within a few years, when Boston has taken first place, she was the foremost in the world. Now she claims to be the most noteworthy. Rudyard Kipling sailed in a Gloucester schooner and wrote "Captains Courageous," and Conolly's "Out of Gloucester" gives a still more accurate picture of the fisherman's life. The story of the fleet has been told over and over again but it is always new. About every vessel that sails down the harbor there is the glamour of mystery. Will she bring back a record catch or will she limp in with sails torn and spars broken or, like the *Esperanto* that won the first International Fisherman's Race, will she break on the reefs of Sable Island?

Gloucester is the home of several types of boats, notably the schooner. In 1713, Captain Andrew Robinson, son of an early settler, devised for himself a new type of vessel, with the luff of the sails bent to hoops on the mast. As she slid down the ways for her maiden trip a lad standing near exclaimed, "See how she schoons!" (*Schoon* meaning to skim over the water as a stone that is skipped.) "Good," said the Captain, "a schooner let her be."

A little bay, Harbor Cove, makes up into the center of Gloucester, almost within stone's throw of its main street, and, edging its shores, are the wharves. On the right, near Fort Square, are the Italian fishermen, and the odd colors of their cumbersome, but seaworthy, boats

Sargent-Murray-Gilman House.

of a type used for two hundred years, give a picturesque touch to the scene. On the opposite side of the cove there are always riding by the wharves some part of the Gloucester fleet, yacht-like vessels which are being unloaded or fitted out for a trip to Greenland, to Iceland, the capes off Virginia, or to George's or the Grand Banks.

These banks are the most famous fishing grounds in the world. They are formed, and are still forming, by the melting of ice floes, the earthy depo of which make a plateau over which fish swarm in great numbers. The sh water, however, makes them treac ous in storms, and the fishing indu has been a costly one. In one y alone, the stormy one of 1879, twe one vessels and 249 lives were lost f this port. Every year, in midsumm Gloucester holds a memorial service her sailor dead. From Blynman bri flowers are cast on the ebbing tide wh bears them to the open sea that engulfed so many of her children.

Of late years, with the impro type of vessel and auxiliary engine, risk has been greatly reduced. But occupation of fishing on a "Gr Banker" is one of the most strenu in the world. Breakfast is served ab half-past three, then the dories lowered and the men get into th with the trawls. A fairly large b will carry twelve dories with six " line tubs" to a dory, each line be about 300 feet long and equipped v eighty hooks. One man pays out line while the other rows. Then t go back over the course, hauling taking off the fish, and rebaiting. day the work continues until late in afternoon when a from the schoo calls them b After the fish are on board begins work of cleaning packing away in s If the catch is he it takes almost night.

A large part the shore industr Gloucester is the ing of cod, hali and herring. W the schooner arr in port the fish pitchforked to wharves where t are thoroug washed, then pac away in salt a until needed.

No other c munity in the cou can boast an dustry pursued 300 years and flourishing. To there are "d mented" at Gloucester more t 100 vessels of twenty net tons twice that number of fewer t And the Gloucester fisherman is ever young, for the caution of r dle age seeks a less hazardous occ tion on shore, and in his heart th must always be an echo of the old s

"A strong nor'wester's blowing,
Hark! don't you hear it roar, no
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now."

Awakened India—Her Opportunities

Land of Sacred Cattle and Many Tongues; Its New Industrialism

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

ONE of the first things that impresses a tourist through India is that modern industrialism is here as everywhere, and has operated to make native life abnormal. The life of India is village life, but the villages appear dried up and decadent, while the cities are growing at perilous rate. Bombay is said to have a population of a million and a quarter, nearly 16 per cent of whom were born there. Bombay is itself an abnormality, the creation of western industry and commerce. It has grown by the swallowing up of innumerable people from smaller places—perhaps not quite innumerable, for the figures say that 1,050,000 of her 1,250,000 people were born elsewhere.

The Marathi Mission in India, an American mission, situated in Western India south of the center, checked up on its people in 1921 and found that of 10,466 native church members, all of them originally village people, one-sixth had packed up and moved to Bombay. In a decade the Maharas resident in Bombay increased 7 per cent and the Mahrattas, if you know who those rural folk are, about 300 per cent. This means a very considerable readjustment in the economic and social life of the native people of India.

Another thing which impresses a visitor is that the people in the cities of India are not prosperous or happy. A smile is not often seen. The ricksha men have incredibly thin legs.

"The poor benighted Hindu;
He does the best he kin do.
He sticks to his caste
From first to last
And for pants he makes his skin do."

He is fortunate that his skin can be made to serve as a substitute, for where else would get the trousers one can hardly imagine. The native people of India do not look very well fed or in any too good health.

Smallpox was epidemic in Bombay and also in Calcutta when I was there. The week before my visit to Calcutta saw 505 cases and 377 deaths. In the preceding week they had had 581 new cases and 451 deaths. They said singularly little about it. That number of cases in an American city would not pass without concern.

India is a country of men. One sees singularly few women. Whether in the temples or in the shops or on the streets, men constitute an astonishing majority. There are children a-plenty in India, but one does not see them everywhere, as, for instance, he does in Japan. There may be happy childhood in India, but it is not visible to the visitor.

Bulls at Warranget, a fine artistic work.

The cow is a very sacred animal in India. A man gets off the sidewalk for her, and she lies down if she likes on the steps of the Chartered Bank of India, and the financiers of the city walk around her. It is no wonder the Hindu looks forward in hope that in some future reincarnation he may be a cow. Most of the cows appear gentle enough, but one of them, most sacred of them, kept in a temple that the faithful may kiss her tail, is a vicious brute, and she came at me with lowered head and menacing horns. If she could read, I would write my opinion of her and send her a marked copy of this article.

The next thing one discovers is that religion is the soul of India. The extent to which India is split up religiously cannot be set forth adequately in description or in statistics, for even within the same religion the divisions are innumerable. Consider the matter of caste. The Rig Veda, the very ancient Hindu Scripture, recognizes four main castes—the Brahman or priest, the Kshatriya or warrior, the Vaishya or farmer and the Sudra or tradesman. The merchant caste is the lowest but below this are castes innumerable, and these are split up indefinitely. The Kammainan group, masons, blacksmiths, carpenters and leather-workers, pollute at a distance of 24 feet; toddy drawers at 30 feet, Cheruman cultivators at 48 feet and Pariahs, beef-eaters, at 64 feet.

According to the census of 1901 there were in India 2,378 separate castes. How many new ones have risen since then nobody knows. On the other hand, no one can travel on a train and be sure that he is always 64 feet away from a beef-eater.

Besides the castes are the other divisions, as, for instance, that between the Mohammedans and the Hindus, which, just between you and me, is the salvation of England's Raj or rule. Let there be in such a city as Calcutta a Hindu festival, with banners and music and a great procession, and let some infatuated Mohammedan, horrified by the grossness of the idolatry, rush out in front of the procession and stab a cow—more human lives will be lost than the newspapers will ever report, and the police will rush in and stop the riot. But after it is all over every sensible Britain will say, "So long as this continues, Great Britain's Raj will be supreme in India."

And so long as this continues, the rule of England ought to be supreme.

Just at present, Mrs. Annie Besant is in Bombay seeking support for a bill to be introduced in Parliament to give India its liberty of self-government at a single stroke. The English newspapers in India have much to say about it, which need not be repeated here. But suppose Britain wanted to give India the right of self-government, to whom would she give it? India has more nationalities than all Europe, and far more languages. How and to whom could she communicate the fact that she had decided to let India govern herself? And in what language could the six per cent of native Indians who can read, learn of England's purpose? Not, certainly, in any one of the languages of India. Only in English could these people learn of England's intention. And how would they inform the other 94 per cent that it was their duty and privilege to rise up and outvote the literate six per cent?

This whole problem is a difficult one, statistically, at least.

The truth is that slavery has not

yet been abolished in India. In this year of our Lord, 1925, it is officially announced that the Maharajah Tribhubana Bir Bikrem, absolute ruler of Nepal, and master of the fighting Ghurkas, the Rajputana race that controls Nepal, has ordered the gradual emancipation of the 50,000 slaves of that territorial division of a country that is nominally ruled by Britain.

Here is another complication. Service in India is increasingly unpopular in England. The young men of the universities have a deep and growing reluctance to go out to India, enduring the heat and the homesickness and to be frowned on in India and none too highly regarded at home.

"How do you like the view of the Taj Mahal?" asked a British official as we stood together looking at that entrancing vision. I told him how beautiful it appeared to me; I had never seen anything more beautiful.

"I can tell you what would appear more beautiful to me," he said, "a view of the breakwater of Bombay over the stern of a homeward-bound ship."

He spoke for many an English official in India.

If representatives of British Government are disturbed because young graduates of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge prefer careers that promise more of reward and less of discomfort, the educated young native of India has no such sorrow over that aspect of the situation. He begs leave to remind Great Britain that there are in India thousands of graduates of accredited schools who are willing and capable of fulfilling the duties of these offices. Indeed, these thousands of graduates are overcrowding the professions, especially the law. Let a man step foot inside the courthouse in any city in India, and there rush at him a number of native gentlemen who say, "I will undertake your cause; employ me." Ambulance chasers in the United States are a modest and backward set compared with these lawyers of India. If a man dies, and leaves five sons and four brothers, there must be nine lawyers, so, at least, I was told, and the nine lawyers are at hand and ready to undertake the cases, no matter how small. It is a happy day for one of these men when he can secure some kind of government appointment.

It is almost as bad in the case of physicians. A native doctor is more than willing to accept a subordinate's place in government service, for it secures him a dependable income. But every now and again he asks, "Why should my place be subordinate? Am I not as competent, as well educated, as my superior, who is a white man, and has no other visible mark of superiority?"

In general, I think, the English and American missionaries are disposed to sympathize very strongly with the demand for a native leadership in the native churches and to encourage it; but there are things to be said on both sides of the question.

England has been dealing with the difficult task of administering affairs among distant and alien populations. Kipling knew something of what he was talking about when, at the end of the war with Spain, he notified the United States that the time had come for her to try her hand at the game in Cuba and the Philippines:

"Take up the white man's burden, the
cruel wars of peace;
Fill full the mouth of famine,
and bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest,
the goal for others sought,
Watch sloth and heathen folly bring
all your gains to naught."

He who has been in Manila and seen the Filipinization of the service there at a rate all too rapid for the people's good, and an agitation there for complete self-government for which the people seem far from ready, has some measure of appreciation of what England faces in India. In sanitation and education we seem to have done better than Great Britain, but we have had vastly smaller populations to work upon, and we are not yet sure whether all our education has been wisely accomplished. Britain is conservative and has moved slowly, reluctant to disturb situations that did not require readjustment. But England has her troubles. The United States may w be thankful that she does not have problem of governing India.

An impartial visitor is bound to that in the main England has done w She has not been needlessly seve Her easy-going, good-natured tolera has helped adjust her method situations where the American wo be more likely to fret and use langua Certainly India is vastly better what England has done for her, though this is disputed by so editors.

Will there be a revolution? Th are native Indian leaders enough w want it, and who partly by passive sistence and partly by any other av able means are ready for it. It m come. But I do not see the signs of In the first place, it is almost impossi for any native to own a firearm India. A white man who buys a volver must register it, and describe and give occasional account of it, a have every purchase of cartridges corded, and if he sells it, there must a record of the sale and official proval of the person to whom it is so There are, of course, firearms possession of natives, and every Am can is warned that he will make hi self trouble if he enters India with weapon, for the natives have the i pression that some Americans mi possibly be induced to sell them volvers, but I have not learned of a instances in which this has occurr It would be very difficult to organ any military uprising in India unl it originated in the native regime themselves. But those native re ments have memories of the Sep Mutiny, and they know that the f tresses of India have enou British troops within the and more largely in the in fortifications, to prevent a general and successful uprisi

But even more to point is the fact that In has no unity of populat or language or of religion of aspiration. There mutterings and ominous si of discontent, but I do observe any basis for a be that India is likely to eff a successful union of Hin and Mohammedan, or a consolidation of the caste the Hindu population t could make them capable effective resistance to Brit authority. Meantime, Brit officials are frankly worri and many of them are s and tired of a job that bri them interminable annoya in India and exasperat criticism from Britain. Th are many of them to wh the Taj Mahal would seem a less beautiful object than a view of the breakwater f Bombay over the stern o a homeward-bound steamer.

Taj Mahal. A mausoleum of white alabaster, a mile east of Agra. It is the most beautiful seventeenth century edifice in any land, and the supreme achievement of Mohammedan art.

India

"—Somewhere East of Suez"

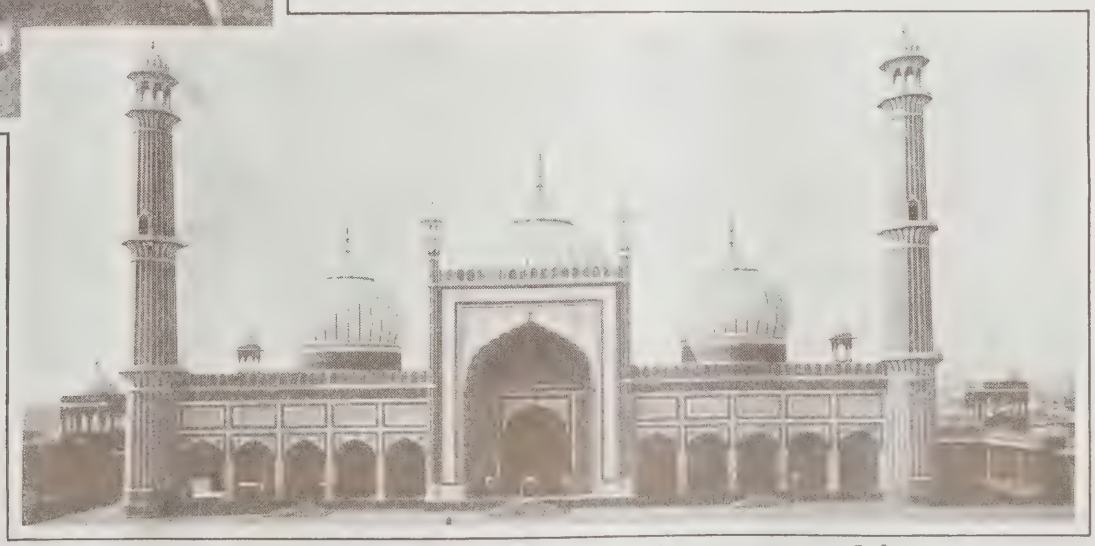
Left—Native climbing toddy tree, Ceylon, India.

An interesting temple at Valpi, India.

REMAINS of the Thousand Pillared Temple at Hanamkonda, India, are shown above.

Left—Her Highness, the Maharani of Savantvadi, daughter of His Highness, the Gaikwar of Baroda.

Right—A morning bath in the Ganges River.



The Jumma Mosque at Delhi. This is the largest mosque in India.

THE man who takes the oath today to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States only assumes the solemn obligation which every citizen . . . . . should share with him. The Constitution which prescribes his oath, my Countrymen, is yours; the laws and the entire scheme of our civil rule, from the town meeting and the State capitals and the National capital, is yours. Every voter, as surely as your chief magistrate, under the same high sanction, though in a different sphere, exercises a public trust. Nor is this all. Every citizen owes to the country a vigilant watch and close scruting of its public servants and a fair and reasonable estimate of their fidelity and usefulness . . . . . This is the price of our liberty and the inspiration of our faith in the republic. —*Grover Cleveland's First Inaugural, 1893.*

DEA

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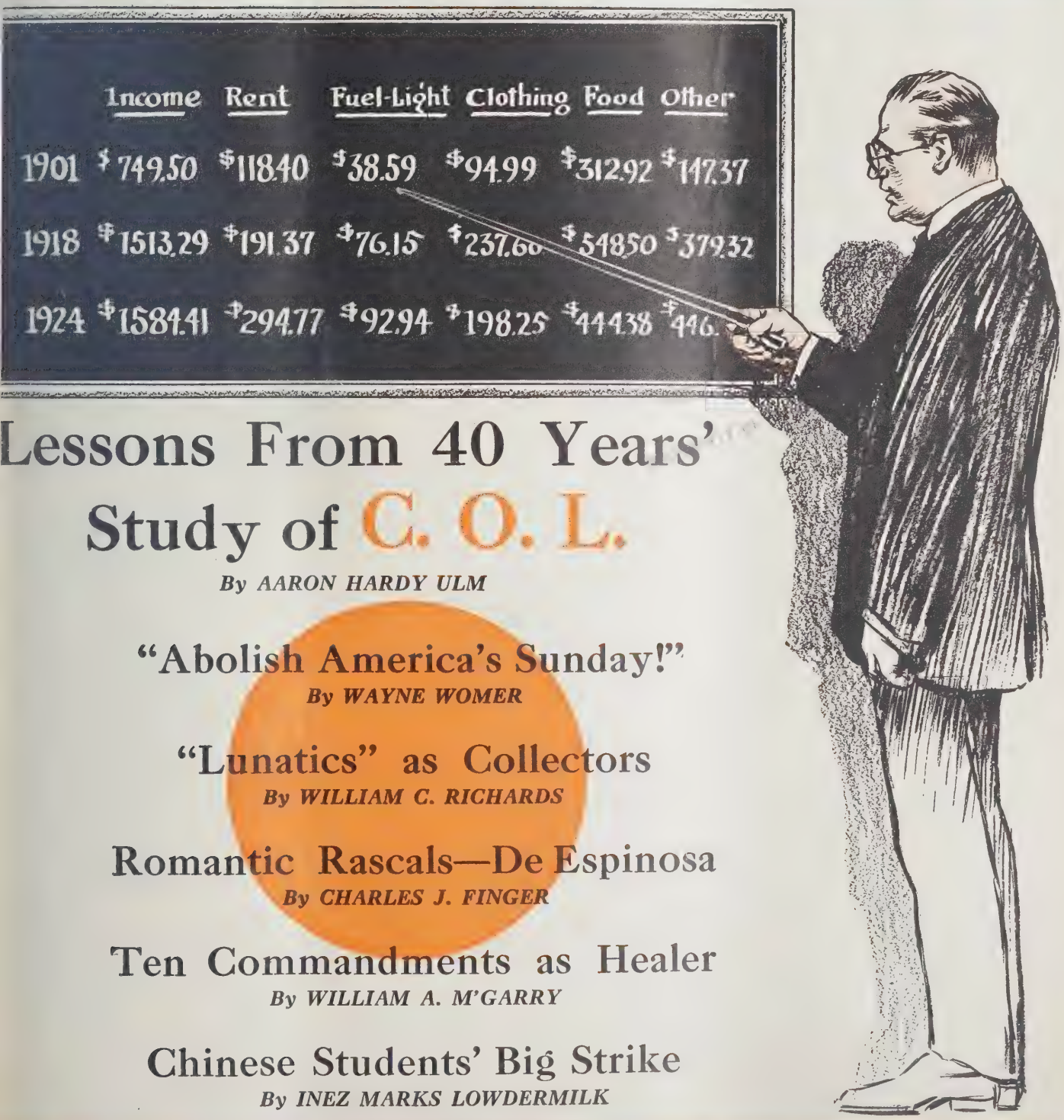


Lessons From 40 Years' Study of C. O. L.

By AARON HARDY ULM

"Abolish America's Sunday!"

By WAYNE WOMER

"Lunatics" as Collectors

By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

Romantic Rascals—De Espinosa

By CHARLES J. FINGER

Ten Commandments as Healer

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

Chinese Students' Big Strike

By INEZ MARKS LOWDERMILK

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

Sepia is a rich brown pigment prepared from the ink, or black secretion, of various cuttlefishes of the same name.

"Speed Limit Through Nazareth 10 Miles per hour." So reads a sign on Mary's Well at Nazareth.

Women participated in French elections, for the first time, May 4.

As a surveyor, George Washington dragged his chain along the surface of the ground, up and down hills, without making any allowance in his calculations for the hills. Consequently, modern surveyors are having trouble checking up his old surveys in what is now Maryland.

Hired men on many western farms refuse to plow unless the farmer gives them at least twelve horses in a hitch. Twenty-horse hitches frequently pull six fourteen-inch bottoms.

Cortes' Spanish forces were in need of gunpowder at one time and as sulphur was a necessary constituent of gunpowder one of his officers permitted himself to be lowered into the crater of the Mexican volcano Popocatepetl where he obtained it.

Of 28,000 Christian missionaries working in foreign fields, 19,000 are from the United States, while American annual contributions to the work amount to $40,000,000 out of a total of $45,000,000.

From the fingerprints on file in the identification bureau of Scotland Yard, some 260,000 positive identifications have been made.

Among other dogs used by the Department of Agriculture to fatten fleas to test germicides was a bull pup that was found to be immune. As fast as the insects were placed on the dog they hopped off. Scientists are trying to find out the secret of his defensive armament.

Power alcohol is being distilled from the crushed prickly pear cactus of Australia.

The sun rises in the Pacific and sets in the Atlantic in the Panama Canal, because the east end of the canal points toward the Pacific and the west end toward the Atlantic.

Mark Twain always wanted the door of his writing room closed. He explained that "an open door did not let the cold in, but let the cosiness out."

Warts are supposed to be cured in Kishu, Japan, by touching them with a stick, the other end of which touches a tree. The stick is then tapped with the injunction, "warts, pass over the bridge." This is uttered three times. The warts are then supposed to pass into the tree.

Twenty-one million letters went to the Dead Letter Office last year.

Traffic increases a third every decade.

Water, land and air are now being used for traffic between Detroit and Cleveland.

Asiatics who served in the United States Army, Navy or Coast Guard during the World War are not entitled to naturalization, the Supreme Court has decided.

Documents, including a Masonic diploma from Washington Lodge No. 26, making Jonathan Cowdery a Master Mason, and two commissions engraved on sheepskin parchments, the first signed by President John Adams, and the second by President Thomas Jefferson, making Cowdery a surgeon's mate and a full surgeon in the United States Navy, has been found in a steel case hidden in an old brick wall of a house under repairs at Norfolk, Va.

The Sam Browne belt was invented by a one-armed British officer.

Rotten wood is used in the polishing of the fine parts of the highest grade Swiss and French watches.

Crop reporting by airplane observers is now being tried in North Carolina by the United States Department of Agriculture.

A trained bird dog has been retrieving, for his boy master, golf balls driven by players at a Chicago golf course. Players were puzzled by the mysterious disappearance of their golf balls until they caught the dog in the act of carrying the ball to the boy.

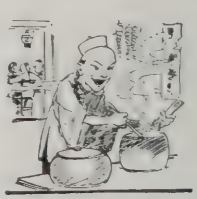
Many regions of Latin America have excellent hardwood timber forests far in excess of their own needs, so much so that in some instances they destroy them to utilize the land for agriculture.

The "busy bee" spends more time in the hive than she does outside hunting nectar. She only makes 31.65 trips during her lifetime and gathers only eight-tenths of a gram of nectar.

American gray squirrels, imported into England, have driven the native British red squirrel from the parks. In America the red squirrel is considered the best fighter of the two.

"Where the child doth well, let the master praise him, and say, here ye do well. For I assure you, there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good wit and encourage a will to learning, as is praise."—*Roger Ascham, 1515-1568.*

There are 6,500,000 farms in America, according to the *Christian Science Monitor*, and these use 4,200,000 automobiles and 670,000 trucks.



Women managing a restaurant in Canton, China, found cooks of their own sex incompetent and were compelled to "man" their kitchen. In China, the sphere of woman does not include housework.

August 8, 1925
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* * *
Change of Address
1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
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Presented in This Issue

Mr. Ford's Page this week concludes the discussion, Private Business versus Employment as a career.

We should not be publishing this paper if we did not know that we are giving profitable information to our readers. We do not seek to duplicate other magazines. They are doing their own kind of work well enough. We are not suppressing any facts out of fear that they may ruffle some reader's mind. We publish information that will help our readers interpret what they read in the newspapers and what they see around them. Our principle is Truth, not Policy.

To have observed day by day, month by month, for forty years, the changes in the standard and cost of living, qualifies a man to express an opinion about it. A rather startling series of statements about our condition today, as compared with 1885, comprise the article which occupies three pages of this issue.

"Lunatics, By One of Them" does not relate to alienism, but to the fever of antique collection. Under the most placid exterior of the least suspected persons this guilty passion may lurk. Some of us who don't "collect" and who regard the habit from the outside, are at a loss to know what "collectors" see in it, until one of them tells us. This story communicates somewhat of the collector's inner spirit. (p. 12)

Sunday as an institution is one of the seven wonders of the world. The sun establishes the year and the four seasons, the moon the month, but where does the seven-day week come from, and why have all efforts failed to create a ten-day week? Yet, like all good things, the weekly day of rest has its enemies. For that reason we are giving a study of Sunday by an expert in the subject. All Americans should know the facts. (p. 14)

I have felt, and so have you, that if our personal finances were handled as nations do it, with their funding and refunding, the world would soon go to smash. Mr. Reeves conceived the notion of handling his plumber as the premiers handle each other, and his letter appears on page 8.

Our Chinese news comes from China, and there is no resisting the conclusion that a new era has burst forth in that country. People who have seen it coming, and how it burst, are writing for us. An article appears on page 5.

Health and religion have long been connected in thought and experience. The first temples were hospitals and the cure of bodies went with the cure of souls. The Ten Commandments as a health regimen are worth considering. A scientist has studied the Decalogue from the health point of view, with interesting conclusions. (p. 18)

Mr. Finger contributes this week another of his popular series, "Romantic Rascals." (p. 16)

Peter Schuyler is in New York but not of it. He is specially informed as to New York's theatrical life and his reports are useful in forming opinions. As long as we insist on accepting our plays from New York, the field and its occupants will repay observation. (p. 23)

"Jerusalem and the Jews," by Hal Walker (p. 31); "Sir Francis Dicksee and His Work," by W. Teignmouth Shore (p. 2); "Mapping the Northwest Passage," by Prof. L. C. Karpinski (p. 24); "The Long, Long Trail," by S. R. Winters (p. 21), together with Briefly Tolds and Editorials, comprise this issue.

An Editorial is devoted to The Scopes Case. (p. 9)

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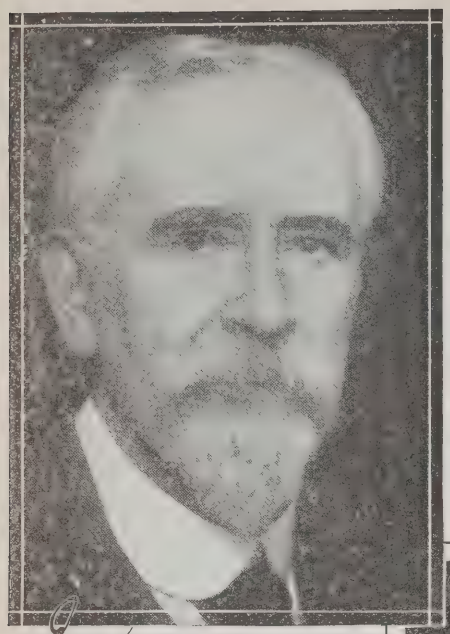


A Chat With a Famous British Painter

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

MAY is a festive and a beautiful month in London town; the parks, the squares and the gardens, the Embankment along the River Thames, all have on their gladdest clothes and flame with gay colors; lads and lasses, old boys and old girls are filled with the spirit of jollity; all the world is young! London is at her best, which means to all her true citizens that she beats all other cities hollow!

Among the first social functions in May are the private view of the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which is attended by a great many distinguished and by a few undistinguished men and women, and the Royal Academy Banquet, to which—oh, shame!—only mere men are invited. The exhibition opens to the public on the first Monday in the month.

Exactly what is the Royal Academy of Arts? Its name fairly fully expresses its aims. It was constituted by His Majesty King George III on the tenth of December, 1768, and has for its objects the conduct of a free school of art and the holding of an annual exhibition of paintings and other works of art, none of which shall have been exhibited elsewhere. The members of the academy, who acknowledge no controller save the reigning monarch, consist of forty Royal academicians and thirty associates, both being elected by the whole body of the members. Its funds are provided by the aforementioned exhibitions, one in the spring and another in the winter, the latter being for the most part collections of the works of old masters or of deceased British artists. These exhibitions were first held elsewhere in town, but now always in the rooms of the Royal Academy in Burlington House, Piccadilly, to which home they were removed in the year 1869. And so I might go along, handing out prosaic details. I will add this only that the first president was Sir Joshua Reynolds and that among the first batch of academicians, all nominated by George III, were Benjamin West, who became the second president; he was born at Springfield, Pennsylvania, in 1738; Thomas Gainsborough, Johan Zoffany, Francesco Bartolozzi, and two women—the first to achieve academic honor—Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser; do you know these two? If not, it doesn't matter a bit, for they didn't either of them do anything worth remembering. Since those days there has been held this famous annual Spring Exhibition "open to all artists of distinguished merit, where they may offer their performances to public inspection, and acquire that degree of reputation and encouragement which they shall be deemed to deserve." Of course, those artists who have not been deemed worthy of encouragement have had hard things to say of the academy, alleging that it stands in the way of new men and new practices. But there, is it not to a certain extent the duty of an academy to be academic and not intoxicatingly or frivolously progressive or revolutionary?

Sir Francis Dicksee, president of the Royal Academy, and his home.

To the world of art in Great Britain the president of the Royal Academy stands somewhat in the same position as does the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Christian churches; he is the head of the community of the orthodox, and must not be without reasonable sympathy with sincere non-conformists.

This jolly afternoon in May, when the lilacs were all a-blooming and the hawthorns bedecked with red or white blossoms, and the air filled with their fragrances, I bethought me that it would be pleasant and advantageous to go up to Maida Vale. "Up," because it is a northern portion of London. Maida Vale; a pleasing name and quite a pretty place, where the houses mostly have spacious gardens. Why should I go there? Because therein dwells Sir Francis Dicksee, who in December last was elected president of the Royal Academy; a native of London; aged 71; a member of a family of artists. He first exhibited at the R. A. in 1876, was elected A. R. A. in 1881 and R. A. in 1891; and is as kindly and courteous a friend as the heart of man or woman could desire. It was many years since I had first met him and I was curious to see how time had been dealing with him. Much more kindly, alack, than it has done with myself! A tallish, slimish, well-set-up man he is; mustache, beard and hair a seemly gray and trim; eyes dark. Perhaps his most distinguishing physical gift is his singularly pleasing, soft-toned voice. As a whole, a very winning personality, to which Time has not dealt any uncouth blows.

The big studio was pleasantly cool to come into out of the hot glare of the sun. Old-fashioned in some ways, for the majority of artists today are more frugal in their decorations, probably because they cannot afford to be otherwise. For times are hard here with most of the painters of pictures; millionaires do not purchase futures, but prefer to invest their pounds or dollars in old established masters, whose works are rare and bring rare prices.

"It's dreadfully untidy," said Sir Frank—few call him Sir Francis—as we went down the stairs from the house.

So indeed it was, but I thought it a very proper untidiness; artistic litter. A lofty room, with splendid north light from the big, sloping skylight; rare and valuable tapestry upon the walls; bits of armor; a gilded (Concluded on page 26)

In 1870 the twelve-hour day was common. Now labor works less than ten hours, most of them eight

Lessons From Forty Years' Study of the Cost of Living

By AARON HARDY ULM
ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

"WHEN I started in this work," says Ethelbert Stewart, chief cost-of-living investigator for the United States Government, "one could buy eggs at from 6 to 8 cents a dozen; butter sold for 20 cents a pound; three pounds of round steak could be bought with a quarter of a dollar—and common laborers were paid only a dollar a day. Were those the good old times? That calls for a lot of discussion, but, to answer briefly, they were *not*—emphatically *not!*"

Mr. Stewart was appointed recently to succeed himself as Commissioner of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. It is a singular establishment in that, though governmental, it has no power, no authority, and never, since it was set up in 1885, has it sought any. Its duty is to discover and record *facts* about prices and wages and the cost of living and living standards and working conditions.

"If we had had power to demand the facts which we have had to get from private sources," says Mr. Stewart, "they would not have been given to us so fully and freely. Since we could only ask for them, not more than one in a thousand persons ever has refused to tell us anything we wanted to know."

Mr. Stewart joined the staff of the establishment—then known as the Bureau of Statistics—in 1887 and has been with it since that time. Hence he probably has studied over a longer period the subjects dealt with than has any other living person. What changes have come about during the nearly forty years' time which his pursuit has covered? The writer asked him about them, also their meaning.

"The cost of living, of course, has changed," he said. "But living itself has changed even more so. When I took up this work, the telephone was just being established. The horse-drawn street car still was operated in practically all of the cities. Apartment houses were unknown and even the word 'flat' as applied to living abodes had not come into use. City as well as country homes still relied on the kerosene lamp for artificial light. Tin cans were used very little as food containers. Less food per person was produced in the country than at the present time and fewer persons in the city got enough to eat. While they had less to eat, they had more living room than now. The size of one's house still had a lot to do with fixing one's standing in the community.

Our studies indicate that *the cycle as to housing has run its course, and we are going back to the custom of the eighties.*

"The food problem has undergone enormous change, mostly for the better. Forty years ago a large proportion of the working class of city folk didn't get enough to eat, of any kind of food, at all times to satisfy crude hunger. While some still do not get enough to eat, common hunger is no longer a factor or a threat of importance in American life. A lot of people, particularly children, are undernourished as school surveys and our studies of home economy indicate. But you will find these among the rich as well as the poor; it is due to errors of diet and not to lack of food. The sheer bread and meat problem, as it was when I took up this work, no longer exists.

"At that time food was, with a large proportion of city people, a matter mostly

The following figures on average family income and expenditures were derived from studies of the home affairs of from twelve to twenty-five thousand working-class families in cities of all sections of the country:

		SPENT FOR			
Income	Rent	Fuel and Light	Clothing	Food	Other Purposes
In 1901 $ 749.50	$118.40	$ 38.59	$ 94.99	$312.92	$147.37
In 1918 1,513.29	191.37	76.15	237.60	548.50	379.32
In 1924 1,584.41 (Estimated)	294.77	92.94	198.25	444.38	446.42

The last figures are for the month of December, 1924. Those for income are estimated and possibly are slightly high. They are based on statistics of employment and wages procured from employers and not directly from wage earners.

of bread and meat; particularly was this so during winter months. The per capita consumption of both bread and meat has fallen off, mainly because of the greater availability of other things.

"Take eggs. The average family consumed fewer of them in 1887, when they could be bought for ten cents a dozen or less, than in 1925, when they cost from 40 to 70 cents a dozen. Moreover, their egg consumption then was crowded into the summer months when the supply was plentiful. Only the rich could afford eggs regularly during the winter periods of small production. When we grow wrathy about the high cost of eggs even in spring and summer, we forget that this makes it possible for the average family to eat eggs in winter.

"The average family's table variety is due largely to cold storage and the tin can. In the eighties the consumption of canned goods by the average family was insignificant. Now it is large.

"Even as late as 1901, the average family consumed only $16.52 worth of fruit a year, and most of that in summer when local supplies were plentiful and cheap. In the cities, fresh vegetables were unknown among ordinary folk in winter. Barring potatoes, the only vegetables they got then were of the dried kind. Now the consumption of fresh or canned vegetables is spread throughout the year.

"When we first began to trail the cost of living, milk sold at from 5 to 6 cents a quart. But the only working class families that had it regularly were those that kept cows, then a common but now a rare practice in the cities. In many of the smaller cities, butter sold for 10 cents a pound. It was only 20 cents in Chicago in 1890; there was much excitement when the World Fair crowds sent it to 26 in 1893. Yet more butter is consumed now by the average working class family and it is better butter; for the Jersey or creamery kind, now general, was just coming in then.

"Take it from me, the average American would not now consider the sort of table set by the average family of the eighties as very appetizing. During much of the time it contained little except bread and meat—and the latter of the salt or preserved kind—and gravy and molasses.

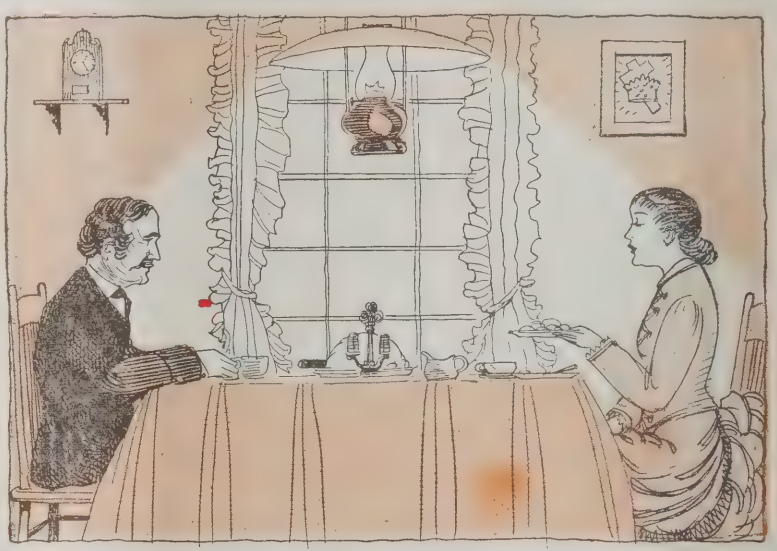
"Improvement owes, in much part of course, to increased purchasing power.

"When this office was established, the average worker's family had less than $500 a year for living expenses. In 1870, to be exact, average family expenditures among working people of the cities amounted to $497 a year. It increased only to $699 by 1901. Now it is $1,477.

"Purchasing power has not increased as much as the total of expenditures in terms of dollars. Most prices are around double what they were when we began recording them regularly.

"A few articles are as cheap or cheaper. Coffee costs less than in the eighties. Tea is about the same. Sugar is only a little costlier. Flour is only a little higher than it was in 1890, but in terms of baker's bread, not much used then, it is much higher.

"There has been an increase of purchasing power beyond what can be stated in figures. It lies in the wider range of selection and variety that now prevails. Even with the relatively same money a table can be set with far more palatable and healthful food than in the eighties.



The table set by our people in 1880 would not satisfy the average citizen today. Bread and meat, gravy and molasses were then the staples.

"Much of the increased cost of food is caused by a widened spread between wholesale and retail prices.

"When this office was established it took a minimum of 300 families to support a grocery store. Now there is a grocery store for about every 72 families in the cities. Amplified service, as illustrated by the greater use of package goods, also has increased retail prices.

"While there is no way of stating it statistically, I would say that average living standards in this country have increased by 200 to 300 per cent since we began to keep tab on them. The increase has been all along the line. Those of the wealthy have gone up as much or more than those of the working classes. We still have the contrasts of old but we haven't the old conditions. Far from it.

"Wages for all working classes have gone up in ratio to the figures on family expenditures. Before the World War the greatest gains in wages were made by workers in the skilled trades. While their money wages have increased much since that time, the earnings of skilled workers on the whole have not gone up as much as many people believe. They have not increased much if any more than living costs. The so-called unskilled worker who gained far less than the skilled prior to 1914, is the one whose condition was most improved by circumstances attending and following the war. His wages have trebled and quadrupled.

"Yet the common laborer type of unskilled worker is passing—and partly is because he is passing out that he is faring better. There always will be some drudgery calling for common labor of the pick-and-shovel type. But machinery can take the place of most of it and is doing it. Since immigration was reduced, many concerns have found that much of the kind of work that used to be loaded on the backs of men can now be done with machines and more cheaply and better. Our greatest wastage of men is now in the common labor realm. If you estimate it by what is done now where only reasonably good mechanical practice is followed, it approximates the daily toil of several million men.

"When we began detailed researches on the subject, the 12-hour day was common in American industry. The 10-hour day was the virtual minimum. Now a majority of the working people have less than a 10-hour day, most of them an 8 hour day.

"There was no leisure problem in the eighties, as we have found that there is now. The bureau has been studying the leisure problem with the view of setting forth the facts. To have made such a study even ten years ago would have seemed laughably absurd. But the question of what people who work may do with the leisure which millions of them now have on their hands is a quite real one."

"Has the internal economy of the home changed much?" Commissioner Stewart was asked.

"In some incidental respects, yes; basically, not a great deal.

"One of the first investigations that helped make for the bureau was a survey of divorces, the first inclusive one made in this country. The public was astonished when it learned from statistics we gathered that *the majority of divorces were procured by wives.* That has continued, along with an increasing rate of divorce. We no longer follow the subject, but I think a conclusion indicated by our report is sustained by later investigations. It is that divorce is essentially an economic problem. We found that wives left their husbands largely because they were not supported as (Concluded on page 2

China Protests Greed

Students and Strikers Agree

By INEZ MARKS LOWDERMILK

—Nanking, China (By Mail)

WHAT would happen in the United States if every student from the kindergarten to college should go on a strike, to make stump speeches? Yet this is what has taken place this past week in China and things have been happening which may have a powerful influence for weal or woe in the coming years.

China, with her four hundred millions of people sprawled halfway across Asia, has suddenly been seized with a spasm of patriotism as never before. The spark which lighted the flame in every city in China was the message: "FOREIGNERS SHOOT AND KILL UNARMED STUDENTS IN SHANGHAI" sent out as a circular telegram by the students union headquarters. Immediately every school closed its classes and mass meetings were held and campaign plans laid. More than a million students became hot with indignation and expression was given to the smoldering and accumulating grievances of the past.

The cause immediate—perhaps it is better to say, the *occasion*—of this trouble in Shanghai was the recent strike in the Japanese Naigai Wata Kaisha Cotton Mills. Let it be said at once that no place in the world has commercialism shown its glaring greed and wrongs as in Shanghai factories where there are no laws to hold it in check. Twelve to fifteen hours a day are required of women and children for a wage that does not even satisfy the call of hunger. Labor is the only cheap thing in China nowadays. Competition for work is so keen that fathers work unbelievably long hours for a pittance which forces his babes into the factories as soon as they can move their tiny hands.

No one blames the strikers for striking against the hideous grind in which they have worked to make factory owners immensely wealthy. The first blame lies with the Japanese owners who fired on some unarmed strikers, wounding ten and killing one.

On Saturday, May 30, the students from several of the mushroom colleges of Shanghai, which it is intimated are supported by Russian money for propaganda purposes, formed a mass group and entered the International Settlement (really British) to make speeches and agitate in behalf of the strikers, also against certain regulations which the municipal council had proposed for adoption. Another grievance was what they called taxation without representation. The municipal police arrested several of the students and lodged them in the Louza police station. This aroused all classes of students and they stormed the police station. They were ordered to disperse and as they refused, the police (sikhs from India) were ordered to shoot. Nine students and others were killed instantly and many were injured, some fatally. Thereupon the electrifying telegram "Foreigners kill unarmed students in Shanghai" was flashed to all corners of China, and this brought on the greatest strike in the modern history of China. Wise principals and college presidents did not resist the strike and in these institutions good feeling has largely been maintained. Where any opposition was given the result was disastrous for the school. St. John's, one of the oldest and largest in China, was closed in a bad way, the students and Chinese faculty taking a vow never to return to the campus.

Only a short time ago the idea prevailed generally that there could be no public opinion or concerted public action in China. The masses could not read or write and thus they could not be reached. That idea must be relegated to the past. More than one million students, with streaming banners, paraded in cities from the Pacific to Tibet and from Mongolia to Annam. They went into every section of the cities and towns and, mounting the proverbial stump and soap boxes, they made violently patriotic speeches and instructed the illiterate populace about the Shanghai affair and about the wrongs done to China by the foreigners. Tracts and banners were given out. The milder ones were: "Down with Imperialism"—"Get back the foreign concessions"—"Use only native goods"—"Boycott English and Japanese goods"—"Do away with unequal treaties." There were others more lurid and calculated to incite passion. In some cases Scripture was quoted in English—"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword" and one poor student got his English and Scripture sadly mixed when he wrote, "It is easier to see a stick in thy brother's eye than a BEAN in thine own."

Every child and coolie has had more patriotism pumped into him in this past week than any time in Chinese history. Public sentiment and knowledge of the masses, which was thought impossible to attain, has not only sprung up in one week but has developed into such proportions that hundreds of laborers in foreign firms have struck. The students are refraining from eating meat and abstaining from all luxuries, to feed the strikers in Shanghai and (*Concluded on page 28*)

Left—Students' Parade (a part of the students' parade of 25,000, Nanking). Right—Laborers' parade (making demands before the Japanese Consulate, Nanking.) About the Ancient Drum Tower, Nanking. Below—Students and labor strikers entering the auditorium of the National University at Nanking to discuss the Japanese and British boycott.

Fighting Philadelphia's Rum Ring

How General Butler Is Handicapped by City's Undercurrent of Alcohol

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

PHILADELPHIA is the principal center in the United States for the manufacture of illegal drink from denatured alcohol. This statement is made on the authority of Governor Pinchot of the State of Pennsylvania. It explains the tenacious persistence of the forces that are opposing General Smedley D. Butler's attempts to establish for good a "dry" Philadelphia; "easy money" is the strongest motive that men can have for breaking laws.

General Butler with Superintendent of Police William Mills.

Denatured alcohol, of course, is legitimately released for non-beverage use, and there are large legitimate manufacturers of the distillate; these have the best end of the business, since they can sell to permit-holders without danger. The largest concern, probably, is the Publicker Commercial Alcohol Company; its owners, the Publicker brothers, before prohibition, were small dealers; I am told their fortune is now estimated at $40,000,000; they manufacture alcohol from molasses shipped up from New Orleans, and have just constructed in the Quaker City the big Publicker Building.

In Philadelphia's Tenderloin they point out to you one-time "stick-up men" and gamblers, who are growing rich in making the volatile fluid, and even among the conservative financiers of Chestnut street the quick fortunes made in the upswing of the alcohol industry are the talk of the day. Men who, before the coming of prohibition, shone only in humble circumstances, or in capacities not so humble as they were surreptitious, now flaunt all the trappings and paraphernalia of ostentatious wealth. Among owners of numerous distilling and chemical concerns, ethyl solvents companies and industrial distillers' plants, one may note Max Hoff, known to his intimates as "Booboo," who has also an office for the promotion of the art of boxing in the Bankers' Trust Building. Another successful distiller is Nathan Klewonski, often called "The John," of Cobb's Creek Parkway; in the old wet days, so the story runs, he drove an ice wagon. Then there is Charles Spidelli, with an office in the Bankers' Trust Building and also a smaller one in Room 622, in the Washington Square Building; he was once familiarly entitled "The Turk" because of his strong right arm. The three Hamowitz brothers have also prospered in the industry; Charley was at one time a police officer at the old Third Police District, Fourth and DeLancy streets; Irving, despite his youth, is accredited with wielding considerable influence.

Other pioneers in the Quaker City's great industry are "Bus" Beirenstein, of Atlantic City; Pete E. Waxler, once a fight promoter; Philip Cohen, Harry Levy and Harry Shiekman, who, before the advent of dry, denatured days, was engaged in more hazardous enterprise.

Many of these prosperous distillers have the reputation of approximating millionaires; of possessing wonderful residences in the Quaker City and summer homes at Atlantic City; of going to Florida for their winter vacations, and sporting footmen and chauffeurs as they drive out in their motors and, in short, of leading the lives of well-merited happiness that accompanies success.

Prohibition has proved a good thing for the Chosen People.

There is said to be a $100,000,000 alcohol ring in Philadelphia; a few millions more or less don't matter, for the illicit trade and its profits require slight exaggeration. The increased production of alcohol is out of all proportion to the natural increase for industrial and other proper uses. There is no adequate system by which the enormous production and distribution of distillate can be checked by record effective in preventing its passage in huge quantities into the bootleg trade.

There were 151 manufacturers in November, 1924, who were authorized to make toilet waters, hair tonics and tobacco sprays in Philadelphia. They withdrew in the first ten months of 1924 more than 1,100,000 gallons of specially denatured alcohol, which is estimated to be enough to make toilet waters, hair tonics and tobacco sprays for the people of the entire world. Nine permittees claimed to have used and sold more than 185,000 gallons of denatured alcohol in tobacco sprays during these ten months. According to the formula used by the largest manufacturers of tobacco in the country this was tobacco spray sufficient to have treated twice over the whole tobacco product of the United States in 1924 and half the product of the entire world. Of these 151 manufacturers, 128 were found by state officials to be engaged in violations of the law or in crooked practices to cover such violations.

The Public Safety Department of Philadelphia is in possession of more information relating to the trickery in the illicit liquor traffic than probably any other police organization in the United States. Lieutenant Charles Beckman, head of the liquor squad who was recently promoted to that post by Director Butler because of the energy and success he has shown in pursuit of law violators, described to me the general system on which the trade in venomous distillate for beverage purposes is conducted.

Under the Prohibition Act, where a manufacturer of alcohol sells his product to a permit-holder, it is necessary for the former to deliver all his goods in bonded trucks, the barrels having serial numbers for purposes of identification; otherwise he is subject to a penalty of losing his right to manufacture alcohol. This safeguard instituted by the Government was displeasing to the manufacturers who wished to evade the law; so *through political influence* which they could exercise, a loophole was found which enabled them to do business with bootleggers without risk. The Govern-

nent was persuaded to permit a man o go into business who is known as a 'distributor"; there was thus created a 'cover house," or intermediary be-ween the manufacturer and the per-nit-holder. The distributor became, in ther words, a clearing house for al-ohol, and enabled the manufacturer to void his responsibilities in illicit sales f the distillate.

When the manufacturer of de-atured alcohol delivers his output to he distributor in bonded trucks, the atter may turn it over to any person vho has a permit in any old truck, vithout any responsibility on his part r that of the manufacturer.

The procedure is as follows: A ermit-holder in Philadelphia, known s the Sunny Day Company, financed y a man named Cohn, who is ostensi-ly a manufacturer of soaps, chemicals nd colognes, has the legal right to vithdraw 300 fifty-gallon barrels of lcohol a month. He can withdraw hat amount from, say, the Consolidated Denaturing Company, but in doing so, e would have to take every barrel nto his own place of business. He bjects to doing that, because he has nother, and more profitable plan in nind. Instead of that, Cohn notifies he Consolidated to deliver his monthly equisition to a certain dis-ributor. The cover house hen goes through the ormality of notifying Cohn, of the Sunny Day Company: "We have 300 barrels to deliver to you."

Cohn: "All right; hold t."

It would be foolish to bother with the manu-acture of soaps, chemicals r colognes. The permittee as an easier way to make is money. He consults is private list of boot-eggers and selects a name.

Cohn (over the tele-phone): "Say, Jake, what will you give me for my output this month?"

"The bootlegger: "I'll make it, say, $2.50 a gal-on. How does that suit you?"

Cohn (contemptuous-y): "Not enough, Jake; I can do better."

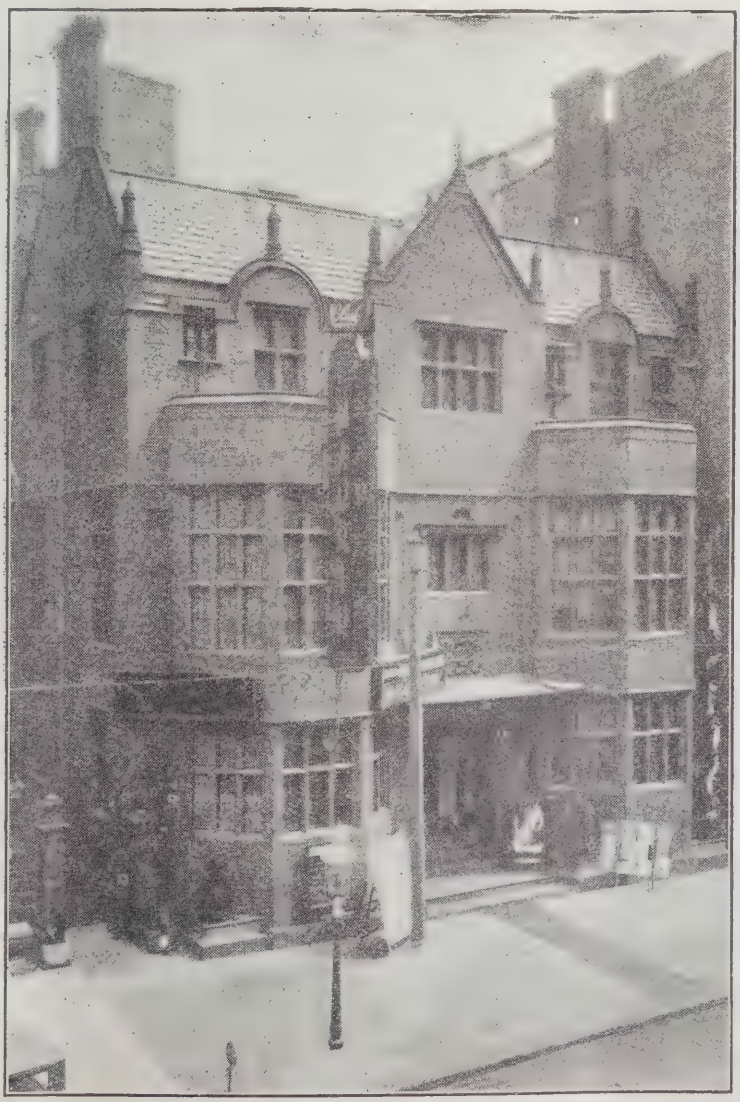
He calls up succes-ively all the bootleggers n his list. One offers him $3.00 a gallon; another bids $4.00. The highest bidder gets the prize. In he case of Cohn, the dis-ributor was paid $11,250 or 15,000 gallons of de-atured alcohol; he ob-ained from the bootlegger he sum of $60,000. The month's profit is $48,750.

The successful boot-egger, in possession of the permit, now sends his truck to the distributor; on the seat beside the driver sits a colored man, who is outfitted with a small metal scraper. As they reach the distributing plant, they observe a couple of police or internal revenue agents on the watch, in an auto, to trace the destination of the denatured alcohol. The distributor, however, coolly loads the bootlegger's truck with the barrels of distillate, each of which is marked with its serial number. The truck starts off, the trailer auto following to see whether the stuff is going to be delivered to a permit-holder. Just before the truck arrives at the bootlegger's re-distilling plant, the colored man creeps inside the truck and scrapes the telltale numbers from the barrels; the truck then shoots in-side the plant, and the door is slammed. Now should the still be raided, the raiders will find no barrels marked with serial numbers to indicate that they came from a denatured alcohol plant. The evidence is destroyed, and without a warrant, the detectives cannot ex-amine the contents of the barrels.

The bootlegger now re-distills the denatured alcohol, and "cuts" it with a quantity of low-grade whisky. He bottles and labels his product, and sells it in turn to the speak-easies with which he does business. The owner of the speak-easy retails the compound, which originally cost 75 cents a gallon, to his customers, the alcohol addicts, at 50 or 75 cents a "shot."

"The reason we are handicapped under the Snyder Act of the Pennsyl-vania Prohibition Law," said Lieuten-ant Beckman, "is that our authority ends at the doorstep. Under the Vol-stead Act, no persons except authorized Government agents are permitted to make an investigation of these dis-tilleries. Therefore we have to work on the outside and grab what comes under our notice.

"When General Butler first came to Philadelphia, we had at least 250 large re-distilling plants in the city. Today I don't believe there are more than one or two working in Philadelphia, but there are many working outside, in Chester, Camden, and the surrounding territory. Some of the denaturers *are powerful enough to go to Washington and reach certain people there who use their influence to force prohibition agents off the job.* It is reported that they give as much as $5,000 a month to a man to close his eyes, so that when a 'rough man' enters Philadelphia and begins investigating the alcohol dis-tribution game, they can go to Wash-ington and have him removed.



The Café Madrid, one of Philadelphia's cabarets.

"From 60 to 80 per cent of all specially de-natured alcohol which is distributed finally gets into the hands of bootleggers and is sold for beverage purposes. Previous to the arrival of our present. Director of Public Safety, nearly a million gallons of specially denatured alco-hol were placed here monthly; this amount of the illicit traffic has thus been cut down to about one-half; that doesn't mean that the balance is not now being distributed out-side of the city."

According to the Lieu-tenant, six large companies are controlled by a group of interlocking owners.

"They are all owned, controlled and operated by one concern and under one head," said Lieutenant Beckman. "Up to recently some of these firms were competitors, but some time in March the entire lot of concerns was incorporated into one company.

"The Consolidated Ethyl Solvents Company is the largest denatured violator. It is owned by 'Booboo' Hoff and Pete E. Waxler. Charles Spi-delli controls the Burling-ton; the Quaker is con-trolled by Harry Shiek-man and the Hamowitz brothers; the Swanson

Chemical is controlled by Nathan Klewonski, known as 'The John.' The Glenwood Distillery is controlled by Max Hoff, the 'Booboo,' and 'Bus' Beirenstein. The Beach Chemical is controlled by Nathan Klewonski, 'The John,' Harry Shiekman and 'Booboo' Hoff, they having just bought it from Boil and McGlynn. The Beach Chemical was completely closed up for more than six months, without sending out a barrel, and the people who owned it had to sell out to these six men.

"They've got a great pull. So great, in fact, that some inquiry ought to be made why certain concerns are still in business, and why they shouldn't be. We have had several permits revoked, some of them several times, but in all but two cases, they were restored. The Consolidated permit was also suspended, but the revocation was presently rescinded. We closed the McCarthy Chemical Company and its permit was revoked, but it was again restored by the Government and seven days later the plant was reopened. Again we had its permit revoked, and now it is finally out of business. We had the Philadelphia Alcohol Distributors, one of the largest of its kind, shut down, and it was compelled to go out of business.

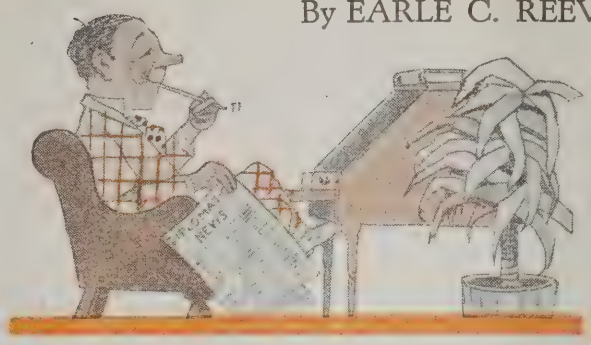
"The Pennsylvania Distributing Company is a distributor which controls most of the business that goes to permit-holders who are barbers, supply houses, and the like. It is an agent that gets rid of specially denatured alcohol. Its owner is Harry Levy, who, previous to prohibition, was a salesman of secondhand autos.

"We had the permit revoked of the Golden Ray Manufacturing Company, and after we confiscated a number of barrels of alcohol at the plant of the Sunshine Oil & Alcohol Company, it also went out of business. Then we closed the Euber Distilling Company, where we confiscated a 400-gallon still and another with a capacity of 200 gallons, besides a lot of alcohol. The Wagner Meal & Alcohol Company was owned by two brothers, 'Bob' and 'Jake' Feinstein, with offices in the Flanders Building, at Fifteenth and Market streets. We confiscated a 500-gallon still and 113 drums of alcohol, which no doubt came from the Burlington. The Burlington Distillers, it appeared, had ordered 100 drums of completely denatured alcohol from the American Distilling Company; after receiving them, they removed the denatured alcohol and filled them up with specially denatured stuff and sent them to this still. So we had to get in touch with the American to ask them why they sent specially denatured alcohol instead of completely denatured."

The foregoing examples explain some of the difficulties with which General Butler is coping in trying to suppress one form of law violation.

Treating My Plumber Diplomatically

By EARLE C. REEVES



RATHER thoughtlessly, as I now see it, I was about to send our sanitary engineer a check for $41.49. The fellow had been so pleasant about it.

But fortunately I read my newspaper, and on mornings when I am feeling a bit brisk I like to match my wits against those of foreign statesmen. I do not quite see why they are quoted at such length here, but perhaps it is because they are so clever. It is because they are so clever that I like to read them—when I am up to it. One needs to be bright and alert.

You start off like this:

By John T. King
Morning Profound's Special Paris Correspondent
Copyright 1925 by the Profound Publishing Company.
Special Cable to the *Morning Profound.*

(By this time—unless I am watchful—I have decided already that what the statesman is going to say must be very, very importantly right.)

PARIS—Premier Herraux in the Chamber of Deputies this afternoon contented himself with reiterating that France will not disavow her debts, but will loyally honor her signature.

At the same time he leaned halfway in support of Deputies This and That . . .

(Now this pair confounded me but a few days ago with arguments which—I hope they will forgive me—seemed a bit thick; but from long practice I am now not without some small degree of cleverness myself, and I think they were saying, "No.")

The formal announcement on the debt question follows in full:

So the dispatch continues. And do you know, it is the most curious thing—almost always the statesman completes his remarks on page one. They say genius is an infinite capacity for detail and I have often wondered if great European statesmen, weighed down by so many cares as they are, possibly could have given attention to such a small matter as how many words they can say and still remain on our page one over here. I am sure that it would annoy me so to have to hunt up the rest of it on page seventeen that I never would follo through my little game trying to see whether I c read one of their statemen and remain strong-willed the end, not agreeing wi *everything* they say.

It had not occurred me that this little intern tional game of mine h any practical application u til the figure $41.49 struggled through my Subconscious today.

"Why, of course," I said—and wro

"Here, Now.

"O. U. Dun, Esq.
Sanitary Engineer,
Here.
"Dear Mr. Dun,—

"I am confronted with the questi of the debts we owe, one to anoth in our village. I may not, with safet go into as long a discussion of t question as I would wish, because am not unaware of the fact that it one of no little sensitivity. Even we I to remark upon the most obvious facts, that this is a question whi should have a moral, as well as arit metical consideration, I would do not without apprehension lest ev this discussion upon a high and el vated plane be interpreted in a mo regrettable manner by yourself, t coal dealer, and the milkman.

"I can only repeat to you that have no intention of disavowing o debts, one to another. Not so long I live in this village will I disavow single one of them.

"Since you cannot now fail to und stand my position thoroughly let proceed to a discussion of the econom interdependence of all of us. Witho doubt you will have no difficulty following me when I say that t question of indebtedness cannot dissociated from the question of t

damages due from our careless, pro ertyless, and insuranceless fell citizen, Smithers, who crashed my c the other day. Nor can it be d sociated from the question of t sixty dollars owing to me from a mag zine now, I fear, expiring. You w no doubt understand (Concluded on page

EDITORIALS

William Jennings Bryan

AFTER the following editorial was on the press, the startling news came of Mr. Bryan's sudden death. In the midst of his multiplied labors, at the beginning of a campaign that promised to enlist all his brilliant energies, he died in his sleep. No small part of the surprise is due to the fact that he was comparatively young, as ages go these days—he was 65. Since that July day in 1896 when his eloquence overturned a convention and made him a Presidential nominee, he has been a constant public figure. For 28 years there has not been a single period when he was not to be reckoned with. He has been more praised and more blamed than any American political figure of his time. But the consensus of opinion has been that his influence was always strongly on the side of what is most wholesome and most protective of the people's character and welfare. He was undoubtedly of the race of prophets.

A more extended review of the man and his career will appear next week.

The Scopes Case

THE narrow liberals and the superficial fundamentalists have tumulted and shouted, and Dayton, Tennessee, resumes its placid life among the hills. Mr. Mencken was there, exploring at first-hand what he has long designated as "the Bible belt," and excoriating as "hill billies" and morons the most American stock in America. Mr. Haldeman-Julius also was there, fresh upon his publication of a list of "nuts" which included the name of Christ. The Reverend Francis Potter, who is soon to go to Antioch College, was there, fresh upon the Jewish press heralding him as a preëminent liberal because he proclaimed that Christianity was very rapidly changing into Judaism, which he seems to approve. Mr. Michelson was there and most of us in this part of the world read the trial through his eyes. Mr. Sam Hellman, who uses an alleged humorous article in the Sunday supplements to disseminate propaganda, joined the chorus and informed a gaping world that the Bible says the earth is flat! Mr. Lippmann wrote a poem deriding a certain distinguished American's reverence for the Bible. And behind it all was the organization which calls itself the American Civil Liberties Union, whose trail was frequently crossed in the investigations which this paper conducted on The Jewish Question. Mr. Darrow, late counsel for Loeb and Leopold, headed the defense. The defendant was a young teacher in his twenties who admits he knows nothing of Evolution beyond the textbooks. The plaintiff was the State of Tennessee. The issue was the teacher's innocence or guilt of the charge of instructing the youth under his care that mankind descended from lower animals, a form of teaching which is prohibited by the law of Tennessee. The teacher, having violated the law, was found guilty.

The principal result of the case to date is to warn the states what may be expected from New York if, in their own way, they take measures to conserve what they feel to be a valuable heritage of thought. Tennessee has been dragged around before the nation just as Georgia was in the Frank case, and by the same powers—this time, however, with respectable assistance.

The young teacher soon lost his importance in the duel between Darrow and Bryan. The Bible could have had a more learned defender and Evolution a better informed representative. On that side of the matter, the result of the trial is nil. But with this true, Darrow came off second best. He was not so successful a judge tamer as he has been in other trials. His vulgar objections to prayer in court, his sneer at Bryan's "fool religion," his lack of self-control when his tactics failed to overawe the judge, all of these showed him in a light which will enable America more accurately to estimate him. His selection as chief counsel was felt to be unfortunate by many friendly to his cause. And yet it illustrated what Tennessee means when it says that a certain kind of attitude toward science begets a certain antagonistic attitude toward religion.

The main questions are, Is the theory of Evolution destructive of religion, and so of morality? Has a sovereign State the right and power to regulate the curricula of its schools?

As to the first, the people of Tennessee, in common with Americans elsewhere, are not altogether unjustified in their feeling that some men calling themselves scientists and evolutionists have injected an anti-religious or an anti-Biblical emphasis into their work. They have prostituted science and especially Evolution as a weapon with which to attack religion. Of this, there can be no question. The attitude is not inherent in science, certainly it is not involved in the theory of

Evolution, but both general science and special theory have been utilized to give dignity and authority to an anti-Christian propaganda. There is no doubt about that. The expert in Evolution knows that the science of the subject is not what self-styled propagandists say it is. Science declares that "man has not descended from any known monkey or ape, fossil or recent" and that "man has a long independent, superior line of ascent of his own." These are the statements of Henry Fairfield Osborn, research professor of Zoölogy at Columbia University and president of the American Museum of Natural History.

To protect what they felt to be more important to the present life of human beings than any theory of his origin can be, the Tennesseans had two courses open to them. One, which properly belongs to the scientists, of cleaning out the pseudo-scientists who misuse neutral natural facts as propagandic weapons against religion, thus distinguishing between the true and false scientific spirit; and the other, to prevent the teaching of all modern scientific theories until the anti-religious bias observable in some of the methods of presentation had been removed. Tennessee chose the latter method. Schools belong to the people. They cannot be taken from the people. After seeing all their traditions driven from the schools at the behest of "liberals" until even the Bible was banished, the people have simply turned. They saw one theory of the origin of man driven out of the schools because it was "religion" to teach it. They have seen another theory of the origin of man introduced into the schools by men who are frankly irreligious—and the people drew their own conclusions. It was to be expected. The people of Tennessee have as much right to say what shall go into Tennessee schools as the American Civil Liberties Union has—maybe more. The League is not known to have defended one of the many teachers who have been flung out of employment because they could not conscientiously teach what they felt to be an unproved or unsatisfactorily stated or dishonestly emphasized theory of Evolution. No record of such defense can be found.

Whether Tennessee took the wisest course, we do not undertake to say. But it is an understandable course. These "hill billies" (as Mencken calls them) are not despicable because in the words of their Governor they would rather dispense with their schools than with their Bible. Their preference for the Bible is not a mark of ignorance. The Bible is not antagonistic to education. It is only in Bible countries that there exist the conditions which make modern education possible. Being the mother of education, the Bible promises to exercise a potent veto when education departs from its proper functions.

The Dayton incident calls for a revival of frankness in this country. The clergy can no more ignore a natural fact than the scientist can ignore a moral or spiritual fact. Religion must be honest in its distinction between faith and factual knowledge, and science must be honest in its distinction between fact and speculation. Truth is one, and is never destructive of itself. The church has failed in its duty of instruction, and the scientists have failed in their duty of instruction. As a result an uninstructed people, as much misinformed of the claims of religion as they are of the claims of science, are tossed about between the two, and get their education chiefly from the biased reports of the newspapers.

What probably will result is a fresh determination on the part of the intelligent masses to dig into the questions for themselves. It should be a period of great usefulness for the man who can explain the contents of the Bible as a book, for the man who can explain the basis of religion as an experience, and for the man who can explain the knowledge which has been gained concerning man's tenure on the earth.

The Ancient Reservoir of Oil

EVERY American farmer who moved his home nearer town by the use of gasoline, and every city man who was enabled to flee from dust and dirt to the quiet of a suburban home, has played his small part in putting Bagdad again on the international map. Since 1914 we have multiplied our annual production of motor cars more than six times.

The world thirst for oil and more oil rendered the land around the site of ancient Babylon a great pawn at the peace table—and it has been a world pawn ever since, because it is supposed to be the next great oil field.

Rhodes, if the tale is true, started a war; but the Yankee-behind-the-steering-wheel has had a better influence. "The Mesopotamia question" has not been settled by military aircraft and tank squads, but by a commercial agreement in which four national groups of oil companies participate.

Six weeks from Iowa, where there is a car for every family; two thousand miles from India, last outpost of European civilization; five hundred miles up the mighty Tigris, which is three feet six inches deep in low water season; in the Kingdom of Irak, geological surveyors this summer are deciding what oil territory shall be opened, and how. Engineers are dreaming of pipe lines to the Persian Gulf and of tanker transport to oil-burning vessels and thirsty carburetors.

Strange things indeed will be happening shortly in the "Cradle of Civilization."

MR. FORD'S PAGE

IS IT better for a man to take employment with another, or go into business for himself? The question is legitimate when asked in full knowledge of two facts: that there are more doors into private business today than ever before, and that employment has come to compete with private business as a career for any man

But when it is asked in a manner which suggests that opportunity to go into private business grows less and less and that employment as a career becomes more and more undesirable, it is a deceitful question.

Men are constantly passing from one of these fields into the other. In any large business may be found men who have been in business for themselves and have given it up. There may also be found men who hope one day to give up employment and set up for themselves.

The motives of those who leave business for employment is various. Some found themselves unable to bear the strain. They were fitted to serve, but not also to direct the services of others, or even adapt their own service to the changing needs of the time. So they took employment where they could serve under direction, certain of an income, and free to cultivate the other interests of their minds.

Others accepted employment because they saw in extensive modern business the widest and most inviting arena for their powers. What would take them a lifetime to build, they found ready at hand, built by another, and needing their service. Opportunity which only the utmost effort could secure, they found already secured by the efforts of others.

That is the appeal of modern business to the young man; he can begin with an organization whose crude experimental days are over and that stands able to do the thing it was organized to do, and greater things, because increased experience leads to greater and more successful experiment.

All the tools, all the brains, all the experience, all the money and means necessary to the development of his idea, are at the disposal of the young man who has an idea, when he enters a modern business concern.

In private business one enters an atmosphere of competition, whereas in large employment one enters an atmosphere of coöperation. A great modern industry progresses by the unified thought and energy of many men. Theirs is a coöperation not based on emotional agreement nor personal preference, but on common interest in the job to be done. The Work is their center. Men of many minds and tempers are all one in respect of the Work. So that in large employment it is possible to devote one's energies more unreservedly to one's chosen Work than if one were compelled to divide one's energies among the various demands of private business.

And the opportunities to acquire position and a competence are greater in employment than in private business, because there are more places to be filled, and the rewards are larger. Salaries in this country are greater than profits. Those who feel that business is jealous of the employe's progress are behind the times. Business can only live as it develops within its corps of employes the talent and the force which will carry the business along. Business lives by the vigor and brains of the men it produces. And every big business needs more and bigger men than many, many small businesses could possibly need. With this larger need comes larger opportunity.

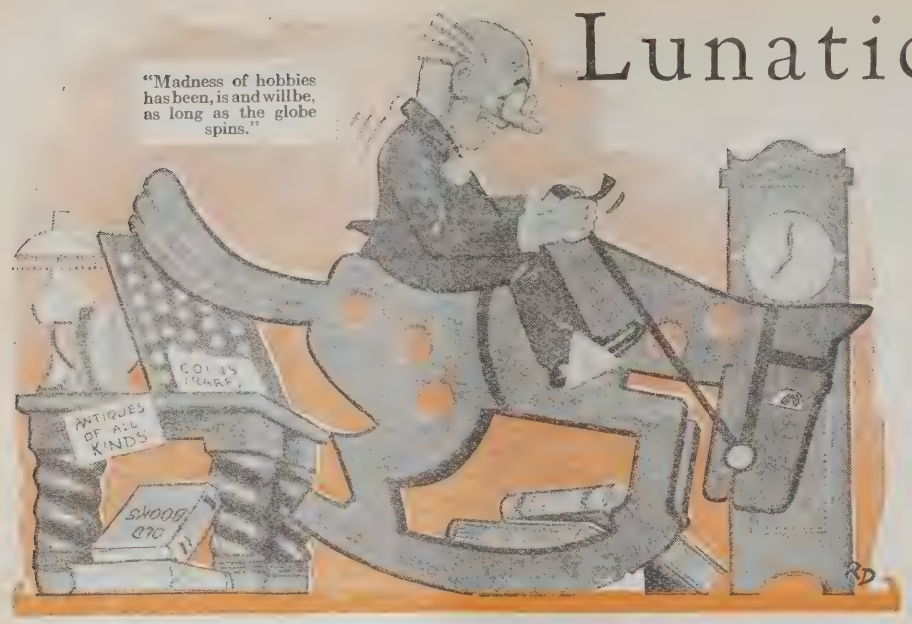
Thus we account for the fact that employment has become a competitor with private business for the favor of ambitious young men. Independence and opportunity are no longer to be found in only one of these lines, but are possible and plentiful in both, and mostly in employment.

Of course, no advice is offered here. The best procedure is to get the facts and make up one's own mind. Personal inclination has much to do in these matters. Being in business for oneself often makes a man a better employe. Being an employe of an up-to-date industrial concern, often makes a man a better manager of his own private business. Experience either way or both ways does not come amiss.

The principal interest of the pages which have been given to the discussion of this matter is that young men may see how wide the field is, how free their decision may be, and how utterly false it is that they have no choice in these matters. Moreover, it is good to know that of the two possible paths, both hold out the same promise of a good success.

There is no room for any plaint that life is narrowing. Opportunity in every direction, except wrong directions, is increasing.

EMPLOYMENT has become a competitor with private business as a career, because it offers creative opportunity and more places of usefulness, influence and reward. In private business the atmosphere is largely petty competition; in large employment it is broad coöperation. The fact that, with the avenues into private business wide open and inviting, so many ambitious and well-prepared young men seek their career in employment, is evidence of the certainty and satisfactory character of such career to men who could just as well have chosen the other course.



Lunatics, by One of Them

Showing How Collectors May Have Much Method Beneath Their Madness

By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

LUNACY is striding down the highways—has been, is and will be striding as long as the globe spins. It is the madness of hobbies.

But—

Was Arthur Hind, of Utica, New York, addle-brained a few years ago when he bought for 5,000 English pounds (about $25,000 in American money) a twopenny stamp issued in British Guiana in 1850?

Was J. Pierpont Morgan giddy to keep his rare old liquors in two cellars, one for the reds and another for the whites, and issue a catalog distinguishing the various opulent vintages?

Why did the same Morgan, surfeited with thrills, thrill afresh one day when he found on the back of a picture of a woman and a baby for which he had paid a paltry sum, a memorandum in the handwriting of Napoleon III, saying that the picture was one of his mother and him, taken when the emperor was but an infant?

Why did James F. Ballard, of St. Louis, donor of $500,000 in oriental rugs to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, dare the perils of the war-ridden East, rioting at the Bosphorus and imprisonment in Thrace, just for a rug of Smyrna, but a rug woven as man has no time to weave in this day's hurly-burly and patterned in the glory of rainbows?

On Henry Ford's estate is the strangest of stables where are represented the varied vehicles which have carried man about in his work and pleasure and his courting in times long buried.

Is David R. Clark, nationally known psychiatrist, "queer" because he collects street-car transfers?

Some editor, stranger to the comforting horizons which spread out before the hobby-riders, might cynically head this article, "Lunatics—By One of Them," but he would need be a man who had never looked upon the lush panorama of some enriching fanaticism. He could not be a brother of the doubting editor to whom I was speaking of Ballard, oracle of rugs—the Ballard to whose eyes the weavings that came up from west of Suez are captivating archives of symbolism, tradition, folklore, religion and fray.

"What is golf?" I argued with this editor. "Nothing but a hobby, no matter how you dress it. Analyzed, it consists of walking tiresome miles after a small ball around a bunkered lot. If some people didn't have the film bias, do you think any newspaper under the sun would print the wanton, interminable gush which they do about the personal lives and preferences and eccentricities of actresses, some of whom are nothing but lucky vulgarians who don't know the meaning of the words their able publicity men put upon their tongues."

"Never had a hobby, not even when a boy," said the editor. He prided himself, we sensed, on what he considered this white mark in his character.

"What do you think is the most fattening food in the world?" we shot at him.

He was so literal. "Proteids—"

"A dye manufacturer in New York weighed 146 pounds ten years ago," we interrupted. "Today he weighs 210 pounds. Ten years ago a nerve specialist told him to play golf if he didn't want his heart to stop beating."

"You don't catch me chasing a ball around aristocratic meadows. I'm too busy," his patient said.

"Beetles, then," suggested the doctor.

"Don't be silly!"

"How about postage stamps?" the doctor persisted.

"You're crazy," said the dye manufacturer, "and if I collected stamps my friends would think I was.

"You don't think Colonel Green i crazy, do you?" asked the specialis naming the son of Hetty Green. "H saves postage stamps."

"I don't believe you."

"All right," said the doctor, "yo see him."

The sick man found Green fingerin some stamps on his desk in the Ne York financial district.

"It's true, then," exclaimed th neurotic caller, "you DO colle stamps!"

"Certainly I do, and I would hav lost my reason from worry some tim ago if I hadn't. These are from London dealer. He wants 80 pound for the lot, but I regard the price a too stiff."

The dye man walked into a stam dealer's office a half-hour later an asked for $200 worth of stamps. H didn't care what they were. The deale laughed and shook his head.

"I'll give you $10 worth, som stickers and a book to paste them i They'll keep you sufficiently busy," h compromised.

The manufacturer took home thes concomitants of philately and slun into his library. While he was shame facedly pasting stamps into the albun his wife came in.

"Alfred," she fluttered, "what AR you doing? DON'T let these worrie unsettle you. Now, you come on ou and we'll play a few hands of cards."

Alfred did no such thing. He kep pasting his stamps in that book- moistening the stickers, pasting; mois ening the stickers, pasting. Two hou later he couldn't keep his eyes ope Without bothering to undress, h threw himself on a lounge and wen to sleep. He didn't wake until 7 a. m when his wife, thoroughly alarme shook him into consciousness. H hadn't slept like that in months. started this collector on a world-wid quest that has made his name familia in every continental bourse whe stamps are auctioned.

Recently in Victoria, British Colun bia, a remarkable find in stamps wa made. It was a fine unused pair of th 12-pence black stamp of Canada issue in 1851. Some 51,000 copies of th stamp were printed but only 1,51 were delivered and sold by postmaster

The remainder was destroyed. Only one unused pair had hitherto been found. This was in the collection of Count de la Renotiere Ferrari. Ferrari left his collection to the Berlin museum in his will, but he happened to die in Paris during the war and his collection was seized by the French Government as enemy property and is now being dispersed. So far, it has netted 19,000,000 francs. The dye manufacturer, I am reliably informed, paid $4,000 for the pair of 12-pence Canadians found in Victoria.

"Very interesting," yawned my friend, the editor.

"The King of England obtained one of his greatest rarities when an old collector found a beautiful copy of the twopenny post paid Mauritius of 1847 in his forgotten stamp collection of his boyhood. King George bought it for $7,250. King Ahmed Faud, of Egypt, specializes in issues of the Confederate States, and Prince Hohenlohe, of Austria, has one of the finest collections of Chilean postage in the world.

"In Demerara, British Guiana, a woman several years ago found a pair of the rare British Guiana two-cent stamps. She gave them to her vicar to sell for the benefit of his church. They passed through several hands and were finally bought by Arthur Hind for $15,000."

Several rooms filled with letters and records not touched in years were cleaned out in 1901 from the Girard National Bank in Philadelphia. This bank is the successor of the first bank of the United States and still occupies the same premises and building where it has stood since 1793. The contents of the rooms were sold to a junk dealer.

Joseph Wayne, Jr., a stamp collector, is president of the institution, but at that time he had been with the bank only two years. He happened to pick up several envelopes that had been dropped when the junk dealer was carrying them downstairs to his wagon. They were sold to a New York dealer for $500 and consisted of New York 5's and the 5-cent and 10-cent United States stamps of 1847, now the most eagerly sought stamps in this country.

Wayne hurried to the junk dealer, but the entire remainder had been ground to pulp. He never has ceased to mourn the possibilities in postage and autographs which were thus destroyed, for in the archives were communications from all the presidents, from George Washington on through the Civil War, as well as from Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, and other Revolutionary characters interested in the nation's finances. If the lot were sold today, it very probably would pay for the whole bank, including the ground on which it stands.

Magnificent unused copies of the one-penny and two-pence "post office" Mauritius stamps acquired by Henry Duveen. In 1921, a superb Mauritius realized the choice price of £1,500.

"One more stamp story and I'll let you off," I pleaded with the editor.

Blocks of four of the 24-cent United States stamps of the issue of 1869 are virtually unobtainable in unused condition. A Detroit man has been friendly with many postmasters-general. Several years ago he went to Washington and visited the post office department. He was warmly greeted and was asked what could be done to entertain him.

"I'd like to see the private archives," he said.

An attendant acted as guide with instructions to show the Detroiter anything he cared to see.

In their travels they came to a drawer marked "Twenty-four Cent—1869—Nine Copies." In the drawer was a block of four and five single copies of the stamp, all unused.

"Did you see anything down there you liked?" asked the cabinet official when his guest returned to the office.

"Nothing but a block of four of the 24-cent '69's for which I'd about give my life."

The postmaster laughed and shook his head.

"Sorry, my friend, but it's government property, you know, and—"

"Say," wheedled the visitor, "on that box it reads nine copies. It says nothing about a block of four. If I got you four perfect single copies with gum intact, wouldn't it be ethical for you to give me the block of four in exchange for them?"

The postmaster-general considered the idea and said he guessed there would be no objection to that. My friend began a hunt that spanned the Atlantic. It was only after a six months' search that he gathered in the four copies. One came from Paris, another from London, a New York dealer contributed a third, and the collector himself had a single copy in his own collection. Now he owns the coveted block of four and he has a standing offer of $1,200 for it from an English dealer."

The editor interrupted me to ask:

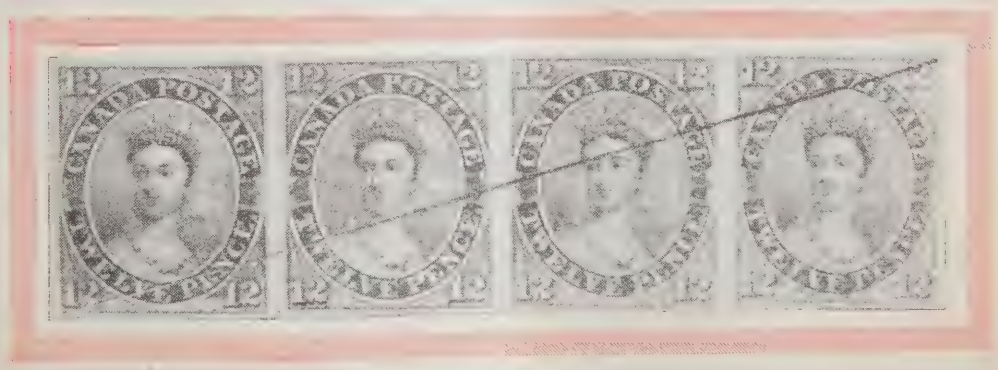
"But why do men collect things? Why this mouth-watering, this torment of Tantalus; this nut stuff, if you'll forgive me—or if you won't forgive me?"

When he said "nut stuff" the blow landed upon the heads of king and beggar alike, for hypnotism dwelt in the rich velvety background of the mezzotint for the last emperor of the Russians. Each day the rare copies in the collection of Nicholas of the Romanoffs were aired by a custodian and replaced, like tender babes, in their preserving and protecting tissues. Despite the fact that there are no especial rareties among the issues, what men of meager means have collected postal cards since that day in 1865 when Heinrich von Stephen proposed to the postal union this particular service?

Is the collector of armor a shallow-minded fellow or is he a meek visionary, seeing himself bold with shining cuirass and lance faring forth to tilt in the mail that is about him?

The blow fell upon the pates of the connoisseurs of old vineyards, those who know that no magnum of claret ever equaled that of 1875 and no port compares with the bottling of '34. Chests from Syria, enamels of Thibet, a letter of Bonaparte's, snuffboxes and ceramics and amber—why argue with a man cold to the magic of such names, one who at the mention of Nazareth, perhaps, sees not the obscure carpenter shop but only the stained-glass window presented to the church in memory of the rich manufacturer of hides.

Values meant nothing. I told him of Narcissus Luttrell, collector and bibliophile, who lived in a little English town. He died in 1732 but he had a habit of marking in each book he purchased the price paid for it. For George Chapman's "Shadows of Night," for instance, he paid threepence; February 6, of this year, it went in London for 270 pounds. He bought Gale's "Pyramus and Thisbe" for twopence. It sold recently for 617 pounds. Sir John Day, another Briton, had a leaning for the paintings of the Barbizon school, the works of Diaz and Mauve and Maria, and his family at Sir John's death reaped a tidy harvest by their sale.



12-pence Canadians, strip of four.

The Christian Sunday—Is It Passing?

First Day of Week a Day of Rest in Some Countries, of Unrest in Others

By WAYNE WOMER

MANY ancient nations observed a seven-day period of time. This was true of Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, the natives of ancient Peru, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Island of Borneo. Greece adopted a seven-day calendar shortly before the Christian Era, and at a much later period the Mohammedans introduced it.

It remained, however, for the nation of Israel to have a Sabbath, that is, a day in seven set apart for rest and worship, which day followed six days of labor, and closed the week.

If the Sabbath did not originate with Israel, it did, with them, acquire distinguishing features of a very distinct kind that marked it for adoption by the more intelligent nations of the world.

The old Sabbath of Israel was very different from the Rabbinical Sabbath. Jesus kept the former and condemned the latter, and by so doing came into conflict with the religionists of his day. The original Sabbath was a day of freedom; the Rabbinical Sabbath became a day of restraint. Jesus reëstablished the early principle in His saying—"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

The early Christians observed the first day of the week as the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, in commemoration of His resurrection. As Christianity spread, the first day supplanted the seventh day in general observance. The Lord's resurrection was the event that it commemorated. This weekly celebration would have been impossible among any other people that did not already keep sacred the weekly division of time.

At first the Christian Jew kept both the Sunday and the Sabbath. The apostle Paul, at the beginning of Gentile Christianity, very distinctly laid down that the Jewish Sabbath law was not binding upon Christians. The Apostles' writings have made it clear that the Christian Sunday should be observed as a memorial feast of the creation as well as the resurrection of Jesus

Constantine Encourages Agriculture

Sunday, as a day of rest, was not generally possible until Christianity received civil recognition. This recognition was given on March 7, A. D. 321, by Constantine, the Roman Emperor: "Let all judges, inhabitants of the cities, and artificers, rest on the venerable day of the Sun, but husbandmen may freely and at their pleasure apply to the business of agriculture, since it often happens that the sowing of grain and planting of vines cannot be so advantageously performed upon any other day, lest by neglecting the opportunity they should lose the benefits which the Divine bounty bestows upon us."

The charge is often made that Constantine established by edict the first day of the week as the Christian Sunday. Constantine's edict simply sanctioned a custom that already existed and had been growing for more than three hundred years.

A few excerpts from the early church fathers who bridge the gap from the Apostolic Era until the date of Constantine's edict will prove this fact.

Ignatius, A. D. 101, an immediate friend of the Apostles, martyred at Rome about fifteen years after the death of John, said: "Those who were brought up in the ancient order of things have come to the possession of a new hope, no longer observing the Sabbath, but living in the observing of the Lord's Day, on which also our life has sprung by him and by his death."

The epistle of Barnabas about A. D. 115, says: "We keep the eighth day with joyfulness, the day on which Jesus rose from the dead."

Justin Martyr, A. D. 140, said: "And on the day called Sunday, all who live in the cities or country gather together in one place, etc."

The First Law Establishing the Sunday

Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth, A. D. 170, said: "We passed the holy Lord's Day."

Irenisus, A. D. 170, stated: "It is right with respect to the feast of the resurrection that we should celebrate it upon the first day of the week."

These, and numerous others, all witness that a general observation of the first day of the week as the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, was well-established when Constantine's edict was passed A. D. 321. This was the first law passed by any emperor, Congress, Convention, Parliament, or assembly, giving the Sunday civil protection. During succeeding centuries it has been written in the charter of kings, stamped with the royal seal of the world's greatest emperors, and drafted in the constitutions of the mightiest nations. And the laws which uphold Sunday have been upheld by the highest courts of all civilized lands.

Well may we ask regarding such an institution, so ancient and honorable, declared to be one of the Creator's greatest gift to man—What has entered the heart of the world that it should have grown weary of this sacred institution which liberates the toiling millions and sends them forth into God's great outdoors, to their families and loved ones, and gives them leisure for their higher concerns and to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience?

Europe and the Day of Unrest

For, certainly something very serious has occurred. The Bishops of a great church, who reside in the five continents and the islands of the sea, recently focused the eyes of the world upon the fact of Sunday desecration in these words: "But let us not forget that among those who are helping to undermine this Holy Day are members of the Christian Churches. . . . They have come to think of their careful observance of Sunday as antiquated and puritanical, and little by little their standards of reverence and consistency have been lowered. The patriot sees national waste and disintegration in the growth of Sunday desecration. The laboring man sees a threat to himself and family in the steady encroachment of Sunday work upon his day of leisure and rest. But no element has such actual reasons for alarm as the Christian Church. A blow at Sunday is a blow at the church, and a blow at the church is a blow at the Christian Civilization of which the Holy Day is the chief cornerstone."

In Continental Europe Sunday standards are much lower than those of America. The words "Continental Sunday" have long been a byword to express low Sunday ideals. Italy, Spain, France and Belgium try, in a measure, to regulate labor on Sunday. But in those and other Continental countries, the same content cannot be read into the word "Sunday," that we Americans put into it, because it means nothing more or less than a holiday.

It has been impossible to get definite information regarding the present status of Sunday in Russia, but it would be absurd to expect much Sunday observance in a land whose government has dealt with Christianity itself as an enemy and a crime.

Germany has lost much by the war and apparently her Sunday along with other things. Before the war she had many laws protecting Sunday. The late Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts reported in 1914 that 57 per cent of German factories *were operating seven days a week*, and 77 per cent of her commerce and transportation was carried on without regard for Sunday. Today Germany has no Sunday laws. Transportation is increased and while her factories are closed, her theaters, motion pictures, commercialized sports and

other amusements all flourish. Her churches are poorly attended.

Switzerland, Holland and Norway all have Sunday laws. Some are being revised, and some are only partially enforced. Manufacturing plants are generally closed. Holland has no Saturday half-holiday; 5:00 o'clock p. m. is closing time on Saturday in Switzerland. Government licenses call for fifty-two hours of work a week. The length of the laborer's hours are undetermined. Norway has a half-holiday on Saturday. In Holland and Switzerland the theaters and motion pictures are open. In Norway they are opened only after 5:00 p. m. Both Holland and Switzerland report decreased church attendance. The churches of Norway are well attended.

The other group of European countries to be considered is Ireland and Great Britain. Today there are two Irelands. The Free State has its Continental Sunday, but not so in the North of Ireland. Here, no intoxicating drink is permitted to be sold, manufacturing plants are closed, transportation is lessened; motion pictures are not shown, theaters and shows are all closed. Churches are well attended. North Ireland's Sunday is as well observed as that of any country in the world.

England and Wales both have Sunday laws on the statute books, but there is an ever-increasing tendency to lax enforcement. In Wales, the public houses are closed on Sunday; not so in England. Factories are closed, transportation is lessened in certain sections. Motion pictures are closed by law, but some municipalities have been granted licenses to open upon Sunday when part of the proceeds are given to charity. Churches are not so well attended as they were a few years ago. Sunday is less carefully observed than formerly. The economic, moral and religious life of the people is less satisfactory.

In Canada Sunday Is at Its Best

As to Scotland, Sir Harry Lauder's recent witticism is not applicable to Scotland insofar as it touches the individual Scotsman's attitude toward Sunday observance. When asked what a Scotsman was, Sir Harry replied: "A Scotsman is a man who keeps the Sabbath and everything else he can lay his hands on." We find Ramsay MacDonald, late premier of Great Britain, saying: "I would like to see a state of society where every man and every woman preferred the old Scottish Sabbath to the modern French one. In that state of society you would have a fine, solid, eternal foundation of character and self-command upon which to build up your churches and your state." Our survey in Scotland shows transportation rigidly limited; Sunday excursions greatly increased; manufacturing closed; theaters generally closed; motion pictures, when open, are under the auspices of some charity. The drink trade is closed; church attendance is decidedly less than twenty years ago. About 60 per cent of the children attend Sunday School. The weakening of Sunday observance has almost certainly helped to lower the general spiritual tone of the nation. Reports from all the countries, except one, definitely state that the effect of the World War upon Sunday observance was decidedly injurious.

Most people are familiar with the old saying that "Beauty is only skin deep," but comparatively few realize how true this statement is at the present day. "Beauty doctors," however, can give much enlightenment on this matter. A writer for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has interviewed a number of these experts and gained much information as to their methods. The result will appear in an article next week.

There are three other parts of the world to be considered: Canada, where Sunday is at its best; South America, where Sunday is at its worst; and the Orient, where there is no Sunday.

South America Not a Good Example

Canada has splendid Sunday laws. The old English acts under Charles I and II are in force, and in addition the act of Canada in 1906, and the Upper Canada act that antedated Confederation. Some cities and towns have by-laws with reference to refreshment booths and stores other than restaurants. Canada's half-holiday on Saturday is general. This is a great aid to Sunday observance. All manufacturing plants are closed; public work, except in rare cases, is never done. The eight-hour day is dominion-wide. Transportation is lessened, local passenger and freight trains being discontinued; through freight trains may continue to destination, if en route when Sunday begins. No excursions, except in Manitoba and Quebec in a restricted way, are allowed; theaters, motion pictures, and shows are all closed except in Quebec. Baseball, automobile races, football, and commercialized sports are forbidden, except in Quebec and British Columbia. Fairs and carnivals are closed, also the stores. Church attendance is well sustained. There is, however, a deep undercurrent for a Continental Sunday (the desire to make it a holiday) rather than against industrial activity.

Most countries in South America have a nominal rest-day law, but not necessarily Sunday. Manufacturing plants are closed, only in compliance with this law, and the demand of the labor unions. Half-holidays on Saturday prevail only in the advanced republics, in the larger cities, and in some lines of business. There are thirty-five holidays in the year apart from Sundays. Transportation is greatly increased, especially excursions; all sports, shows, amusements, motion pictures, and so on, are wider open this day than any other. Regarding the church, the entire forenoon is given up to sleep, except by the few devout who attend church services. The afternoons and evenings are exceedingly lively and gay. There is a general indifference to religion. Protestants and Catholics alike treat Sunday as a holiday, which means a Continental Sunday in full swing, which has been the practice for over four hundred years. To the question "What has been the effect upon the moral and religious life of the people?" Bishop W. F. Oldham, of Buenos Aires, answers: "Little thoughtfulness, full chance to cultivate the world, the flesh and the devil."

Orient the Land of No Sunday

The Orient is the land of no Sunday, with the exception of Japan and China. When Japan took over our western civilization, she took over our Sunday as one of her holidays. It was after Commodore Perry made his memorable appearance that Japan sent an embassy to the Christian nations to find out wherein they had advanced farther than Japan.

The commission reported that they had found two things: a book called "The Book," or the Bible, and a day called Sunday. The Government decreed that all governmental offices be closed on Sunday, and that the Bible be admitted into the empire. It requires more than that to make a Christian Sunday, however. China followed, under her Queen Dowager. Government officials and workingmen, under the government, were to rest one day in seven. Stores where Americans trade are closed Sunday forenoons, but both in China and Japan working hours are long, and there is no other evidence of one day of rest in seven.

Buddhism in India observes the fifth or the eighth day, while the Mohammedans are supposed to keep Friday. Few respond to prayers; after the heated noon hours the stores are open. In the non-Christian world there are hundreds of millions of people who have no Sunday, nor any other day of rest. Every day dawns for them the same; the only people in the great Orient who have a Sunday are those who have been enlightened and emancipated by Christian teaching.

How appropriate are the words of James Russell Lowell:

"There is not a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security; not a place where age is reverenced, infancy respected, manhood respected, and womanhood honored, and human life held in high regard; there is not a place on the globe ten miles square of such description, except our religion has made it so!"

Romantic Rascals

Gonzales Gomez de Espinosa

(Eighth of the Series)

By CHARLES J. FINGER

WOOD BLOCKS CUT BY PAUL HONORÉ

(Copyright, 1925, by Charles J. Finger)

THE unidentified Alva, who kept a log of Magellan's cruise, mentions three islands in the Straits of Magellan near which the four ships found anchorage. They are certainly Isla Isabel, Isla Martha and Isla Magdalena, the largest being the first named, and when I traced Magellan's course I stayed there for awhile, trying to find things, an old helmet, or a sword, or something of the kind. One day a man came sailing there in a little boat, a wiry kind of man with the bloodshot eyes of a confirmed drinker, and, as human company was rare enough, he readily accepted my proposal to stay there for a day. So we fished and talked, and confidences gave way to confidences, and presently it came out that his name was Espinosa and that he had been interested in Magellan for years. Certainly he had many facts at his fingers' ends. But he did not become really affable until we caught a strange fish, a creature all head and teeth, a wicked snapping and ugly thing. Why that should have established a basis for confidences I do not know, but it was so. Then I found that he believed quite sincerely that he was a direct descendant of a certain Espinosa, alguacil, or constable, as we would say, on board Magellan's ship the *Victoria*. But the really extraordinary thing was the theory he advanced, which was that the constable was a rascal who plotted a tremendous adventure when he had once started, aimed indeed to be admiral and be the first circumnavigator, and only failed because he was an egotistical weakling when the real test came. And certainly, when things are pieced together in the light of the theory, what seemed to be parts of an inexplicable riddle, fall into place easily, and Espinosa of Seville stands forth as a most romantic rascal even if an exceptionally ignorant one.

* * *

The original Espinosa, my visitor's ancestor, Espinosa the alguacil, lived in the days of Charles the Fifth of Spain, and the turning point in his career came in the year 1519. He was a square-built, bull-necked fellow of occasional turbulent instincts, though generally he went about with a preoccupied air as one weighing heavy matters judicially. That attitude was partly due to his silly pride, for he was proud of his petty authority, proud of the badge and sword he wore, proud because in the market place he was the center of interest among the simple peasants, and especially proud because he was regarded with cringing fear by those with uneasy consciences.

Then one day all that pride vanished and left him flattened, wilted. For one morning he suffered the unbearable humiliation of being utterly disregarded. In the market place not a hand was lifted in recognition of his presence, not a word was spoken in greeting and even the rascally Carvalho, a sailor man under suspicion, a pirate kind of fellow who had sailed with Pinzon, rushed past him and pretended deafness and absent-mindedness. And all that neglect was because of a counter attraction, because of a crowd of laughing and blustering men passing down the street, cavaliers and sailors with guns and swords, in silks and velvets, and some in common clothes, on their way to the five ships that lay in the river.

So Espinosa took himself to the stone wall that overlooked the muddy Guadalquivir and sat there, reflecting dismally. When he was at the lowest point of despair and bitterest in rumination, something happened. His chief, the captain of the port, passe at the head of a body of alguacils, an after them went water-side loafers water carriers, beggars, cavaliers, swine herds and Negroes, hidalgos and th rag-tag and bobtail rubbing shoulders So Espinosa got on his feet and followed and in time came to where the fiv ships were, one of them on her sid for cleaning. But the trouble wa almost ended when he reached th place, yet it was evident that th careened ship, the *S. Antonio*, was th center of attraction, for men swarme back and forth from shore to ship an ship to shore. By putting this an that together, things heard and seen Espinosa understood that a ma named Magellan, admiral of the littl fleet, had failed to fly the flag of Castile whereupon a mob in a sudden frenzy of patriotic indignation had gathered and the captain of the port had tried t arrest the Portuguese. But Matienz the Canon had interfered to preven mischief, though the port captain wa still raving his way through transports of outraged patriotism.

Then the eye of the captain of th port fell on Espinosa, and authority spoke. The official indicated th constable by a slow and majestic wave of the hand, there was a word of command, a new center of attraction, and Espinosa found himself detailed fo river service. It was done in a moment Until the fleet sailed, Espinosa o Seville, guardian of law and order i the market place, would have to stay with the fleet.

It was an easy and pleasant task that he had, with nothing much to do and there was interest in it too, fo strange things went into the hold —colored cloths in bales, strings o hawk bells, bags of glass beads, fis hooks, little mirrors, red cloth caps and all kinds of odd things. Nor did the constable's slow mind grasp the meaning of it all until Carvalho, the man with piratic reputation who had shipped with the fleet, told him tales so strange that Espinosa's eyes opened wide and soon he was full of dreams of far-off islands, and flower-crowned natives who would give a calabash of gold for a glass bead, and fountains of eternal youth, and gold-covered temples, and other imaginings as fantastic as the dreams of Alnaschar. The end of it all was that Espinosa became the first policeman to sail around the world.

for when the fleet sailed, on Wednesday, August the tenth of the year fifteen hundred and nineteen, he was one of the adventurers.

Storms, hardships, short rations, all these Espinosa and his shipmates knew before they crossed the Atlantic, then one day there were constabulatory duties to perform. It was when the captains of the fleet had met on board the flagship to consider the case of a sailor who had refused duty. That rebellion had touched high places, and especially the captain of the *S. Antonio*, Espinosa did not guess until he heard voices in dispute in the admiral's cabin as he stood on guard outside the door. Suddenly his name was called and he rushed in with men-at-arms to see Magellan standing with fists clenched, erect and threatening. Like a tiger the admiral sprang at the aristocrat, clutching him by the throat and forcing him against the wall while the other captains sat undecided. Then Magellan's voice came with a roar like a bull, ordering Espinosa to put Cartagena in chains, and an hour later it was known all over the fleet that there had been a quarrel and the new commander of the *S. Antonio* was Antonio de Coca.

Then, as Espinosa's descendant held, the alguacil had visions of greatness, dreaming that if captain after captain passed from office, the time must eventually arrive when he would attain supreme command. And the next captain fell soon after, when the spirit of revolt broke out in San Julian Bay, where the fleet wintered. The rebel captains captured four of the five ships and to one of them Espinosa was sent with five men, carrying a message ordering Mendoza to attend the flagship. Mendoza fell into a paroxysm of rage when he read the order, and at the gesture there arose in Espinosa one of his torrential outbreaks, perhaps born of his ambition. Quick as a cat springs he leaped at the rebel captain and planted his dagger in the mutineer's throat and a sword cut from one of his men finished the business. It was a terrible piece of work and Espinosa overstepped the bounds, yet it saved the situation for Magellan, for the sailors had no mind for revolt and seeing their captain fall, surrendered, and soon after the other ships were overcome.

A third captain fell from grace in the Straits, which were discovered on the evening of October the twenty-first, 1520, for the *S. Antonio* deserted and returned to Spain, and the little ship the *Santiago* was wrecked and left her bones on the Patagonian shore. So only three vessels sailed into the Pacific.

For ninety-eight days the three ships sailed west over the unknown ocean; days when there was maddening idleness, when sails hung motionless, when gaunt and hollow-eyed men stared over an empty ocean or sat listless with closed eyes because they knew every furrow and seam in the faces of their fellows, and every knot and plank in the ships' decks. They ate by ounces, and as they drank water, held their noses because of the stench of it. Starvation sailed with them, and to such a pass they came that men ate the leather from the rigging, ate rats, anything to stay the hunger pangs. At last there was the music of breakers beating on reefs, the screaming of land birds, the scent of tree-clad islands and for the first time Europeans set foot on the Philippine Islands on the sixteenth day of March, in the year 1521.

Quick as a cat springs he leaped at the rebel captain.

Then came the realization of Espinosa's wild dream. For because of the tiger in man there were disasters, and in a miserable squabble with natives, Magellan was killed. Other able captains lost their lives in stupid fights with natives, and at last, the pirate Carvalho with the ignorant Espinosa ruled the destinies of the fleet. The expedition that had set out to aid the noble science of map-making had come very close to a mere buccaneering outfit. Indeed there were acts of piracy, the capturing of trading junks and the holding of men and women for hostages or worse. By order of Carvalho, one of the three remaining ships, the *Concepcion*, was burned.

Luckily, Sebastian del Cano succeeded in wresting the command from Carvalho before things had gone too far, but Espinosa remained in command of the *Trinidad*, and, strong in the belief that he had a particular organizing ability, eventually found enough men to support his plan which involved the establishment of a trading station in the Moluccas, and the sailing of the ship he commanded to Panama. So Del Cano sailed westward in the *Victoria* and reached Spain on the sixth day of September, 1522, while the *Trinidad* under its ignorant admiral bore a course eastward, with a crew of fifty-four men.

On board was a capable pilot, but ineptitude was in command, and a course was set that would have taken the ship to Alaska instead of Panama. Then the egotistical weakling fell to his doom. Halfway across the Pacific indecision beset them and they turned west again. When they reached the Moluccas, there were only nineteen left of the original fifty-four. It was a ship of despair. Espinosa, fronted with responsibility, was like water. He knew nothing of authority, nothing of discipline. Men had (Concluded on page 27)

"Ten Commandments" as a Healer

Doctors Are Prescribing the Mount Sinai Maxims as Mental Tonics

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

A STRIKING refutation of the widely circulated idea that science has abandoned religion and religious principles has come to light in Philadelphia, where Dr. Charles W. Burr, professor of psychiatry in the University of Pennsylvania, has publicly expressed the opinion that the best program for mental hygiene is included, for all practical purposes, in the Ten Commandments.

In amplification of this opinion Dr. Burr and one of his most brilliant associates have revealed that the great Philadelphia school of specialists in mental disorders descended from the late S. Weir Mitchell is and has been prescribing the Ten Commandments for the prevention of mental distortions. And according to the tested judgment of both experts, the Decalogue really works as a scientific instrument.

Before going into the details of how this significant fact came to public attention, it may be well to give an outline of the scientific status of the two men responsible for it. The colleague who corroborates Dr. Burr is a considerably younger man, but he has been much more in the public eye. He is Dr. D. J. McCarthy, now professor of Medical Jurisprudence at the University of Pennsylvania. During the World War he organized and directed the corps of mental experts summoned by the United States Government to provide treatment for shell shock and other nervous cases.

The mere fact that he was called to direct this work was in itself a signal recognition of Dr. McCarthy's scientific reputation, since the choice was made by professional men. His record fully justified the confidence placed in him. The war produced an entirely new field of mental disorders, calling for pioneer work in diagnosis and treatment. Dr. McCarthy is credited with blazing the trail for the greater part of this work. The story of his success has been told repeatedly. It was so marked that many of his methods were adopted by the British and French experts, although they were four years ahead of him in experience.

Perhaps the easiest way to introduce Dr. Burr to a lay audience is to say that Dr. McCarthy was his pupil, and the younger specialist has repeatedly given credit to Burr for much of his success. In addition, both men are members of the famous school of experts in mental disorders founded by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who was recognized even before his death as the man who made the treatment of nervous diseases a separate science. Among their associates are Dr. Francis X. Dercum, who was called in when the late Woodrow Wilson collapsed, and Dr. Charles K. Mills. Although these men and their colleagues have been called as consultants in cases where public men were in need of the best available treatment, it is significant that their school was not represented in the Loeb-Leopold trial.

Many good people have been wondering why there has been dancing in the church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, New York, and not a few have been scandalized by the stories that have been circulated by the newspapers. A writer for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, himself a clergyman, has investigated the matter at its source, and the result will appear in an article next week. It gives a very different picture to that conjured up by the daily press.

Dr. Burr has now authorized the statement that Mitchell used the Ten Commandments exactly as they are being used today in the treatment and prevention of nervous ailments, although he may not have described his methods in just those terms. The Burr statement was called forth partly by the discussion preliminary to the opening of a child guidance clinic in Philadelphia by the Commonwealth Fund, and partly by a desire to sweep from the public mind some of the foreign rubbish about mental hygiene based generally on the made-in-Germany Freudian theory. The explanation of how the Ten Commandments may be used as a program of mental hygiene, as furnished by Dr. McCarthy, has been specifically approved by Dr. Burr.

"The statement needs more than passing comment because it has in it a thoughtful consideration of a very different and pressing problem," Dr. McCarthy says. "It connotes a new definition of mental hygiene, to keep the mind clean and pure and free from dust and disease—dust in the human sense; to keep the mind and the body and its passions coördinately disciplined and under control; to have the growing child trained to respect his neighbor, his neighbor's property, his neighbor's wife and the community; to have all the qualifications for the making of a good constructive citizen.

"Dr. Burr puts into the Ten Commandments a scientific scalpel, looks at it through the enlarging end of a microscope, and treats it as a means to an end of a scientific problem. The newer psychology, the psychoanalytic movement, as practiced as a system of therapeutics by some psychoanalysts and as a system of philosophy by the layman, and the technique upon which much of the modern work in child guidance and education is based, stands in flat contradiction of this idea of Dr. Burr's.

"The inconsistency of the two ideas lies in the question of discipline and control. Burr's idea is based squarely upon the older idea of discipline internally and externally applied. Discipline of the mind, discipline of the body. A system of training begun in early childhood to do the right thing and to be punished for doing the wrong thing, in proportion to the wrong done. That every good action has its reward, that every evil action merits and deserves punishment.

"Thou shalt not steal, is a great modern Commandment and the child who transgresses here, more particularly in reference to money, must suffer a heavy punishment, if he or she is to be made a practical working member of the Community. Thou Shalt Not Steal! This entails the most severe penalty; the rest of the Commandments are taken lightly except by professed church members, and those who live within the church atmosphere.

"While it is quite possible, even probable, that kleptomania is at times an emotional equivalent in the relatively normal child, even at times in children relatively deficient, for the most part it is due to low standards, low morals, and low training in the environment of the child. When it first develops, it needs drastic action and the child must be made to appreciate, in a way that it will never in its lifetime forget, the penalty imposed by the parent, and the future penalty imposed by society. A psychological analysis may help to understand the situation, but it will not take the place of disciplinary measures.

"A psychologist recently has determined by psychological tests that a dog has the equivalent intelligence of a child of four years of age. If a dog can be trained by exemplary discipline not to kill a sheep, or a chicken, it would be folly to think that a woman with an age level of 7 or 8 or 10 years could not be trained with equal facility.

"It might be just as well to consider what is meant by discipline and disciplinary measures. This hearkens back to the fundamentals of life and the pleasure principle. We may assume that all children need discipline, the defective child in order to prevent crim-

al tendencies, the nervous child in rder also to prevent this, and to main- ain the nervous and emotional bal- nce; the normal child, in order to aintain a normal and logical attitude ward life and labor, and to make r efficiency and happiness.

"The very good child needs disci- line quite as much as the bad child, nd by discipline in the training of the ild we wish to impart into his mind at whatever his lot in life, whatever ccupation or profession he may select, ccess is dependent upon years of ard, unpleasant preparation. That the successful specialist in any field least 50 per cent of the work is a ard, grinding, gruelling, unpleasant sk, and this must be cheerfully and acefully done for the sake of the ten er cent or twenty per cent or thirty er cent of creative, productive, inter- ting work and results. This is the ndamental of success in science, or in siness, or in the professions.

"The other fundamental to be in- rted into the child's mind is that easure can be the reward of work nd effort only; that the idle, rich outh whose whole day is a search for easure, soon becomes bored into dis- pting in an expansive way most, if t all, of the Ten Commandments at e time; whereas, the man who works even months in the year to use what tle surplus is left over to go fishing, s more real pleasure out of the luxury work and the vacation, than all the illionaire idlers."

In actual treatment of nervous ses, including the vast number due shell shock during the war, mental perts are having more success with e simple methods of Mitchell based the Ten Commandments than with e modern theories criticized by cCarthy, according to Dr. Burr. hief among these methods is the old- shioned prescription of work, made, course, after a careful diagnosis. ere nature, guided by science, fur- shes its own cure by bringing about healthy physical fatigue before which llucinations become less frequent and nally terminate. The discipline at st is applied externally, by the spec- ilist. As the cure progresses the pa- nt disciplines himself, and the extent which he obeys the Ten Command- ents is an excellent measure of his covery.

"There are hospital social workers d field workers and psychopathic rkers, and settlement workers, and st social service workers, just as there e neurologists, psychiatrists, and sychopathologists and psychoana- sts, and just doctors," continues Dr. cCarthy. "The real social service rker and the real doctor are not tied an idea, or cult. The fault in both lds is the isms and the cults.

"I would prefer to say that the in- vidual who has drunk five or six arts of rum and who sees snakes and maniac is a case due to the effect of ohol, direct or indirect, on his brain function, rather than to explain it in a psychogenic way and interpret the snakes and monkeys. Our first duty would be to save his life, and that would mean that we would have to know his kidney function, his liver function, his intestinal function, his circulatory function; and, having saved his life, eventually to save his mind, we would need to have the background of his knowledge and character.

"Every community should have an expert machine for the diagnosis of, and the prevention of, poverty and crime and disease and insanity. This machine should be built along safe and approved lines, free from fads and theories, and permeated by a very high purpose to guide children along the right way, and to teach parents the dangers of a bad environment in the neighborhood and the home, the force of good example, of good physical health, and the necessity for proper discipline, and the sheer necessity in this regard for a right religious principle. Certainly, this is essential for that vast majority of us, who are not strong enough mentally, or in our moral fiber, to guide our lives by the golden rule alone.

"Undisciplined parents, a contentious atmosphere in the home, a disregard of law and morals is one of the great sources of faulty personalities in growing children. A sane atmosphere in the boarding schools and colleges is the only bulwark of the nation against this growing tendency. One cannot develop a healthy mental atmosphere in the children if the parents are leading a hypocritical life, disregarding morals and the law. The shock to the growing girl of delinquency on the part of the mother ofttimes alters the child's whole outlook on life. A well-disciplined home, with well-disciplined parents and children, will count for much to counteract the evil effect of heredity of nervousness and insanity. Good physical health and discipline, a well-ordered life, are the great checks in this regard.

"One thing we can do is to see that every child that is normally born, with the right given to it by nature to a fair chance of good physical and mental health, is protected in the period of growth from disease that cripples and alters the chemistry of the body; to see that the child has the right to a sane education, and that the duty of the citizen is to offer the child to the schools free from disease, of normal weight, and with pure red blood; to see that what is vicious in the environment of the child is removed, and when the home environment is bad, to have this corrected by the moral pressure of the community. This would mean control by the state of the health of the child; a most detailed medical and psychological study in the pre-school period, repeated at the adolescent or high school advancement. If all these were successfully accomplished, I feel quite certain that the State of Pennsylvania would not have 28,000 insane to care for, and 21,000 delinquent children to cope with in order to make the state a safe place in which to live."

Grand Teton Mountain and Jackson Lake

ONE of the gorgeous scenic wonderlands of the Far West, Grand Teton Mountain and Jackson Lake, lies south of Yellowstone National Park and may be reached by a side trip from Old Faithful Inn in the park proper. This particular region contains appalling heights and depths and colorful features of amazing beauty. A sunrise here is a thing to remember. Soft rose deepens to warm pink in the morning glow, and the shadows fall across it, a rich ultramarine. Then the serrated ridges, jagged spires ranged against a sky of incredible blue, become beautiful beyond expression. Mount Moran and Survey Peak to the north stand erect with their heads in the clouds, the sun shimmering on the perpetual glaciers which set like jewels in the wooded valleys.

The Grand Teton from Jackson Lake.

Forty Years' Study of Cost of Living

(*Concluded from page 4*)

well as they wished to be or as they could get along otherwise. Women, in going out to work more freely, have become more and more economically independent, and thus are more and more responsive to the economic factor.

"The basic affairs of family life, especially among wage-earning classes with which we deal, remain about the same. For instance, in 1918, we found that approximately 9 per cent of families had income from the earnings of wives. In 1901 we found that 8½ per cent of wives in the families canvassed did money-earning work outside the home.

"Here are figures showing how family expenditures were distributed—in terms of percentages—at three periods during the last twenty-five years."

The figures are as follows:

Year	Rent	Fuel and Light	Food	Clothing	Sundries
1901	18.12	5.69	43.13	12.95	20.11
1918	13.0	5.02	38.02	16.06	21.03
1924	20.0	6.3	30.01	13.4	30.2

"These figures show great improvement in the well-being of the average family. The food item is the important indicator as to that. The more cramped the family, the greater the proportion of all income that goes for food and the less that goes for those numerous items—health, diversion, house furnishings, luxuries—that are listed as sundries. Only twenty-three years ago the average working class family had to put almost one-half of all its funds into food. Now less than one-third goes for that item. And they get more and better food. The proportion that goes for housing has increased but not greatly, and, on the whole, they get less but in some respects better housing. The increase owes in most part to abnormal conditions.

"The distribution within the family remains about the same; that is, for example, about the same proportions of the average family's income go, respectively, for clothing for husband, wife and children. Husbands still get the largest individual share on that score, despite the common belief about women's extravagant clothing habits. Women wear much less now but the ratio of cost is about the same.

"Thirty-five years ago it took from 20 to 24 yards of cloth to make a woman's dress. She never wore less than from three to four petticoats and other ample undergarments. These were made of cotton cloth, muslins, usually of a fine texture. It did not take many women to keep a high-grade cotton mill or dress goods establishment going. Today with cotton mill equipment increased 300 to 400 per cent, a woman can make a dress out of three yards of cloth. As to the amount of cloth worn under the dress, let others speak.

"The change has had big bearing on an important item of national economy. It has had much to do with causing cotton manufactures to grow in the South, where heavy goods have been made, and to decline in New England, where the lighter goods have predominated. While women's dressing habits have tended to depress the cotton textile business in New England, better household habits have contributed to the growth of the industry in the South. The percentage of families which, 35 years ago, used two sheets on a bed, was rare, particularly among the working classes. Today, most of them sleep between two sheets and clean ones, too, which means more frequent changing and therefore more sheets than used to be customary.

"The silk underwear habit among women likewise has been a blow to the New England cotton mills but a big boon to the silk mills of New Jersey.

"In 1901 the average family's expenditures for clothing, as shown by detail for 2,567 families, were as follows: For the husband, $34.38;

The majority of divorces in the United States are procured by wives. The causes are usually economic.

for the wife, $26.37; for the children—averaging nearly three per family—, $54.15.

"In 1918, they were: Husband, $71.38; wife, $63.55; children, $102.67.

"In 1924 they were: Husband, $59.25; wife, $52.75; children, $85.22.

"This office has seen freedom from oppressive toil steadily granted to the children of the country. Even as late as 1901, nearly one-fourth of families investigated depended on children for an average of nearly 10 per cent of income. In 1918 only about one-sixth of the families derived any income from the work of children of all ages.

"The size of working class families has changed scarcely at all during the last quarter of a century, being both in 1901 and when the last study was made, composed of slightly less than an average of five persons.

"The average number of rooms making up their places of abode has declined somewhat; likewise, no doubt the average size of the rooms.

"The number of working class families which achieve savings has increased, hugely probably over the eighties. In 1901 only 50 per cent of families investigated reported a surplus of income over living costs. In 1918, 70 per cent showed surpluses. The average surplus in 1918 was $155.31 for the year, against $120.8 in 1901. I am quite sure it is larger now, though the proportion of families that come out ahead may not be so large.

"Curiously, a larger proportion of families ran behind in 1901 than in 1918, the ratio being one-sixth as against about one-fourth of all. This would indicate that the average family now either does better than live within its income or lives beyond it. Fewer evidently spend all and no more.

"We are better, though not so amply, housed; better clothed and much better fed nationally, than when the government began to keep a diary on those things for the working people of the whole.

"There, of course, still is room for much improvement. The worker is kicking harder than he did forty years ago, despite his incomparably better condition. He probably feels just as poor as he did then because the standards of those above him are just as far above him as before. He is kicking harder and more intelligently, because also, he has more leisure time in which to think of his troubles and plan his kick. He goes up and the world goes with him. Break his standards and you decrease consumption, and that would close the factories and thereby defeat the purpose of business and commerce and set back real civilization."

The Parliament Carpet

Even the strips of carpet which run along the floor of the Imperial House of Commons in England have a history and a reason. These strips are located near the front benches and were placed there originally to prevent the danger of members fighting with each other. The carpets were introduced in the days when members wore their swords, and a rule was made that no member was to stray beyond the edge of the carpet on his side of the House when speaking. The carpets were placed two sword lengths apart so that an excited speaker could not reach the members opposite if he flourished his sword. The carpets are still placed the old distance apart.

"It's a Long, Long Trail A-winding"

A Hike From Maine to Georgia Over the Appalachian Mountains

By S. R. WINTERS

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT, the novelist, in his book, "The Shepherd of the Hills," tells about an "old, old trail—that is nobody knows how old." Of a trail that is now being developed along the skyline of the Appalachian Mountains and the summits of the Great Smokies of the South, from Maine to Georgia, it may be said, it is a long, long trail—although it is computed to be approximately 2,000 miles in length—that is nobody knows how long! Suffice to say this footpath will be the longest continuous stretch of trail in the United States.

This project, known as the "Appalachian Trail," was conceived by Benton MacKaye, a former member of the Forest Service, and which branch of the United States Department of Agriculture is adjusting its trail-construction plans within the National Forest areas in furtherance of this super-footpath. In fact, the Forest Service is so imbued with the potential advantages of this pretentious undertaking that it anticipates "this trail system, with the supplemental system of recreation communities and facilities which will be developed along its course, will place within ready reach of half the population of the United States opportunities for recreation of body and spirit such as are seldom enjoyed by any people."

The Appalachian Trail, which the Forest Service says is a project whose keynote is the conservation of men and their love for freedom and fellowship, is not destined to die a-borning, if we are to attach due significance to the organizations fostering its development. Foremost among the group of supporters, probably, is the Appalachian Mountain Club, which was formed in 1876 and is the pioneer trail-making organization in this country. The permanent footpaths in the White Mountains and in other parts of New Hampshire and in adjoining Maine testify to the industry and accomplishments of this pioneer trail-blazing organization. Moreover, the Appalachian Trail was suggested by Benton MacKaye, for the committee on community planning of the American Institute of Architects, an organization of far-reaching import.

Above—Scene, Mount Pisgah, Pisgah National Forest, North Carolina, through which the 2,000-mile trail will course. Center—Hikers climbing out Linville gorge, Western North Carolina. This gorge will contain steps when Appalachian Trail is completed. Community camp established beside the Appalachian Trail.

Albeit, the Appalachian Trail is not a new pathway in the strictest sense of the term, it contemplates the unifying of the many independent trails and the bringing together of the several active trail-making agencies into a formidable unit for the building of a 2,000-mile pathway through a region of unsurpassed scenic beauty. Federal and state governments have already constructed great stretches of mountain trail and even more footpaths have been blazed by such private organizations as the Appalachian Mountain Club, a chapter of which has been organized recently at Asheville, North Carolina.

A score of recreational clubs have been active for a long period of time in the New England States. A little more than a dozen years ago the Green Mountain Club began an undertaking, the result of which is the famous Long Trail. The New England Trail Conference, Connecticut State Park Commission, and the Appalachian Mountain Club are organizations which have furthered trail systems—which Mr. MacKaye says is more than a pathway for hikers, "a new approach to the problem of living, a development of the outdoor community life, as an offset and relief from the various shackles of commercial civilization."

The example of New York State in unifying its scattering trails is emphasized as indicative of the even greater possibilities of providing an unbroken pathway from Maine to Georgia. Until five or six years ago pathways for hikers in New York were developed without any systematic effort, when the Conservation Commission introduced

a trail system in the Adirondack Mountains. A club taking the name of these peaks is continuing the work thus so auspiciously begun. About three years ago there was formed the Palisades Interstate Park Trail Conference, as a result of a meeting of delegates from the walking clubs of New York City, the New York sections of the Appalachian and Green Mountain clubs, the Fresh Air and Tramp and Trail clubs.

The impetus afforded by this meeting of scattering walking units prompted Major W. A. Welch to build a 25-mile trail from Tuxedo to Jones Point on the Hudson River. This same group of workers has extended this footpath northward along the west side of the Hudson River over Bear Mountain. The New Jersey State Forestry Department has constructed eight miles of trail in the Stokes Reservation on the summit of Kittatinny Mountain, northeast from Culver Gap. These two footpaths are the only ones of considerable length thus far systematically planned and constructed in the vicinity of New York City.

The forces active in the development of the Ramapo-Dunderberg Trail, as the Tuxedo-Hudson route, just described, is termed, included Meade C. Dobson, now of Rochester and an influential member of the Adirondack Mountain Club; and Professor Will S. Monroe, president of the New York section of the Green Mountain Club. He is an engineer and builder, primarily of the scenic Monroe Skyline Section of the Vermont Long Trail. Also, included in this group of trail-blazers is J. A. Allis, vice-president of the State Bank of New York, whose influence has been exerted in the behalf of several hiking clubs. These devotees of out-of-doors recreation indulged in dreams of an extension of the Ramapo-Dunderberg Trail north and south, connecting through the Berkshires with the Long trails and the Adirondack Mountain Club trails in New Hampshire.

The proposed Appalachian Trail, however, which has already assumed definite aspects, far and away surpasses the imagination of these promoters of a super-footpath. That a hiker can, ultimately, travel continuously along a trail for a distance of 2,000 miles—from Maine to Georgia, from Mount Katahdin and Mount Washington to the highest and southernmost of the Great Smokies—stimulates the fancy of mountain climbers to an extreme degree. Moreover, community camps are to be established at intervals beside this long, long trail and, likewise, there will be shelter camps, such as those maintained by the Appalachian and Green Mountain clubs. These camps, to quote a promoter of this project, "will tend to reverse the movement to the cities and induce people to settle in the country, to work in the open as well as play. The camping life will stimulate forestry as well as a better agriculture. Employment in both would tend to become enlarged."

The truth to tell, much of this long, long trail is to be built, but with Federal, state and private agencies coöperating the plans of constructing this pathway will be facilitated. Already the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture has outlined the method of procedure. This involves, first, the making of location surveys, the purpose of these is to economize with respect to distance by making the trail by the shortest practical route; second, since this is to be a scenic footpath, it should proceed along a line where natural beauty of the mountainous region is obvious; and, third, the route surveyed should avoid excessive grades. Once the trail is surveyed and located the pathway is "swamped" or brushed out. A crew chops out the line, and following this crew are the force of workers engaged in grading and filling. These activities in trail-blazing apply to a trunk-line pathway.

The northern terminus of this 2,000-mile footpath is the Mount Washington locality in New Hampshire, this stretch having already been completed as far as Dartmouth College. The objective in the south is the Great Smoky range. The route in this region follows the Tennessee-North Carolina state line to the Watauga Valley. Thence, instead of following the Blue Ridge Mountains it diverts its course north so as to go through the White Top Forest Area and so as to make connection with the possible ultimate branch lines to Kentucky in one direction and to Western Pennsylvania in the other. Following the ridges, it crosses the New River near a place known as Goodwins Ferry. Thence, it jumps from one minor ridge to another until it hits the main Blue Ridge Mountains again near Roanoke, then follows the Blue Ridge through the Natural Bridge Forest Area and onward to Harper's Ferry.

"There will be a chance to catch a breath," to quote Mr. MacKaye, "to study the dynamic forces of nature and the possibilities of shifting to them the burdens now carried on the backs of men. The reposeful study of these forces should provide a broad-gauged enlightened approach to the problem of industry. Industry would come to be seen in its true perspective—as a means in life and not as an end in itself."

The Forest Service shares a similar view, although it is expressed differently in a statement furnished this writer: "Thousands of enthusiastic hikers already use the Appalachian Forest trails each summer. Two weeks in the open among the mountain tops, sends them back to the rush of everyday life refreshed for the struggle, with a new appreciation of Nature's wonders and of the possibilities for wisely using our natural resources in the solution of our national problems."

Relic of the Revolution

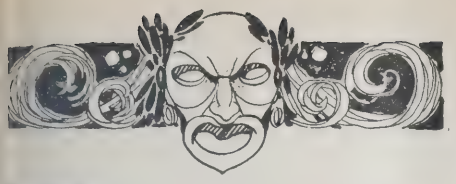
Birthplace of the Guns That Spoke for Freedom

ANCIENT deeds record that about 1750 Isaac Palmer built a sawmill on the spot now occupied by the ruins of the old Monmouth furnace. This was on the northern side of the headwaters of the Manasquan River near Allaire, New Jersey. The property passed into many hands and about 1814 the Manasquan, or, as it was afterward called, the Monmouth furnace, was erected, for a deed of 1817 records that "all the lands commonly called and known as the Monmouth furnace property" were reconveyed to William Griffith.

Old Monmouth smelting plant.

In Colonial days the surrounding country abounded in bog-ore, and the fame of this furnace was widespread. The iron was smelted from the ore by a rude process, the charcoal being burned on the ground. Here was made the cannon for Washington's armies during the War of the Revolution; here was made the air chamber for Fulton's history-making *Clermont*, and here too was later fashioned the engines for the *Savannah*, the first steamboat to cross the Atlantic. From 1834-1837 the largest concern in the world making marine engines was located here.

The site is now overgrown with brush and trees. The masonry is of the best or it would never have stood the ravages of time. Of late the property has fallen into hands that will no doubt preserve it as a memorial of pioneer days. Surely the birthplace of the guns used in the American Revolution should not be allowed to disintegrate



Footlight Flashes on Manhattan Stages

From the Zero to the Meridian of Merit

By PETER SCHUYLER

THE theatrical year which has just given up the ghost has been remarkable in four particulars. It marks the owest degree of degeneracy which the rientalized stage of Manhattan has far reached. It witnessed the astounding continued success of "Abie's Irish ose." It saw more legal accusations f plagiarism, a euphemism for theft rought against prominent authors, than ver before in the history of the Amerian drama. And it introduced the ultimate futility in the effort to deodorize the playhouse, the application of the play jury scheme.

Shows and Sales During the Season

Roughly speaking—in considering ne Manhattan show situation it is ltogether in the picture to speak roughly"—a theatrical season runs om the middle of August to the middle f the following May. That period kes no consideration of the so-called mmer season which is used for the roduction of hot weather musical ieces. "Hot weather" is the excuse for moving all appreciable covering from ne chorus, and reducing the salaries of ctors who are engaged in dramatic ccesses which the producer wants keep going during the off-season. trange as it may seem this economy not passed along to the ticket-buying ublic. Patrons are expected to pay the me prices for the show. The actors e permitted to carry on provided ey assist the management in its hilanthropic policy of entertaining the roletariat by accepting a cut in wages nning from twenty-five to a larger rcentage of their contracted stipend.

Approximately two hundred plays divers sorts were produced during 24-25. Of this number *one-fourth ere commercial successes*, which being terpreted means that the Great merican Sucker refused to be gaffed almost one hundred and fifty stances.

The season of 1923-24 saw about one ndred and seventy-five offerings nded to the customers. One hundred d fifteen times potential purchasers fused to buy. Artistically, dramatilly, and literarily the Manhattan eater in 1924-25 stood still. Conidered from the viewpoint of the most beral moralist the playhouse of "the rgest Jewish city in the world" opped another level toward the sewer.

On the evening of September 5, 24, the initial attack began with the esentation of "What Price Glory?" war drama which had to do with the nflict between two drunken officers of e U. S. Marine Corps over a French llage drab. The "war" was introduced give local color by permitting the audience to get a look at a front-line dugout under fire. The dialog was so profusely decorated with profanity of the bluest that even first-night spectators were astonished. But because Manhattan is nothing if not hypocritical, subsequent objection to the play was made not on the particular score of the vicious language but because the actions of the chief characters tended to bring the uniform of the army into disrepute. A great to-do followed with the subsequent elimination of the roughest of the lines and a jeer by the producer—in a program note—at those who were responsible for the wash-up.

Then followed in quick succession the Belasco offerings of "The Harem" and "Ladies of the Evening," the Eugene O'Neill effluvium, "Desire Under the Elms," a burlesque on the life of Benevenuto Cellini, "The Firebrand," and the Theater Guild's contribution, "They Knew What They Wanted." Some minority growls of disapproval began to be heard as the waves of stage indecency continued to roll higher.

When the Editor Grew Virtuous

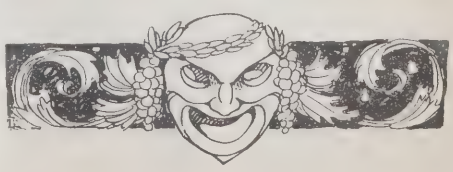
Then the editor of an evening paper suffered an attack of virtue and burst out with a demand that the stage clean house. The fact that his paper was at the time carrying advertisements for the plays to which he objected did not lessen the warmth of his attack. Agitation for the establishment of a censorship over the drama began and those who were interested in keeping the theater unhampered by the laws of common decency got frightened. Anything was better than a censorship! A stuffed club was created with which to keep existing and potential offenders in their places. The stuffed club was the play jury system which may be described first, last, and all the time, as an attempt to prevent the stage from being really cleansed. Jurymen and jurywomen, from these self-appointed guardians of the community weal visited "The Firebrand," "Desire Under the Elms," and "They Knew What They Wanted." The first named has to do with the amatory adventures of Cellini and, from the incandescence of the situations and stage business, is well named; the second is concerned with a New England farm hand and his stepmother and the subsequent murder of an infant by the mother; the third concerns an I. W. W. California farm hand and the young wife of his old employer the night of the wedding. With a speed that is illuminating *the play jury found nothing wrong with any of the three* except one or two words of disapprobation for the Cellini play.

After these three exhausting labors the play jury called it a season and knocked off work. Mr. Belasco himself, in person, rewrote "The Harem" and "Ladies of the Evening" with small harm to the quality of these plays which were so bad originally that nothing could make them worse. Both have since succumbed to lack of patronage.

When Pulitzer Prize Was Awarded

But if persons of old-style ideals found fault with some of the entertainment thrown at them, the offending plays have not failed to win praise in higher and looser circles. Each year in Manhattan an award, the Pulitzer prize of $1,000, is made to the author of the play "best representing the educational value of the stage in raising the standards of good morals, good manners, and good taste." In 1921 the prize went to Eugene O'Neill for "Anna Christie" which was strong meat indeed. Last year it went to "Hell-Bent for Heaven" by Hatcher Hughes. That decision rent the deciding committee in twain with flying allusions to the double cross which had an acidity more than common in affairs wherein university professors of English are involved. This year the Pulitzer palm has been given to Sidney Howard who wrote "They Knew What They Wanted." Mr. Howard now is being sued by another gentleman of the inkpot who asserts that the prize winner was stolen from a play of his own manufacture. The courts will ultimately determine the ownership of "They Knew What They Wanted" but it needs no tribunal of the law to pass judgment on the mental acumen of judges who allotted Mr. Howard $1,000 for a drama in which the big and only moment is the seduction of the newly wedded wife by an itinerant I. W. W. If that sort of trash is to be judged the play "best representing the educational value of the stage in raising the standards of good morals, good taste and good manners" is it any wonder that the native theater descends steadily year after year into lower depths of degradation?

(Concluded on page 30)



Mapping the Northwest Passage

How Hundreds of Brave Souls Succumbed to the Lure of Pathfinding

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

AFTER the discovery of America, Spain and Portugal arrogated to themselves the rights to the undiscovered territories of the world. Most naturally England and Holland did not view this partition complacently. Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn being spoken for, the eyes of the English and Dutch were directed toward the northeast and toward the northwest as outlets for their exploratory ambitions.

For England the Cabots first braved the dangers of the Arctic but without sufficient success to warrant the continuation of the enterprises. But in 1549 the Company of Merchant Adventurers, known as the Muscovy Company, received a royal charter and four years later Willoughby and Chancellor established contact with Russia through Archangel which port was again most actively used in the World War. Speculation ran riot in 1550 and even a professor of mathematics, Robert Recorde, writer of famous textbooks, languished in the debtor's prison most probably because of too enthusiastic support. Recorde dedicates his "Whetstone of Witte," first English work on Algebra, to the Muscovy Company. The names of Willoughby and Chancellor and Burroughs are to be found today on the maps of the European Arctic, a testimony to English activity there in the sixteenth century. Similarly the Barents Sea perpetuates the achievements there of the Dutch from 1594 to 1599; it was in 1596 that Barents discovered Spitzbergen.

Renewed interest in the American Northwest was awakened by Sir Martin Frobisher. Here was a man of culture, able to interest in a venture Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Warwick, the merchant prince Michael Lok and also the scholarly and versatile John Dee, astrologer and mathematician. Frobisher's patrons were due in part also to Sir Humphrey Gilbert who in 1574 showed on paper how easy was the Northwest Passage to India.

The account in Elizabethan English of Frobisher's first voyage begins:

"Our General, Captain Frobisher, being persuaded of a new and nearer passage to Cataya than by Capo de Buona Speranca, which the Portugals yearly use, began first with himself to devise, and then with his friends to confer, and laid a plain plot unto them that that voyage was not only possible by the northwest, but also he could prove easy to be performed. And further, he determined and resolved with himself to go make full proof thereof, and to accomplish or bring true certificate of the truth, or else never to return again, knowing this to be the only thing of the world that was left yet undone, whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate . . . little and little, with no small expense and pain, brought his cause to some perfection . . .

"He prepared two small barks of twenty and five-and-twenty ton apiece wherein . . . he departed upon the said voyage from Blackwall, the 15 of June, anno Domini 1576 . . .

"And the 20 of July he had sight of a high land which he called Queen Elizabeth's Foreland, after her Majesty's name. And sailing more northerly alongst that coast, he descried another foreland with a great gut bay, or passage dividing as it were two main lands or continents asunder. There he met with store of exceeding great ice all this coast along, and coveting still to continue his course to the northwards, was always by contrary wind detained overthwart these straits . . . and passed above fifty leagues therein, as he reported, having upon either hand a great main or continent. And that land upon his right hand as he sailed westward he judged to be the continent of Asia and there to be divided from the

Map of the World, by Ortelius—1588

Blaev's conception of the Northwest—the most widely circulated map of this region from 1635 to about 1700.

irm of America, which lieth upon the eft hand over against the same.

"This place he named after his ıame, Frobisher's Straits, like as Magellanus at the southwest end of the world, having discovered the passage to he South Sea . . . and called the same straits, Magellan's Straits.

"After he had passed 60 leagues nto this foresaid strait, he went ashore, and found signs where fire had been nade . . .

"In this place he saw and perceived sundry tokens of the peoples resorting hither . . . coming nearer, he discovered them to be men in small boats nade of leather . . . five of our men going ashore were by them intercepted with their boat, and were never since heard of to this day again."

Frobisher captured one of the Esquimos with his kayak, but the poor fellow died in England "of cold which he had taken at sea."

Frobisher made a second voyage in 1577 but the most tangible result was a shipload of pyrites or fool's gold. However, Frobisher's exploits are duly recorded in the names of Cape Warwick, Lok's Island, and Frobisher's Bay and Strait found upon our map.

A more able pilot and navigator, John Davis, made three voyages between 1585 and 1588, finding beyond Davis Strait at 72° 12′ North Latitude "sea all open to the westward and northward."

Along the route of Davis, Baffin in 1616 reached a latitude of 77° 45′ North, in the vicinity of the true magnetic pole. Baffin's farthest north was not exceeded in the American Arctic for more than two centuries (1852).

Between the Northeast Passage around Norway and the possible Northwest Passage by the western coast of Greenland lies another possible route to the Arctic Seas, the route between Greenland and Spitzbergen. In 1607

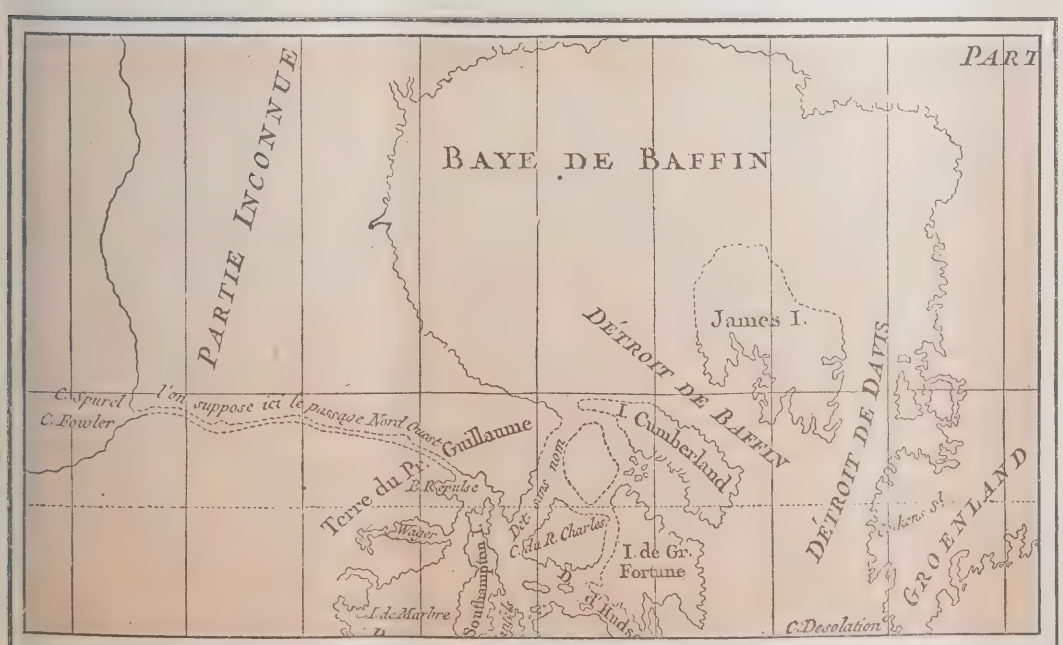
From Sanson's map of the North Polar Region of 1657. After Frobisher and Hudson.

Henry Hudson proved that this led only to a solid wall of ice, the barrier mentioned most recently by Amundsen. A further voyage by the Northeast Passage the following year gave Hudson further training in the Arctic and its ways. The famous voyage of the *Half Moon* began with a run to the northeast but the ice preventing Hudson turned to America and discovered in September of 1609 the beautiful river which bears his name.

In 1610 Hudson, with his lieutenant Juet, sailed away in the *Discoverer* under the English flag, "to try if, through any of those inlets which Davis saw but durst not enter, any passage might be found to the other ocean called the South Sea." Entering the strait which bears his name on June 24, 1610, Hudson passed by the Cape "Hold with Hope" and the "Island of God's Mercy," by Digges Island into "the bay of God's great Mercies," as Hudson termed the bay which became his last resting place and his lasting monument. James Bay was reached but exploration engaged their attention too closely so that the ice compelled them to winter in the bay. Adequate provision for this had not been made; mutiny broke out and Hudson with a few faithful followers was set adrift in a small boat and never heard from more.

With Hudson and with Baffin terminated the attempt to reach India by way of Davis Strait. However, the idea of a passage was not abandoned for even James Cook in 1778 and Vancouver in 1792 sought the great reward of £20,000 offered by England for a passage for the Pacific into Hudson's Bay.

During a period of two hundred years after Hudson only whalers pushed into the Arctic regions. At this time even Baffin's voyage was considered doubtful, so long had the Northwest been deserted. In 1818 and 1819 the British (*Concluded on page 29*)



French map of about 1775 based on an English map of 1769. Note that the Northwest Passage finally made by Amundsen was indicated in approximately the position found by him one hundred thirty years later.

A Chat With a Famous British Painter

(*Concluded from page 2*)

armchair upon the models' dais; a turmoil of pictures, finished and unfinished, landscapes, portraits, figure subjects; all the paraphernalia of a painter's workshop. In the center, upon a big easel, his well-known picture "A Reverie,"—a middle-aged man seated near the piano at which his young wife is singing; over all mingled firelight and lamplight; in a dusk corner the shadowy, the ethereal figure of a woman, looking wistfully at the man who sees her in his mind's eye—"the dear dead of other days."

"Is that a replica?" I asked.

"No, no, that's the original, back from the Walker Art Gallery," the famous municipal gallery at Liverpool. "You see, here and there the paint has cracked and I am putting it right. I preferred to do it myself. On the whole, in spite of somewhat injudicious treatment, it's kept wonderfully fresh . . . It stirs memories in me! A painter's work differs, changes as time goes by; this was painted in 1895. It's like turning over the pages of an old diary, which one hasn't looked at for a long time; finding a record of little and big things which one has almost forgotten; and the handwriting changed."

Then a comfortable armchair for each of us, and I with a cigaret in preference to the proffered cigar.

"I'm going to make a shocking nuisance of myself," said I. "You know how interested our American friends are in all our old institutions and how much they like to get a peep inside; to go behind the scenes, so to speak. Do tell me something about the Royal Academy?"

He laughed, hesitatingly, before he replied:

"What shall I tell you?"

"You're one of the elder brethren?"

"Yes; not the oldest in years, but, I think with two exceptions, I am the senior member."

"It's not a sinecure, being president, I imagine?"

"No, it's not. There's plenty to do, a lot that you must do and a lot more that you ought to do; more than I realized until—I had to do it! I have to take the chair at all meetings of the council; to preside at the elections of academicians and associates; to preside at the banquet and, which bothers me most, but I daresay I shall not mind it so much when I have got used to doing it, I have to make all the speeches on behalf of the academy at the banquet, six of them. So it is rather a trying function for me. Of course, some of the speeches are quite brief; such as the toast of the King. By the way, when I escorted the Queen round the exhibition I was greatly struck by her interest in and her knowledge and understanding of art. I had my work cut out to answer some of her questions."

"Who was the most interesting president you have known?"

"Leighton, without a doubt. Probably the finest of all our presidents, excepting perhaps Reynolds. Not only a great painter, and with the makings of an even greater sculptor, but a fine courtier and an admirable speaker."

"Some people say he was a better man-of-the-world than painter."

"Some people talk nonsense. He was a *great* painter; every picture of his has splendid decorative qualities. As all pictures should have."

"Presidents now retire at a certain age, don't they?"

"Yes, at seventy-five; so I have four more years to run. This new rule saves a man from having to acknowledge that he has had his day; from putting himself on the shelf, so to say. Never a pleasant thing to have to do?"

"Other work—?"

"The president has to keep an eye on the work of the academy school; to present the prizes each year, and every alternate year, when the gold medal is awarded, to deliver a formal address. Then I have to take the chair at every meeting, six or so, of the selection committee, to judge the pictures sent in for the exhibition; very tiring work; must keep fully alert all the time. Every picture must be given fair attention; you have constantly to readjust, to refocus, your point of view, your attitude of mind; there are violent changes of style and so on from one picture to the next. And we old'uns realize that we must not be as dogmatic as most young people are! Dogmatism leads to narrowness. In the academy we do our best to be just to all schools, even to those, perhaps especially to those, which may be violently opposed to our personal views and beliefs. Of course, we maintain that there are certain standards and traditions which we must uphold; at the same time we keep close watch on any new departure. We should see to it that in every picture we admit there is sincere work and of sufficient technical achievement. Without those there is no justification for any departure from tradition. We have a duty to the public; to guide its taste and increase its knowledge; and to the artists—we must see that there is fair play for everyone. The academy does influence public opinion and taste, and so has a great responsibility. If we admitted mere 'Bolshevist' stuff people would say, 'Then there must be something in it.' On the other hand we do our best to avoid sheer formalism, unthinking following of conventions and traditions."

"What about our budding artists?"

"I don't think the younger students work as hard as we used to do. They've got an almost comic war cry, that they must not sink their personality. As if any real artist could kill his personality! If a man does his work sincerely his character, his personality must appear in his work. A man's work cannot lie about himself. A student in our school had painted a model—shall we say—pea green. The visitor, as we call him, who is always a member of the academy ventured to say: 'But the model is not pea green!' The reply was: 'Well, that's as I see it. I cannot sink my personality!' It's a student's duty to paint or to draw, exactly what is set before him, or her, and to study from the old masters, who did after all know a thing or two! To be as Stevenson said he was, 'a sedulous ape.' If there is a personality worth anything in the end it must force its way through, its way out; the artist will be able to express himself all the better, all the more fully, if he has learned discipline and how to use his tools. I think the war is accountable for a great deal of the unrest, of the desire to rebel for the sake of rebelling, of the curious mentality that so many young artists show today. We know that there was something very similar after the Napoleonic Wars; even an outburst of extravagant dancing, as there is today! There seems to me to be a curious cult of ugliness now rampant, deliberate avoidance of beauty. I believe it is only a passing phase.

I came away refreshed, though not in accord with all that had been said by my host; feeling that I had been in touch with a man who belonged to the past and to the present.

The courtyard of Burlington House.

"I Read *in the* Papers—"

I read in the papers that a governmental department in the Irish Free State recently had occasion to write a letter to a German manufacturing firm. Patriotic insofar as its knowledge extended, the department began the letter: "A chara"—the Gaelic form of address—and wrote the remainder of the communication in English. In replying, the German firm went the patriots several better: its letter began: "Dear Sirs," and continued in *Gaelic* even to the end.

The Irish department was compelled to send the letter to Trinity College, Dublin, for translation.

(The following paragraph was in type three weeks before Mr. Bryan's death. We let it stand as the record of an interesting project.)

I read in the papers that William Jennings Bryan is to conduct an ocean Chautauqua to the Holy Land. A shipload of people will accompany him—maybe two shiploads. Mr. Bryan will speak where Paul spoke on Mars Hill; he will speak on Oratory where Demosthenes gave his great oration, "On the Crown." In Egypt he will speak on Joseph's dreams and Moses' Law. Indeed, at every notable spot, Mr. Bryan will be ready with an appropriate lecture. During the Easter Season he will give five addresses. On Good Friday he will lecture in the Garden of Gethsemane. Next day he will deliver at Bethlehem his famous lecture on "The Prince of Peace." At dawn of Easter Sunday Mr. Bryan will lead the party outside the city walls and discourse of the Resurrection. In the afternoon he will preach on The Mount of Olives, with a later address at the Tomb of David. Damascus will be marked by an address on St. Paul's Conversion, and the Sea of Galilee will echo Mr. Bryan's voice as he speaks of The Sermon on the Mount. It is a most interesting schedule.

I read in the papers that there is a plan to refurnish certain rooms in the White House in the style of our own Colonial Period. That is good news. If anywhere the distinctive American touch ought to exist, it is in the interior of the residence of our Chief Magistrate. True, the House itself is copied after that of an Irish nobleman and much of the scheme of interior decoration is in the French style; and there should, as the American Institute of Architects insists, be no change thus far. From British stock this nation descended, with French aid and friendship at the start. Fittingly are these facts acknowledged in the material fabric of the White House. But it seems that the Green and Red Rooms in the Mansion are somewhat nondescript, whence arises the suggestion that they be made American Colonial. It is an excellent idea. The choicest specimens of Colonial furniture, when honest work was expended on honest material through the medium of true artistic design, should find their final repository in the White House. Yea, even unto ye spinning wheel and ye pothook.

I read in the papers the record of public hysteria regarding many criminal cases. I wonder how much of it there would be without the papers. Recently a number of club women collected money which seems to have been effective in securing a reprieve for a convicted murderer, but it's dollars to doughnuts that those same women who believe that Scott is innocent also believed that Shephard was guilty. The Shephard case appears to have been a newspaper stunt, and the newspaper principally interested, affected the mind of this nation to such an extent that many newspaper readers had Shephard guilty, tried, convicted and hanged before he was even arrested. Twelve men, hearing the case, pronounced him not guilty. In the Scott case, twelve men, hearing the evidence, pronounce him guilty, but some women and a newspaper say he is innocent. It is a question whether it is our sense of justice or our emotions that are engaged at such times.

I read in the papers that "sacramental liquor," as the irreverent call it, is again in the front pages. The Jewish loophole in the prohibition law, though left with the good intention of allowing orthodox Jews to observe their religious practices, has degenerated into a dangerous leak. Most Christian churches have abandoned wines for grapejuice. The Jewish official organizations have protested against the misuse of the "sacramental" clause. But to no purpose. The traffic goes on. It requires only ten Jews to form a "congregation" and their "rabbi" can draw liquor on his title. The predominant Jewish element in the whole bootlegging business explains much. It explains the Philadelphia situation, as well as the nation-wide mail-order distribution of liquor just exposed. It appears from the papers, however, that law-enforcement is becoming so hot that "rabbis" are being made out of Gentiles. This is quite in keeping with the way it usually worked out.

Romantic Rascals

(*Concluded from page 17*)

him nor had he confidence in himself. Soon they fell into the hands of the Portuguese and what courage was left in Espinosa was suddenly extinguished. There were long months then of miserable slavery.

At last, when the wonder of the first world voyage had lost its sharpness, four men whose very existence was hardly suspected, haggard men and worn, found their way into Spain. They were Espinosa and three sailors, all that were left of the original crew that had sailed from the Moluccas. Fifty out of fifty-four had died from starvation, disease, drowning or suffering.

But Espinosa's cup was not yet full. Presenting himself before the proper officials and asking for his pay, he was told that he had been cut off from the pay roll from the time of his capture by the Portuguese, on the ground that he was no longer in the service of Spain. For the rest, beyond the mention that the former constable instituted a suit to recover his docked wages, history is scornfully silent.

Willows of St. Helena

Mementos of Napoleon's bitter end on the bleak and desolate island of St. Helena stand lamenting, with drooping branches, even in the remote parts of the world.

In 1799, an English settler on the island, J. Tarbut, who owned much land there, planted five weeping willows, which he had brought from England, alongside the tomb of Napoleon. Three of these died within thirty-five years of planting. By reason of the care and attention given to them by Tarbut, the other two lived several years longer.

Before the latter two died, however, slips of them were planted on the other side of the tomb. Owing to the unchanging solicitude for their welfare of the soldier-caretaker whom the British Government maintained on the island, who daily watered them, they thrived in a wonderful way.

Cuttings from these offspring of the original trees have been taken to all parts of the world by visitors to St. Helena. For the most part, they have become sturdy descendants of that day, reminders of the rueful ending of a notable life.

Even in far-away Port Arthur, in Tasmania, an island south of Victoria, Australia, stands one of these weeping willows near an old worn-out fountain in front of the ruins of the old Government House. It is known as "Napoleon's Willow," and is granted to have been a cutting brought from the grave at St. Helena.

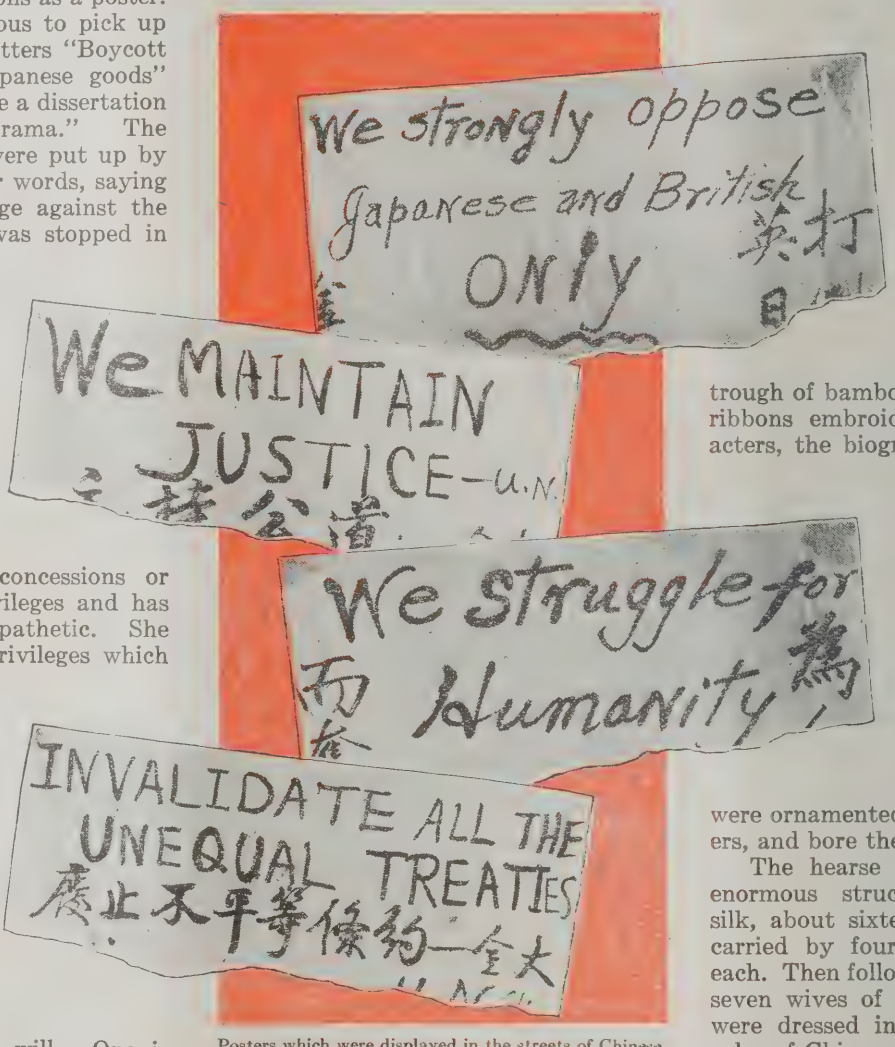
China Protests Greed

(*Concluded from page 5*)

other large places. Women who were accustomed to servants have had to go into the kitchen and prepare their own meals; banks and shops have had to close their doors; British ships of the Yangtze and coast trade are tied up idle because the crew refuse to work; all foreign factories are closed; a rigid boycott of all Japanese and British goods is going on in all the cities. Every available piece of paper has been turned into a poster. In some schools when all the available paper was used up, the students used the backs of their compositions as a poster. It seemed rather ludicrous to pick up a poster with the big letters "Boycott all the British and Japanese goods" and then turn over to see a dissertation upon the "English Drama." The accompanying posters were put up by the thousands. In other words, saying that they had no grudge against the Americans. A friend was stopped in her rickshaw this week and asked her nationality. When she replied "American" she was given a whole-hearted salute and motioned to pass on. Rickshaws are placarded "Not to carry British or Japanese."

America has asked of China no foreign concessions or railways or mining privileges and has been friendly and sympathetic. She is now being allowed privileges which may prove of more value than a bit of land or a railway. While in some instances the Chinese do not distinguish between Westerners, when they denounce their overbearing aggressiveness and wrongs to China, yet everywhere the word "America" seems to carry with it a feeling of friendship and good will. One is appalled at the possible future outcome when millions of people are harboring in their hearts deeper and deeper resentment and hatred against the Westerner within its borders. At the same time they are developing a national spirit that is so intense that as yet it is not altogether rational. Some claim that Bolshevism is back of the movement in its beginnings, although students disclaim this. America returned the Boxer Indemnity money to China for the advancement of higher education. Now it is generally understood that the Russian Boxer funds are being used to send Chinese students to Russia for "short courses" and funds supplied on their return for propaganda purposes.

The students claim that this is a wholly patriotic affair and advocate non-violence to foreigners and property. Although the situation is terribly tense, the students have kept their word. The few places where violence has occurred has been when the rabble, incited by the passionate, patriotic harangue of the students, has got beyond control. Every day the situation changes, and every day it is likely to continue to change until a thorough investigation of the Shanghai tragedy is completed.



Posters which were displayed in the streets of Chinese cities by students.

The shooting affair in Shanghai is only the immediate cause which brought out the aggrieved feelings that have been smoldering in the Chinese hearts. Where the flames may spread and what the destruction may be, we cannot say now; but we do know that business has been shot to pieces; millions of dollars' worth of business is at a standstill; hundreds of thousands of strikers are idle; schools are all closed and the students are draining themselves and the merchants to feed the strikers. International relationships are tense. A fair and just settlement will make four hundred million people our friends rather than our enemies.

The Rich Man of Hongkong

By W. E. BARTON

WE DO not go far in any land without meeting funerals. I chanced to see a funeral procession of a rich man in Hongkong. He was a Chinaman, but died in the English hospital. I should think his funeral procession was a mile in length. There were no horses or automobiles, though these are not unknown in Chinese funerals now. The basis of each unit was a sedan chair, or some such structure, borne by two or more men. At the head of the procession was a giant image of a Chinese god, made of paper. Its height was given me by an educated Chinaman as sixteen feet. Next was a table with four images, perhaps ancestors of the family. Then followed a long sort of trough of bamboo poles, with satin red ribbons embroidered with gold characters, the biography of the deceased, whose name, I am told, was Chan Hin Sam. Then followed four boys in scarlet coats, beating drums or gongs.

Then came two boys bearing enormous paper lanterns, perhaps four feet in diameter. These were ornamented with kingfisher feathers, and bore the name of the deceased.

The hearse followed. It was an enormous structure of embroidered silk, about sixteen feet high. It was carried by four relays of eight men each. Then followed two daughters and seven wives of the dead man. They were dressed in white, the mourning color of China, and each wore over her head a yard or so of sackcloth. I stood near, and could hear them wailing.

Then came perhaps a hundred men marching on foot, friends of the deceased. Then came 48 sedans with relatives, all I think women. The foremost wore sackcloth. The later ones wore European clothing, with evidently rolled stockings, and showed no sign of grief. The boys who carried these forty-eight relatives were dressed alike in blue trousers and blue conical hats and the sedans had green sides and white bodies.

This was the end of the procession which had often to halt as it made its tortuous way through the streets, and was long in passing.

Mapping the Northwest Passage

From the popular American Atlas by Arrowsmith and Lewis, Philadelphia, 1804. Note that even Baffin's Bay was considered "doubtful."

(*Concluded from page 25*)

Government began again the attack upon the Arctic, with expeditions by land and by sea. Captain John Ross and Lieutenant W. E. Parry penetrated by sea into Lancaster Sound in 1818, and the next year Parry in command of a new expedition entered Barrow Strait and Melville Sound and Banks Strait. Parry received a reward of £5,000 for reaching the longitude 113° 48′.

In 1819 John Franklin, thirty-three years old, with twenty years of honorable and distinguished service at sea to his credit, commanded an overland expedition which rediscovered the Coppermine River and placed it in its correct position upon the map, having been located by Hearne in 1771 some 5° too far north. Franklin returned again in 1825, leaving at her entreaty the bedside of his dying wife, and embarking, as planned, with Dr. Richardson and Lieutenants Back and Hepburn to complete in large measure the tracing of the northern coast of North America. A supporting expedition by Bering Strait under Captain Beechey sent a boat around the icy Cape of Cook as far as Point Barrow. This place was approached from the east by Simpson in 1838.

The most northerly point of the American continent is in Boothia Felix, reached by Captain John Ross in 1829. An equally noteworthy discovery of this expedition was the discovery of the magnetic pole at 70° 5′ North, 96° 46′ West. Five years, with only one fatality due to Arctic conditions, were passed there by Ross who was the first to bring a steamship into this service.

In 1845 Sir John Franklin again yielded to the fascination of the North. On May 19 the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with one hundred twenty-nine officers and men, sailed from England reaching Lancaster Sound in late July and *were never seen again save possibly by Esquimos.*

Space does not suffice for the story of Franklin and the numerous relief expeditions sent out in a search extending over fifteen years. In a cairn at Point Victory was finally found, after fourteen years of search, the brief and tragic record of the discovery of the Northwest Passage.

"28th of May, 1847.

"H. M. Ships *Erebus* and *Terror* wintered in the ice, in latitude 70° 05′ N., longitude 98° 23′ W.

"Having wintered . . . at Beechey Island in latitude 74° 43′ 28″ N., longitude 91° 39′ 15″ W., after having ascended Wellington Channel to latitude 77°, and returned by the West side of Cornwallis Island . . ." G. Gore, Lieut."

On June 11, 1847, Franklin died on board the *Erebus*. In Westminster Abbey the memorial tablet reads:

"Not here: the white North has thy bones;
And thou Heroic Sailor-soul,
Art passing on thy happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole."

Gore's record was supplemented by Captain Crozier on April 25, 1848, by the account of the death of Franklin and the abandonment of the ships. This the last written record was signed by Captain Crozier and Captain James Fitzjames of the *Erebus*, with the laconic close: "And start on tomorrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River." One hundred five men started on the journey and on the dreadful trail from Point Victory to Todd Island graves and skeletons testify to their heroic but futile efforts. "They fell down and died as they walked," so said an Eskimo woman, forging "the last link of the Northwest Passage with their lives." Franklin discovered the Northwest Passage which became his tomb.

The successful passage northward from ocean to ocean was first made by the northeast by the scholarly Nordenskiöld, a famous collector of early maps, who sailed from Gothenburg on July 4, 1878, and before being frozen in arrived within two days' journey of Bering Strait, emerging at the strait on July 18, 1879.

The Northwest Passage by sea was accomplished in a voyage of three years, from 1903 to 1906, in the little steamship *Vega* by Captain Roald Amundsen. Life gave to him that passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific whose lure had brought destruction to hundreds of brave souls, intent upon adding to the store of human knowledge. To him also is due the almost equally great discovery of the South Pole. One man may well be content with these.

The Northwest Passage in 1850 after the voyages of Franklin, Ross and other Englishmen.

Footlight Flashes on Manhattan Stages

(*Concluded from page 23*)

Meanwhile the ideal creation for the amusement of super-morons, "Abie's Irish Rose" continued to smash all records for endurance runs in the history of the American show world. On the twenty-third day of May, in the year 1922, this indescribable hodge-podge of drivel made its bow to Manhattan the Wise. It has been roaring like a prairie fire ever since. Its author, Anne Nichols, was a playwright of sorts who had made some success in turning out pieces for a professionally Irish actor who tours the country year after year to delight the lonely souls of maid-servants, chambermaids, and others who long for a breath of Erin even when it emanates from an American playwright. Her experience as a fashioner of these comedy dramas evidently gave Miss Nichols a shrewd insight into what the public will tolerate. When she turned her talents to "Abie's Irish Rose" she capitalized that knowledge. She took the worst absurdities of the kitchen servant comedies and grafted her Irish rose on to a Jewish plant. Throwing in a little war stuff, a rabbi and a priest, a belligerent Irish father, an equally belligerent Jewish father, and a baby, she concocted a stage entertainment which is the most amazing spectacle the American theater has ever seen. It reeks with pro-Jewish propaganda. There have been as many as six companies assaulting the intelligence of the nation in different parts of the country at the same time. "Abie's Irish Rose" has played cities, towns, and hamlets the geographers never knew were on the map and it has made money by the barrel. One organization ran for fifty-seven weeks in Chicago, another for twenty-nine weeks in Pittsburgh, another for twenty-eight weeks in Cleveland, another for fifteen weeks in Washington, and still another for seventeen weeks in Toronto. Cities which have always been listed as one-night stands entertained Miss Nichols' play for three and four weeks at a time and it is still running in Manhattan. Figured out mathematically the combined number of performances already given by "Abie's Irish Rose" if made by one company in one theater would last for fifteen years. It has made millions for the author and the producer and is a perpetual sore spot in the heart of at least five experienced managers who turned up their noses at it when Miss Nichols asked them to do it. She was the only one who realized its value and she staked everything she had previously made in the chambermaid-drama line to get it on the stage. The opposition logrollers on the Manhattan newspapers and in the Manhattan magazines may war to the death because the Pulitzer prize committee passed up "What Price Glory?" in favor of "They Knew What They Wanted." Miss Anne Nichols should worry about thousand-dollar premiums. Her receipts for ten minutes of one night performance amount to more.

A Play Which Has Run Fifteen Years

Despite the fact that it may be the intelligence-annoying thing it is, "Abie's Irish Rose" is a better example of what the stage can do in the line of raising the standard of good manners, good morals and good taste of the theatergoing public than the other two plays combined.

"Abie's Irish Rose" appeals to the Jewish inferiority complex. Intellectual Jews, of course, despise it as do intelligent Irishmen.

Miss Nichols has achieved money and prominence by her work. She has done it with clean hands. That more than anything else is a record.

No comment on the theatrical season just passed would be complete without some notice being paid to the worst monstrosity of the year's crop, "A Good Bad Woman" recently "revived" at William A. Brady's theater, "The Playhouse." The manager confessed that the play was pretty bad but that he had put it before the people only with the idea of calling attention to the depth of degradation to which the Manhattan theater had fallen and not as a money maker. He wanted to stage something so bad the public reaction would be so fierce that the guardians of the community's morals would be forced to clean out the dramatic stables! They were so forced and Mr. Brady's theatrical stable got the first sweep of the broom. Whereat much acrimonious comment was heard issuing from the Brady offices but the harm was done and "A Good Bad Woman" passed into unfortunate temporary oblivion—unfortunate because it was only temporary.

What Happened to a "Good Bad Woman"

Mr. Brady's angry breast continued to heave tempestuously during the season as he sat and observed plays which he considered far worse than his very bad one, not only permitted to run but even to receive a pat on the back from the play jury squad. Naturally he felt he had been given a raw deal by the fates operating through the district attorney's office. So when the season was ending he decided to sing its swan song himself and let "A Good Bad Woman" play the accompaniment. So he "revived" the play "for two weeks only."

But in fairness to Mr. Brady it must be said that his offense is no worse than his brother producers. It doesn't make any difference in the Manhattan theater what you do—it's how you do it. Mr. Brady committed the unpardonable sin of making a bad woman in a play much worse than a bad woman could possibly be.

Treating My Plumber Diplomatically

(*Concluded from page 8*)

me when I say that in these matters w suffer together, as we should pu together.

"But I feel confident that in you heart you will remember our commo sufferings and believe in treating th problem neither as an exclusivel financial nor commercial problem, bu as a moral problem.

"Even from a commercial an practical viewpoint it must be appare to you that terrible difficulties would b involved in my making full restitutio to you. What you did for me did no increase my earning power in an way. It is true that when the wat started leaking, I needed you rath badly. Moreover, after I had car lessly turned cold water into a hot an dry boiler I was in acute distress, f the *Morning Profound* had predicte a cold wave. You saved us from floo and from perishing from cold; but become poorer every day just th same.

"I hope you will show as much goo will in helping me solve my problen as I have shown in this letter in helpi you solve yours. I have always bee loyal to our village and shall be loy to all of us at all times.

Fraternally yours,
Me."

And you know, I think that is th way to handle them—firmly, an definitely and clearly. I am so gla that I have been making a study international affairs. It is so helpful.

The River of Song

"WAY Down Upon the Suwane River"—Do you remember the ol song, one of the most popular Stephe Foster composed? The beautiful o Suwanee River heads in the souther part of Georgia and runs southwe through Northern Florida into the Gu of Mexico. To those who have visite this section the very name brings t mind peaceful bayous, sand, and su shine. And the cypress swamps, di mal but picturesque, with silver fe toons of Spanish moss hanging fro living cypresses leaning far out ov the stream. A jungle of young pine palmettoes, and scrubby live oaks inte laced with wiry vines and creeper Overhead a feathery canopy of pa sage-green leaves. On rugged ol trunks air plants find ample roothol Rare orchids hold out great cataract of bloom. Vivid amaryllis flowers gro out of the trunks of the cypress, wit delicate ferns to keep them company The smooth, unbroken water of th deep lagoons reflects the blue sky of th winter days. It is a paradise of th Southland.

On the road to Jerusalem, from the railway station.

Jew and Gentile in Jerusalem

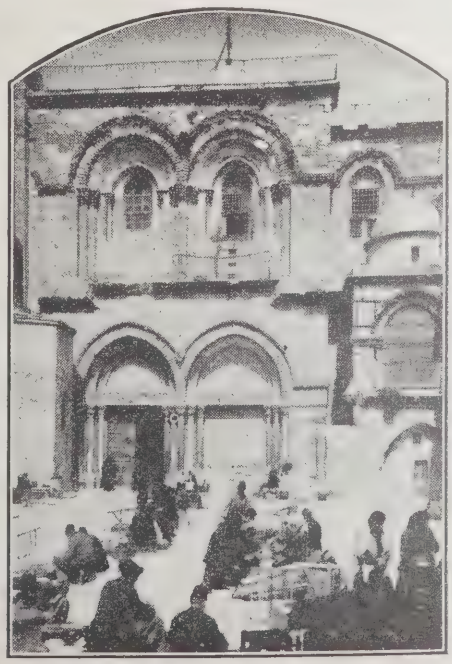
By HAL WALKER

NO ONE can approach the Holy City, I think, be he religious or skeptic, without a feeling of veneration for the ancient ity which has been the center of the hristian world for two thousand ears. He may have very indefinite eas as to what he will find at the oly Sepulcher on the Mount of lives, at Bethlehem or what the pool Bethesda will look like, but the sight those towering walls which he knows ve stormed by the Crusaders to de- er the Holy City from the "infidel," d which have seen many a conflict, bound to stir him deeply.

As we were whirled along the glaring ight road from the station, dipping wn into a little valley and then mbing again the hill on which Jeru- lem rests with her famous gates, I mit I was filled with a curiosity which other city in the world has aroused, t even Damascus with her age-old ditions and stories. We passed grims plodding along on foot and ders plodding only a little faster on e backs of tiny asses, and then, all at ce, we were through the gates, climb- g another steep hill and drawn up in nt of the hospice of Notre Dame de ance which was to be our home for e days we remained in Jerusalem.

Notre Dame de France is run by the suits for pilgrims of all races and, was told later, is by far the most mfortable hostelry in the city. It is huge stone building, severely plain e a monastery. There are no carpets other luxuries on the stone stairways d floors, but the rooms, mere cubicles, e extremely neat and the beds com- table. There is no running water, e old-fashioned pitcher and wash bowl taking the place of the later conveniences to which we of the West are more accustomed, but which are hard to find anywhere in the Near East. The table is excellent with good French cooking and wine with meals and the pension rate is only forty francs a day. This is considerably higher than such accommodations would cost in France but much of the food has to be imported, one of the Fathers telling me that they could get potatoes only by bringing them from Marseilles.

I was extremely fortunate in Jerusalem to be with this party of distinguished Frenchmen, for the Franciscans acted as our guides and any one of these priests knows more about the city and its interesting spots than all the professional guides put together. Under this guidance we not only saw all the places to which the ordinary tourist is admitted but we had entrance to others which are not open to the general public. Further, a few of us were invited, through the courtesy of the French consul, to dinner at Government House as the guest of Sir Herbert Samuel at which time we were able to learn much of the British idea of a national home for the Jews as carried out by Sir Herbert on behalf of the British Government.



Facade, Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

Naturally, our first pilgrimage was to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, under the guidance of a white-robed and bearded Franciscan. Winding down innumerable steps and through many crooked streets we came to this Holy of Holies of the Christian world, the sepulcher from which the stone was rolled away and around which the church is built. Outside the church are scores of Jews selling views, picture post cards, rosaries and just plain souvenirs of every description, while inside the edifice are evidences of the warring sects (Christian) which are in practically open conflict over the use of the church for their various services. There are Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Armenians and Greeks, all of whom profess to believe they have the sole right to the church, hence the hours of services have to be arranged by general agreement so there is no conflict. In addition to this general grouping, there are various Protestant sects, Catholic and Greek orders, so that the problem becomes more complicated. It is said that on more than one occasion the

warring Christians have come to blows over the occupancy of the church, but for this I shall not vouch.

After visiting the Holy Sepulcher, itself carved out of the solid rock, the surface of whose entrance has been worn smooth by the millions of hands that have passed over it in the centuries gone, we went through other parts of the church and into underground passages in one of which we were shown three crosses which were purported to be those on which Christ and the robbers were crucified. There were tinsel, candles and decorations of cheap cloth in nearly every section of the church, and then we came out, through the beggars and peddlers massed at the doorways, into the bright sunlight and took our way to another part of the city to the Mosque of Omar, richest in all the world outside of Mecca itself.

Jew, Gentile and Mussulman, all claim Jerusalem for their own, but I was struck especially with the peace, quiet and dignity of the Mosque of Omar in comparison with the garish display at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Set, squatting really, in the midst of a wide open space, the Mosque is far more quiet than the church. There are no beggars and peddlers near the doors, half-naked Arab boys who tie the sandals on one's feet and then hold out their hands with the universal demand of "baksheesh" really going with the picture rather than spoiling it.

The Mosque of Omar is built on the site of Solomon's Temple and around the Rock of Abraham. Its interior is decorated with more gold than any other building in either the Christian or Mohammedan world and its floors covered with the most costly of rugs. It is much more impressive, to my mind, than the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. There are only a few attendants and the faithful at their prayers in this remarkable building, while a few hundred yards away a crowd all day draws water from a well by means of empty coal oil cans and then fill goatskins with it to be carried to distant homes just as has been done for hundreds of years. It is the sight of skins used as water holders that makes one realize the antiquity of the setting.

To the "wailing wall of the Jews" we next went through narrow passages where the sun beat down unmercifully and where we had to pick our way over and around scores of beggars. These beggars were in all sorts of stages of disease and imbecility, and one woman I shall never forget as she sat with her back against a wall of the passage, hand outstretched and mouth open while scores of flies crawled over her face and into her open mouth without disturbing her in the least. The noise of the lamentations from the crowd leaning against the wall can be heard for some distance—Friday is the day when the place is crowded, but at all times there are a score or more present who make up in noise what they lack in numbers.

That afternoon, late, a few of us walked out to the Mount of Olives and saw the sun set over Jerusalem with the Dead Sea at our backs in the distance, and then in the dusk walked back and through the Damascus Gate into the city again. In the morning along the Via Dolorosa, to other churches and to the Pool of Bethseda which is not a pool any longer but which is visited by tens of thousands yearly. The story of Christ's healing one who could not reach the pool, as related in St. John, is told in eighty-four different languages and dialects in frames around the entrance to the garden in which the pool is located and where a visitors' book contains names from every country in the world and from all races. The afternoon was finished by a walk to Bethlehem, past British military barracks, on the way, to the spot where the Three Wise Men were drawn by the beckoning star.

That evening I, with a few others in the party, had the good fortune to meet Sir Herbert Samuel and his official family at Government House the residence of the High Commissioner, which was built just prior to the war by the Germans as an embassy. On opposite walls of the great courtyard in niches high above the ground are two carved figures, one of the Kaiser and the other of the late Kaiserin, dressed as Crusaders.

Whether the scheme of turning Palestine over to the Jews and making them the overlords of this country is going to work out is not for me to say. Even with British help it would appear to the casual observer that 70,000 Jews have little chance of dominating the 700,000 Arabs in the country, unless with British or other outside aid. I found much resentment among British officers at headquarters over France receiving the mandate for Syria and Lebanon, these officers maintaining that as it was the British and dominion troops which cleared the Turks out of the country, the British should have had the mandate and not the French.

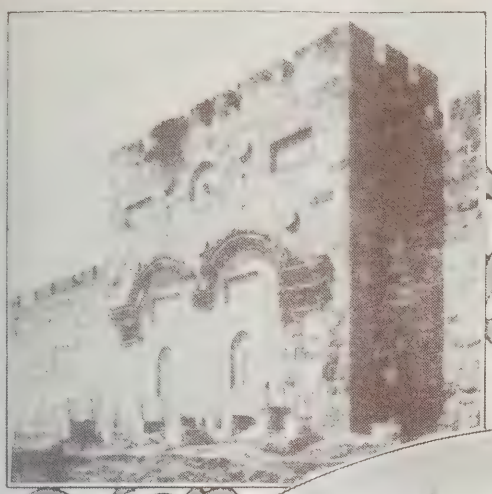
One officer with whom I talked whose name naturally cannot be mentioned, asked if I had gone to Palmyra and when I said we could not make the trip, because of the raiding Bedouins he smiled. He declared he had served there with the British expedition and they never, even in small detachments had had trouble with the desert tribes and that he had been to Palmyra with one or two companions on several occasions. "Why, the Bedouins of the desert there used to bring us goats' milk nearly every day," he concluded.

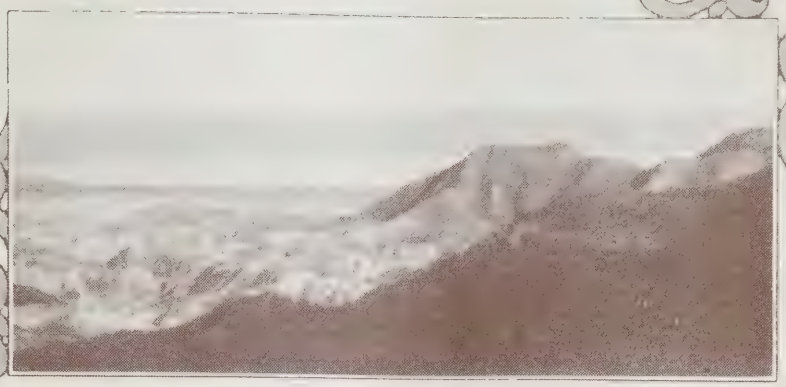
Another day and we started homeward, leaving the Holy City in the morning, back to Ludd where we changed to the Cairo Express, and then along through rocky and then desert country to the canal at El Kantara.

Two days in Port Said and five days later Notre Dame de la Garde on the heights of Marseilles welcomed us, a French statue at either end of the Mediterranean voyage.

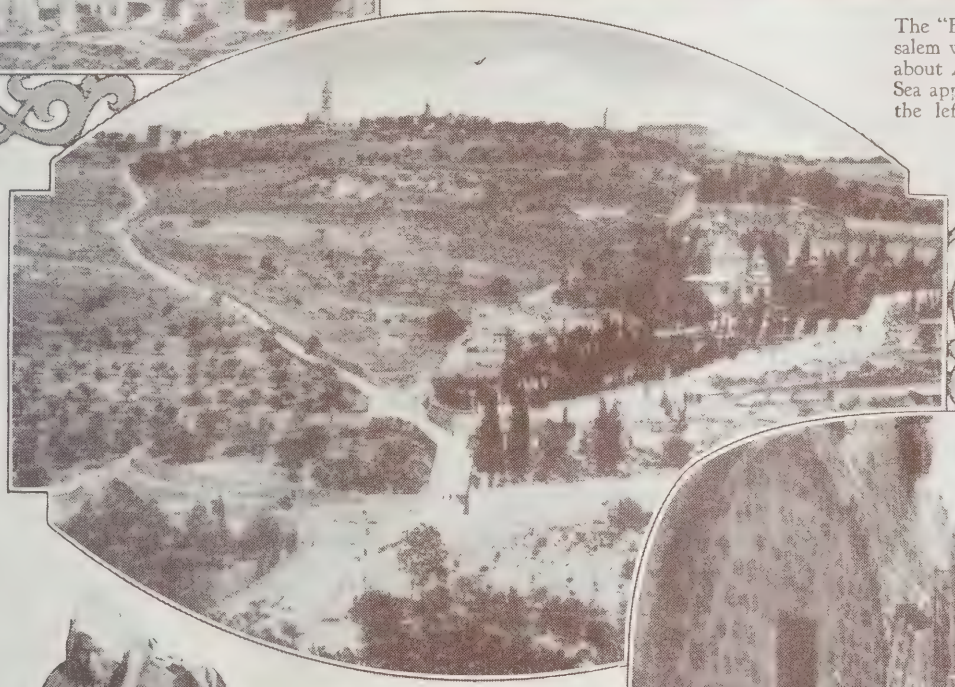
The famous Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem, and (below) the rock inside the Mosque.

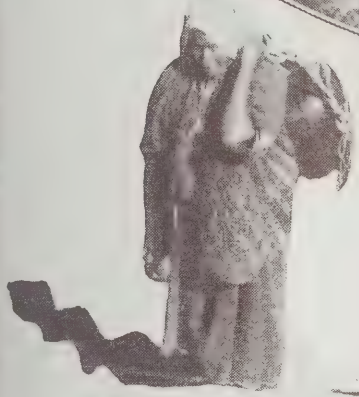
Jewish women on Friday at the wailing place.





The "Beautiful Gate" in the Jerusalem wall (upper left) was closed about A.D. 500. Part of the Dead Sea appears in the view above. At the left is shown the Mount of Olives.





Jerusalem—

". . . builded as a city compact together; Whither the tribes go up." Psalms.

Right—Street in Jerusalem. Left—Woman who has filled her water jar at the Virgin's Spring.

Jerusalem as it appears from the Mount of Olives.

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HE who is for forcibly stopping the mouth of his opponent, or for burning any man at the stake, ... or impairing his means of procuring an honest livelihood, or treating him scornfully on account of his peculiar view of any subject, is under the domination of a spirit of ruffianism or cowardice . . . . . On the other hand, he who forms his opinions from the dictates of enlightened reason and sincerely desires to be led into all truth, dreads nothing so much as the suppression of free inquiry, calmly listens to the objections of others, feels nothing of anger or alarm lest his foundations be swept away by the waves of opposition . . . . . In proportion as we perceive and embrace the truth do we become just, heroic, magnanimous, divine.—*William Lloyd Garrison* (1805-1879).

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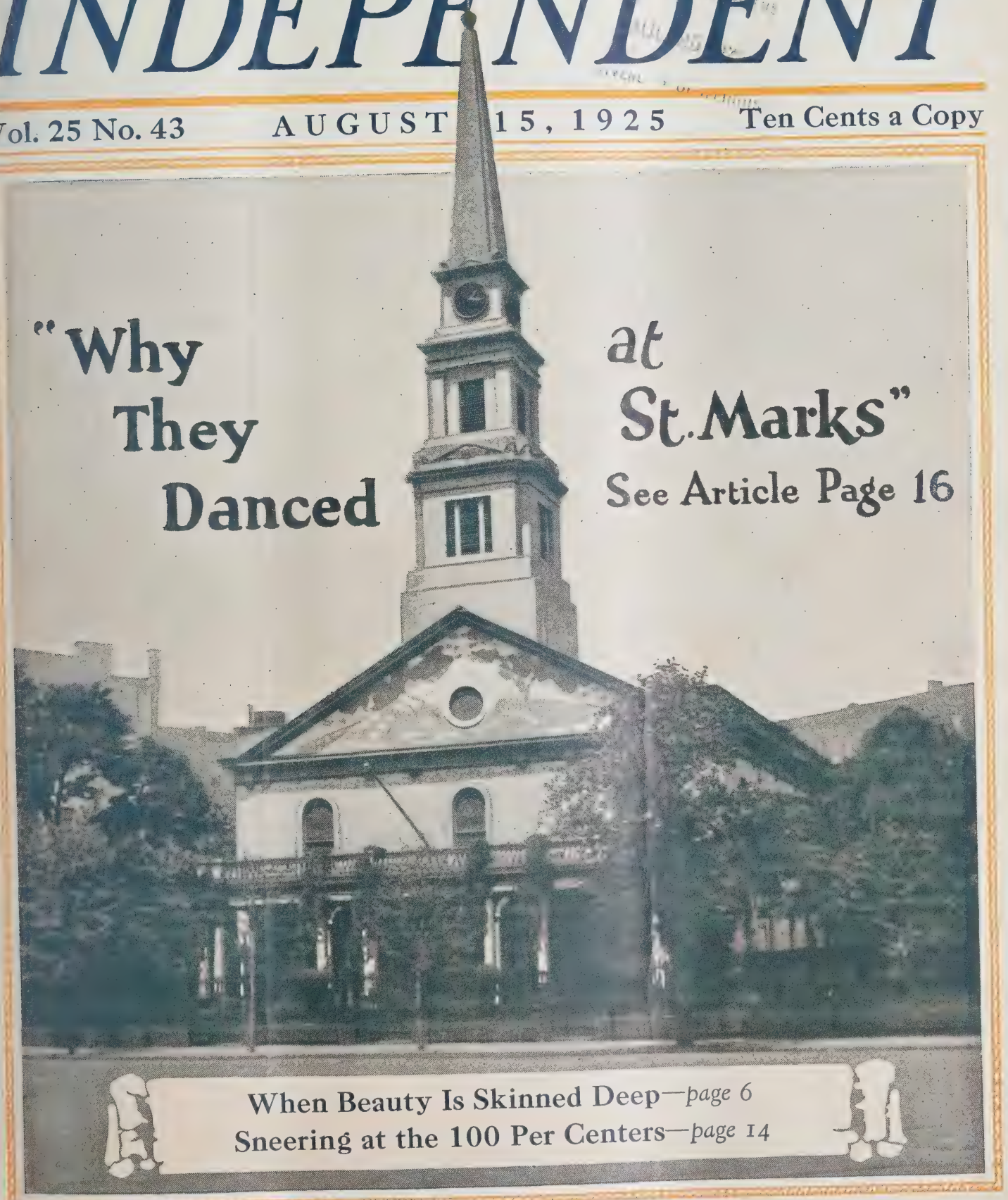


"Why They Danced at St. Marks"

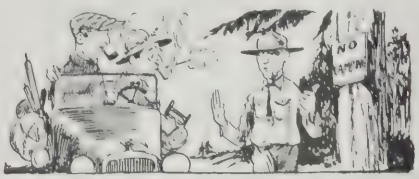
See Article Page 16

When Beauty Is Skinned Deep—*page 6*
Sneering at the 100 Per Centers—*page 14*

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

U. S. Department of Agriculture explorers have brought from the Andes Mountains some rare varieties of potatoes that are said to have flesh as yellow as butter and a rich, nutty flavor.



As a result of disastrous forest fires in California last year, 10,000 acres of public land and forest have been closed to the public and camping and smoking restrictions have been placed on another several million acres of forest land.

The Royal Veterinary College in London cares for domestic animals in all their injuries and ailments and is the largest institution of its kind in the world.

Japan has decided to admit women to the bar.

In old King Tut's time, three barleycorns made an inch, and the length of an inch varied with the excellence of the barley crop.

A bronze tablet in honor of Edison, set in a huge boulder with a base of concrete containing bricks from the foundation of the first Edison home, was recently unveiled by Mrs. Edison at Menlo Park, New Jersey, near the spot where Edison made his first invention.

John Muir, naturalist and poet, and largely responsible for the setting aside of the Yosemite Valley as a national park, called sheep "hoofed locusts," because of their ruthless raids upon forest vegetation.

In May, 1926, investigators in several countries will make daily ascents to study the upper air.

The freighter *Saugus*, from Spain to New York, slid onto the submerged ledge of an iceberg. S O S.'s were answered but the vessel was finally released by a movement of the ice mass and proceeded on her way to port.

Glen Frank, newly appointed president of the University of Wisconsin, is said to be the youngest university president in the United States.

When Segundo Tellechea, a butcher of Campo Florida, Cuba, won the $20,000 government lottery prize, he reduced meat prices far below any other butcher in Cuba.

In 1681, though there were thousands of books in the library of the Royal Society, only 35 of them were on Agriculture, of which only a few were in English.

A flier was fined $25 for flying under the 2,000-foot altitude when he flew in his airplane over the stands on Yale Field, New Haven, Connecticut.

A Supreme Court Justice in Brooklyn refused to approve a certificate of incorporation for the first Hwerchnedneprowsker Progressive Society on the ground that the name was un-American.

An ordinance passed April 19, 1800, by the city of Schenectady, New York, fixed a limit of six hours as the time during which a carriage of any kind might stand on any street or alley "after sunset or in the daytime." Delinquents paid 50 cents for each offense against this law.

Rare coins are filtering through to Paris and America in numbers so large that they suggest that a valuable find has been made. It is believed to be in Persia.

From a total of 40,000 children and young men who have been before Judge Ben B. Lindsey in the past twenty-five years, only one case has graduated to the capital criminal class.

Of the more than 200 government farm films in circulation, at least 95 per cent of the rôles were portrayed by real farmers, because gestures or mannerisms savoring of artificiality would be unerringly detected by the audience.

On summer Sunday mornings in Berlin, so many thousands of people crowd the trains, so they can get out in the country to take a walk, that it is almost impossible to get on them.

Monkeys of Pattani, a southern province of Siam, are trained to pick cocoanuts and edible seed pods for their trainers.

"Rodeo" is the Mexican word for "roundup." It is pronounced "Roday'-o."

Federal administration of the Territory of Alaska cost the government a total of $10,467,064 during 1924, the money going for the support of 125 different government activities in Alaska, under the direction of 25 different bureaus.

In the Philippines there are fish that climb trees, fish that squirt poison through syringes, fish so small that 10,000 of them, matured, make a light breakfast for a native, and fish that live on dry land and drown when placed in the water.

When an insect plague swept over the region near Essen, Germany, defoliating all the trees, the estate of Hans von Berlepsch, which has over a thousand birds nesting on twelve acres of land, remained green, standing out like an oasis in a desert.

No trees grow in Iceland, except a species of low willow.

Small grain, stacked immediately after cutting, without the labor of shocking, and cured by electricity, was successfully tried at Ripon, Wisconsin, last year.

Potash, in great quantities, has been discovered in Texas.

A new trail has been made down the face of Grand Canyon. It is 18 per cent as compared with 36 per cent on the Bright Angel Trail. It is possible to go over this new trail from rim to rim of the canyon in one day.

August 15, 1925
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* * *
Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the one door o entrance to practical life. (p. 11)

Of deep interest at this time is "My Last Interview Vth William Jennings Bryan" by James Schermerhorn. Tis article throws some light on the Commoner's last dys and the conditions under which he waged his last fht. (p. 8)

So many diseases are the result of food deficiency tht we feel it our duty to disseminate as much reliable ntormation as we can regarding causes and cures. Giter is now known to be due to the deficiency of food ad water in a certain element which is plentiful in sne parts of the country but not in others, which is psent in some foods and not in others. What this ement is and how it may be supplied is told in "Goiter Fadication and Diet, by J. W. Turrentine." (p. 3)

Half a billion dollars a yr spent on tricks to incase facial beauty! Some of tls interest in beauty doctors isridiculous, some of it dangrous. And it isn't only the laies who are deceived by ptenders in this field, men a sometimes victims, too. (j 6)

An earthquake is the affair oa moment, but the recovery islong lasting—and it is this en of it that people know lest about. In his journey toJapan, Dr. Barton studied th extent of that country's recovery from the destruction oSeptember, 1923, and found mch desolation still remainin, against which he contsts the splendid courage of th Japanese. This is one of tse travel articles that tell wat we want to know. (p. 12)

Who is it that keeps attaking the "hundred per cent Aerican"? Repetition of the prase may be tiresome, but antagonism to the quality it represents is often veiled beneath it. (p. 14)

You have read in all the newspapers about St. Mark's-on-the-Bouwerie. And you have wondered what kind of high jinks is that to cut up in church. What could the rector be thinking of? The papers gave no idea whatever as to what lay behind the innovation. So THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT asked a clergyman to go down and dig out of Dr. Guthrie's mind the real reasons for the altar dances. It makes a different story. And it is beautifully illustrated. (p. 16)

Rugs as a man's hobby—but such rugs, and such romance in the hunting of them! Another story illustrating the passion of the collector. (p. 18)

"Smashing Sunday" represents what is occurring in this country. Sunday is the workingman's day. More people lose it than ever before, because it is commercialized. No one wants a Blue Law Sunday—"The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," said Christ—but we cannot have a humanized Sunday and allow commercialism to smash it. (p. 22)

Mr. Finger again discusses the abnormal elements appearing in fiction and misrepresenting itself as "modern literature." The decadents are never modern. (p. 4)

We dislike the thought of leprosy, we think of it as existing far, far away. This article is likely to disabuse us of both the horror and the mistake of thinking it absent from this country. (p. 29)

"The Chinese Student" (p. 15); the story of mapping Alaska (p. 20); Herodotus on the building of the Pyramid (p. 32); Editorials, Briefly Tolds and I Read in the Papers fill out the list.

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Should We Upset Things Industrial and Domestic

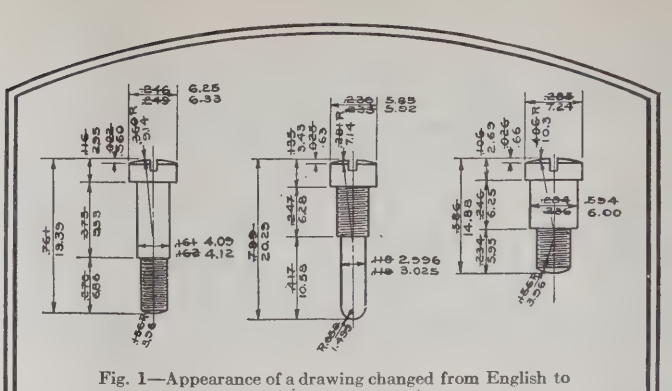


Fig. 1—Appearance of a drawing changed from English to metric measurements.

Metric System Means Muddle

by Substituti Alien Metho for Americar

IN PUBLISHING several articles on the propaganda which would change our system of weights and measures, this paper believes it is discussing a matter in which the plain people are vitally interested, though they may not know it. That they may not know it is due to the movement having been conducted among professional people.

A previous article (see issue of July 25) gave a general view of the matter. This present article presents a view of the changes in domestic and industrial life which would be caused by the introduction of the metric system, to which is added something of the tremendous cost that would be involved.

These are matters for the people themselves to consider, not for specialists alone, since the popular effects would be most far-reaching. The proposal to substitute the metric system for our present weights and measures is not merely a change of names, confusing as that would be, and impossible of accomplishment by compulsion in this country. The difference goes deeper and involves a change of quantities. It must be admitted that the quantities and sizes in which we buy things have a relation to our use of them. A bar of soap is a certain size for a certain reason. A bushel is a convenient measure, based on other convenient measures. Why the bushel should give way to the hectoliter, equaling 2.8 bushels, which is not a convenient or useful measure, or why the size of soap should be changed, is hard to understand by those who put practical matters before theory.

It might be argued, for example, that no great difference would occur if all the *names* of all the streets and all the *numbers* of all the houses were suddenly changed. It might be argued that the streets and the houses would be exactly the same in spite of the change of names and numbers. There would be a difference, however. The loss due to delay and confusion would be incalculable, so much indeed as to make such a supposed wholesale change impossible. But the metric advocates propose to go beyond all that: they suggest not only a change in the *names* and *numbers* but in the very *things* themselves. It might be possible to change the *name* of a *bushel* to a *quart*, and in the course of generations people might be trained to call a bushel a quart; *but when you change the bushel itself*, making it nearly three times as big as it is, that is quite another thing. A bushel has a right of existence quite aside from its place in a system of measures; it fits the handling and the uses and the convenience of men, such as a hectoliter, of two and eight-tenths bushels, never could.

If the new metric system were adopted, household affairs would immediately feel it. Grocers scales would require new weights. The present notched balance beams would have to be scrapped and new sliding weights provided. Quart, peck and bushel measures would have to be discarded. Cooking receipts would have to be rewritten in terms of kilograms and liters. Kitchen measuring utensils and the old quantity rules for combining ingredients would be hopelessly confused. Milk bottles would have to be larger than the present ones, because the *liter*, which would then be the new quart, would be 567/10,000 larger than our common quart. Tape measures, yardsticks and foot rules would be of no use because there would be no *yards* and no *feet*. Housewives could check up on the honesty of salesmen only by installing an entirely new set of measuring instruments at home and learning the new scheme of weights and measures. Dry goods now folded in yard widths would be folded in meter widths. An 8 by 10 plate of glass would become a 203 by 254 millimeters plate of glass. The housewife who has found certain quantities of food, such as butter and various perishable commodities, to be most convenient and economical to purchase, will find herself confronted with the necessity of buying either a larger or smaller quantity. It will not be buying a *pound* of butter and calling it a kilogram, because the kilogram weighs more than *two pounds*. The nearest the housewife could come to the convenient pound weight would be o order five decoliters wh would weigh 1.63 of an ou more than a pound, or 17.7 ounces.

Would the housewife this? No. But between sharp dealer and the unw buyer there would be a p fectly appalling opportun for fraudulent dealing. A as for enforcing such a l the sheer impossibility it is apparent without cussion.

This, however, is but and the least costly side the picture, although it wo doubtless affect the lar number of people. The c to the manufacturing and dustrial world would be so stupend that simply to consider its dimensi is sufficient to relegate the entire p metric propaganda to the realm of a and academic dreams.

Take the cost of changing and numbering 100,000 mileposts on r roads, the cost of repainting "mi to" and "miles from" on depot sig the cost of changes in time-ta mileages; the cost of rewriting railw tariff schedules and books of rul the cost of changing speed recorde dimensions of wheels and axles a capacities of freight cars into met symbols; and add this to the cost a confusion of travelers and shipp who have all their lives bought tick based on *cents* per *mile* and shipp goods at rates based on *cents* per 1 and some glimmer of the cost in c field will be seen. With the changes packages and shipments to met sizes and metric weights the wh practical system of transportation incidentally the best in the world would be woefully upset.

As to the American machine shop the cost of establishing the met system there is beyond computatio We are on the inch basis, have won t manufacturing supremacy of the wo on the inch basis, and yet we have be actually endangered by the met proposal which arose out of acade politics and has had no part in t manufacturing growth of America that other chief group of manufact ing countries, Great Britain.

"Just the single item of chang the figures on drawings to give t metric equivalents," says Luther Burlingame, "would be an immen task involving the probability of ma serious errors. Even after the drawin are changed, the expense has just b gun. Fig. 1 shows how just one porti of a drawing typical of ordinary co ditions would be (Continued on page

Fighting Goiter With Sea Food

Deficiency in Iodine Is Found to Be a Main Cause of the Malady

By J. W. TURRENTINE, Ph. D.

GOITER being a deficiency disease, the result of a deficiency of iodine in the diet, the question naturally arises—What diet should be adopted to provide an adequate supply of that essential element? To answer this question many analyses of potable waters and articles of diet have been made by chemists interested in the goiter problem. An examination of the results impresses one with the unreliability of our natural supplies of iodine and with the haphazard manner in which that essential finds its way into our diet.

We are indebted to Professor J. F. McClendon, of the University of Minnesota, for our most comprehensive survey of the drinking waters of the American populace.

Water Which Is Deficient in Iodine

His investigations have embraced samples collected from the various parts of the United States which he has subjected to analysis by most delicate methods to determine their iodine content. He finds a striking parallelism between the occurrence of iodine in the drinking water of various localities and of goiter among the inhabitants drinking it, incidence of goiter increasing as the iodine content of the drinking water decreases. Dividing the country into four zones on the basis of iodine content of drinking water, the first zone (the northern and northwestern states) in the water of which there is only from 0.01 to 0.1 part of iodine per billion parts of water is found to be the zone of the greatest occurrence of goiter; and the fourth zone (the southeastern states), in the water of which there is found from 1.4 to 10 parts of iodine per billion parts of water, is the zone in which the occurrence of goiter is least marked.

But the entire northern half of the United States constitutes a zone in which the drinking water is so low in iodine content as to be a distinct menace to the health of the people using it. This is the great goiter belt. It is here that goiter surveys among the school children show almost 50 per cent of them to be victims of that scourge. Because of the insidiousness of the disease, a full appreciation of the seriousness of the situation which these facts represent has yet to be realized.

McClendon says: "It is not intended to intimate that there is enough iodine in drinking water to prevent goiter."

It is maintained by certain of the Swiss goiter specialists that a child should have a regular daily supply of about one-tenth of a milligram of iodine if it is to be adequately safeguarded against goiter. When it is recalled that on this basis one pound of iodine is enough to supply four and one-half million children, or one child for four and one-half million days, some idea is obtained of the minuteness of this requirement. Yet the drinking water of even the southern states where the iodine content is at the maximum of ten parts per billion is not able to supply even this small quantity, for the child living there would have to drink about ten quarts per day to secure its quota. And any child living in the region where the drinking water contains the minimum amount of only 0.01 part of iodine per billion parts of water, would have to drink ten thousand quarts per day to get its full quota! Drinking one quart per day it would be 27 years old before it had acquired its first day's supply.

The thyroid gland of the adult of 27 years requires for its normal operations a permanent *store* of 20 milligrams of iodine in addition to a daily supply. McClendon has shown that if one relied, for example, on Lake Superior water for drinking purposes, it would require 2,000 years to acquire this 20 milligrams!

> *But since not more than 50 per cent of the people drinking such water suffer from goiter, it follows that they must obtain their iodine from their food or from artificial sources.*

What are the chances of obtaining necessary supplies of iodine from the average diet? Since articles of a vegetable origin make up the bulk of our food, let us examine them as carriers of iodine.

Unfortunately, vegetables while growing must use drinking water of the same general nature as do the people that use them for food, unless they are grown in one region and transported into another.

Plants are able to develop a small store of iodine within their tissues since the water that enters them through their roots carries with it its natural content of iodine which is left behind within the plant as the water evaporates through the leaves. There should accordingly be found a parallel occurrence of iodine in the plants and the waters of a given region. And results to date do show a certain correlation between the occurrence of iodine in plants and of goiter in a given region. If everybody ate the same diet, such a relation could be more clearly shown.

Effects of Certain Plants and Grains

Small amounts of iodine are found in many of the common fruits, vegetables and grains of the goitrous regions, but in amounts so small that they are comparable to that occurrence in the potable waters of the non-goitrous districts.

Thus in wheat (as shown by McClendon) there is to be found 1 milligram per ton; dried apples, 2 milligrams per ton; oats, including husks, 10 milligrams per ton; spinach, dried, 18 milligrams; and string beans, dehydrated, 29 milligrams per ton. The child in search of its requirements of 0.1 milligram of iodine would have a better chance here, but it would still be in difficulties with a diet made up exclusively of these articles, as it would have to eat 200 pounds of wheat per day, or 100 pounds dried apples, or 20 pounds of oats and husks, or 11 pounds of dry spinach or 7 pounds of dehydrated string beans to obtain the required amount of iodine. However, if the wheat and oats were grown in non-goitrous regions, such as Maine, it would have to eat only 65 pounds of the wheat, or 1.3 pounds of the oats *and* husks, since a ton of the former contains 2 milligrams of iodine and the latter 150 milligrams.

Sea Food Is a Preventive

A diet of milk, eggs and meat would be of some assistance. While milk from a goitrous region contains only 5 parts per billion, this is very much better than the water; and the butter contains 10.6 parts of iodine. Here the child that drinks twenty quarts of milk or eats two pounds of butter per day would be adequately provided with iodine. But it would require 42 eggs or 44 pounds of beef or 11 pounds of veal to satisfy its craving for iodine.

If we turn to fish as a steady article of diet for the child, provided we eschew fresh-water fish in favor of those from salt water, our problem is somewhat simplified. For while 22 pounds per day of lake trout from Lake Erie or 7 pounds of whitefish, or 4 pounds of black bass from the Potomac, or 10 pounds of yellow perch; or 22 pounds of black bass from the Mississippi or of black bullhead would suffice, if we provided a diet of one-fifth of a pound of hard clams or of oysters or of lobsters or one pound of bluefish or cod or haddock, or two pounds of pompano or 10 pounds of spotted squeteague, the child's needs would be satisfied.

But marine vegetables are lacking from this menu—a tragic circumstance, for here is the only natural growth that contains assimilable iodine in really liberal amounts. In some varieties of marine vegetables (Concluded on page 27)

Moderns and Ultra-Moderns

Should We Call Them "Intelligentsia" or Merely Faddists and Ultra-Faddists?

By CHARLES J. FINGER

A MOMENT ago I put aside a magazine after trying, but in vain, to read what purported to be a story written by Gertrude Stein. Its title ran "If You Had Three Husbands," but what it was all about I do not know. It was jumpy and disconnected, like a nightmare conversation, or a madman's talk. Here is a sample, taken from the chapter called "Length of Time":

"Pleasant days.
So to speak.
Sand to day.
Sunday.
Sight in there.
Saturday.
Pray.
What forsooth.
Do be quiet.
Laugh.
I know it.
Shall we.
One must be willing.

If one loves one another by that means they shall not perish. They frequent the same day and nearly it was six months apart."

But, mark you, I have not chosen the passage for its special and distinct mysteriousness. The entire installment was quite as wild and whirling and incomprehensible. Reading it, I was reminded of a tremendously long paragraph, thousands and tens of thousands of words long, at the latter part of "Ulysses," by James Joyce, the day dreamings of a woman. The passage twisted and turned, shot off at tangents, looped here and there, raveled and twined in a way beyond belief. Well, Gertrude Stein's story is like that. After a page you are obfuscated by the literary debauch. You haven't a leg left to stand on. Nor are you helped when Mr. Jean Epstein tells you that that kind of thing shows that "close relations link the kinesthesia of an individual to his subconsciousness," and find that you have been sampling the work of an ultra-modern.

To come down to bed rock, Gertrude Stein's work is interesting because it is representative of the eccentricities growing out of a modern movement. Sherwood Anderson's work derives from the same movement. So does the work of Waldo Frank, of D. H. Lawrence, of Ben Hecht and many others, and the movement, or fad, or theory, or whatever you choose to call it, is psychoanalysis, and Freud is its chief exponent.

Catering to the Appetite for Mystery

Psychoanalysis largely concerns itself with dreams and the dreams, life, as we shall see presently. What is most important, just now, is to note the effect it has had on literature, especially fictional literature. For effect it has had, and will have for some time to come, just as other movements and discoveries and theories have changed literary tone; the French revolutionary movement, for instance. Better still, call to mind the reading of a few generations ago which grew out of a fad for the mysterious. Then came a marked literary tone, when men and women delighted in flesh-creeping horrors and nerve-thrillin tales. Hardly a novel but had i action growing out of the fulfillment some dark prophecy; hardly a romanc but had its pungent horrors; awfu eyed astrologers; skull-faced specter phantom-like forms; skeletons an corpses; hidden manuscripts with terri ble secrets; lurking shadows that con cealed untold horrors; dead-cold hand that reached through unsuspecte panels and all that kind of thing. Th history of forgotten literature is crowde with the names of those who catere to the appetite for mystery—Mr Radcliffe, Walpole, Maturin, Beck ford, Mary Shelley, Charles Brockde Brown. And all that, as I have said grew out of a fad for the occult, whe any fellow of craft and intrigue coul manage to get himself taken seriously when any vulgar charlatan could se up shop as Diviner, Chartomanticis Onchymanticist, Geomancer. It woul be easy to fill a column with the quee names the pseudoscientists gave them selves.

Of course, the good folk of that da never for a moment suspected thei own deplorable case. The essentia tendency of an age is never manifest t the age that harbors it. If the reade who fed on horrors thought abou tendencies at all, they thought of, an wondered at, the tendencies of th sixteenth century when there was a the excessive discursiveness of th pastoral school, with an idyllic worl of flower-spangled valleys inhabited b youths and maidens who played a sheep-herding and who conversed i rhymed iambics. *Satisfied with the*

Satisfied with their literary diet of horrors, they bestowed swift, contemptuous judgment upon the former age, no more seeing their own follies than we of today see our

erary diet of horrors, they bestowed ift contemptuous judgment upon the rmer age, no more seeing their own llies than we of today see ours.

And we certainly are not conscious our own strange reverence for the ysterious. If you doubt that, tell the st ten men that you meet that our esent-day literature shows a queer ndency because of our superstition, d nine out of the ten men will stand hast. Not only that, but there will energetic protest, especially—and re is the strange thing—especially your men are those proud of their lightenment, if they are those given talk in resonant phrases of the cessity for freeing the masses from eir chains and opening their eyes to 'unk,' if they are of the sort to talk ge about the dull complacency of the ctorians, unsuspecting the fierceness Carlyle and Ruskin and Morris and ngsley and Mill. But suppose you go with your experiment, regardless of e baleful eye bent upon you, and int out the popularity of the mascot th ball teams. You will be met th the true statement that there is thing but a light joke adding to the iety of nations.

When Preposterous Notions Are Swallowed

But you counter to that, as it were mentioning the Zetetic society established to prove te flatness of the earth; or the Koreshites Florida and their belief that the rld is a concave sphere on the inle of which we live; of the spiritualists d their active propaganda. Those amples will probably be pooh-poohed d thrown out of court as evidences mental ailments peculiar to a weak k, or dismissed as something disputable to human intelligence. But ention some such thing as the Abrams siness where there seems to be delite machinery involved, or talk out the possibility of sending radio ssages to the inhabitants of Mars, or fer to Professor R. H. Goddard who nts to shoot a rocket to the moon, bring in Dr. Steinach with his uvenation scheme, or Dr. Charles oss and his invention, the motion of hich is to be controlled by the human e, and then your men will register spect. So also will they believe in the rrespondence schools and their ability instruct anyone in the proper thing do when a spoon falls to the floor, how to manage a railroad. And tere is abundant reason to believe at a good many of your ten hypotetical men will stand firm in their lief in the virtue of rattlesnake oil a cure for chronic deafness, or in the icacy of pads to cure indigestion, or a patent nostrum to destroy catarrh rms, or in an easy way to cure epiptic fits—if your men did not believe such advertised stuffs, it is difficult see why manufacturers should buy ace in a weekly of wide circulation e purpose of which is to destroy 'unk.' But of all things mysterious and wonderful, the Freudian theory of psychoanalysis would be held in deepest reverence. Of all clever talkers, those who have for their subjects complexes, the controlling force of the Censor, the sublimation process, the subliminal and the supra-colliminal—these would be most listened to because of their weird terminology and the mysterious non-understandable for which Tom, Dick and Harry have such deep respect.

I say the mysterious non-understandable because the psychoanalysts, like the old-time phrenologists, profess to read the inner man like an open book writ large. To them nothing is hidden, and the hypernormal and the subnormal functions of the mind are clear as crystal. Moreover, their names have a strange ring, and to the swallower of new things they seem to be the cream of the cream of foreign in-

After a page you are obfuscated by the literary debauch.

telligence. Just like the old-time dealers in the occult, their discoveries seem to open up a new field of romance, and should the men agog for a new thing venture far enough into the *arcana*, there is the ever-fascinating will-o'-the-wisp of mysticism. So, because of some or of all of these things the most incredible inanities, the most preposterous notions are being swallowed. Fads are elaborated into theories, the new thing presently finds its way into literature, under the wave of popularity good things are temporarily submerged, and the rising generation must pay the piper.

But the popularity of psychoanalysis is by no means entirely due to the love of sensation and the hunger for the mysterious. There is something besides the froth to account for its popularity. There is a residue when you get down to the bottom, and that residue is sex-interest. It is not the erotic, *per se;* that has been handled time and time again, often with delicacy and tact. It is something else, and the product ranges all the way from the stupidly vulgar to something very like the offering up of abominations in the name of art. To cite an example—Ben Hecht's fantasy, which brought burdens to author and publisher. Indeed it cannot be gainsaid that those with taste for things pornographic find much in psychoanalysis, very much, for in the movement are writers whose work when considered as literature is beneath contempt, yet handle filth with the same ease and unconcern with which the stable cleaner handles the ordure and shearn to which he has become accustomed by usage. And of course there are publishers who will handle almost anything likely to enjoy a skyrocket career.

Strangely enough, the literary exponents of the new fad pretend to interpret Nietzsche, wrenching that saying of his which he placed into the mouth of his Zarathustra into queer shapes: "Since humanity came into being, man has enjoyed himself too little." I say, wrenched the saying into strange shape, because there are novelists who have taken enjoyment to mean something very much like abandonment to crude desire. The plots of their books are almost entirely concerned with the gratification of sex. Consider Floyd Dell and his novel which was recently withdrawn from circulation, by way of instance. And there are W. L. George, Evelyn Scott, Joyce, Norris, Frank Harris, Sherwood Anderson.

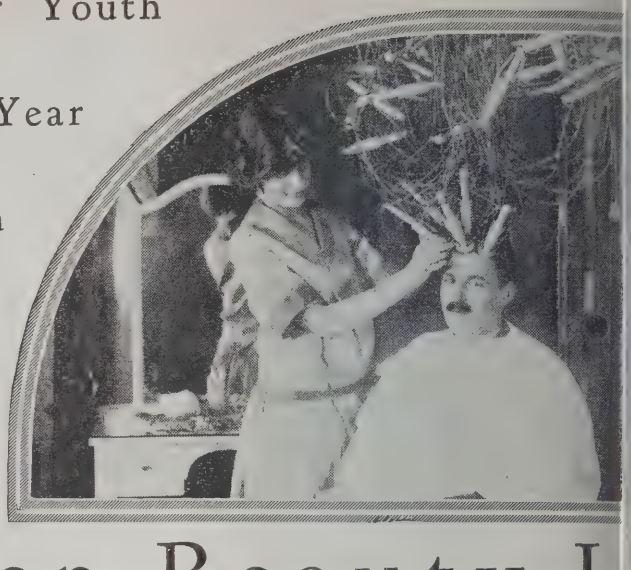
It Is Laughable to Think of Nietzsche

For Nietzsche, be it said, imposed a severe discipline upon men and aimed at the mental, moral and bodily development of the individual to the end that a race might be evolved as superior to ours as ours is superior to the Jagons of Tierra del Fuego. Certainly the fictional characters portrayed by the psychoanalytic novelists are far removed from any sort of discipline. Indeed, it is laughable to think of Nietzsche the self-asserting aristocrat so scornful of the lower types, so impatient of the weak and the sick in mind and body, interesting himself in the neuroses of diseased individuals and seeking opportunities "which should be given to the accentuated traits of our nature," to quote Tridon. And in Tridon's words much is hidden that does not at first meet the eye.

For if it means anything, it means that society should adopt a new ethics by which a use shall be found for everything. It sets aside the sound and proved belief that the destruction of tainted stock will leave a race the better for its removal. It means, in effect, the reign of that sloppy sentimentality by which a foolish parent would refuse to chastise a self-willed child.

Carrying the idea to its logical conclusion, society would seek out for a kind of public petting, each and every morbid deviation from the true type. That certainly is not Nietzscheanism, or I have badly misread that self-assertive philosopher.

Seekers After Youth Spend Each Year Half a Billion



The boys get their hair waved permanently, as well as the ladies, and no hair is too short for the waver to pick up and work on.

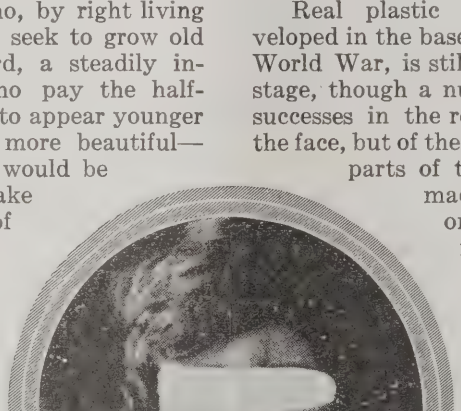
When Beauty I

By JOH

IT IS not only the artist who seeks beauty. It is not only the worker in marble or on canvas who is ever searching for the elusive perfect line, or the exact tint of the sunset. At least half of the women of these United States, and a constantly increasing percentage of the men, each year permit—and pay with the permission—beauty doctors, face-molders, so-called "plastic surgeons," and "flesh-builders," to play with scalpels and tweezers, acids and horse-hair, upon their faces, just as the artist plays with his chisel upon the marble, or with his brush on the canvas.

It is estimated that every woman in the United States spends at least $10 a year with her beauty doctor and her hairdresser. This does not mean literally that every woman in this country does this, but that enough women do do it to raise the average to this amount. The total spent in this annual chase after Beauty approximates $500,000,000 a year—half a billion dollars every twelve months—to have wrinkles removed, hair "restored," noses reshaped, ears set back, mouths made larger or smaller, necks made smooth and round, until an imitation youth replaces the natural appearance of oncoming age.

In this respect, there are three classes of women in America: First, and greatest in numbers, those who have not the knowledge of "facial surgery," or the time, or the money, to have it done; second, and in the great minority, those who accept age as inevitable and who, by right living and correct thinking, seek to grow old gracefully; and, third, a steadily increasing number who pay the half-billion dollars yearly to appear younger—though often not more beautiful—than they otherwise would be were Nature left to take her course. Most of this third class, once they have submitted themselves to the beauty doctor, find they have entered upon an endless pursuit, with annual operations necessary to preserve that which they so fatuously consider Beauty.



This women had a nationally known beauty doctor cut and tighten the skin, and fill the so-called "low spots" with paraffin.

Women are less vain than men, in that men, once they reach the fortieth milestone, usually are contented with their own appearance, or with what assistance the barber, the masseur and the manicurist can give them. Yet the number of men who seek to retain the above-the-collar similitude to youth also is increasing, particularly among those who depend upon public appearance, and the impression they make upon the public, for a livelihood. Among women, there is little distinction of class as to which most patronizes the "face-builder"; among men, actors are his best patrons, closely followed, oddly enough, by city politicians, ward bosses, and professional public speakers. One actor, whose name had been a household word for two decades, and whose face was as familiar as the faces of two celebrated brothers who manufacture cough drops, had his face rebuilt two years ago. He is now in permanent retirement, none of a dozen skilled surgeons having been able to remove the paraffin which was pumped into his sagging jowl muscles.

Real plastic surgery, which developed in the base hospitals during the World War, is still in the experimental stage, though a number of remarkable successes in the rebuilding not only of the face, but of the hands, feet and other parts of the body, have been made. To learn of these, one has to read the medical journals study reports of the great hospitals, or talk with the men who have been benefited. The results achieved are not being published in the newspapers, plastered on the billboards, or advertised in the fashion journals. Step by step, these surgeons, some of them the greatest in the world, are applying what the wounds of the World War taught them to the rescue of men and women marred by fire, explosions, and other accidents of peace times. But they do not stoop to skinning an old woman's face merely because she has the money to pay for it.

Out of this very real and very worthy, though comparatively new, science of plastic surgery has grown, however, the "beauty doctor," the "face-builder," the "youth-restorer," and the self-advertised "plastic surgeon." In the majority of instances these operators are licensed physicians who have walked that shadowland of medicine which lies between legitimate practice and quackery. They find their new field much safer than the old, because they obtain from their patients signed statements absolving them from all responsibility as to results; and because their financial returns are many times as great as are those of the doubtful or the incompetent medical or surgical practitioner in other lines. The writer knows one such whose income as a physician was about $5,000 a year three to four years ago. Today, his income is between $7,000 and $8,000 a month, or something like seventeen times the amount it was before he "discovered" the art of rebuilding faces.

It may be taken as a fact that the last result of these anti-age treatments is far worse than the first result was beneficial. The same is true, though possibly to a lesser extent, of hair-dyeing, permanent waving, and similar operations on the scalp and its growth.

In the early days of the beauty doctor, during and following the World War, injections of paraffin were widely used and advertised for the "lifting up" of flabby cheeks, the "sustaining" of sagging muscles, and the giving to the face of the solidity of youth. In fact, the only feature overlooked in this method of battling the years was the raising of falling arches. But what happened was that when the natural warmth of the body reached the wax injected by these paraffin pumpers, the material seeped down into the chin, and along the chops, where it was never intended to go. Then, very rapidly, the patient took on the appearance of an aged cow afflicted with the widely known "lumpy jaw." Yet no veterinarian, not even the best of surgeons, could remedy the condition

Vacuum and light treatment for the scalp, with an instrument also used for facial treatment. As used by capable physicians, these do no harm

Do Results Justify Such an Outlay of Good Money?

Skinned Deep

SLOAN immediately because the tissues grew into and through and around the paraffin, which could be neither melted out nor removed with the knife. Hundreds of women, and many men, are staying closely at home these days, while reputable surgeons remove, little by little, and very slowly, the mass of paraffin from their faces.

The mother of a well-known actor, once a leader in society in one of our larger cities, has undergone fifty-six operations on her face, and still retains some of the paraffin injected more than five years ago. A man, whom the writer knows well, has had surgeons working on his face for seven years, and yet has lumps as large as small marbles in several places on his jaws and throat.

These results, in spite of the fact that the paraffin pumpers were protected by the agreements signed by their patients, worked so heavily against these "beauty doctors" that very few still have the temerity to inject this material into the face. Copying to some extent the work of the legitimate plastic surgeons, they have turned to tightening of the skin to remove wrinkles and to lift up the sagging facial muscles. This is accomplished by making incisions back of the ears and in front of them, as well as within the hair line on the forehead, clipping out a section of skin, and then sewing up the wounds with horsehair, thus pulling the skin tight. The ultimate result of this is little better than that of the paraffin treatment, because wrinkles and sagging muscles come from the inside, and not from the outside. The face, beneath the skin, is a complicated, curved sheet of muscles, which age withers, so that, as the years pass, they grow thinner and the skin above them limp and flabby.

Quite naturally, some of these muscles become thin before the others, pulling the face out of its original symmetrical shape, and permitting the skin to wrinkle in some places while still holding it smooth in others.

Rarely do wrinkles of the same size and depth appear all over the face at the same time, or at the time when women—and men—first think of having their faces rebuilt. The result is that, with this network of facial muscles pulling in their various directions, with a skin covering them which may or may not stretch evenly and smoothly, a few months after the operation sees the patient with a lopsided face, smooth in spots and wrinkled in others, far worse in appearance than when she, or he, first appeared before the so-called "plastic surgeon."

Another method of removing wrinkles is to "iron out" the face, with a specially constructed instrument, and cut off evenly the loose skin which forms the wrinkle. The edges of the cut so made are brought together and sewed up, again with the ubiquitous horsehair. This is a painful process, as many as five hundred cuts having to be made in the faces of some patients, and few will endure the pain, even with the improved instruments which inject a mild local anesthetic as each cut is made. It is also expensive, for few of the beauty doctors will undertake it for less than five dollars a wrinkle, while most of them charge ten. When carefully and skillfully done by a competent surgeon, this operation leaves the face free of wrinkles for about two years, when the muscles again become thin, the skin sags over them, and the wrinkles return; only to be cut off again, if the patient wishes to retain that "skin you love to touch."

What happened to a man at the hands of paraffin pumpers. Foreign matter introduced into his cheeks cannot be removed.

By still another operation, the outer skin is peeled completely from the face and a new skin grown on it. This is done by first applying a local anesthetic, and then a caustic preparation, after which the entire face, including the closed eyes, is bandaged, leaving openings for the nostrils and mouth.

The patient remains in this "pack" from 24 to 72 hours, when the bandages are removed, bringing with them the skin. Not only is this the most painful process of "restoring youth" yet known, but it is one of the most dangerous, because the menace of infection and the chances of septic poisoning are very great. Unless the operation is extended by sections to include the neck, the line of demarcation between the new skin which grows over the denuded spots, and the original skin on the neck is so apparent as to nullify the effect of the renewed face. About two weeks of seclusion are required for the new skin to grow. Thereafter, it is likely to remain fresh and smooth for not more than two years, when the thinning muscles again cause the wrinkles to appear, and beauty must be peeled again to prove that it is only skin deep.

The rebuilding of noses, considered necessary by the legitimate surgeon only when the nostrils fail to perform their natural function of carrying fresh air into the throat and lungs, is now done commonly by many beauty doctors, and is the least difficult, as well as the most successful of their operations. Most artists and physicians hold that the average face is symmetrical—not necessarily beautiful, handsome or even pleasing to look at, but symmetrical with regard to the comparative position and size of its features. By some of the methods of the beauty doctors, this symmetry is destroyed, and if the face is once drawn out of shape, no surgeon has been able to return to it its original lines or form.

A large number of women patronize these face-builders to have alterations made in the sizes and shapes of their mouths. Increasing of the much-sought "Cupid's bow" on the lip is another demand, while the manufacture of dimples where none dimpled before is a regular practice with many beauty doctors. The permanent result of many of the operations on the mouth is that a perpetual smile is left on the lady's face, no matter how serious she may wish her expression to be. Fortunately, however, the mouth made too large can be sewed up, the one too (Concluded on page 27)

Bryan Gives His Last Interview

The "Happy Warrior" Chats With a Friend of Fights Past and Prospective

By JAMES SCHERMERHORN

Sharon Lodge,
Clifton Forge, Virginia, July 27—

"And having on the helmet of Salvation."

THE figure of the panoplied battler for righteousness came to my mind when the helmeted and coatless Commoner—it was too hot in Dayton to put on the rest of the uniform of the Christian warrior—called for me at the drug store where the Scopes defiance of the Tennessee statute was first revealed. But he looked the uncapitulating Crusader.

It was the Friday afternoon following the rejection of the testimony of the great cloud of scientists who flocked to Dayton to confound the prosecution.

This reduced the issue to the matter of the young teacher's culpability before the law and forecast the defeat of the evolutionists. Court had adjourned till Monday.

I had dropped off the New Orleans-Cincinnati limited on the Southern to see about joining the Bryan party on its pilgrimage to the Holy Land next February.

The most eloquent voice in America on Mar's Hill, over the Manger in Bethlehem and beside the Garden Tomb at Eastertide, formed a beguiling outlook for one who had been under the Bryan spell in convention hall and on the hustings.

Always Fighting Under Torrid Conditions

I did not know till I detrained at the tiny station that it was to be a congratulatory call. But the calm in the somnolent streets indicated that it was all over but the pronouncing of sentence.

As I waited at the drug store, whose proprietor had turned over his home to Mr. Bryan, for the Commoner to come in his car and get me, I mused on how every foe he ever fought was in a confederacy with hot weather. That was a torrid summer he went through after "the crown of thorns, the cross of gold" climax. It was hot when I found him at the telephone at Fairview Farm in 1908, directing the proceedings in the auditorium at Denver. There was perspiration a-plenty in the anathematizing of Murphy and Ryan at Baltimore in 1912. It was nothing less than an inferno on the second floor of the Waldorf-Astoria one year ago, when the resolutions committee of the Democratic National Convention wrestled for 48 hours over the Ku Klux and League of Nations planks, and called upon Mr. Bryan to lead in prayer at the dawn of the third day.

And here he was again in a mid-summer Armageddon battling for the Lord. Long ago he learned how to get out of a dripping shirt into a dry one between stops of his special car; this last challenging of the unbelievers on Mount Carmel had necessitated the fashioning of a shirt without collar or full-length sleeves.

And in this undress uniform he had won the outstanding victory of forty years of crusading.

Friends and Foes of the "Happy Warrior"

But he had paid the penalty of declaring the faith that was in him. As we motored out to the quietude of his mountain-side stopping-place, he said nothing in all of his political experiences had approached the venom and malignity of insults and maledictions heaped upon him for bringing his fundamentalism to the Scopes trial. Taunts, detractions, threats in newspapers and letters were flooding his headquarters in the field.

Much of this the Happy Warrior expected. He had faced opposition too often to be perturbed by reckless assailment. But the Commoner did confess surprise that several supporters in past adventures, to whom he had appealed for expressions of approval in this effort to uphold revealed religion, had not only backed away from the cause, but had taken offensive methods of making their break with the battling believer known of all men and a tribute to their own intellectual courage.

These calumnies ranged all the way from the bartering of the Bryan birthright for the gold of Florida realtors to the use of the monkey's tin cup to collect first-page publicity from the Dayton trial. He was wearing the livery of Heaven to serve the devil of sordid self-seeking.

Mrs. Bryan, who was awaiting us on the front porch—chair-ridden, but sweetly self-possessed and mentally alert—shared her husband's glow over the collapse of the liberal's case; but she also was shocked by the personal rancor displayed by the opposition. The papers that morning had carried an interview with Mrs. Darrow in which she had expressed surprise that an individual of Mr. Bryan's tip-seeking proclivities was tolerated at all.

But Mrs. Bryan was no more dumbfounded than Mr. Bryan was at the Darrow sally delivered to a group of boys at the courthouse door: "You'll have a better time going to hell with me than to heaven with Bryan."

She was reminded of the old saw: "The clubs are found under the best tree in the orchard." I was glad to bring the report that in the several states I had traversed there were audible evidences on every hand that Mr. Bryan's whole-hearted upholding of the Divine origin of man and his immortal hope had quickened the faith of his fellow men and brought to their lips avowals of renewed fealty to their Lord and Master.

Similar testimony was in Mr. Bryan's hands that moment, expressions of gratitude from near and far for his uncompromising affirmations of faith in old-fashioned religion. Among the fervent greetings was a cablegram from the Bible Society of London, England, extending congratulations and prayers. Delegation after delegation motored up to the house, bringing greetings and good will; mountaineers and neighbors ventured in with the choicest things from their gardens, rapturously happy to show in this way their thanks to a leader for "standing by the kind of a Bible they couldn't keep house without."

It was plain there was more of the sweet than the bitter to Mr. Bryan in that afternoon of foreshadowed victory. Very earnestly he confided in me that he sensed the coming of the glory of the highest consecration to which he had been called—the ceaseless advocacy of the Old, Old Story against the slurs of agnostics, the indifference of the worldly and the assaults of the scientists.

Sundry Slanders Which Were Refuted

"I have noticed the reflections on my good faith," said Mr. Bryan, "to the extent of giving out the statement that I have never made an address on Sunday for material reward, and time and labor given to causes without compensation far outweigh the services for which it has been entirely legitimate for me to expect compensation. But my enemies always sniff at this, and because of their slanders the world receives what I have to say on the subject with incredulity."

I reminded Mr. Bryan of a convention of the high school boys of the Michigan Y. M. C. A., at Ann Arbor, where I had the privilege of introducing him. It was held in the Hill Auditorium on a Sunday night. Next day it was current that the Secretary of State had charged $500 for his services, at this religious service, a feature of which was Mr. Bryan's success in getting 15,000 Michigan boys to sign the pledge.

It happened that it fell to me to settle with Mr. Bryan for the committee. As he refused to accept a penny for his services or for his trip from Washington, the (Concluded on page 25)

EDITORIALS

These Reckless Drivers Are Never Arrested

A HIGHWAY engineer was talking. He pointed to a map showing an acute curve in a roadway which dived blindly through a cut through a railway embankment.

"We rebuilt that road in such a manner that the thousands of cars which travel it on a big football day could be moved around what had been known as 'Dead Man's Curve' at thirty miles an hour."

He thought in terms of getting traffic moved. To him thirty miles an hour on that curve was safe when he had rebuilt it so that it was "blind" at no point.

This is a lesson worthy of study. Town and county fathers have come to have a great faith in regulation, signal systems and heavy policing expenditures.

In many instances one good whack at a horse and buggy curve still doing duty in a motor age would add years to the expectation of life of members of the community. But sizzling motorcycle policemen, whose mere appearance on a road will slow motorists from a legal thirty to a twenty-mile gait that is no more legal and no safer, are considered to be infinitely more important.

No sane person holds a brief for reckless speeding; but the most experienced drivers will tell you that fast driving is not the only menace on the highway today. There is the very "safe" driver who turns suddenly without signaling to the car behind. Then there is the meandering individual who signals a turn to the left, swings the car to the left, then turns to the right. Also the timid soul who has never yet driven faster than twenty miles an hour and who eases around curves at fifteen—on the wrong side of the road. If these could be taught that the road is there to move traffic and that nowadays the driver need think like a railroader!

A Billion Friendly Dollars

THE Oriental seeks today's petty gain today, perhaps at the cost of tomorrow; but we are learning to look ahead.

In the fiscal year now closed we sold the world a billion dollars' worth of goods in excess of what we bought.

We sent business missionaries traveling over the world, telling our neighbors how they may come to reap the advantages of a mechanical civilization such as we now enjoy.

We have loaned, in various parts of the world, huge sums to help peoples prosper that they may become paying customers

We are learning to look for the long advantage. And it is time, for soon we shall be importing food.

In preparation for that day we are learning how to sell the world a different line of goods. Instead of foodstuffs and raw materials, increasing shipments of machinery, engines, motors, labor-saving devices, finished products. Sound, hard-working things, these; makers of friends and creators of new wealth in the land of their destination.

That thing which the statistician calls a trade balance is a billion friendly dollars.

Golf and Other Things

"IS GOLF good or harmful?" is the caption which hits one in the eye in one of the Scottish newspapers. Fancy a Scottish newspaper asking such a question. But the editor does so, we have no doubt, with his mind on the breezy links; he thinks the question so ridiculous and unnecessary that it ought to be shown up.

The Earl of Balfour and Mr. Leo Maxse, the editor of the *National Review*, are also stirred and have had a mighty debate on this subject before a full house at the London School of Economics; and to outsiders the matter might seem to have been left up in the air; but golfers know better.

Mr. Maxse, in that penetrating and acidulous way of his, declared that golf, and nothing but golf, was the cause of the Arab hostility to Earl Balfour when he visited the Holy Land. This primitive and pristine people, said Mr. Maxse, fearing that under cover of an oration Balfour was proposing to introduce golf into Palestine and turn the Holy Land into a gigantic golf course, made the protest they did. They *stymied* the Zionist movement because they did not fancy their land being turned into a permanent home of *putting*.

But Mr. Maxse did not stop here. He proceeded to rub salt, as it were, into the wounds he fancied he had inflicted on his opponent. He alleged that "kolf," as he called it, was dumped into Holland at a very remote period, and afterward went to Scotland where it came to be part of the national life, just like porridge and haggis.

Quite undaunted by such "arraignment foul," the Earl told the editor a few things about the royal and ancient game. He informed

him that anyone with a little knowledge of golf would not find Palestine a cheerful place for a golf links. He did not give reasons for this assertion, but we assume that one of them is that there is so much sand in the place that it is one continuous *bunker*, and another, that there is grave danger of the golf balls being waylaid on their journey to Jericho or some other region not clearly defined.

Further, Earl Balfour said that golf was brought to England by the Scotsmen who accompanied James I, and that the English imbibed it just as eagerly as Scotsmen imbibed their porridge.

There was another thing that King James did, he got out the authorized version of the Bible. The Bible and golf, golf and the Bible. Who dare ask whether they are good or harmful? This country has profited by both. Food for the mind and recreation for the body. Safe things to hang on to.

The Commoner

MR. BRYAN'S death removes one of the strong figures of America, the last, or one of the last kings of forensic eloquence. He had the gift of statement in an extraordinary degree. His function was that of a Voice. To the experience and knowledge of a politician he added a high morality of intention and the zeal of a crusader. And for one who was so constantly before the public, dealing with a multitude of themes, he bore a reputation for accuracy of statement that is little short of amazing. His conclusions were often rejected, but his facts were seldom questioned.

Mr. Bryan's influence on the country has been much greater than most commentators will freely acknowledge. He has been master of his party for almost a quarter of a century, unacknowledged, but still master. He has made and unmade candidates and Presidents. Thirty treaties between the United States and other nations attest his efforts to prevent war. Much of the railroad legislation of the country must be traced to him, as must also the popular election of United States Senators. Publicity of campaign contributions was one of his issues and so was prohibition. Years before any other public man was even whispering the word, Bryan was thundering it. He fought corruption and the influence of wealth in his party, and, though every strong group opposed him, he remained the central and dominant figure. There are Democrats who go so far as to say that Bryan saved his party from moral disintegration and so saved it from political destruction.

And yet Mr. Bryan was not a profound thinker. He did not create the movements he espoused. He once described himself as a man who, when he saw a balloon going up, clung to it and went up with it. He advised young men to look for the coming movements and ride into success upon them. He had convictions and an unrivaled power of appeal, but his thoughts did not often go beyond those that could be turned to effective use on the popular rostrum. This, perhaps, throws into greater relief the moral purpose which inspired his life and enabled him to steer so straight a course amid the temptations of politics and fame. But it probably limited the extent of his political influence on his times. When he began public life, William Jennings Bryan had a vision of the Money System, as now established, which indicated his determination to get to the bottom causes of certain reprehensible conditions in this country. His appearance on the horizon, heralding the most unpromising of all political questions, namely, the Money Question, served to reveal how deep a popular interest lay behind all the political superficiality of the people. But Bryan dropped that issue—the most fundamental of all the fundamentalist political issues he ever espoused, and never returned to it, never, indeed, gave further indication that the money question occupied his thoughts.

His last campaign was for the moralities which are reinforced by religion, and for religion which rests on Biblical authority. It comes as a shock to learn that in this campaign he met with a degree of bitter attack that, so his friends say, exceeded anything throughout his career. There was little attempt on the part of the public prints to explain to the people the position of Bryan and the real intention of the people of Tennessee. The character of the general comment may be guessed from the hurried destruction of many thousands of copies of publications ready for mailing when the news of Bryan's sudden death arrived, and there were hasty revisions of much written material not then in type. Bryan stood forth to save a precious element in American life, but so concerted was the misrepresentation that multitudes were unable to gain the slightest idea of what it was. His death somewhat sobered the whole business. But it is no misreading of the signs to say that Bryan opened up a question which will not rest, but, having opened it, there was doubtless a better way to carry it through than he had planned, and hence his work was done. His death was in peaceful contrast to the turbulence among which he lived. His name will become a legacy to the nation and his career will long exemplify the opportunity which our civilization offers to men of able convictions.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

WHETHER a man chooses employment as a career, or business for himself, he will find but one door of entrance, and over that the inscription "Labor and Knowledge."

The business of every contributor to the world's welfare is to work and to know. To "know how" is the key to mastery. No man is a full-fledged employe, no man is a full-fledged manager of business unless he "knows how."

And one learns "how" by doing. That is the gate of initiation. Master or man, financier or apprentice, there is no other. If a young man thinks of entering business for himself, if to be master of his own establishment is his ambition, he is all the more obligated to begin as a learner, because the attainment of his ambition will require him to be teacher and director of others.

One of the greatest misfortunes that can befall any business is to be directed by a man who does not know it. To this can be traced most of the difficulty the industrial world has seen. Most of the so-called "economic" problems would be completely solved if industries were managed by men who know industry. The experts, research men and easy-chair philosophers are making "economic" mysteries out of nothing. There is no economic mystery about the ditch-digger trying to direct a surgical operation, there is only nonsense. The same kind of nonsense exists when mere money-brokers endeavor to manage productive business.

The majority of our so-called "labor troubles" are caused by managers who have no first-hand knowledge or experience of labor. They are "boss troubles," usually, and can be permanently settled by a new kind of manager—one who knows the job so well that no walking delegate, or anyone else, can tell him how it should be done. A man who must be told his own business by someone outside of it will be ahead of the game by getting himself outside of it as soon as possible.

Not only labor troubles, but the difficulty of industry in keeping pace with possible improvements and increase of service, come from this cause. Industry exists to make things that people use. That is its only reason for existence when it is managed by men who know the job. But when managed by men who know nothing of the factory, whose interest is confined to the balance sheet, its principal product becomes dividends, and that spells sure destruction to any business. It leads to those "economic" situations about which whole libraries of books are written. It is not economic at all. It is merely the folly of having those who know ruled by those who don't know.

Any young man who thinks that by going into business he will only need to wear a white collar, keep books and count the money, while other men supply the knowledge and practical experience, has a sad awakening ahead of him. The fate of the person who lets other people run his business is fully illustrated by the long, sad roll of failures. There is nothing in *business* itself that necessitates failure; but men who enter business unprepared by apprentice training in its special points bring their failure with them. Business never fails; only men do that.

Thus the way into business is by the door of work, employment. The business man who has never worked at the basic operations involved in his business is at a disadvantage. He simply does not know; he has no standard by which to judge the conflicting reports and counsels that come to him. He is not in business in any proper sense; he is a hanger-on, a parasite.

The young man who thus serves his apprenticeship *to* business for the sake of going *in* business will not fall into the error of believing that everything he sees therein is the perfect model for him to follow. He will keep his eyes open and his mind alert, with the good result that his learning *what not to do* will be equally valuable with the rest.

There is no accounting for the good change that has come over the spirit of American industry other than by the fact that so many of today's managers were yesterday's workmen. From the mistakes of *their* employers, they learned what not to do; the men they direct today are the beneficiaries of their ability to observe and discern.

So, whether the young man be ambitious for an independent business of his own, or the beckoning rewards of employment, here he is at the best door of entrance—the door of work. Far better the difficulties and stress of the factory floor than the protected atmosphere of some office. The Shop speaks with a voice of authority that quite drowns out the voice of office authority if it does not know. And the Shop is now the greatly preferred path to the office.

With a few suggestions on how to choose a boss, we may leave this phase of the matter for a time.

WHETHER a man chooses employment or a business of his own for his career, his first step is the same: he must go to work and learn his job. If a man is a misfit in industry, if he does not know his work, how much greater the misfit of him who presumes to direct others in what he himself knows not. Many so-called "economic" problems are only the ignorance of the directors of business. Business itself does not fail; but the man who is "boss" of a business that he does not know to its last operative detail is certain of failure before he begins. Whatever your goal in life, the beginning is knowledge and experience—or, briefly, work.

Japan Since the Earthquake

Country Shows Strength in Quick Recovery and Energy in Rebuilding

I HAD heard so much about the efficiency of the Japanese and the promptness of their work of reconstruction, I was not prepared for the desolation which greeted me at Yokohama. Then I looked again, and felt that, meager as is the actual work of rebuilding up to date, the accomplishment had been noteworthy. Still, Yokohama is a place whose glory has departed, and the restoration of the waste places is yet a thing for prophecy. Some of the business men who accompanied me said, "Yokohama will doubtless be a city again; it will be a port for Tokyo, and something besides. Indeed, after a sort it is a city now; but it will never be the city it was before the earthquake." Others said, "Yokohama will be rebuilt on a scale even greater than before, and that within ten years."

The earthquake which obliterated Yokohama occurred at two minutes before noon on September 1, 1923. The steamship *Empress of Austria* was just about to leave the harbor when the quake occurred, and some of the passengers are now back in Japan and are able to tell the story as they saw it from the deck of that vessel. Theirs is the most nearly connected narrative, for those witnesses who were on shore could see but little, and many of them were bewildered. As it appeared from the ship, the nearest objects on land, the pier and the warehouses adjacent, began to heave and shrivel and go down, and behind them, the walls of the buildings swayed and cracked and tumbled in shapeless ruin. The ship itself seemed to be struck on the bottom by the upheaval of the bottom of the harbor, but it was not seriously damaged. It floated and

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

became a haven of refuge from a land that offered no security, and that was fraught with every peril.

Japanese houses are said to be heated by the hibachi, or fire-bowl. This is a mistake. They are not heated. The fire-bowl serves to warm the hands of the little company that huddles around it, but if the hands get warm nothing else does. A good many thousands of hibaches were overturned when the earthquake struck Yokohama. Innumerable fires broke out simultaneously. The fire department was helpless. What the earthquake did not do, the fires did.

Yokohama is a town of canals and streams crossed by bridges, some of them of iron. Thousands of people packed these bridges, and were cut off from shore by fires at both ends. The streams below were almost solid with native wooden boats, many of which took fire. If the bridges did not ignite, the steel girders got hot and gave way. Thousands of people flung themselves into the water.

Figures mean little in aiding the imagination. Two hundred thousand lives were lost in Japan. Eight billion yen, or four billion dollars, was the property loss. Yokohama was obliterated. Half of Tokyo was destroyed. Walls were leveled. Mountains suffered vast slides. Hillside and seaside resorts were wiped off the map. Everywhere for miles around was desolation.

Relief flowed in immediately from near and far, but for some days it was impossible to reach all the places and people that needed it. There were islands of refugees marooned in little unburnt or burnt-over spaces, who could not be found until intermediate fires had cooled or ferries improvised across intervening streams. There was enough inefficiency, in all conscience. The Japanese navy did not at first cover itself with glory, and the Japanese Government held up cables and did other annoying and perhaps useless things. There was loot and murder and everything that ought not to have been.

And yet, on the whole, it would appear that the situation was as well handled as under all the circumstances could have been expected. The Japanese Government was new. Premier Takahashi had been occupying a most difficult position as the head of a party torn by dissensions, and his cabinet had fallen a very few days before the earthquake. Viscount Yamamoto had been selected to form a new cabinet, and he took office a few days after the disaster. He gathered about him a fairly strong group of men. The ruling spirit of the new cabinet was Viscount Goto, former mayor of Tokyo, who laid the plans for Tokyo's rebuilding on an elaborate scale, with wide streets and open spaces which, it is hoped, can never again be wholly flame-swept.

The matter of insurance was of large importance. All policies granting insurance against fire, issued in Japan, contain a clause exempting fires caused by earthquakes. The insurance companies could not have paid the losses in any event, and while they have paid something it is a pitiful sum toward the rebuilding of Tokyo and especially of Yokohama. Tokyo is building up. The last of the barracks in which the refugees are huddled are being rapidly vacated.

But when shall Yokohama be rebuilt? The Standard Oil Company is doing business in a sheet-iron structure. The Canadian Pacific, said to be the only organization on earth that can sell a ticket on its own lines around the world from Montreal to Montreal or anywhere else on its own route, has a temporary building. The Yokohama Specie Bank is building a large new structure, but it has few comrades. The Grand Hotel, where so many were killed, lies desolate.

Kamjura, fourteen miles away, was once a populous city, but

Shopping in Tokyo prior to the great earthquake of 1923.

e earthquake and
dal wave in 1369
most wiped it out,
d another, two
ars after Columbus
scovered America,
l rled down the tem-
p that covered the
clossal Buddha,
Jibutsu, and left
vat is now a shabby
vlage where once
l'd been the seat of
e.pire with a popu-
l ion of a million. Is
tis fate in store for
Yokohama? Some
Americans who see it
sy so. They say,
'ee these vast enter-
prises controlled by
American and Cana-
dian and European
capital, hesitating
about investment
here. To be sure, there is lumber
i plenty, coming over from the
United States and Canada, but
vhere are the steel girders for the
hy buildings? If this town is re-
built, it must be foreign capital
that does it."

But others say, "already the
city is rebuilt in a way. There
were 430,000 people here before the
earthquake; there are 400,000 here
now. Even with living conditions as
nearly impossible as they are, Yoko-
hama is even now a great city. It will
be far greater than it was. This port
is too valuable to the empire and the
world to be forsaken. It will not simply
be a port city, with docks and ware-
houses; it will be a great commercial
center, one of the notable places of
business in the empire and the world."

My own opinion is, from such
evidence as I could gather, that unless
there shall occur another earthquake
within a few months, there will be a
building movement of note in Yoko-
hama and that the new city will be
larger than the old.

This brings us to the interesting
fact that one earthquake appears to
be no guaranty that another will not
occur. On January 15, 1924, at 5:55
a m., occurred another quake which
those who experienced it tell me was
as severe as that of September 1 pre-
ceding. One American, who was thrown
out of bed, and received a severe cut
on his forehead, said to me that of the
two, this was more severe, but that it
did less damage than that of September
1 1923, because everything was al-
ready down and burned.

I asked an American engineer, who
was engaged in building bridges before
the earthquake, and is still at it with
work ahead for a good while, whether
anything had been learned by en-
gineers about erecting earthquake-
proof structures.

He said that it had been found that
piers of steel or masonry erected under
water were sheared off on a plane about

Upper—The great outbreak of flames which followed the shock at Marunouchi in Tokyo.
Circle—Refugees using the city's water main as a shelter from fire and smoke.

two-thirds of the distance from their base to the top of the water, thus confirming the theoretical formula of strain, that the maximum point is one-third the way from the top.

This engineer told me also about the effect of water on an earthquake-shaken area. He said:

"If you and I shake hands, and you are reluctant or indifferent, and I am persistent, I must shake several times to get our two hands to moving together. Water is the reluctant participant. If the shake were to continue, and with constant rhythm, the water would soon be moving in the same vibration with the land. But by the time the water gets to moving, the earth is either still, or is moving in a different rhythm. Hence, the tidal wave."

Much of the life of Japan since September 1, 1923, has been abnormal. And it could be wished that it had wholly regained its normality. There was urgent protest against rebuilding the Yoshiwara, the licensed vice quarters of Tokyo, but that has been one of the first sections to be rebuilt. There is, however, an increasing protest against it.

In the matter of public morals, it will be interesting to record that in the last days of February, 1925, a bill was introduced into the Japanese Diet to abolish licensed vice. The bill was rejected in Committee, but led to a debate on the floor. One member, Mr. Kira Motoo, in speaking in favor of Japan's licensed system, spoke words of scathing criticism of morals in Christian countries, declaring that chastity was absolutely non-existent in them, and the President of the Diet reproved him and compelled him publicly to apologize. But another member was not reproved for saying that Japan's system was far less indecent than the custom that prevails in other places.

Of two matters I must make mention as I close. One is the fact that Japan has been far worse hurt by the earthquake than she admits or the world realizes. And she has no assurance that other disasters are not in store for her. Her islands are the tops of oceanic mountains, of volcanic origin. Earthquakes created them, and earthquakes which have given them life and death for millennia are still to come. Japan has on an average of four earthquakes a day—most of them imperceptible except to sensitive instruments. I believe there were 136 recorded quakes in December, 1924. During the days I was in Japan, I felt only one, at Nikko, at 6:10 a. m., on February 27. But about that time the United States was having one of wider area. The mere tourist is glad to record an earthquake, but old inhabitants do not joke about them.

The other fact is the courage of the people. They surely are good sports. They are all at work, men and women. I saw no idleness, though I heard of unemployment in certain industries in Osaka and Tokyo. The Japanese people are hard at work. They work industriously and cheerfully. It gladdens one's heart to be in a Japanese hotel and see two or three maids actually running to answer a bell.

In all the eight or nine cities which I saw, very rapidly, of course, I encountered only two beggars, both in Yokohama, both women with babies on their backs, both professing to be widows. The contrast was immediate on entering China. Beggars there are everywhere, repulsive and persistent.

In considering the assets which the nation brings to its herculean task of rebuilding, one must not overlook the energy, the courage, the cheerfulness and the pride of the people.

Who Knocks the 100 Per Center

The Four Quarters From Which the Anti-American Wind Blows

I RISE to inquire, Gentle Reader, Why this outburst against One Hundred Per Cent Americanism?

I myself don't like the term. I don't like the use that is sometimes made of it. Like any other easy slogan, or strikingly apt verbal symbol, it is apt to be overdone and become wearisome.

But the reality it designates is so clearly identified that I cannot regard the opposition as being directed exclusively against the term, but also against One Hundred Per Cent Americanism itself.

From what quarters does the attack come? It is a question to which I happen to be able to make accurate answer because I have noted its appearance whenever I came across it in my reading.

The attack, including sneers, ridicule, denunciation and threats, have been found by me in four kinds of publications: Jewish, alien, Communist and Negro papers. Not all the Negro papers, I must say, but only in the more virulent of them, for there are Negro leaders who know that America represents the hope and not the frustration of their race.

The Attack on the Nordic

But Jewish papers, almost without exception, attack the slogan and those who are designated by it. It is a constant, calculated and somewhat concentrated campaign. It goes along with the program of belittling and besmirching everything "Nordic." Indeed, the pet bogies of the Jewish Press in this country are the "Nordic" and the "One Hundred Per Cent American"—that is, the white man and the loyal United Stateser.

The Jewish Press will not deny this: the available evidence is too overwhelming. An entire issue of this magazine—yes, a month's issues—could be filled with excerpts in proof.

This attitude can spring from nothing but a sense of alienation from the American and Nordic ideals. With all his cleverness the Jew apparently does not see that his claim to being one with us is shattered immediately it is defined what we are. He then begins to ridicule what we are. It proves his difference. Probably he thanks God that he *is* different, but that should not prevent him from admitting to us that he so considers himself. I understand that Jewish scientists in France are endeavoring to establish Jewish identity with us by showing that nose measurements do not differentiate us. But what if blood chemistry should show us to be two distinct races?

Even if we are two distinct races, what prevents us agreeing on Americanism as Americans exemplify it? Who else is there to say what Americanism is, if not the Americans?

Who Shall Define Americanism, if Not Americans?

But statement, not argument, is the purpose of this brief paper. And my first statement is that one of the biggest opponents of "One Hundred Per Cent American" is the Jewish Press in the United States. I couple with that statement the fact that the Jewish Press in every other country is more loyal-spoken toward the dominant population and the Government, than is the Jewish Press of the United States.

Then there is the Foreign Language Press. Exceptions exist, to be sure. We must steer clear of the mistaken notion that difference in language and difference in nationality constitute difference in race. One disadvantage of nationality is that it can be used to make people of kindred race think that they are different and therefore natural enemies. The only possibility of internationalism exists, not in the destruction of nations and nationalities, but in their recognition of their racial ties. The Anglo-Saxon race has its political existence under many national names, but it is rapidly arriving at an appreciation of its racial unity; and this will bring peace not only to itself, but enforce peace on the world. The only League of Nations that wise men can see is the League of the Anglo-Saxon. It is fear of this League which lies behind much of the derision poured out on the "Nordic" and the "One Hundred Per Cent American."

Language May Divide, But Life Unites

That section of the Foreign Language Press which represents types of mind which make fit soil for the ideas of religious liberty and political freedom is not resentful of Americanism but rather proud of it. And that section of the same Press which represents a type of mind that cannot reach up to the heights of religious liberty and political freedom, but must always be under the kind of authority which limits both, is one with the Jewish Press in its denunciation of "the 100 per centers."

The Negro papers have been referred to. There is a widespread and well-planned anti-American propaganda among the Negroes and it links in with Jewish influence at many points. This is a fact well known to investigators. As not one in a million white persons read the Negro Press, this fact remains unnoticed—and perhaps it is much better so. Persons who cannot chart the wide curves which certa movements take should not risk u setting their minds by inexpert e amination of temporary phases. T Negro is being taught to look upon t white man as his enemy, when a view of racial history should teach hi to look upon the white man as h friend. It is not by accident, it is n devoid of the elements of destiny, th Anglo-Saxon and Negro have been closely thrown together. They a not one race by any means, but th have more of the elements of frien liness toward each other than ma races have. Even in Slavery days th was known. So that I am not di turbed by the "Nordic" and "100 p cent" sneers that are found in the Neg Press. They are not of Negro origi The Negro will not be permanent misled by them. I note their Press he merely because it falls in the list my reading.

What Are the Communists Saying?

The Commun Press of eve shade detests ever thing American the Flag, the Constitution, the E ecutive, but, above all, I think, t intelligently patriotic American ci zen. To it, he is the prize boo Among certain sections of workin men this Press has done harm, not the Nation, but to the men. They a deprived of the knowledge and co fidence they ought to enjoy throu appreciation of what we have he how it came here, and what forc object to its being here. I distinguish, course, between the professional Co munist who is paid to spread h fallacy, and the poor dupe of h specious statements. But I believe Free Speech, and I vote to give ev the professional Communist his sa His talk usually destroys his influenc But I think it is up to intelligent ci zens to know *what he is saying.* Th is why I read his Press. The profession Communist is often a Jew, and near always an alien, so that in himself ties up at least three of the sourc whence come the attack on "O Hundred Per Cent Americanism."

The mistake all of these enemies Americanism make, of course, is believing that *America is nothing yet, a formless mass to be shaped by a hand that can grasp and mold it.* Th is the fundamental fallacy. Aliens wh have never been able to build a civ ization in the lands where they orig nated, claim the right to tear down t civilization which Christian morali is building here. It is on that rock th will crash, unless they heed a time warning. The character and tendenci of America are very definitely fixe It was because they (Concluded on page

China's New Force—the Student

"New Lamps for Old" Has Become a Settled Policy Among the People

By F. OTTE

CONDITIONS in the Shanghai mills have attracted considerable attention during the last few years and have been described as atrocious by both Americans and English. There can therefore be no question as to the real cause of the strike. It was directed chiefly against the Japanese mill owners. Bolshevik agitators are at work, but while they profited by they did not create the conditions for the strikes. Chinese students took up the cause of the workingmen and paraded the streets. This led to a clash between the police force of the International Settlement and the students, and a number of the latter were killed. No doubt, the police acted hastily. The result was an outcry which probably came without premeditation, and an agitation the end of which cannot be foreseen.

Since 1901, when I arrived in China, I have not witnessed an exhibition of public feeling of such tremendous intensity as the present outbreak. Students, workingmen, professors, bankers, merchant guilds, officials, suddenly appear to be united and they make it plain that the death of these students is looked upon as a wanton act and as a national insult. And first among them appears the Chinese student.

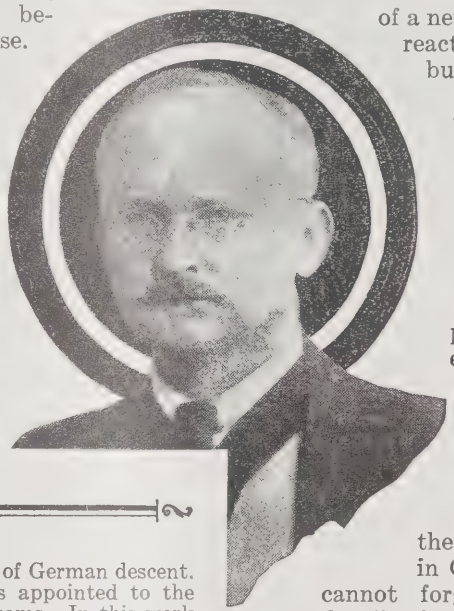
Practically all schools have joined in the present agitation, not only the National University but also the American mission schools and even the Customs College at Peking, where the young Chinese are being trained for the Customs service which is under the direction of Sir Francis Aglen. And such is the case in all China. This shows up a peculiar quality of the Chinese, that of holding closely together, especially when the masses instinctively feel that they have to defend themselves. Perhaps nowhere in the whole world is there a single people, which has developed this psychical quality to such an extent. The Chinese always had it, but it showed itself more among farmers, traders, artisans and clans. There does not appear ever to have existed in Chinese history any extra-administrative organization of this nature in the educational field. Only when the modern system of teaching began, this old Chinese ability suddenly grew up in a new form among the young people. The reasons, besides the ones stated above, were partly of a mechanical nature, that is, the students met in masses in high schools and universities, and having come into touch with each other, they organized themselves, because they were Chinese. The new form of individualism taught in the schools—at first in mission schools—simply acted as an incentive upon this force, ever inherent in the Chinese.

We are therefore face to face with a force which is not likely to disappear again, unless China's school system is abolished. And this is not likely, for the organization into schools of the masses of China is gaining force from year to year. The progress between 1900 and 1925 is tremendous and the Chinese student of today is a type of youth which China has not known before.

What we are witnessing today is the disappearance of the colonial age of China, and the arrival of a self-confident, physically trained generation of China.

Not only has the old, scholastic form of learning been cast aside, but the old code of morality, wherewith the Chinese used to measure out their deeds and the deeds of others.

These old codes of the mind have been destroyed in China as a result of the contact with the West, but the Chinese did not become Westerners thereby; their impulses remain Chinese. From a Chinese point of view, the action of Western ideas has been destructive, for it destroyed old China. It could not be constructive because no organism can possibly adopt the environment fit for other organisms without destroying itself. As it never wishes to destroy itself, it will react, but as the new influences and new dangers are of a new type, it will at first react in the customary, but false way.



Anyhow, it is futile to try to combat this gigantic process of transformation with the phraseology of the colonial age of a hundred years ago. Numerous articles prove this almost every day and the one thing the Chinese are objecting to most strongly is the supercilious attitude of a part of the foreign population in China who evidently cannot forget the "good old days" of the royal merchant, when the Chinese were docile servants. Those days are gone.

Unfortunately for the young Chinese student, he grew up quicker than did the teaching staff. The training of valuable and useful teachers is a matter of generations. As it is, there is a tremendous lack of good teachers, or even of average teachers, everywhere in China, but more especially are the middle schools and high schools in need of a well-trained teaching force.

My own observation at this university has been that the freshmen are hardest to deal with. They on various occasions try to teach me. It is the same story every year, but after four months I have them in hand. I had gained their confidence and they fully trusted that I should lead them the right way into the mysteries of accounting, auditing, factory organization, statistics, et cetera. But why the youngest should be the most distrustful, always puzzles me; it probably indicates that there is something lacking in the preparatory courses.

As time goes on, a better teaching staff will probably exercise a better influence, but student organizations as such are not likely ever to disappear, because they are the outcome not of an accident, but of native instinct.

The policy of "New Lamps for Old," which brought disaster to that mythical hero Aladdin, has now become the policy of the Chinese people.

Dr. F. Otte, the author of this article, is of German descent. He went to China in 1901, when he was appointed to the Indoor Staff of the Chinese Maritime Customs. In this work he was frequently transferred from province to province, thus affording him an excellent opportunity to observe and study the residents of the various sections.

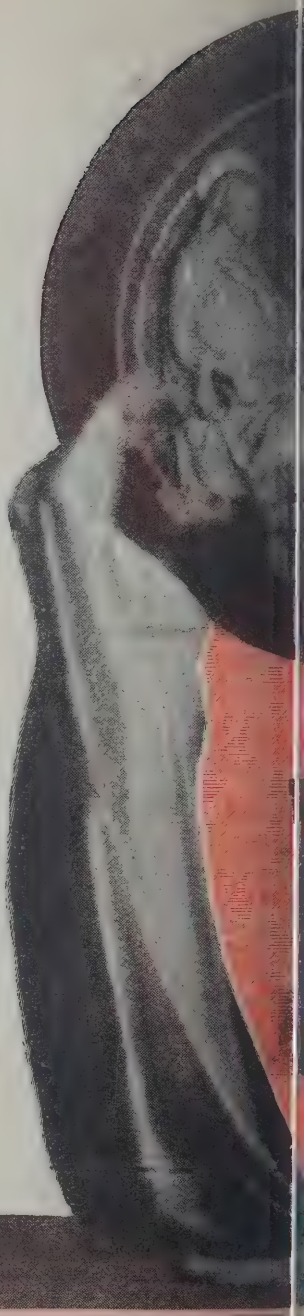
From 1912 to 1916 he became Assistant Chinese Secretary at the Inspectorate General of Customs and at the same time *ex officio* superintendent of studies of the younger assistants, mostly English and American. Dr. Otte further taught statistics at the Customs College. During the latter part of the World War he was deported because of his nationality, but returned three years later, after acquiring a degree, to instruct in business economics at the National University. He lectures in Chinese and English.

A number of books by him have been published by the Commercial Press of Shanghai.

Why They Danced at St. Mark's

This Story Digs Out the Facts About a New Form of Dancing in a Bowery Church, and Gives the Real Reasons for It

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER



FOUR names of Protestant Episcopal preachers have been blazoned across the headlines during the last year, Percy Stickney Grant, Bishop Manning, Bishop William Montgomery Brown, and Dr. William Norman Guthrie.

Each has made his own particular contribution to publicity.

Bishop Manning has made his contribution by trying to keep all three of the rest of the quartet in harmony. Bishop Brown has made his by bringing upon himself a trial for heresy (whatever that is); Percy Stickney Grant got his over the matter of theology and his announced intention to marry the lady of his choice against Bishop Manning's decree; and Brother Guthrie got his publicity by having girls dancing in his services.

Ordinarily the Baptists or the Methodists are in the headlines, but this has been distinctly an Episcopalian year.

I was curious to know this man Guthrie. The old saying has it, that where there is so much smoke there must be fire. This figure of speech would suit Dr. Guthrie well, for he uses the symbols of fire, smoke, earth, water, and sky to teach spiritual truths.

Therefore I went to a good Methodist preacher, Dr. Millard Robinson, who has been in New York most of his life, and asked him about Dr. Guthrie. I knew that they had been neighbor preachers years ago.

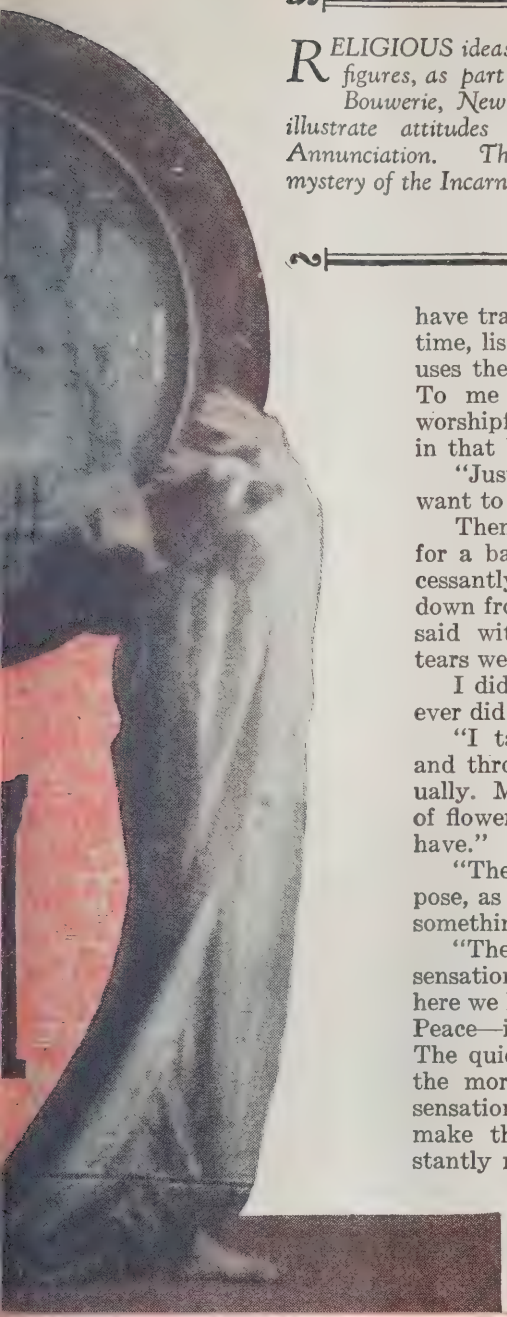
Said Dr. Robinson: "Dr. Guthrie came to St. Mark's when it was down and out. I saw him one day, shortly after he accepted this call and he asked me how many people I had in my congregation. I told him that I had several hundred, but that I considered that a slim audience. He turned around and said to me, 'Believe me, Robinson, if I had twenty-five I would consider it a mob in St. Mark's. But if the Lord spares me a few years there'll be no empty seats in St. Mark's. There must be a way to present religion so that the people will come to hear it and to have a part in its benefits and its inspiration. I'm going to find that way.'"

That was twelve years ago. Now he has his church crowded every service. I attended two services myself at a time of the year when one would not naturally expect crowds in any church.

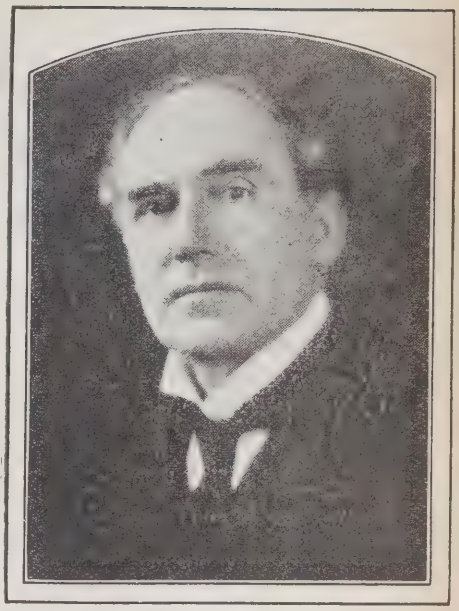
I found Dr. Guthrie at eight o'clock one bright May morning. His office force was already hard at work, with typewriters rattling, and an air of activity everywhere. The office is old and shabby, but work has been done there and a lot of it. The whole church, instead of having the atmosphere of incense about it, was saturated from top to bottom with the wholesome smell of a wood-fire smoke. A great open fire blazes always in his social hall which adjoins the office and the church auditorium. Thousands of young New Yorkers of every walk of life have danced and laughed and played and dreamed about that open fireplace before the burning logs. There was a homelike touch about the whole church.

The beautiful churchyard is inclosed. The famous marble statue of Piccirilli, called "The Outcast," is placed in this churchyard. The last time I saw it was at the San Francisco Pan-American International Exposition. There is also a statue called "The Little Lady of the Dew," done by Solon Borglum, brother of Gutzon Borglum.

He has a quartet of the most beautifully toned Chinese bells I have ever heard and I



RELIGIOUS ideas are interpreted by the posture of human figures, as part of the services at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, New York City. The pictures on this page illustrate attitudes and emotions arising out of The Annunciation. The ninefold candlestick symbolizes the mystery of the Incarnation. At the right is Dr. William Norman Guthrie.



have traveled through China for a year at a time, listening to temple bells. Dr. Guthrie uses these bells in his ritualistic symbolism. To me they seemed to produce a most worshipful atmosphere when he rang them in that beautiful Gothic interior.

"Just what are you getting at? We all want to know, Dr. Guthrie?"

Then he started. It was like the signal for a barrage. His flow of words came incessantly for two hours. He was up and down from his chair. He illustrated what he said with gestures, smiles, tears; and the tears were just as real as the smiles.

I did more listening that morning than I ever did in all my life before.

"I take what people are interested in, and through that, try to reach them spiritually. My services might be called a nosegay of flowers. I try to ditch every prejudice I have."

"The reporters misinterpret you I suppose, as they usually do those who are doing something unusual?"

"The newspapers never do get the real sensational story. Every Sunday afternoon here we have a sensational meeting. Peace—Peace—is really a sensation—in New York! The quieter our Sunday afternoon meetings the more dangerous they are. The more sensational it is going to be the quieter I make the advance publicity. I am constantly misrepresented by the press, not by the reporters but by the city editors. A boy wrote me a note, after a particularly obnoxious interpretation of our Religious Dancing had been made, and said, 'Dear Dr. Guthrie: Don't think that I'm such a Jackass as to write this story, a clipping of which I inclose. My City Editor did it. I'm ashamed of it.' "

"As I understand it you have three types of meetings here each Sunday? May I ask you about each of them?—I want to know. People all over this country want to know."

"Yes. In our afternoon service, we attempt to reach out into the community and touch as many diverse interests of as many groups as we can. I call it a symposium rather than a forum, for a forum suggests debate and a symposium suggests a quiet talk. I try to get experts in their particular line. I say to people whom I invite to speak, 'Present the thing that you are crazy about! What are you after?' I ask them."

"And that is just what I want to ask you, Dr. Guthrie. What are YOU after?"

"I am after getting men interested in religion, through their other interests. Men are never bores who are talking about something they really care about. I seldom pay men to talk here. I don't want them on a professional basis. They 'Witness' here."

"I follow the Church Year as a basis and then add Political days. I ignore such special Sundays as Mother's Day and Street Cleaning Day because I do not want to celebrate artificial days. I have a Burns' Day Sabbath. I do this because Burns is one of the saints of the Scotch people."

Dr. Guthrie makes out a full year of special days. He uses the birthday of famous men in every walk of life. I noticed in his 1924 calendar such names as John Wesley, Matthew Arnold, Gladstone, Louis Pasteur, Beethoven, Phillips Brooks, Robert Browning, Mark Twain, Rossetti, (*Continued on page 28*)

Hobbies—This Time It Is Rugs

Showing How Ballard, of St. Louis, Found the Famous "Bird" Specimen

By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

EVER heard of Ballard of St. Louis, famed for his rugs?" I asked the editor. "He came into a newspaper office recently and the first thing he said was that he wanted to talk to some one who had a hobby. They sent him to me."

"I collect stamps of Holland. I collect them because I see in them the changing dynasties; I see the windmills stirring, the dikes, the passing of William of Orange, the young queen growing out of her childhood and becoming a beloved matron; I see Holland celebrating the various anniversaries of her regency with special jubilee issues; I see the die makers of Haarlem and Utrecht at work, and as I look at my old covers I wonder what the stout, young Dutchman, now gone or very gray, wrote to some maid of Amsterdam, perhaps, in the envelope I now treasure."

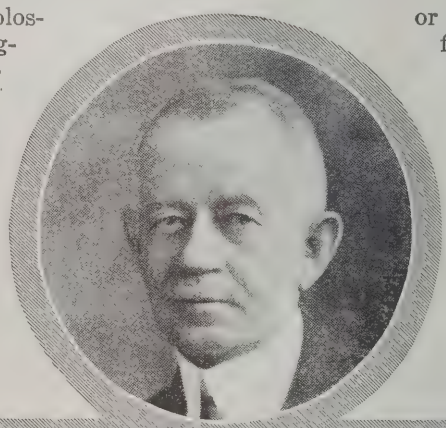
Ballard made his money manufacturing rugs. It is not a barren field for sentimentalists, but it has not the fertility of the ground where Ballard turned for his carpets. He passed a shop in New York one day and an auction was going on. He went in. He bought several rugs. The germ went to work.

Let your mind go back three years. Picture the harbor of Constantinople, following the Smyrna conflagration. On the blue waters is the first ship to bear away refugees. Among the refugees an American—a slight man over sixty. Hugged to his heart, a note of persistent and lovely vitality in the midst of desolation, this American, Ballard, holding something for which he had searched years, something he many times despaired of ever finding. The something was the famous Bird Rug, now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum.

Marts of Asia and Europe were sterile. Ballard almost had given up hope of ever finding a bird rug. They had gone the way of the lost, apparently. Ballard kept on—down into a Thrace none too cordial then to the casual visitor. A select coterie of soldiers dragged him from his train at 1 o'clock one morning and made him a prisoner of war. An army officer fell in love with the collector's mission, however, and became his strongest ally. He accompanied Ballard to Adrianople three days later and led him to a dingy shop. The first rug produced—a thing of ivories, tans and gold birds that dipped their beaks in myriads of colored blossoms—was the long-sought bird rug. Ballard went on to Constantinople, and the very first night his hotel was mobbed by Turks celebrating the capture of Smyrna. Four men were killed in the melée which raged in the corridors all night. There is the famous rug once owned by General Forsythe, an aloof beauty which looked on unmoved while wars raged and Arab tribes cut each other up. The rug was hacked in several places and buried deep in the earth until more leisurely and peaceful times permitted exhumation and rejoining.

Or perhaps you would like best the one woven in the reign of Shah Abbas, when arts flourished in Persia and developed as they had not since the third century when Alexander conquered the country; or the Persian garden rug, second best known in the world, which was once placed in the throne room of the King of Sweden every winter to remind him of the mellowness of summer.

"I read 1,300 pages of the history of Turkestan once," Ballard told me, "to get two lines of rug information. Of course, every hut and tent and palace in the Orient has been scoured for finer examples, but a fine rug isn't to be found in desert or hut. Just like the fine things in the United States today, the fine things of ancient days were the possessions of the nobles and they are obtainable now only through natural Oriental sources or as they come out of the estates of antiquaries.



Circle—James F. Ballard. View of Mr. Ballard's Art Room, St. Louis, Missouri, built for displaying Oriental rugs and carpets.

It is impossible to duplicate them in this mechanical age. In old days a ruler could command a master weaver's services. Time was nothing. I have a little Indian rug as a sample. It has 980 knots to the square inch, all hand tied, and it is only one-sixteenth of an inch thick. The making must have taken 20 years. Rugs today are things to walk on and not to talk about."

The editor and I talked of shoes and ships and sealing-wax after that until I got up to go. He called me back from the door.

"Say, I've something here I want to show you," he said, fishing in the top drawer of his desk and bringing out a folded sheet of writing paper. "Want to hear it?" he asked.

It was dated 1876 and the years had stained it saffron. It was from one minister to another and it discussed the impending birth of a child in the family of one of them.

"How much did you give for it?" I asked, when he had finished the reading.

He had paid $4.50. I feigned a jeer.

"For an old personal letter exchanged by two unknown clergymen who have been dead many years?"

"But don't you see it gives a bit of an insight into the thought of the day. It's history. Look (he showed a blue cancellation on the reverse side of the sheet), they didn't have any stamps then. Letters were carried by coach. The sender paid the fee and letters were stamped with the amount of that fee. See, this one says 'Paid-10?'"

I laughed in the editor's face.

"The seed of a hobby," I accused him. "You could have bought volumes which would tell you authentically the religious thought of that day, yet you buy this little old letter exchanged by two obscure clerics and you titillate over it. You'll pick up more letters, and you won't be able to give yourself a convincing reason for it, but there you'll have a hobby?"

It nettled him. The inexplicable does.

"I don't believe you," he said, "but the idea interests me. What do psychologists say about it?"

Here are some things psychologists said:

Dr. David R. Clark is nationally known. Florid, gray, blunt, a psychiatrical war horse who speaks the intertwined argots of the intelligentsia and the corner policeman, a skeptic who scoffs sacrilegiously at Freud—there you have an image of Clark as he sat across the table from me in a hospital consulting room.

"Hobbies," he said, "are simply vacations from duties. Some people might think it righteous if man thought only of the development of conscience and the performance of what we have come to call the individual's duty to the race. But steel, if sufficiently vibrated, crystallizes and breaks. If a human being is sufficiently vibrated by a duty that is effort and never turns from the duties of life to rejoice in the rest periods of life, he crystallizes and breaks. Some men are lucky to have productive hobbies. Some make a

Early sixteenth-century Ispahan carpet, once cut up and buried.

hobby of work, but that is no credit to them. That may be the finger of God writing on those men, that's all.

"Nothing I do is harder for me than the work at my office. Nothing is more pleasure to me than the study of human nature. That interests me. The thing you're interested in is easy and the thing that's easy is rest. If every one had plenty of money we'd have more people pursuing hobbies. Did you ever know how much information you can gather from a street car conductor? Let me talk with the policeman and in five minutes I'll know what church he goes to, how many children he has, and who's getting the graft in the city hall."

"Why," I asked, "did Ballard ask to see a collector when he entered the newspaper office with his story of his rugs?"

"Heat and light have vibrations," said Clark. "A living cell has a million jumping atoms, and each cell has a million chemical processes. They don't remain local. They shoot out impluses, and these impulses travel from cell to cell, creating a current of energy. From these currents extend waves like the Herzian waves of wireless. That's why you can sense the presence of another person in a dark room without seeing him. If the aura of the other man on the railroad platform at Ypsilanti fits in with yours, you tune in with him. You rather like him. Dislike is the result of conflicting vibrations.

"My collection of transfers? I suppose it's the things they suggest to me. I have one from Venezuela and it always reminds me of a bottle of gin I got in Caracas for 84 cents, although I didn't know a word of the language.

"The late John Dodge, of Dodge Brothers' Motor Car Company, had his millions of dollars but he always wanted to be sheriff. One time he was appointed a deputy by a sheriff who knew of his desire, and John, all plastered with guns and badges and other formal gewgaws, sat in the jail a whole week enjoying the thrill his millions never gave him.

"You find the collecting instinct in some birds, crows, for instance, and certain mice in Mexico known as trade mice. They steal but always put something in the place of what they take. A group of engineers working across the border had some wadding on a shelf in their cabin. These trade mice took the wadding, and one day when the engineers looked at the shelf they found that while the wadding was gone, the mice had left acorns and pieces of mud in exchange."

Dr. Henry A. Reye, a Viennese psychologist who was in charge of psychopathic work at Plattsburg during the war—he is a graduate of the University of Michigan—puts hobbies down as simply the outward expression of deep underlying needs and cravings, an outlet for longings.

"A man," he put it, "may have been compelled in youth to enter a commercial field and still may have had latent musical yearnings, a slant for art which he couldn't cater to because he had no money. Those yearnings often lie buried and undiscovered for years.

Dr. Arnold L. Jacoby, head of the psychopathic clinic of Recorders' Court in Detroit, says:

"The thing collected is a symbol of something which the patient wants but which he can't get in the ordinary course of events. It isn't a mental disease. It's a mental process, and it has the greatest therapeutic value. A hobby turned inwardly frequently becomes chronic invalidism. The constant sickness of some people is sham. It is simply a hobby with them."

Joining Asia to America on a map of 1570 in Turin.

Mapping Alaska Took Centuries

But It Led to the Discovery of Sauerkraut by Captain Cook

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE fabled riches of the Orient, gold and silk and jewels, played a great part in the early explorations of the New World. Two full centuries and a half elapsed after Columbus before Asia and America were by exploration definitely and finally separated upon the map. During three full centuries explorers hopefully sought a water passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The navigable route free from Arctic ice was not to be found but riches beyond that of the Orient were found in the land which was first conceived only as a gateway to treasures beyond.

In the year 1562 Gastaldi, an Italian geographer, wrote a supposedly learned treatise on a strait between America and Asia, the Straits of Anian. Gastaldi had never seen the strait nor had any European been in this region. The strait found favor, however, in the eyes of many cartographers as general geographical considerations were in favor of the separation of Asia from America. The first map with the strait was made in 1566 by an Italian, Zaltieri. The placing of the strait caused some difficulty, leading to very different conceptions on the maps for two centuries after 1566.

Some cartographers preferred to join Asia to America and several interesting maps were made with a broad and easy connection between the two continents, fine if true.

Early in the sixteenth century Portuguese missionaries and traders reached China and Japan, and exploring expeditions in the Pacific were fairly numerous. Systematic exploration of the region north of Japan was due first to the energetic Dutch and secondly to the Russians and the English in the eighteenth century.

The island of Jedzo, now Yezo, just north of Japan, was noted in 1620. A Dutch expedition under DeVries in 1643 further explored the region. But entirely erroneous notions of Jedzo and a Compagnies Island became current. Upon many Dutch maps of the seventeenth century a tremendous "Land of Jedzo" appears northwest of Japan between Asia and America. Wiser geographers left a great blank in this region, indicating the real state of knowledge about the Northwest.

During this period the Russians were gradually making progress into Siberia, eastward and northward. Finally, in 1697, a Russian with the most appropriate name of Atlassof reached the Kamchatka Peninsula. Shortly thereafter Russian expeditions reached the Kuriles Islands from the Asiatic side.

The energetic Peter the Great, master seaman, appears upon the scene with a scholarly interest in Siberia and the land to the northeast. Shortly before his death an expedition under the leadership of the Dane, Vitus Bering, was arranged. This enterprise was launched in 1725. Peter's instructions were to build "one or two boats with decks . . . at Kamchatka, or any other convenient place, with which inquiry should be made in relation to the northerly coasts, to see whether they were not contiguous with America, since their end was not known."

Three years of toil and cold and starvation brought these heroes to the waters of the Pacific. Amazing efforts culminated in a ship, the *Gabriel*, with which Bering in 1728 reached North Latitude 67° 18′ and the strait which bears his name. The Arctic fog prevented him from discovering the American shore. By observations based on eclipses of the moon in 1728 and 1729 Bering determined the longitude of Kamchatka correctly to within a fraction of a degree, a most remarkable tribute to his ability as a scientist.

The first map with the Straits of Anian

Bering's fine map of his discoveries was published in Russia in 1731 and became the basis of the map of Northeastern Asia by D'Anville in 1737.

Bering's second expedition included some six hundred men and a series of attacks upon the Arctic by the northern rivers of Siberia. Bering himself and Captain Chirikof set sail in the *Peter* and the *Paul*, respectively, both of which reached the American mainland, giving Russia indisputable claims to Alaska.

Chirikof sighted land on July 15, 1741, in Latitude 55° 21′, landing in a small boat being made on one of the islands near Prince of Wales Island. Farther north, near the present Sitka, a boat with eleven men was sent ashore and after a searching party of four men; none of them were ever heard from again. Bering in the *St. Peter* discovered Mount St. Elias on July 16 and landing was made in this vicinity.

But the life of the Arctic, the scurvy and the hardships of such voyages, were not meant for a man of 61. Bering died and his grave is found upon the island that bears his name. America owes to his heroism and capable leadership great possession and some day an American tribute should grace his tomb.

Upon this expedition the sea otter, the foxes, and other fur-bearing animals were discovered, so tame that hundreds were killed with clubs. These animals contributed to the further exploration and exploitation of the region from that day to this. Fur and fish, the beaver and the seal and codfish, were long the prime motives for activities in America north of the forty-ninth parallel.

The Siberian frozen north was penetrated by the parties which accompanied Bering and although the separation of Asia from America was not definitely established yet Bering's first map indicates a clear conception of the separation. It was Bering's plan to have one group of men pass from the Arctic around into the Pacific.

The Russians continued actively their fur activities in the Alaska region from the time of Bering's first voyage down to modern times. Undoubtedly some fortunate readers have been wearing winter furs, or possibly are wearing summer furs, whose history connects directly with the commercial activities of the Russians in Alaska.

The English enter upon the scene of Alaskan activities with Captain James Cook, scientist and navigator. So far as the correct delineation of the Alaskan coast is concerned that is due to Cook and his successor, Vancouver.

The greatest discovery which Cook made was *sauerkraut!* Before this harbinger of vitamines became a part of the regular mess on shipboard every extended voyage was certain to have its toll of death due to scurvy. Cook made long and serious scientific study of the problem. Dry clothes, plenty of water, light, and cleanliness were insisted upon by him. But in addition Cook paid particular attention to the diet. Fresh vegetables were obtained "at all times when they could possibly be got," orange and lemon juice, malt, wild celery, raisins and sauerkraut became regular portions of the diet of the sailors. By Cook's discoveries the most potent foe of the Arctic explorers was banished. Now we know that Cook discovered the carriers of essential vitamines; Cook knew that his men did not have scurvy.

The sailors objected to the sauerkraut but Cook made it for a time a regular part of the officers' mess, upon which the able seamen discovered that it really was a fine and succulent food.

The English acquired through Cook in 1778, through Vancouver in 1792, and Mackenzie overland in 1793, and other English expeditions, a certain claim to the Western Coast. By the overland expeditions to the Arctic of Samuel Hearne in 1771 and Mackenzie in 1789, the English claims to the region of Northern Canada were incontestably established. Hearne's voyage was disputed until later Arctic explorers found near the Coppermine River the skulls and other evidences of the Eskimos massacred by the Athabascan Indians who accompanied Hearne.

About 1790 by a show of force England compelled Spain to abandon her somewhat exaggerated notions of proprietorship of the Western Coast.

Spain claimed for a time rights by discovery to a strait across the whole continent of North America. This was the fine invention of one Lorenzo Ferren Maldonado, the voyage being supposed to have been made in 1588, but first published in 1788. On another such mythical journey across from the Pacific to the Atlantic one Admiral de Fonte encountered a ship from New England but no New Englander ever claimed the honor. This story was published in 1708 in the "Memoirs for the Curious." Maldonado's or De Fonte's passage across the continent was duly recorded on French maps at about the time of the American Revolution. Vancouver's voyage of 1792 definitely and finally set at rest the notion of some passage across America, below Bering Strait; his voyage was made to search for such a passage.

In 1825 England conceded to Russia the strip along the (Concluded on page 24)

Map of 1752 with fake route across America of Admiral de Fonte. Strange shape of Alaska.

Smashing Sunday in the States

Shall the Humanized or the Commercialized Sunday Prevail?

By WAYNE WOMER

THE different nationalities and religious groups that led in the colonization of America had everything to do with the kind of a Sunday the New World should have. The majority of the early settlers were English or of English descent, with the Dutch, Scotch-Irish and Germans. The religious groups were the Pilgrims, Quakers, Huguenots, and the Moravians with a small percentage of Catholics.

It was only natural that these settlers in the New World should seek to protect their Sunday rights, both for themselves and their posterity. The first Sunday law of the Western Hemisphere was passed by the Virginia Colony in 1617. This law made church attendance compulsory by imposing a fine of two pounds of tobacco for one absence and twenty pounds sterling for a month's absence as provided by the law of Queen Elizabeth. In Massachusetts no man could vote unless he was a member of the church.

Penalties for Profaning the Sabbath

When the Pilgrims laid the foundation of their colony the things that stood out prominently were the open Bible, free school, free press, ballot box, and Sabbath observance. In 1643 the New Haven Colony passed a law which provided that the profaner of the Lord's Day should be punished by a fine, imprisonment or corporal punishment; and even, if he profaned proudly and with a high hand against the authority of God, with death; it was quite the customary type of law of that period. At that time there were two hundred twenty-three laws of England which required punishment by death.

In the first draft of the laws of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1648, the death penalty was provided for profaning of the Lord's Day. Winthrop erased it.

The so-called Blue Laws of the New Haven Colony were never enacted. They were an invention by one Rev. Samuel Peters, an exiled traitor to the American cause during the Revolution. John Fiske, the eminent American historian, compares him to Baron Munchausen. In his "History of Connecticut," which Mr. Peters published, known as Peter's "Lying History of Connecticut," he refers to these so-called forty-five Blue Laws, which he admits were never suffered to be printed.

In 1695 the General Assembly of New York passed an act against the profaning of the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday. All the colonies had laws protecting the Christian Sunday; and for them it was a day of rest and worship. Famous in this connection is Washington's army order of 1776: "That the troops may have an opportunity to attend public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General excuses them in the future from fatigue duty on Sunday, except at the shipyards or special occasions under further orders. We can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven in our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly."

When the Constitution of the United States was written, the President's Sunday was safeguarded: For every bill the President shall have ten days for its consideration, *Sunday excepted.*

The words "Sunday excepted" have been written into more than two-thirds of our state constitutions.

Forty-four states in the Union have laws upon their books safeguarding the Christian Sunday.

The states having no laws are California, Montana, Arizona and Oregon. The District of Columbia is also included in this group.

Arizona, Montana and Oregon have laws prohibiting barbering on Sunday. Montana's law prohibits horse-racing and playing pool, but they cannot be termed in any real sense as Sunday laws.

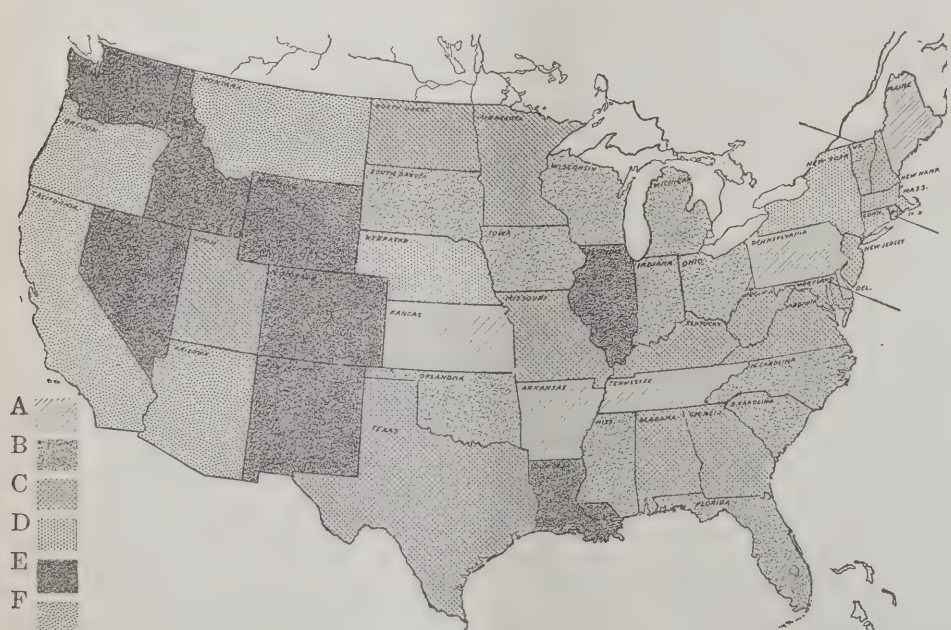
The United States may be divided into three groups regarding its Sunday laws, and for this survey I am indebted to Dr. R. H. Martin, of Pittsburgh:

A Survey of the Sunday Laws

"A. In eighteen states of the United States which have good Sabbath laws with comprehensive prohibitions of secular employments and amusements to which there are either no exceptions or few exceptions, the Sabbath school enrollment is 20.8% of the population of these states (Chart I. A.), and the average attendance 12.1% of the population (Chart II. A.). These states are as follows:—Arkansas, Delaware, Kansas, Maine, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Florida, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Ohio, South Carolina, South Dakota, Vermont, and Wisconsin.

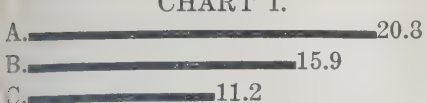
"B. In eighteen states of the United States which have comparatively weak Sabbath laws with many exceptions to the general prohibition of secular employments or amusements, the Sabbath school enrollment is 15.9% of the population of these states (Chart I. B.) and the average attendance 9.8% of the population (Chart II. B.). These states are as follows:—Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, Minnesota, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Texas, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York and Nebraska.

"C. In twelve states of the United States which have very weak Sabbath laws or no Sabbath laws, the Sabbath school enrollment is 11.2% of the population of these states (Chart I. C.) and the average attendance of 7.1% of the population (Chart II. C.). These states are as follows:—Colorado, Illinois, Idaho, Louisiana, Nevada, New Mexico, Washington, Wyoming, Arizona, California, Montana and Oregon."

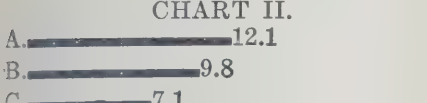


The states are divided into four classes in respect to their Sabbath laws: I. States with very good Sabbath laws (A) and states with good Sabbath laws (B). II. States with medium Sabbath laws (C) and states with laws slightly below medium (D). III. States with very weak Sabbath laws (E). IV. States and District of Columbia without Sabbath laws (F).

Sabbath Laws and Sabbath School Enrollment.
According to percentage of population.
CHART I.



Sabbath Laws and Sabbath School Average Attendance.
CHART II.



Analysis of these laws shows that in twenty-five years twenty-nine states made no change in their Sunday laws; sixteen states weakened their laws; while three strengthened them.

The 18 states having the best Sunday laws have 8% foreign-born population.

The 18 states having next best Sunday laws have 14% foreign-born population.

The 8 states having the weakest Sunday laws have 14% foreign-born population.

The 4 states having no Sunday laws have 23½% foreign-born population.

We may well ask: "Of what value have these laws been to the nation?" They protect millions of laborers who would otherwise be condemned to the slavery of seven days of unremitting toil. As it is, more than four million men now labor on Sunday, and more than half of this labor is unnecessary. Millions of homes are blessed because this is the only day possible for the family to meet with all its members present. Thus, the home ties are strengthened. Sunday laws minister to business prosperity by keeping the day free for instruction in those moral principles that underlie all successful business. They are of inestimable value to the Republic. On this day the seed of righteousness is implanted, without which Democracy cannot live. For where there is no Sunday, there is is no worship; where there is no worship, there is no religion; and where there is no religion there is no liberty.

Protecting the Health of the Nation

Again, Sunday laws protect the health of the nation. Scientists have claimed that this additional rest on Sunday is needed to eliminate waste and rebuild worn tissues. Professor Hagler, of Switzerland, said that fifty years of Sunday-keeping would add seven years to a man's life for each fifty years that he lived. Professor Martin, formerly of Harvard Medical College, demonstrated by electrical instruments that the Sunday observer reached his highest point of physical fitness sometime during Monday; the man who rested on another day than Sunday did not reach his highest point until sometime Wednesday, while the seven-day laborer did not reach his highest point of fitness until sometime on Thursday, all of which is in harmony with the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and handed down March, 1885:

"Laws setting aside Sunday . . . have always been deemed beneficial especially to the poor and dependent, to the laborers in our factories, and workshops, and in the heated rooms of our cities; and their validity has been sustained by the highest courts of the states."

Upon the face of it one would believe that all the people of the country would rise and commend such beneficial and helpful laws. BUT that is far from the fact.

During the recent legislative session of 1925 there were twenty-six anti-Sunday bills pending before the legislatures of sixteen states at one time.

In setting forth the history of Sunday legislation in America from 1617 our object has been to show that Sunday legislation began when the country began; that it was not restricted to any one colony, that it was written into the laws of all the colonies; that Washington's army order was in accordance with the laws, spirit and practice of the times; it was written into the Constitution of the United States, and into the constitutions of the states, and handed down in Supreme Court decisions by both the Federal and State Courts.

Amusements and Sports on Sundays

How is the Christian Sunday observed throughout the United States? The survey here given was made upon the following basis: Sunday movies, Sunday baseball and commercialized sports, Sunday State Fair, Sunday theater, vaudeville and dancing; Sunday excursions, open stores, attendance at church and Sunday schools, and how people generally observe their Sundays.

The information was received from motion-picture associations, Sunday organizations, clergymen, bureaus and church boards, sporting sheets of the press, mayors of cities, and by personal observation.

Beginning with the New England States, Sunday motion-pictures operate in Connecticut and Massachusetts; commercialized baseball and sports in Connecticut and Rhode Island; fairs are partly open in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, but the legitimate theater is closed. Connecticut, which recently legalized Sunday commercialized baseball and football, began its open trend some years ago when its first act was to legalize Sunday amateur sports and Sunday movies *without pay;* Sunday concerts for pay, movies for pay; Sunday practice by the militia, Sunday trains, unrestricted Sunday excursion trains, Sunday professional commercialized baseball and football.

In the Middle Atlantic States the report is:

New York: Possibly 55% of the cities and towns have voted to open their motion-pictures on Sunday. *The legitimate theater is closed by action of the Actors' Equity Association.* Vaudeville, music halls, dance halls, carnivals, all flourish. *Eighteen anti-Sunday laws were passed in fourteen years.*

Pennsylvania: The Pennsylvania Synod of the Presbyterian church says that it is the only great state in the Union which retains even the semblance of Sabbath observance. This is evidenced by the fact that practically one person in every four of her population attends Sunday school. There is no commercialized baseball or sports, and motion-pictures do not open on Sunday. Actors and actresses sigh upon leaving Pittsburgh for the West, because it means Sunday work. *In the last twenty-seven years Pennsylvania has defeated upward of one hundred anti-Sunday bills—four in 1925.* It is said that Pennsylvania contributes more money for benevolence, charity, education and philanthropy than any other state in the Union, in proportion to her wealth and population.

New Jersey: Motion-pictures are closed except in several centers which are still under litigation. *In eleven years more than forty anti-Sunday bills have been defeated in the legislature.* State and county fairs are not open. Commercialized sports are partly permitted under the Act of 1920.

Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware, and Maryland: These states are closed to commercialized sports and amusements; motion-pictures, shows, baseball, races, state fairs are all closed. Sunday is generally observed.

In the Southern States the record runs thus: Sunday is well observed in the South. In North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas commercialized antagonism to Sunday has not been able to make much headway. In only a few places are motion-pictures open on Sunday. In Arkansas Sunday baseball was recently vetoed by the governor. Florida has Sunday movies and commercialized baseball, but in general a better Sunday than ten years ago.

In Some Cities the Law Is Defied

The Central Western States come next in the survey:

Ohio: Under the police power, the state allows the cities to regulate all amusements. Of the eighty-eight counties, thirty-eight have motion-pictures, notwithstanding the decision handed down by the Supreme Court that motion pictures on Sunday are theatrical performances and are contrary to the state laws. This applies also to vaudeville, which in the larger cities is carried on in defiance of the law. Baseball is legal on Sunday afternoon. Auto races, football, pool playing, are illegal but are conducted upon Sunday. Highway contractors work on Sunday when they can. A few of the factories endeavor to run seven days a week. (*Concluded on page 27*)

Map of Alaskan Region published in 1750. Hardly recognizable as America.

Mapping Alaska Took Centuries

(*Concluded from page 21*)

Atlantic Coast from the "fifty-four forty" line. This had already been accepted by Russia in 1824 as the southern limit of Russian activities in America, in a convention between Russia and America. At this time the declaration of the Monroe Doctrine was first made and that with particular reference to Russia.

During the two centuries of Russian occupation of Alaska the colonization, by exiles and criminals, was attempted there as in Siberia. No good could come from such a source and official Russia found Alaska to be a white elephant upon her hands. The difficulties of governing at such a distance and the friendly feeling of Russia toward America explains why William H. Seward in 1867 was able to effect the purchase of Alaska from Russia for seven million two hundred thousand dollars. For many years this was viewed as a doubtful acquisition but today the United States views with great satisfaction this acquisition, not only from the financial standpoint but equally as strategically and sentimentally highly desirable for the United States.

The Russian activities over more than a century are clearly indicated in and around Alaska by the names of Bering, Chirikof, and C. Chaplin (a cape). Numerous other and worse names whose Russian origin is immediately evident are to be found on any maps of the region. Cook and Vancouver named many farther points, while a few honest American names appear to testify to the activities of the sailors and explorers from the United States.

New Zealand's Skyscraper

ON Main street, in Wellington, capital of New Zealand, there stands a new "skyscraper" of beautiful New Zealand granite, the finest and most modern structure in the Dominion. It is the home office of the State Fire Insurance department and so, of course, is a fireproof structure. The general government offices, a few blocks away, are housed in a great, lengthy frame building, said to be the largest frame office building in the Southern Hemisphere, and perhaps in the whole world. The State Life Insurance department is in an old brick building.

The new granite Fire Insurance building is a monument to the fact that New Zealand, land of government ownership, has found fire insurance its best paying venture. In the brief span of fifteen years the government fire insurance department, starting with no capital, has made enough money to erect this pretentious home and still have sufficient cash assets left so that it does not need to worry about its ability to pay fire losses that may occur.

"I Read *in* the Papers"

I read in the papers, this time *The Catholic World,* that the great pilgrimages to Rome this Holy Year have as their principal purpose prayers for the Pope's intentions. These intentions are two, the peace of the world and the unity of Christendom, the second being logically first in the Pope's view, since a united Christendom he feels would be a guaranty of world peace. The unity of Christendom, of course, means the inclusion of all under Catholic rule.

I read in the papers much about Bryan, but little of his tremendous capacity for work. He was no shirker. He never turned down an invitation. I have seen him deliver his set speech and then be dragged off to speak to two or three little Sunday schools. He did not seem to feel free in his mind to refuse to talk to children. Less than a year ago, he arrived in my city at 7 a. m., of a Sunday, drove forty miles to address 2,000 persons in the morning; took a hasty lunch, drove back forty miles to address 15,000 persons in a vast coliseum, where he spoke for two and a half hours (I thought all his positions right, and all of his reasons wrong); then to a Christian Endeavor meeting, or something of the sort—about 50 youngsters present—but he warmed up to them and kept on for forty-five minutes. On his way to his evening meeting he was dragged into another young people's assembly somewhere down the street, and then whirled off to his last date for the day. He staggered a little from weariness before his speech, but no sooner was he before his audience than he kindled and became fresh again and made a most impressive address. At midnight he took the train. And he received no payment for that day's work. It was understood that he never took pay for Sunday speaking.

I read in the papers that during the first quarter of 1925 the ports of Texas exported cargoes of more value than the once imperial port of New York. The traditional movement of exports and imports of the nation through the North Atlantic ports have come to be somewhat reversed during recent years and now the movement is more from north to south and vice versa. Formerly it was not believed that a north and south railroad could prosper. Today the Illinois Central, the principal vertical carrier, is one of the richest railroads in the country and other north and south roads are likewise benefiting from a more logical arrangement of commercial routes. The South is a treasure house of national resources.

Bryan Gives His Last Interview

(*Concluded from page 8*)

injustice of the report of his thriftiness was evident.

Upon another occasion when the Detroit *Times*, of which I was publisher, carried in full Mr. Bryan's speech against the theory of evolution at the University of Michigan, I know that he paid out of his own pocket for a thousand copies of the paper and had them mailed to members of the student body. Yet the charge has persisted that he found the upholding of fundamentalism alluringly remunerative.

Then this spiritually minded man of the world, this moral leader who has kept himself unspotted from the world, said something upon which he placed the seal of confidence until death had laid upon him the silence of mortality. How little he dreamed it would be released so soon!

It answers the question of many of the Commoner's close friends—"Why does he take up the cudgels in such a dubious cause?"

It provides a different solution of his prominence at Dayton than the sordid one the abusers of Bryan hurled at him in dispatches to the eastern press.

When Mr. Bryan Got Ready for Action

"When I found that I possessed powers of appeal, that enabled me to influence men's thoughts and actions, I went into my closet and in prayer to my Maker sought the way in which I should make use of that gift. And then I followed the guidance that came to me. The first speech I made in Congress which attracted national attention was a matter of communion with God.

"Ever since, at the threshold of important decisions and undertakings, I have followed this practice. It has controlled me in coming to Dayton."

A great life hid with God in prayer! The calm that encircled him in the midst of contentions and calumnies came from the Beatitudes which reads: "Blessed are you when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake."

From that Dayton porch to pulselessness in the Sunday siesta only confirmed the forebodings of Mrs. Bryan while we had our afternoon together ten days ago. Faithful fellow-farer through all the tempestuous years of the Commoner's life, I noted the concern with which she followed from her invalid chair the approach of delegations that came to schedule her husband for "just one short speech." There was a procession of them.

"Pray speak a little louder, gentlemen," Mrs. Bryan would urge mischievously as the party moved from porch to gate. "I want to hear if you are giving Mr. Bryan any more work to do after he is through here. He must rest, gentlemen. I am a warning to him and to you. He has already drawn too heavily upon his nervous energy. Positively not another speech."

Yet the Commoner, seemingly in fit condition, felt he must keep going in a cause that had come to possess his whole being as the crowning crusade of his toilful forty years. Writing or speaking almost every hour since the verdict was pronounced in the Scopes case, he foreshadowed what he was prepared to suffer, if need be, namely, martyrdom—ready to spend and be spent in the same vicarious spirit that impelled exposure to Darrow's vitriolic shafts as he sat on the witness stand.

Father and Son Work on the Same Case

But with all of its tensity and interruptions there was much homely charm and satisfaction in that family foregathering. It was a joy to the parents to have William Jennings Bryan, Jr., the Los Angeles attorney, there as an associate with his father in the prosecution. "It is the first time Mother ever saw her husband and son in action together at the bar!" the senior Bryan announced.

Then there was evident pride in recapitulating the grand total of descendants—twelve grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Yes, indeed, a great-grandchild!

And there followed inevitably the fond recital of the third generation's sayings, especially that of the lawyer's little one in Los Angeles, who said when her father declined to tell her a second time what she must do to be restored to parental favor: "But, daddy, isn't it your business to give advice?"

Having traveled and campaigned with the Commoner much through 30 years, it was settled that I was to be enrolled with the sponsors of the pilgrimage to the Holy Land and to accompany the party. As we let our thoughts travel back over the track of three decades, there stood out two days that had to do with what was the most poignant disappointment of his official life.

The Pen Which Signed a Peace Pact

One was when I went over from Baltimore in the spring of 1913 to urge him to come to the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and he showed me the pen with which he had just signed the thirtieth international pact in the fulfillment of his long-cherished plan to maintain world peace by postponement.

We met a year later at a dinner given by Dean Williams of the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri, when Mr. Bryan had laid down the portfolio of state largely because the treaties he had negotiated by dint of long and earnest endeavor were put aside by the Administration as inapplicable to the European conflagration. The ex-secretary sealed his lips, insofar as the public was concerned, but I recall distinctly that his estimate of the President for whom he had saved the day at Baltimore was that he was the most self-centered man in all the world.

When I told Mr. Bryan I was leaving for a stay of a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Callahan at their lodge in the thermal region of the Alleghanies in Virginia, he asked to be remembered to them. He was their guest many years ago, and one of the things that fixed the event in his mind was that the Callahans were the only people he had met in his travels that could share with him the recollection of the wonders of the then inaccessible Shoshone Falls in Idaho. The incident illustrates the far reach of the Bryan journeyings.

Mrs. Bryan was arranging, when we parted, a collection of the old hymns, some favorite selection to be used every morning of the Holy Land pilgrimage in greeting the dawn of a new day amid sacred scenes.

The defender of the faith has gone on beyond Bethlehem, Gethsemane, Calvary and the Open Tomb in his itinerary of triumph.

Who Knocks the 100 Per Center?

(*Concluded from page 14*)

were thus fixed that they formed a sufficient attraction to draw tens of millions of immigrants hither. They came to the America that was, not to a new thing they hoped to make of America. That is a later idea, spawned by the destructive elements of the world which are jealous of a power based on morality.

The Jews shall not be able to Judaize America, the aliens cannot paganize it, nor can the Communists bolshevize it—because it is America, founded on a racial stock that has never been enslaved, on principles that convey light wherever they go, on morality that is self-protective against the Devices of Darkness as they are being practiced against us. America has room and welcome to all who are kin to her spirit, but she has strength to resist the invasion of a spirit eternally dissimilar to hers. She has shown that.

It is the duty of some of us, at least, to talk across language, national and racial lines and make this clear, that there may be a line-up of those who are for us. And one sign of kinship will be to drop the sneer against "One Hundred Per Cent Americanism."

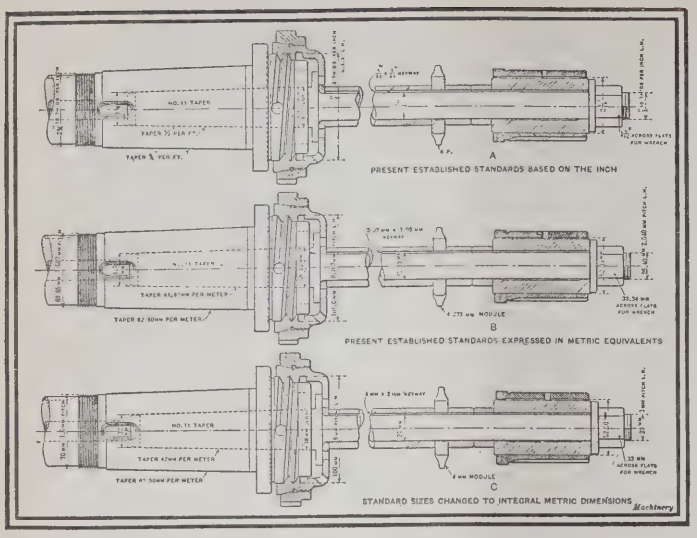

PRESENT ESTABLISHED STANDARDS BASED ON THE INCH
PRESENT ESTABLISHED STANDARDS EXPRESSED IN METRIC EQUIVALENTS
STANDARD SIZES CHANGED TO INTEGRAL METRIC DIMENSIONS
Machinery

Fig. 2—Showing how the very size is changed when metric measurements are used.

Metric System Means Muddle

(*Continued from page 2*)

changed if the metric equivalents were used.

It is not, however, merely the change in drawings that becomes necessary under the metric system, but the *change in actual sizes.* This is illustrated in Fig. 2 which shows a milling machine spindle for cutting gears. In the upper view (A) the part is shown measured by our present standard. Note the simple figures of the taper, ½ inch per foot, ¾ inch per foot, and the keyway of 5/32 by 5/64 inches. In the next view (B) the same part is shown, exactly the same size, with the measurements *converted* from inches into millimeters. Note the taper figures become 41.67 millimeters per meter and 62.50 millimeters per meter, while the keyway becomes 3.97 by 1.98 millimeters. Well, what occurs? Certainly, the measurements will not be permitted to stand at such odd figures. No. The 41.67 millimeters of the taper will be increased to 42 millimeters. The 3.97 by 1.98 keyway will be increased to 4 by 2 millimeters, as shown in the third view (C). With what result? *The part becomes larger. More metal is used.* The whole scheme of designing of which this instrument is a part would have to be changed over to correspond, and there would be no gain of convenience, lower cost or increased efficiency. Instead of figures fitting commodities, commodities will be changed to fit figures. "Butchered to make a metric holiday" is the phrase that comes to mind when contemplating what such a change would require in the modern machine shop. The United States system of gear cutting is almost universally used and "there is not a single pitch in the metric system that will fit the United States system," says Mr. Burlingame.

This point is made in a report by a committee of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, which says, "A common automobile cylinder dimension is that of the 3¾ inch bore. It is a standard size and is turned out by one concern alone in quantities of 12,000 per day. This standard is so well established that pistons and rings can be secured to fit it in every city of the United States. The metric translation of this size is 95.25 millimeters. Would our manufacturers be willing to adopt, or would other countries be willing to adopt, this size of 95.25 millimeters, or would it be found necessary to adopt a 95 millimeter bore? If 95 millimeters should become the standard, it is not difficult to estimate the effect on the manufacturer who would be forced to scrap his tools, fixtures, jigs, et cetera."

And that this change of size would occur, and not rest merely at a mere translation of figures, is a justifiable argument since one of the most frequent arguments of the metric advocates is that the system makes for "simplicity." There is no simplicity about most of the metric translations of inch measurements.

The enormous extent of such a change cannot be realized fully even by those familiar with industrial methods. But by glancing at Fig. 3 the layman may get a dim idea of what it would involve. Here are shown the tools and gauges used in the manufacture of just one small part of a sewing machine—the needle-bar clamp guide. This small part is shown, marked "A," in the photograph. To make this small part, more than seventy other parts are needed. What would it mean, either to restamp these tools with metric symbols, or to change them altogether to bring a convenient correspondence between metric and inch measurements? *Who would pay for it? And what would be the gain?*

The immediate effect of the compulsory imposition of the metric system on industry would be a destructive confusion which would unsettle trade and commerce and leave the country more helpless than under a foreign military invasion. The United States, in mechanical confusion, would be a pitiable spectacle and an invitation to wholesale violation of world peace. The long lasting effect would be a permanent increase in cost, first the incalculably great investment required for the initial change, and then the probably larger quantities of material made necessary by the adjustment of our present sizes to fit the metric symbols. An ounce of material on every unit in these days of vast production constitutes an enormous tax on the public.

Who would pay? Mechanics would pay. Workingmen in this country, from the mason and carpenter to the highly skilled mechanics or toolmakers whose tool chests contain a large assortment of measuring devices, *which they have to buy for themselves,* would find it necessary to spend from 50 cents to $150 to replace inch tools with metric tools. Engineers who have carefully gone over the field make that estimate. But the money cost is not all. The artisan's natural difficulty in pro-

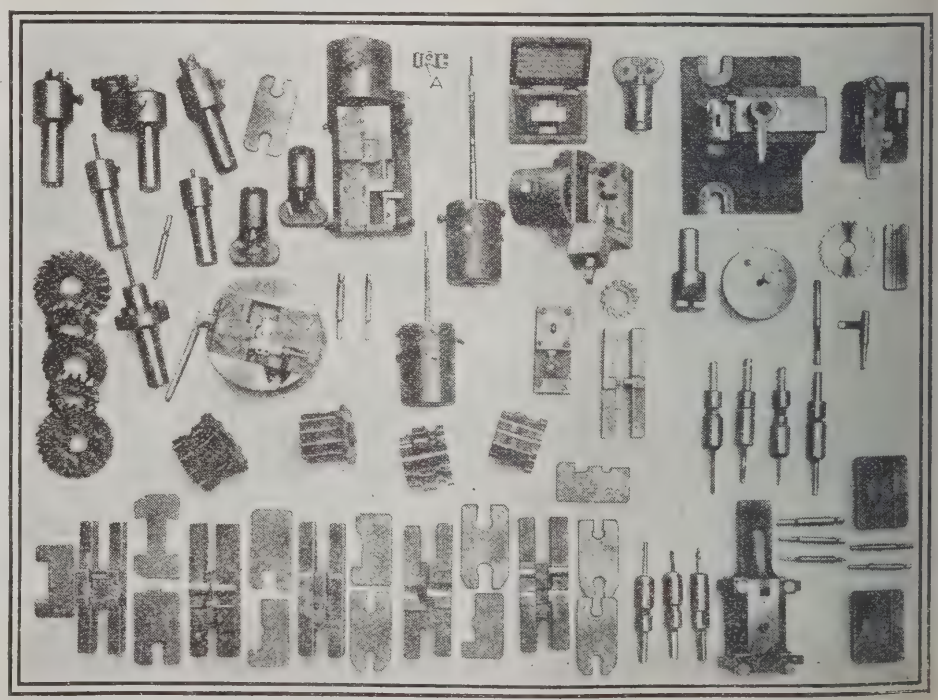


Fig. 3—Number of parts used in producing small part "A" for sewing machines. (From *Machinery.*)

ducing work under an unfamiliar system will result in wage losses impossible to estimate.

Employers would pay. There are actual figures existing on this point. Thirty-one representative firms were canvassed by the American Institute of Weights and Measures for figures showing what costs they would incur by changing over to the metric system. The results stood as follows:

Aggregate cost to 31 concerns	$21,464,688.00
Average cost per concern	715,489.60
Workers employed by concerns	94,392
Average cost per worker	227.40

The merchant will pay. The cost of replacing scales and measures (dry and liquid) by the 1,250,000 wholesale and retail dealers of the United States, would of itself constitute a heavy drain on capital and a waste of huge quantities of perfectly satisfactory material.

As a matter of fact, no one can hope to make a complete estimate of what the cost would be, so enormous is it. One metric advocate has estimated the cost of weighing devices alone at $10,000,000 and the total cost in all fields at $60,000,000. These figures are, however, too low. If the metric advocates estimate, as they do, that *the loss incurred by teaching our children in school the system of pints, pounds and inches* amounts to $250,000,000 a year, (an apparently ridiculous calculation), the cost of upsetting our present system would certainly be more than that.

One American industrialist estimates that the cost of changing to the metric system in his plant would be 20 per cent of the plant valuation. If this represents the general cost, it would be confiscatory. The United Engineering and Foundry Company stated that the cost to it alone would be $1,000,000. Several concerns stated that the cost of such a compulsory change as certain bills in Congress have contemplated would be "ruinous." They would have to quit business. Henry R. Towne, author of "Our Present Weights and Measures and the Metric System," testified before a Congressional Committee:

> "One thousand millions of dollars would not cover the ultimate cost to the manufacturers of the United States of the compulsory adoption in the resulting changes in their equipment, tools and gauges. The cost, it has been estimated, would be from $50 to $200 per employe. If the number of employes in the metal working and allied trades be assumed to be only 5,000,000, and the cost per employe only $100, the aggregate would be $500,000,000."

In any case, the metric proposal is by no means a simple one. Such a drastic change should have some overwhelming compensatory advantage to offer, which this has not.

Goiter Eradication by Way of Diet

(*Concluded from page 3*)

there are 3,000,000 parts per billion as contrasted with the 3 parts per billion in wheat, 6 parts in lettuce, 5 parts in milk and beef, 1,000 parts in cod and 6,000 parts in oysters. Thus the merest pinch of desiccated and pulverized sea algae of the right sort contains more iodine of the right sort than all the rest of the dinner and pantry supplies combined and where employed represents the complete solution of the iodine problem.

Marine vegetables as they come from the ocean bottom are not appetizing articles of diet. They have an odor and taste which do not appeal to the palate. They readily spoil, fermenting and turning sour. When dried without the loss of their valuable mineral elements they are too salty to make them agreeable except as a salt substitute. If bleached to remove their salts, they lose much of their dietary value, as is also the case when they are processed to destroy or mask their natural flavor.

Solution Is Found in Dieting

To meet these objections the carefully desiccated algae are now pulverized and the resulting powder is intermixed with ordinary articles of diet. But to save the time of the wide-awake individual who would take steps to provide his dietary with adequate quantities of assimilable iodine and would take shortcuts to accomplish that end, this powder is compressed into tablets, so that the day's supply of iodine can be taken in one swallow.

And the iodine-rich extracts of these algae, also in tablet form, are now employed by physicians with great success in the treatment of goiter, even in advanced forms. Since the adoption of this diet amendment cures well-established cases of goiter it follows that its use will serve as an effective preventive.

Here is a simple solution of our problem. To provide the requisite iodine for the child, or for the adult, one compressed tablet per day, containing five grains of properly prepared algae or extract, chocolate coated, if you please, would supply ten times the necessary one-tenth of a milligram of iodine together with many other desirable ingredients.

One 5-grain compressed tablet of marine algae (each containing 1 milligram of iodine and 1,400 being required to make 1 pound) is equivalent to:

	Pounds
Clams	2
Oysters	2
Lobster	2
Shrimp	4
Sea Fish	
Bluefish	10
Cod	10
Halibut	10
Mackerel	15
Spotted squeteague	110
Smelt	220
Fresh-Water Fish	
Lake Trout	220
Bass	220
Perch	110
Black bullhead	220
Carp	220
Lettuce	374
Oranges	136
Eggs	183
Cheese	57
Milk	440
Beef	440
Oats (and husks)	200
Wheat	2000

It is obvious from the foregoing that the goiter problem is largely one of diet. It means that those who, living in goitrous regions, are able to obtain an imported diet and one diversified with fresh vegetables, fruit, milk and sea fish may escape the scourge.

It has been stated by the eminent authority, McCarrison, that "There are few human beings living under modern conditions of life in whom the (thyroid) gland is wholly normal." A statement which is astounding in its broad significance but which is readily understandable when the absence of iodine from the average diet is exposed.

Beauty Skinned Deep

(*Concluded from page 7*)

small may be enlarged, the Cupid's bow straightened, and the permanent dimple removed, all by a skilled surgeon, and in the face of the best efforts of the beauty doctor.

The human hair is not unlike a tulip, a hyacinth, a gladiolus, or any other bulbous plant. It springs from a little bulb seated in the skin. When that bulb is dead, when the hair disappears, it is of just as much effect to douse the scalp with lotions and expect the hair to grow as it is to irrigate a field and expect unplanted onions to burst forth from the soil.

It is a conservative statement, which virtually any reputable surgeon will support, that facial surgery, as practiced by the beauty doctor, and by the "face-builder," has converted more young women into old women, and more old women into older women, than it has old women into even fairly young-appearing women. Yet the get-rich-quick self-styled "plastic surgeons" go right on getting richer, whether it be at $10 a wrinkle, or $500 for a new nose, or $5,000 for a peeled face. If the women of this country would learn that the only way to be certain of what can be done to one's face is to consult one's own physician or surgeon, and then follow his advice, these face-fixers would be forced out of business overnight.

Why They Danced at St. Mark's

(*Continued from page 17*)
and an average of fifteen birthdays a month noted. This gives him an opportunity in these Sunday afternoon symposiums to have something especially attractive and timely and through the discussion to link the thoughts of the groups that attend with the church and with religious ideals. I attended the afternoon symposium on eugenics, and, if a preacher's testimony is worth anything, Dr. Guthrie most certainly linked that discussion up with Divine truth.

"Every symposium must show that the body of the thing is religious," said Dr. Guthrie, with the snap of a deep conviction.

"The morning service is a steady apologetic, an effort to show that the religion of Christ is capable of becoming a world-religion. If you want a phrase that will symbolize me myself it is this: I'm a Bridge Builder. I am building a bridge between the practical and the spiritual.

"The evening service is where we have had the dancing that attracted so much public attention. This is an attempt to appeal to the imagination. I drop the appeal to the intellect. The dance makes the greatest psychological appeal in religion. All who come here in the evening and see our dancing are gripped. Our first symbolical dancing was done in celebration of the Virgin Mary. We have never done anything more seriously, more sincerely or more sacredly. We trained a group of dancers, one of whom was my own daughter, for seven years before attempting this service. I did not dare attempt this tribute to the Virgin Mother, the Ideal of Womanhood, until we had trained for that long period, with deep devotion and reverence.

"Our second Dancing Service was called 'The Evolution and Progress of the Race.' We simply showed this progress through rhythmic motions. Our third Dancing Service was entitled 'After the War—What?' It was really a Pacifist Oratorio. It was the poetry, and dance and music of Peace, and it gave us an opportunity for spiritual creation. Our fourth Dancing Service was what I called the 'Spring and Corn Dance.' It was an attempt to teach the holiness of food.

"No human being who ever saw these dances but was subdued to reverence," said Dr. Guthrie quietly.

"I have developed my own dances and dancers just like a church choir. I use green and blue lights and that gives the girls who take part a dim, far-off, idealistic appearance. They become entirely impersonal. I would hardly allow my own daughter to be one of the dancers if this were not true."

"The public has a different idea of your dancing," I suggested.

"The public's idea of the dance is that it is a display of a person. The real meaning of the dance is that it is the language of the spirit. In the dance the human body is used as a symbolical and contagious vehicle of ideas, the same as a minister's gestures in preaching. Any religious function is a survival of the dance."

"Give me some idea of just how you interpret thought in a religious dance," I requested.

"All right. This is it: Say we want to tell the audience that violence will not promote the interests of the human race. The girls in the dance move from left to right, giving the gestures of pushing, and lifting, and hauling, and fighting, and when they reach the extreme right stage (*Concluded on page 31*)

Extreme top—"The Della Robbia," St. Mark's Hall. Immediately below—The portico. Oval—"The Friendless Immigrant," by Piccirilli. Above—"The Little Lady of the Dew," by Borglum.

Leprosy Under the Stars and Stripes

Fighting the "Three Dreadful D's" in America's Island Possessions

By W. M. DANNER
General Secretary, the American Mission to Lepers, Inc.

IN THE last quarter of a century the United States has learned that there is far more truth than poetry in the song of "The White Man's Burden," and it is a truth that is far more expressive than even the best poetry, written by the most popular and the highest priced of all the poets. Once taken up the burden cannot be easily laid down nor its responsibilities shifted or shirked without drawing an interest that compounds itself with alarming frequency. Dirt, Disease and Death are the dreadful D's that we have acquired with our Oriental and island possessions. Having acquired them we are now busily applying antidotes; doctors, diagnoses and disinfectants will win in the long run, but at times it looks as if the run would be very long indeed.

When we annexed Hawaii we took over a good many hundred lepers—there are some 600 there now, segregated on the Island of Molokai. There are nearly a hundred in the Canal Zone and a well-conducted colony in Porto Rico. In the Philippines when Spain gave over her claims to Uncle Sam we found at least 10,000 lepers there, scattered throughout the islands, living for the most part without any sanitary care and spreading infection broadcast. We had some cases too in the United States, but nobody knows how many. They were not registered in many cases because no law required it. The disease was so rare that the average physician would not be likely to recognize it in its earlier stages, if at all.

MAP OF THE WORLD
SHOWING
DISTRIBUTION OF LEPROSY
THE MISSION TO LEPERS
OFFICES
LONDON, EDINBURGH, DUBLIN,
NEW YORK, TORONTO, MELBOURNE
EXPLANATION:
COUNTRIES WHERE DISEASE IS SEVERE ARE SHOWN THUS
COUNTRIES WHERE DISEASE EXISTS IN MILD FORM,
IN SOME ONLY A FEW CASES, ARE SHOWN THUS
TWO MILLION LEPERS IN THE WORLD
(ESTIMATE OF DR VICTOR G HEISER)

We think of it, primarily, as a hideous and loathsome disease, but dreadful as it is in its advanced stages, more than anything else it is a disease of mystery. Where does it come from? Probably the Orient. Nobody knows certainly. How is it spread? Probably in one of three ways: it may be transmitted by means of food cooked or handled by a leper; it may be breathed in through inflamed nostrils. Possibly a blood-sucking insect may be the carrier of infection. The one thing that is sure is that the infection spreads wherever lepers are found. It is not hereditary. Parents, both of whom are tainted, may nevertheless have children who are free from it and fully 90% of these children do not develop the disease if separated from their parents while very young. The germ, which was definitely determined in 1874 by Hansen, the Norwegian, cannot exist apart from the human body for more than a few moments.

But for this it would be far more deadly than it is, and because of this it is possible for nurses and physicians to care for lepers without taking the disease themselves. On the other hand, the germ once taken into the system may remain there, dormant, year after year, without developing any known symptoms at all. Physicians and scientists who have made a special study of this malady believe that they have found cases where the bacillus has developed after thirty years have elapsed. What stirs the malignant organism to life and starts it on its course of devastation? Nobody knows. This is one of Death's mystery stories that has so far defied solution.

It is at once interesting and curious, as if indeed coming events cast their long, dark shadows before them, that in 1897, one year before the Spanish American War, the United States held its first conference on leprosy. A year later it had somewhere between nine and twelve thousand lepers of its own, with no very well organized plan for their care.

One thing alone was thoroughly established, even then, and had been for long centuries running back into prehistoric times, and that was the fact that the leper must be segregated, and the United States Government set about doing this in the Philippine Islands with more dispatch and humanity than is usually to be found in the easy-going affairs of government.

An island was found and set apart; this was easy where there were a thousand islands to choose from, but there was a city to be built also, a city in the Occidental meaning of the term, with modern plumbing and lighting and a sewerage system and paved streets and administration buildings and sanitary cement lodgings for the accommodation of the patients. Supplies had to be brought a long way and did not always arrive intact, and workmen were not willing to go to the island—why, a shipload of lepers might arrive at any time. They had their troubles. Three hundred laborers ran away at one time, took ship and refused to be coaxed back.

In the meantime, the Governor-General, through Dr. Victor G. Heiser, Director of Health, had had started a campaign to induce persons infected to accept the opportunity of going to this island, where there was a hope that their sufferings might be alleviated—at that time, no one spoke of "cures"—and in any case they would be assured of food and shelter and safety. Parenthetically, it should be said here that one of the great benefits accruing to the Filipinos was that a number of patients who were believed to be suffering with leprosy were found to have other diseases, which were speedily cured and they were restored to their families, "made whole."

In speaking of this vast transfer of more than eight thousand men and women, Dr. Heiser said:

"When it is remembered that this frequently involved separating husband from wife, mother from child, brother from sister, friend from friend, and furthermore that family ties among Filipinos are very strong, it will be appreciated what great forbearance the Filipino public showed in not opposing this public health measure and what it meant when they helped to carry it into effect."

Practically the entire leper population went to Culion freely and of its own accord, not without tears and heartbreaks, but with resignation and sometimes with hope, a hope that was

now and then fulfilled, and the leper paroled and allowed to go home, reporting every six months, or immediately upon the return of any unfavorable symptom, and there seems to have been entire willingness to do so, for no one dreads leprosy more than he who has had it.

The result of this system has reduced the number of known lepers to less than six thousand. In matters of this kind there are no such things as stable statistics. One of the singular phenomena of this scourge is that it seems to increase suddenly, now and then, without any particular reason that is apparent even to the scientific observer. It may be a matter of diet, or some condition that means a lowered physical resistance, and the dormant bacilli wake to horrible and devastating activity. One can only deal in approximate figures from time to time claiming only that they are relatively correct.

During the last few years the Filipinos have urged smaller colonies on the islands where the families of the patients might contribute to their support and comfort, and one such leper settlement has been established.

Modern Science Searches for a Remedy

The consensus of opinion seems to be that this would be "a deathblow to segregation," and segregation is the one thing that has reduced the number of lepers wherever it has been tried. After the Crusades there was so much leprosy found throughout Western Europe that more than 20,000 leprosaria were established and maintained until the disease was practically eradicated. Iceland has a small colony and there are still a few cases in Norway. In fact, there is reason to believe that the population of Norway has contributed a number of cases to the list to be found in this country.

Of course, the government is not content with "segregation" and amelioration. Those are long words, but what the government wants is a small, one-syllable word, and so in Culion and in the hospital at Carville, Louisiana, it has laboratories where men are giving their lives in searching out a cure. We used to recite,

"For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none."

Modern science moves to amend by striking out the last four words and putting the period after "remedy." There is a remedy, and if it has not been found, it will be found. For long centuries the oil of the Chaulmoogra fruit has been employed with beneficial results in Oriental countries, but it is only recently that its curative properties have been reduced to such a form that it can be used hypodermically. The oil itself is absolutely rejected by the average stomach. That the Chaulmoogra oil is a foe to the leper germ has been demonstrated amply, but now, through the derivatives of the oil—called Ethyl Esters—many patients have lost all traces of the disease. Four thousand cases in Culion are under treatment and in all parts of the world smaller numbers are receiving treatment under favorable conditions and with excellent report of apparent cures. When we consider that for thousands of years this disease has been considered incurable, save by miraculous intervention, the reports that show men and women "paroled," who appear to be actually cured, and whose semiannual reports show them still free from the plague are enough to give a reasonable hope that this is a new age of miracles that may be worked on a larger scale than those of the past. "Greater works than these shall ye do."

It is true that they would like to be near their own people, and they get homesick, and Culion is "200 miles from anywhere," and families cannot afford to go. It is hard, but it is not so hard as conditions outside very often are, and for many sufferers it opens a door of hope that does not exist for those who are receiving no treatments for their malady. Moreover, it is the only way to safeguard the rest of the community. The fact that year after year about a thousand new cases are sent to Culion is proof positive that new cases are constantly developing, and that other cases that have been in hiding have been found. It may become necessary to fit up another island, but there is no suggestion that there will ever be any modification of the ideal of complete isolation until the sufferer is cured or released by the pitiful angel of the last long sleep.

Some of the critics who have written most harshly may not be aware that this great undertaking is wholly financed by the Filipino government. Whatever is done they pay for; whatever is left undone is because the local authorities have not fully grasped all the possibilities that this great leper colony, and it is the greatest in the world, offers in the way of alleviation and remedial assistance. In spite of the universal epitaph of the fool who "tries to hustle the East," Culion Colony does prove that even the East sometimes hastens its pace.

Finding Homes for the Children

There is a very pleasant story told of Dr. Heiser, who gathered up some twenty children, who were untainted and took them to Manila, having announced that he would have a number of children for adoption on his return. Incidentally, and this was tragic enough while it was happening, a typhoon struck the ship, and the nurses he had taken along to look after the children were so seasick that the good doctor himself had to be doctor and nurse and caretaker for the entire shipload. When he arrived at Manila there were so many families wanting children that he disposed of all he had brought and, in addition, nearly closed out two orphanages.

In the Hawaiian Islands the lepers are treated with the utmost generosity. "Molokai" is a name that strikes terror, but the island itself is one of the loveliest spots on earth, and the Colony there has 5,000 acres on which almost anything can be grown. Lepers who have means live very well indeed. Much has been done to add to the comfort and pleasure of even the poorest, and nothing means more to them than their music. Anyone who has heard the native Hawaiians sing, or their bands, knows how liquid their language is, and what a natural gift they seem to have in this direction.

When the Secretary of The American Mission to Lepers went there to see the colony, the bands, of which there are two, took turns playing for him, and when he was asked to make a speech he said he would rather hear them sing. Evidently the request pleased them when translated, and they sang from memory, "Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us," with much feeling.

When the Leper Was Told to "Move On"

In the United States proper there have been sporadic cases for long years, but so few in proportion to the population of the nation and so widely separated that it is only recently that the government has undertaken to deal with this problem at all. In fact, the government almost never does attempt to take over work that is being well done by the states. In this case, the states failed and dodged and sidestepped. Like poor Tom, the leper was told to "move on," and wherever he went he was unwelcome.

One man, who was taken sick far from home, was ordered to go to the pesthouse, and when he insisted on going home, was told he might do so if he would buy a freight car, allow himself to be locked inside and guarantee to burn it up as soon as he reached his destination. He found it simpler to buy an auto. If anyone undertook to stop him, he had only to mention his malady to find a clear road before him, with all speed limits lifted. Not a few met with such brutal treatment that they died. In other cases, the families concealed them, regardless of the risks to themselves, and in a few localities doctors refused to pronounce a diagnosis of leprosy because there was no place in which such a patient could be cared for properly. Investigation carefully made disclosed the fact that one or more leper patients were to be found in 32 states. In some few states a considerable number, and only two states —Massachusetts and Louisiana—giving anything like needed care.

And so comes Hospital Sixty-six. When at last the government did move, it found great difficulty in getting a site for such a hospital. Just as the states had shunted these afflicted persons across their borders, state after state refused to admit them even under all the regulations which

were proposed for safeguarding any community. Finally, it was decided to solve the difficulty by taking over an existing institution, and the Louisiana Leper Settlement was selected because that state had had a more general involvement in this trouble than any other, more than half its parishes, or what would be called counties elsewhere, having had lepers at one time or another.

Even then it was felt that the community should be consulted. A representative meeting was held and the whole situation put before it, withholding none of the facts. Louisiana people voted approval and Hospital Sixty-six found a favorable neighborhood. The act for the establishment of the hospital was passed in 1917, and the Louisiana plant, with some buildings and some 400 acres, was acquired by the Federal Public Health Service in 1921.

Making It Easy and Bright for the Patients

Financially, Louisiana has already found the institution has brought them prosperity. More than a million dollars has been spent there, and there is a steadily growing market for various products. The cottages are the last word in sanitary perfection; they are neat, commodious, comfortable.

Each cottage has a porch of noble proportions, screened in, with easy chairs and hammocks, and here the patients spend much of their time. In the center of the hospital site there is a cafeteria dining hall for such patients as are able to wait upon themselves. An electrically heated lunch car distributes good things to eat to all the patients who are confined to their rooms.

Nothing is more necessary for any sick person than to keep the mind occupied and cheerful, so it has been the practice to hire such of the patients as are able to get about freely to act as orderlies and assistant nurses and in any capacity which they can fill. All of the food is prepared by persons who are perfectly well, and who do not come in contact with those who are sick. The laundry work for staff and patients is kept absolutely separate, as are the dishes. Everything that comes in contact with "the untouchables" is sterilized and every precaution is enforced vigorously. Just as an officer learns to keep an insane patient in front of him at all times, these nurses take the most rigorous pains never at any time to take any chance whatever.

It is the layman who dreads the disease yet grows careless as he becomes accustomed to its presence. Many of the patients are on the pay roll, earning small salaries, which help sometimes to support dependent relatives or to procure a few luxuries. Suitable occupation helps the patients to feel that though out of the world, they are still part of it.

Why They Danced at St. Mark's

(*Concluded from page 28*)

they are exhausted and fall. Then one of them, after a time, slowly rises to a sitting position, catches a vision, lifts her arms, awakes the others and gets them to rise and look up to where the vision shines. They catch the idea that the source of the vision is above. The audience also catches that idea.

"Then they all start from where they stand, moving to the left, moving back across the stage from right to left, pushing upward, lifting. Then they stand erect and straight, and strong, fresh with power. They have demonstrated in their bodily movements that they have got the coöperation of the Heavenly forces; and that violence does the human race harm and keeps it from growing upward, but that coöperation lifts the race toward God."

"Does your audience get the idea through the acting and dancing?"

"No; the idea has been discussed before the symbolic dance. It has been printed in pageant form in our bulletins, and folders. The whole thing is clear and the climax of that discussion is the dance."

"I call this the Art of Symbolism, Sights and Sounds. *We teach through Silence. It is a Quaker Meeting put into motion.* That is all. There is no preaching at all at this service."

"I understand that Bishop Manning requested you to stop these services. Do you intend to go on later?"

"We do. We shall interpret all of the sacramental symbols used in the church. The great elements on which we base our sacramental services have been lost to us. We Americans draw our water from a faucet and know nothing of the flowing spring. Baptism means nothing to the children of a modern American city. In these dances we try to make people understand the sacramental meaning of these elements; The Fire of the Holy Spirit, the Water of Baptism, the Earth from which our Daily Bread comes; the Air, which means the Spirit, the Oil which was used in annointing, and the Salt which is the symbol of hospitality. Milk was used in the early Eucharist. All of these sacramental symbols we try to make real and sacred again through our dances and our Silent Services. Few people in a modern city know anything about the sacred beauties of these elements. We have to visualize it all."

"It needed a man in the church with Scotch blood and Latin experience to bridge this gulf between the practical and the spiritual. I was a Scotch boy, born in Dundee, raised in Siena and Florence. I grew up all over Europe; went to college in Swanee, Tennessee, and have as deep a regard for the idealistic, the beautiful and the sacramental, as any clergyman in my church. But my practical Scotch nature causes me to know that the church is not reaching the people. I tried to find out why. I learned that the church had separated itself from human life. I have simply tried to bridge this separation. And my plan works."

This is the story of his work as the man himself told it to me, and it puts a rather different face on certain things, does it not?

Smashing Sunday in the States

(*Concluded from page 23*)

The Ohio State Fair opened its gates last year, and had a so-called religious service held on the grounds, as a smoke-screen. Sunday dances are prevalent in most parts of the state. The bill, recently introduced, to prohibit Sunday dancing in public places was killed. Many stores owned by aliens are open.

Wisconsin: About three-fourths of Wisconsin's Sunday laws have been written or rewritten during the past seven years. This indicates progress or at least a willingness to try to meet the situation. Work on highways and public work on Sunday is done in some localities. There is a compulsory eight-hour-day law, and half-holiday on Saturday, which is almost general throughout the state, both of which are helps to a better Sunday observance. The theaters, vaudeville and motion-picture houses are open in Milwaukee and in some of the other larger towns, but are closed elsewhere in the state. Baseball, auto races, horse races are in full swing in Milwaukee but closed elsewhere in the state. The amusement features of the State Fair have been leased to a corporation which operates them on Sunday, but the Fair proper is closed. Church attendance is decreased, except among the German, Dutch and Scandinavian churches.

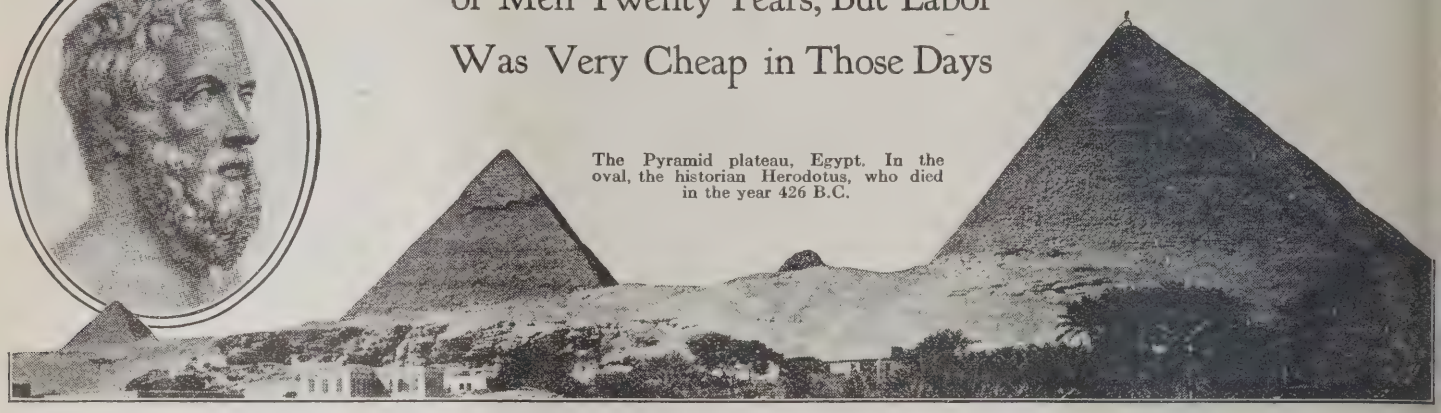
Minnesota, Michigan, Nebraska, Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Kentucky are practically open-Sunday states with limited districts in each state where Sunday is still observed.

The mountain and Pacific states, together with the Southwestern States, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana, are also open-Sunday states, while North Dakota, South Dakota and Kansas have well-observed Sundays.

The summary of the survey shows that twenty-eight states in the Union, with a population of 64,450,371, are living in the environment of an open Sunday. The balance of the states, twenty in number, with a population of 41,258,394, have a comparatively well-observed Sunday.

Building the Great Pyramid

It Took Hundreds of Thousands of Men Twenty Years, But Labor Was Very Cheap in Those Days



The Pyramid plateau, Egypt. In the oval, the historian Herodotus, who died in the year 426 B.C.

THE Pyramid of Cheops, or the Great Pyramid, was at one time included among the seven wonders of the world and is still regarded as one of the greatest engineering feats ever performed by man. Owing to its exposure to the action of the elements for thousands of years, and the convenient quarry that its material provided for the nearby city of Cairo, its dimensions and sharpness of outline have deteriorated, but it still remains the most remarkable monument of antiquity, and attracts wondering pilgrims from every part of the globe.

The Great Sphinx, which stands not far off, would, if it were not for its inviolable silence, tell much of what the Pyramid of Cheops means, but in the absence of this the following account of the building of the pyramid will be found to give the main facts. It is in the words of Herodotus, the "Father of History," who lived in the fifth century before Christ:

Down to the time when Rhampsinites was king, they told me that there was in Egypt nothing but orderly rule, and Egypt prospered greatly; but after him Cheops became king over them and brought them to every kind of evil: for he shut up all the temples, and having first kept them from sacrifices there he bade all the Egyptians work for him. So some were appointed to draw stones from the stone quarries in the Arabian mountains to the Nile, and others he ordered to receive the stones after they had been carried over the river in boats, and to draw them to those which are called the Libyan Mountains; and they worked by a hundred thousand men at a time, for each three months continually.

How the Stones Were Brought From the Quarry

Of this oppression there passed ten years while the causeway was made by which they drew the stones, which causeway they built, and it is a work not much less, as it appears to me, than the pyramid; for the length of it is five furlongs and the breadth ten fathoms and the height, where it is the highest, eight fathoms, and it is made of stone smoothed and with figures carved upon it. For this they said, the ten years were spent, and for the underground chambers on the hill upon which the pyramids stand, which he caused to be made as sepulchral chambers for himself in an island, having conducted thither a channel from the Nile.

For the making of the pyramid itself there passed a period of twenty years; and the pyramid is square, each measuring eight hundred feet, and the height of it the same. It is built of stone smoothed and fitted together in the most perfect manner, not one of the stones being less than thirty feet in length. This pyramid was made after the manner of steps, which some called "rows" and others "bases"; and when they had first made it thus, they raised the remaining stones with machines made of short pieces of timber, raising them first from the ground to the first stage of the steps, and when the stone got up to this it was placed upon another machine standing on the first stage, and so from this it was drawn to the second upon another machine; for as many as were the courses of the steps, so many machines there were also, or perhaps they transferred one and the same machine, made so as to be easily carried, to each stage successively, that they might take up the stones; for let it be told in both ways, according as it is reported. However that may be, the highest parts of it were finished first, and afterward they proceeded to finish that which came next to them, and lastly they finished the parts of it near the ground and the lowest ranges.

On the pyramid it is declared in Egyptian writing how much was spent in radishes and onions and leeks for the workmen, and if I rightly remember that which the interpreter said in reading to me this inscription, a sum of one thousand six hundred talents of silver was spent; and if this is so, how much besides is likely to have been expended upon the iron with which they worked, and upon the bread and clothing of the workmen, seeing that they were building the works for the time which had been mentioned and were occupied for no small time besides, as I suppose, in the cutting and bringing of the stones and in working at the excavation under the ground?

This Cheops, the Egyptians said, reigned fifty years; and after he was dead his brother Chephren succeeded to the kingdom. This king followed the same manner of dealing as the other, both in all the rest and also in that he made a pyramid, not indeed attaining to the measurements of that which was built by the former (this I know, having myself also measured it), and moreover there are no underground chambers beneath nor does a channel come from the Nile flowing to this one as to the other, in which the water coming through a conduit built for it flows round an island within, where they say that Cheops himself is laid: but for a basement he built the first course of Ethiopian stone of divers colors; and this pyramid he made forty feet lower than the other as regards size, building it close to the Great Pyramid.

Others Who Built Pyramids as Monuments

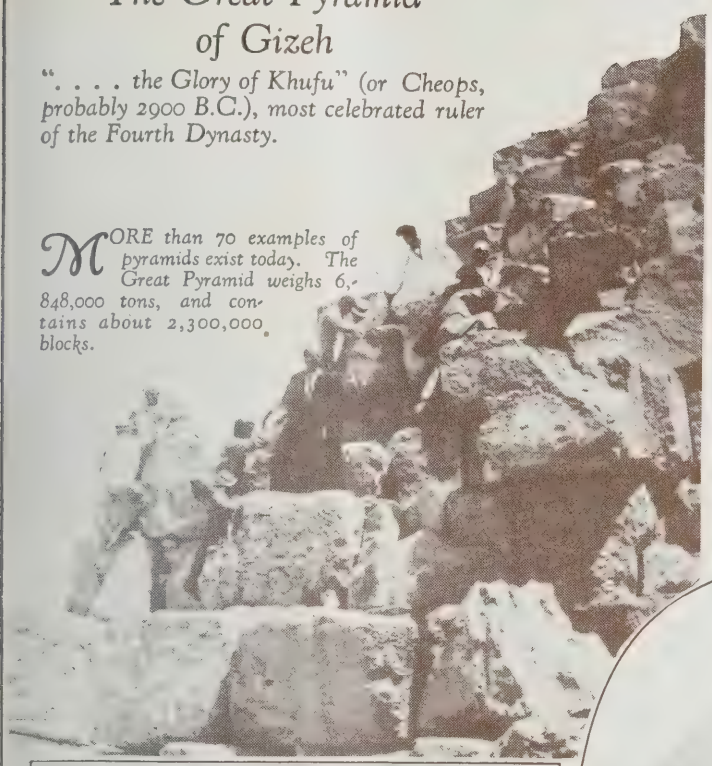
These stand both upon the same hill, which is about a hundred feet high. And Cephren, they said, reigned fifty and six years.

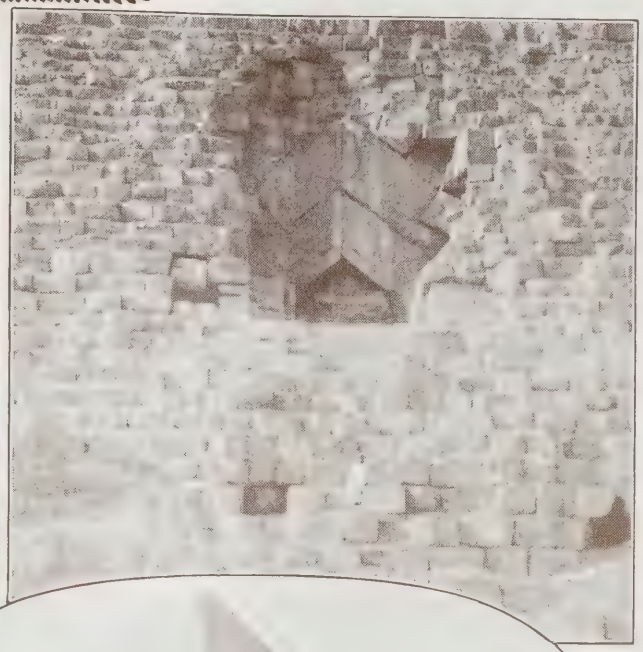
But Cephren was not a monarch of the caliber of Cheops. He acted very meanly with his daughter, causing her to earn money at the price of her degradation. But the girl took an exceedingly novel revenge. She secretly importuned her friends for money and materials to build a pyramid for herself. After her death this structure was duly erected, and although it is very much smaller than that of the great Cheops, or of her father, it remains a very tangible protest by a weak woman against the tyranny of man.

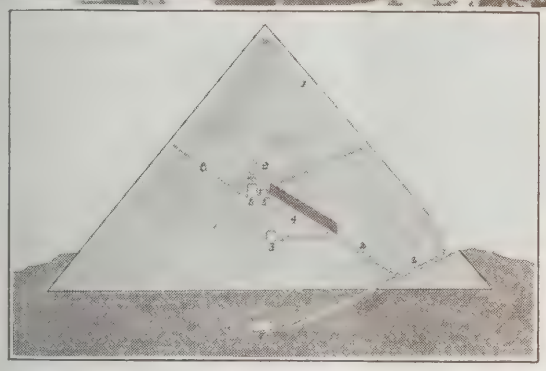
The Great Pyramid of Gizeh

". . . . the Glory of Khufu" (or Cheops, probably 2900 B.C.), most celebrated ruler of the Fourth Dynasty.

MORE than 70 examples of pyramids exist today. The Great Pyramid weighs 6,848,000 tons, and contains about 2,300,000 blocks.







THE entrance to the Great Pyramid is shown in the view in the upper right-hand corner.

The Sphinx and the Great Pyramid, a few hundred yards apart, appear in the picture to the right.

Below, aviators may be seen viewing the Great Pyramid quite differently from the way its builder gazed upon it. The present height of this pyramid is 451 feet. The sides at the base measure 750 feet long.

THE Great Pyramid is entered 48 feet from the ground, whence leads a descending passage 293 feet long. A second passage ascends to the Great Hall, which is 28 feet high and 155 feet long, but only 3 feet 4 inches wide. From here a corridor leads to the Queen's Chamber and another to the King's. Above the ceiling five chambers serve to reduce the superincumbent pressure.

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THE Americans are the first people whom Heaven has favoured with an opportunity of deliberating upon, and choosing the forms of government under which they should live. All other constitutions have derived their existence from violence or accidental circumstances, and are therefore probably more distant from their perfection, which, though beyond our reach, may nevertheless be approached under the guidance of reason and experience . . . . . Every member of the State ought diligently to read and study the constitution of his country . . . . By knowing their rights, they will sooner perceive when they are violated, and be the better prepared to defend and assert them.

—*John Jay, 1776.*

DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Vol. 25 No. 44 AUGUST 22, 1925 Ten Cents a Copy

A QUAINT BIT OF OLD EDINBURGH, *from a water color by ROBERT HOPKIN.*

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

The earliest weather forecasting service was established in France as a direct result of a destructive storm that raged over the Black Sea in 1854.

On the borders of Swansea Bay, Wales, in the heart of a great sand-hill, lies buried a city once known as Kenfig. Chronicles of Margam Abbey make it plain that the sand encroachments lasted for many years and the burial was a slow one.

About 900 Presbyterian churches refrained from joining the United Church of Canada.

Dr. Safford of the United States Department of Agriculture declares that bananas did not originate in America as is popularly supposed, but in the Malay Archipelago, they being brought to the West Indies in 1516 by Padre Tomas de Berlangas.

A death toll of 26,000, of whom 10,000 were children, resulted from traffic accidents last year.

It requires sixty men to carry the two-ton carpet covering the floor of the Waterloo Chamber of the King's Windsor Castle in England. It is 80 feet long and 40 feet wide and took seven years to weave.

Protection of California fruit orchards against frost has become almost an exact science because of the accurate temperature predictions by the weather bureau.

The *Arcturus* scientific expedition found two new volcanoes in active eruption in the Pacific. Attracted by the immense supply of food, whales and porpoises wallowed in the mass of foam caused by the violent collision of two great currents meeting in a tide race.

Lubricating oil made from crickets has been found suitable for aviation, since it does not congeal even at high altitudes.

A ship's tonnage has nothing to do with its weight. Originally it meant the capacity of a ship carrying huge barrels of wine, called tuns. Ever since then English ships have been measured by tunnage—or, as we now call it, "tonnage."

Bugs, worms, and fungi cost the farmers of seven counties in New York State $3,500,000 a year for apply spraying.

Beleaguered garrisons hereafter will be provided with provisions and ammunition from airplanes equipped with special canisters attached to parachutes. A metal dome or cap at one end absorbs the shock of landing.

In 1924 the Methodist Episcopal church paid in excess of $25,000,000 in ministerial salaries. At that, there were only 218 churches that paid $5,000 a year or over.

A clothes moth lays 150 eggs and her descendants are capable of destroying 100 pounds of wool in a year.

The early advertiser was humble and obsequious in attracting attention, he often wording his appeal by such expressions as, "solicits a call," "has the honor to announce," et cetera.

The last words of David Livingston heard by human ear were "alright, you can go now," spoken to an old and trusted servant shortly before his death.

In patterning the borders of bark cloth, Fiji women use a strip of banana leaf in which a pattern has been cut to make a stencil, this being an independent invention of the art of stencil.

Railroad coaches in Egypt have six wheels, two at each end and two under the center of the cars.

Japanese have inclosed nearly 7,000 square miles of Formosa with electrified barbed-wire entanglements to keep the "tamed" natives from the "untamed."

The Seine and the Thames have been linked by an experimental flight of a French plane from the heart of Paris to London. It is planned to eliminate the airdromes and save an hour's time and considerable expense by landing planes directly in the heart of the cities.

A telephone company on the Texas coast, during 24 hours after giving warning of an approaching hurricane, made more than 100,000 connections for weather information.

The old city of Athens is to be torn down and archeologists will excavate 25 feet beneath the surface in search of centuries of deposits. Forty American colleges plan to assist in the expectation that the work will yield more important disclosures concerning classical civilization, history and art than resulted from the excavations at Pompeii.

Michael Faraday discovered benzine in 1825, giving to the world the knowledge of that discovery on June 16 of that year, but it remained for others to show its value.

When five of his flock of thirty pure-bred Buff Orpington chickens died during a recent heat wave, a Milwaukee man attached an electric fan to the henhouse light socket and revived the other dying members of his flock.

"A British economist estimated the ratio between the productiveness of the worker in dry America and in beer-drinking Britain as that between $3,750 and $1,500. A writer in the *English Brewing Trade Review* asserts that seven American workers are equal to ten in England."—*Rep. John G. Cooper.*

Goats are sometimes driven over the plowed fields in the Nile Valley to help break the clods.

The Bermudas may be said to be a land of perpetual springtime, for their monthly temperatures average between 62° and 79° F.

Two thousand plains buffalo have been liberated by the Canadian Government in the Great Slave Lake country to roam at will.

French courts have ruled that editors are compelled to print at full length replies from those who have been attacked in the newspapers. The reply must be given the same position as the attack and may run to the same length.

August 22, 1925
* * *
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Vol. 25, No. 44
* * *
Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the art of choosing a boss.

The neglected truth is percolating through the public mind that our "scarcity of coal" arises from a surplus of coal. Strike rumors help to move the surplus. Therefore "strike" appears in the headlines. It has taken a long time, but gradually all the facts come out. (p. 7)

In Sunday school we were taught that the Jews are the Chosen People. Biblical authorities now say the Jews were never given that name, but that Israel was. Question: who is Israel? One article on this question was published May 23. Here is another. (p. 8)

People are beginning to wake up to the question of "psychopathic" government in public business. There is a strong suspicion that much of this so-called science is still theoretical and experimental—headed in the right direction, possibly, but too young to be intrusted with authority. Here is a practical outline of some of its workings. We think it is fair. (p. 12)

China is no longer in the headlines, but she lies heavily on the minds of the governments. Headlines are really poor indications of what is transpiring in this world. We are printing a few useful points by men who know China. (p. 15)

The attack on Sunday is organized. This article tells how the film industry gets church officials tangled up to connive at a commercialized Sunday. This series contains the most striking articles on Sunday ever published. (p. 18)

A Bit of Old Edinburgh carries the cover picture, which is made, by permission, from a Robert Hopkin painting. Hopkin was an artist whose fame went high after his death. (p. 31)

William E. Barton, the famous Lincoln research biographer, passed some time with the Japanese drama, of which he writes in his usual entertaining fashion. (p. 5)

Luring the festive lobster in Casco Bay makes a delightful seashore story which with its drawings quite conveys the atmosphere of the coast. (p. 2)

That there are 8,000 lepers under the flag of the United States is a fact to arrest interest. However, the newer knowledge of leprosy deprives it of much of its former horror. (p. 20)

Why should Liberty bonds, the securities of the United States, drop below par value in the market? Why should the means provided to prevent such an occurrence have failed? These questions have been soft-pedaled for a long time. But the facts are of such vital nature that they keep pressing for attention. (p. 3)

Romantic Rascals, men of energy and brains, both misdirected, are represented this week by Dr. Dover, whose impresario, Mr. Finger, is so skillful in this work. Mr. Finger, by the way, has received the Newberry Prize, for the best children's book of the year. (p. 16)

A hobby which consists in preserving by photography the disappearing handicrafts of America is ridden in Tennessee and the Carolinas by a man of whom Mr. Barnet writes this week. (p. 22)

There's an air about Providence (the city) that those who know it cannot forget. Its past is of the best, and some of the worst is to be found in its present. It has hosts of friends, and it is here written about in admiration. (p. 25)

Temples, towers and sacred shrines (p. 32); Editorials (pp. 9 and 10)

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Lobstering in Casco Bay

How the Crustacean Is Lured From Its Ocean Lair

By ALICE YOUNG

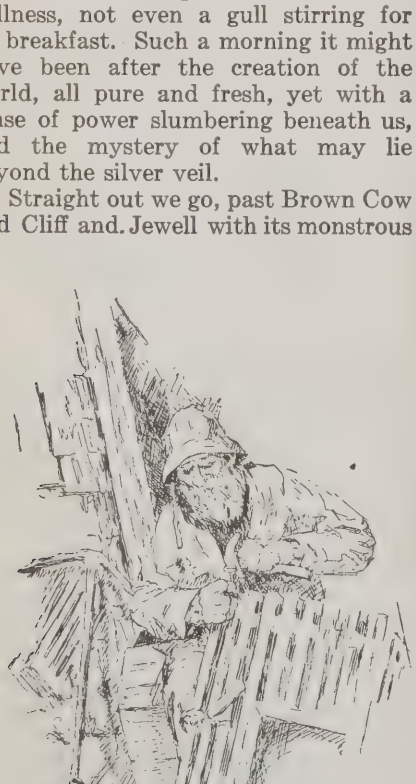
IF YOU wish to go lobstering down Casco Bay you must arise with the dawn. There is no time for breakfast, for slumberers must not be disturbed, so, with a snack of cracker and cheese in one hand and a warm coat in the other, you clamber down over the rocks in the misty light. Out in the cove the fisherman is loosing his boat from its mooring, and he heads it in toward the little promontory on which you are perched. It is a critical moment, the one in which you balance on one foot in the slippery seaweed and scramble over the side into the boat. But you tumble in somehow and the prow heads out between the islands.

In the stern, discreetly covered by a piece of sail cloth, is the bait barrel. You pass it at a respectful distance and climb over the pens into the prow, in the narrow V of which is a seat where you can best enjoy the "feel" of the boat as it gaily lifts its head to meet the dancing waves.

The morning clouds veil the horizon in pale lavender and pink, the light is a silvery gray, and all is silver gray upon the waters. There are no white-caps, but a long swell left from a bit of a "blow" of the night before. Except for the ripple against the prow and the beat of the engine, there is a wide stillness, not even a gull stirring for its breakfast. Such a morning it might have been after the creation of the world, all pure and fresh, yet with a sense of power slumbering beneath us, and the mystery of what may lie beyond the silver veil.

Straight out we go, past Brown Cow and Cliff and Jewell with its monstrous marking of Old Chase's nose at the end, past Hope and Long and the Stepping Stones toward Inner and Outer Green, the former with the wreck of a West Indies trader whitening on its shore. It is an hour's sail before we arrive at Junk o' Pork, a square block of rock rising abruptly from the water, the outpost of that desolate region where we must go a-lobstering.

The fish hou on the cove.



Repairing lobster traps.

The lavender and pink mists at the horizon have scattered, the silver light is tinged with azure, the gray of the water melts into a sparkling blue with emerald streaks. The morning breeze is stirring, and here and there a wave breaks into a rippling line of white. The boat turns in between the islands and the prospect of the wide, untroubled ocean changes. Here are ledges upon ledges, raising their dark ribs heavy with brown seaweed on which the waves break in tossing foam and then rush down in torrents. A ticklish place to navigate, and only a well-seasoned fisherman will attempt it. Yet spots like these are the favorite haunts of the lobster who finds his hiding places on the rocky bottom.

Beside the ledges are the dancing lobster bobs, marking where the traps are set. As we draw near to the first one, the fisherman stops his engine, leans over the edge of the boat, and with his gaff catches the line. Then he begins to haul in, the rope coiling at his feet, u you wond how abru must be t pitch of the ro and how stra the life in th dim regions great pressu At last the t comes to the s face, and fisherman ha it in the ste empty, exce for the ba washed chal white, a marauding crab which tossed back contemptuously into t ocean, and a sculpin with bony f and flaming eye, quite out of luck, he is destined to become bait.

The odors, like the unleashed d of war, rush out ferociously as the fish man turns back the sail cloth, tak the head of a codfish, some time funct, threads a baiting iron, a sort immense needle, through its e socket, and with a twist of the ro hangs it in a tempting position, th heaves the trap overboard. To t scavengers of the deep, the scent doubtless sweeter than the perfumes Araby.

The next haul is more lucky. The are two lobsters inside, sitting i passively beside the bait. The fish man takes his gauge and measures fr the eye socket to where the tail joins t body. One is a "counter," the other "snapper" or "short" and is toss back into his native element another chance at

(Concluded on page

Liberty Bonds From the Inside

How Far Did the War Finance Corporation Act as Purchasing Medium?

By PAUL PERRINGTON
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM FREYSE

WHEN Eugene Meyer, Jr., became director of the War Finance Corporation in the spring of 1918, when it was ganized, he at once came into com- nd of Government funds amounting t between six hundred and seven ndred millions of dollars annually.

In two years the staggering amount \$1,894,000,000, aside from its her operations, was used by the War nance Corporation in the purchase Liberty loan bonds. Few persons ew that the War Finance Corpora- on had aught to do with the Liberty n bond transactions. Supposedly e bonds bought by the Government ere bought for retirement and sup- sedly the Treasury Department con- cted these operations. While the ports of the War Finance Corporation ve much to say on livestock, riculture, loans to railroads, and s on, little is said about the handling Liberty loan bonds although the nsactions in these securities were many times greater value than the her operations.

When the Special Committee of the st Congress made its report on the duplication, prep- aration and de- struction of Govern- ment bonds, it re- ported also, as it d been directed to do, on the pur- ase and sale of bonds—bought pre- mably for retirement purposes. Its port was a severe indictment of the easury Department. It reported in summary, among other things:

Citizens Discovered There Was a Gamble

"The Evidence Discloses:

* * * * * * *

"9. That the will of Congress has been overridden in the purchase and sale of millions of dollars' worth of bonds;

"10. That questionable methods were employed in handling these funds;

"11. That substantial, actual losses to the Government have resulted;

"12. That the extent of these losses has been rendered uncertain by failure of records to agree."

The Committee requested of Congress that its life, which was destined to d on March 4, 1925, be continued, t at its investigation be com- ted and that there be ascertained he amount of losses sustained by te Government," and "that necessary ps be taken to recover these losses d to prevent in future the abuses rein outlined." The Committee's olution asking for this extension nd its way into a convenient vest cket. The Committee died on the rth of March. Congress was thus kept uninformed. The Committee was refused the floor.

In its report the Committee stated: "In the repurchasing on the market for the bond purchase fund, the sinking fund, et cetera, *the Treasury employed the War Finance Corporation from May 20, 1918, to June 30, 1920, and part of 1922.*" The report then continues to show somewhat in detail how these matters were handled and how the use of funds was abused.

The joyous public which in 1917 had received the news that the much coveted Government bond, until then unknown to any except large investors, was to be made available to the small man who could safely invest his small savings in the bonds of his country, had its first jolt in 1920. The Liberty bond, the safest known investment, which also enabled the citizen to do a patriotic thing by helping to supply funds which the country then needed, was parted with by many.

Few citizens had any idea that there was a gamble in such an investment as a Liberty bond. Yet after two years —in the month of May, 1920, to be exact—American citizens saw *the bottom drop out of the Liberty bond market.* Nine of the various issues touched rock-bottom point, and sold for nearly 20% less than their face value. The small investor who had to sell his bonds at that time lost 20 cents on the dollar. The financial writers of various papers complained bitterly of the condition presented. The value of the various issues during May, 1920, reached the following low points in their history:

First 3½%'s - -	fell to 90.00
First 4%'s - - -	fell to 83.00
First 4¼%'s - -	fell to 84.00
Second 4%'s - -	fell to 81.70
Second 4¼%'s - -	fell to 82.00
Third 4¼%'s - -	fell to 86.30
Fourth 4¼%'s - -	fell to 82.64
Victory 4¾% notes	fell to 94.82
Victory 3¾% notes	fell to 94.72

A financial expert writing in the New York *World* referred to the drop in Liberty bonds as "a national scandal."

Congress Provides Means for Marketing

Such a situation, however, had been anticipated, and Congress had provided at the request of the Treasury Department a means of maintaining the market by enabling the Government to go into the market and buy up Liberty bonds where the small investors found it necessary to part with them. This, of course, *as designed,* would necessarily provide a help to the small investor and would automatically tend to give his bonds a greater value than they would otherwise have. That is, if the plan had been maintained *as designed.* We shall see what occurred.

At first the bonds were purchased under what was known as the "Bond Purchase Fund." The Sinking Fund and other funds were provided afterward. The language of the law was "*that the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized* from time to time until the expiration of one year after the termination of the war (the treaty of peace between the United States and Germany was ratified October 18, 1921) *to purchase bonds* issued under the authority of this act including bonds issued upon the conversion of bonds issued under this act or said act approved April, 1917, *at such crises and upon such terms and conditions as he may prescribe.*"

The above-quoted authority is given in Section 15 of what is known as the Second Liberty Loan Act. This Second Liberty Loan Act was approved September 24, 1917, and as originally enacted had no Section 15. Curiously, Section 15 was added six months later by what was known as the Third Liberty Loan Act, approved April 4, 1918.

When the Treasury made its request for legislation which would enable it to purchase bonds, the draft of the bill which it proposed had a provision which would have permitted it also to *sell* bonds. *The Ways and Means Committee struck out the provision and permitted the Treasury Department only to purchase bonds.* About the same time, however, that Congress passed this act, *the Treasury introduced and had passed legislation known as the "War Finance Act,"* and among the functions of this corporation, the language introduced permitted it to "*buy and sell bonds.*"

Utilizing the War Finance Corporation

This was immediately taken advantage of by the Treasury Department and the War Finance Corporation was used as a medium through which the purchases under the Bond Purchase Fund were made. As a matter of fact the bonds were purchased by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York—the immediate servant of the Treasury. But the War Finance Corporation was utilized as an intermediate step to issue orders to the Treasury's own servant. Thus the Treasury, says the report of the Congressional Committee, *did, indirectly, that which Congress had stated directly that it should not do.* The excuse given was that they could not afford to let the "market" know the Government was to buy bonds at a particular time. But that

the method was made to serve other purposes will be seen presently.

When the War Finance Corporation began to function, Eugene Meyer, Jr., had full charge of the bond operations. He was soon made its managing director. Mr. Meyer handled all of the bond purchase operations. He directed *what bonds* were to be bought and *from whom* and *when* to buy—likewise what, where and when to sell. Congress had provided for the purchase of these bonds with a twofold purpose in view. First, to relieve the small investor and help him to get a proper price for his bond when he sold it and, second, to retire the bond when purchased.

When Mr. Meyer, on October 25, 1924, appeared before the Committee of Congress which investigated the bond question, he was asked why bonds, which had been purchased for retirement purposes, should again be sold into the same market. His answer was that the purpose was to "stabilize the market." He was then asked how dumping bonds into a market could do anything else than tend to lower the price. He finally answered that some of the issues had been "over-bought" and when this was discovered that they had to be sold. After Mr. Meyer left the stand and other records were obtained from the Treasury and examined, it was found that the reason given by him could not have been the true reason because the Treasury records showed many instances where bonds had been sold on the market when there was ample credit for the purchase of the same issues as those sold. The refusal to extend the time of the Committee precluded further examination of Mr. Meyer as to this. Many other matters were left equally "up in the air."

In view of the issue raised by Mr. Meyer's answers, it is perhaps well to set forth some of the reasons given to Congress for the repurchasing of the bonds, in the hearings before the Ways and Means Committee, February 18 to February 22, 1918, which antedated the passage of the War Finance Corporation Act. Secretary McAdoo at that time stated: "I do not mean that the market should necessarily be supported up to par, but there should be some machinery provided to prevent the bonds from having an undue decline."

Paul Warburg, at the same hearings, stated: "The psychological effect I had in mind was this: That the people in general and the people who were not well inclined in particular would not have the certainty that here is a market which is absolutely unprotected and a market which is without any purchasing power, because when we have completed our Liberty

As a matter of fact the bonds were purchased by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

loan sales there is no more purchasing power because we have taken every cent that will come during the following two or three months, so everybody knows they can begin to sell these bonds short and find an entirely unprotected market. That is what I mean when I say there is a psychological effect. It is very important that there should be somebody to *protect the market.*"

Various financial writers complained bitterly of this condition. The *World* writer stated, "The little fellow was forced to sell his bond at a loss of from ten to eighteen per cent," and adding that *as long as the then present conditions prevailed* "these bonds will continue to sell at a level that is nothing short of a national scandal."

An examination of the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury showed the information that was furnished that official as to the bond situation. This information, furnished Congress, would make anyone wonder how the price of the Liberty bonds could continue to fall. These records, *as made*, showed that enormously heavy purchases were centered just around this period. *But all the dates of purchases given Congress were incorrect.* For example, the *records show* that during May, 1920, the Treasury Department purchased:

May 29,	Second 4¼%'s	$51,923,000
May 8,	Third 4¼%'s	19,900,000
May 29,	Third 4¼%'s	11,625,000
May 29,	Fourth 4¼%'s	99,682,000
May 14,	Victory 3¾%'s	32,000,000
May 19,	Victory 3¾%'s	71,219,000
May 19,	Victory 4¾%'s	22,781,000

Therefore on the face of the record would be concluded that the mark was enormously well supported. However, the financial papers showed such purchases and when the record of the Federal Reserve Bank at N York, through whom the purchases the market were made, and the record of the War Finance Corporation w examined, it was shown that the purchases were *merely transfers* fr the War Finance Corpor tion to the Treasury Depa ment and during the mon of May, 1920, that *the Gove ment sold into a falling mar as many if not more Libe bonds than it bought*—abo six million dollars' worth on This continued until the W Finance Corporation clos June 30, 1920.

The record shows that of these enormous amounts bonds had been in the proc of accumulation for mont ahead, some of them fr nine months to fifteen mont before they were transfer to the Treasury Departme These bonds had been h in the Federal Reserve Ba at New York in the name the War Finance Corporation and *the meantime the War Finance C poration clipped the coupons and Government paid the War Finance C poration the interest on the very bo which the people's money was used accumulate.*

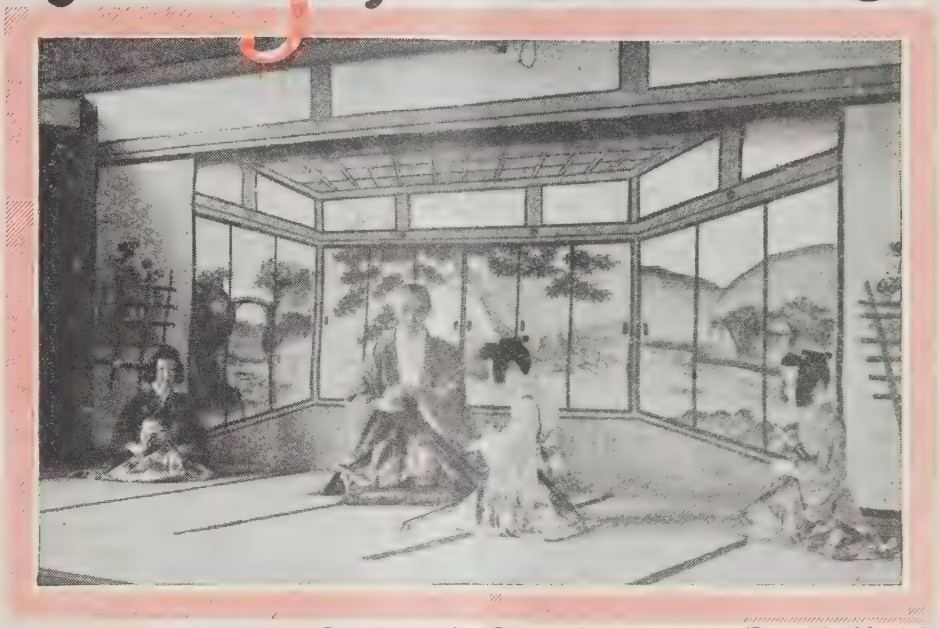
Altogether the War Finance C poration collected interest from t Treasury Department to the value more than twenty-seven millions of d lars, practically twenty-eight millio Congress had directed, *by law*, exac how this "Corporation" was to *get* a *expend* the money it handled. And was unaware of this extra $28,000,0 *What was done with it was anot question to which the Committee of C gress expected to have the answer when March 4 the "leaders" said "stop."*

The fact that the War Finan Corporation was not appreciably *buyi* on the market during the period wh the records would make it so appe does not mean that the War Finan Corporation was not *trading in bon* to the great advantage of *someboc* During this period and particular during the months of April, May a June, 1920, the War Finance Corpor tion was actively selling off bonds whi had been purchased for retireme purpose *directly back into the mark from which they had been purchase* the transaction being made throu various banks and stock brokera houses and the dealings having be made directly on the New York Sto Exchange.

The most surprising features these transactions are that the sa broker and same banking house wou *buy from* the Government and *sell* the Government, (Continued on page

The Drama of the Japanese Stage

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

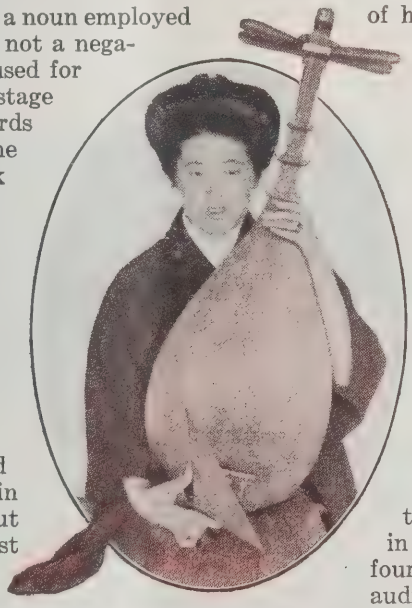


Scene from modern Japanese drama. (Courtesy Asia Magazine)

I DID not see much of it, and I did not understand much of what I saw. That is perhaps my best qualification for writ-g on the subject. How dull and upid are most of the learned treatises ritten by men who have spent years learning their subjects, and whose ident disqualification is the excess their knowledge. I am not the only an who has noted the fine ardor and ely imagination which Wordsworth anifested in his "Yarrow Unvisited," e commonplace nature of his "Yar-w Visited," and the insufferable illness of his "Yarrow Revisited." et me tell what I saw as I saw it, and t it be acknowledged as my first ualification that I do not know too uch about it.

My study of the Japanese drama as quite incidental. I had only a few ays in Japan and they were busy. ut as I passed places where Japanese ama might be seen, I saw what I uld conveniently observe, and most not all of it was the real thing. I hor those exhibitions that are staged r tourists and which have in them ly enough of the native element to rve as the basis of misrepresentation. s nearly as I am able to classify, I w about five kinds of Japanese ramatic art.

First I saw the Japanese tragedy, the No Dance." The word "No" as here sed is an adjective, or a noun employed s an adjective. It is not a nega-ve. It is the word used for e austere dance or stage hibition, in other words is the tragedy. The apanese do not mix omedy and tragedy s we do. They keep e two separate as he Greeks did. hakespeare livened p Hamlet with the rave-diggers' scene, nd an odd subject it as for comedy; he eldom trusted too ng to the sustained terest of his hearers in ure tragedy. He put argoyles on his most ignified Gothic. ut the Japanese eparates his omedy from his ragedy. His Aes-hylus and his Aristophanes have othing in common.



Biwa, used to accompany singing and recitation.

"Theater Street" seems to be a well-narked section in Japanese cities. Banners are draped from the tops of the two-story buildings, and they impart a festive air to the vicinage. Rickshas in some cities are not permitted to pass, but discharge their passengers who walk through and find their rickshas waiting for them at the other end of the street. Motion pictures appear to make up a large fraction of the business of the theaters. One may see Charlie Chaplin in his own plays, or in Japanese adaptations, as I am informed, and it was said to me that he is popular in both characters. That is, as I understand it, the Japanese have made impersonations of him and invented scenes in their own land with Japanese Charlies sitting down in whatever may be the equivalent of Japanese custard pies. I did not go to see him.

In Yokohama I found a theater with no advertisement in English, and with no attempt to secure foreign patronage, and I went there for a short afternoon. The building was large enough to seat, I should say, eight hundred persons, most of them on the floor, some in boxes elevated three or four feet on the sides. The audience was wholly Japanese. Japanese mothers were there with their babies on their backs, and whole families were present. I entered between two plays. I do not know how many were given, one after another, in an afternoon. This one had two acts. A Japanese who spoke a little English told me that I was about to witness a classic tragedy about 300 years old. I later described this play to Professor Lombard of the Doshisha, a very able interpreter of the Shakespearean drama to the Japanese, and making his quarter-century study of Japanese drama as an approach to his interpreting Shakespeare to Japanese students. He told me the name of the probable writer of this play, a contemporary of Shakespeare, who wrote a good many of the Japanese tragedies. The name was Chikamatsu, and I heard it spoken elsewhere as we speak of Shakespeare.

The people who occupied the "bald-headed row" were on their feet between the acts, lifting the curtain, and looking under to see the work of preparation. No attempt was made to stop them. There was much light hammering as the set was put up. Now and then a pair of castanets or some other instrument of percussion would sound, and less frequently there would be the tap of a gong. These sounds apparently had for their purpose the preparation of the mind of the audience for what was to come, as if to say, "Be getting ready; something great is coming." The clacks increased in frequency, and after a time the curtain was pulled aside.

The back-drop was a painted scene, the angle of a walled inclosure with fire from a house rising above the garden wall, all being done with the brush, and not very well done. In the middle of the stage, as if measured, was the hero, a shogun or emperor, mounted on a horse. The horse was made of two men, and had a movable head and a practicable tail. On the right stood, at regular intervals, four gentlemen or servants, attendant upon

Popular-priced theater in amusement district of Asakusa Park, Japan.

this dignitary, and on the other side three ladies of the court. The Japanese must have an unequal balance.

The emperor or shogun declaimed from the back of his horse about the fire and his losses. He had treasure that was about to be consumed in the flame. To go in and bring it out was probably beyond the power of man. But rich would be the reward of any one who would undertake it. The court ladies wept. The servants one by one said it could not be done. Then rushed in another servant or officer, and although the fire was getting hotter every minute, he took a long time to tell how brave he was and how ready to undertake anything for his lord the shogun. He laid down his sword, and bent his head till it almost touched the stage, and with many blessings from the high and mighty official he went into the burning structure to recover the treasure.

The next act, as I was informed, would show his success in the recovery of the treasure but, as I understood it, no reward was his save that of his heroic achievement, for he died in the attempt. I did not wait for this scene, as I had other matters to attend to, and I thought I had the idea of the play.

The acting was not all done upon the stage. The orchestra consisted of a player upon a long-necked mandolin of peculiar construction, and a reciter, who intoned much of the story. Partly the dialog was on the stage and partly in the recitation of the orchestra. And, whether on the stage or in the recital, every emotion, of sorrow or joy or love or hate, was accentuated by the musician who ejaculated "Ach!" by way of intensifying whatever the audience ought to feel. He struck his string with his bone player, or struck the leather head of his instrument, as he judged proper. The audience was intensely interested and followed each movement minutely and with apparent intelligence.

Telling of this adventure to my friends on the ship, I was importuned to go back that night to the same place and take a little group with me. I saw the latter part of one play, with magnificent background of gold leaf, in which the climax appeared to be a mother's disowning of her ungrateful daughter, and the whole of the next play, about an hour in length, which was, as I gathered, the Romeo and Juliet of this sort of drama. The hero, a youth with chalked face, and the heroine, a lady with gloriously built-up hair, were separated by the hostility of their respective families, and after a very well-acted drama, the father took his son away and the mother took her daughter back home, and they all lived unhappily ever after.

All the women's parts, however, were taken by men. There were no actresses in these plays of 300 or 400 years ago.

Now these plays, as I judge, are fairly representative of the tragic element in Japanese drama. These are of the "No Dance" type, and they are austere. No single suggestion of humor is in one of them. Juliet's nurse and Yorick's skull afford no merriment to serve as a contrast to the somber parts of the drama. When the Japanese want tragedy they take it straight. At least that was true of what I saw, and I was told that this was fairly typical.

At Nara I saw two little plays of the Kyogen or comedy sort. One hardly seemed a play at all. The title was "Fuku-no-Kami." In it two men accompanied by a mute, who, in ordinary Japanese clothing, squatted at the back and now and then moved the scenery as was required, conversed concerning the New Year approaching and wished for various kinds of good luck. The god of Good Luck, big and masked with a grin, entered and turning as on a swivel from one to the other gave them the promise of what they had been asking for, and evidently with humorous adaptations, the force of which I could not recognize.

The other play, however, was quite intelligible. It was entitled "Ninin-Daimyo." Two daimyos, gentlemen dressed in the preposterous style of four hundred years ago, wearing trousers with long trails, and pompous high hats, met on a public road on their way to the capital. Both wore their short swords, and one carried his long "tachi" which ought properly to have been borne for him by a servant, but he had found no servant available. They encountered a man going in their direction and asked him to accompany them. He protested that he did not belong in their class, but they bade him welcome. Then they began to demand that he carry their luggage, and especially the "tachi." He handled the long sword awkwardly, and they taught him the proper way. Also they taught him his proper name, which was "servant."

Watching for a favorable opportunity, he drew the sword and rushed at them, disarming them and compelling them to strip off their rich outer robes and do them up for him in bundles. Then he called them (Concluded on page 21)

"No Dance." (Courtesy *Asia* Magazine)

The Art of Skinning Coal Consumers

Mythical Strikes and Chimerical Shortages Lead to Substantial Surpluses

By WM. A. M'GARRY

IF UNSOLD anthracite should bring about a shutdown of the Pennsylvania hard coal mines this autumn the period of idleness will be referred to generally as a "strike." Operators and their newspaper friends will then do all in their power to encourage the use of that word, as in past years, because in the public mind it means a refusal to work and thus puts the burden of responsibility on the miners.

In the official statements issued by the men who earn their daily bread in the mines, however, it will be noted that such terms as "suspension" and "shutdown" will be used. And though the miners may stop short of a detailed explanation, for very definite reasons of policy, they will have the same purpose in their choice of terms—to put the burden on the operators.

On the surface this fencing with words may seem of no public importance, but the truth is that it conceals the real cause of all the recent suspensions in the hard coal mines. If it is a strike the miners are to blame for any public hardship that may result. But if there is no real danger of any shortage, and the suspension is only wanted by the operators to make the public think that such danger exists, then it is vitally important for the public to find out about it.

Publicity Program Which Makes Dividends

One way to find out is to study the history of previous periods of idleness in the mines. The program has never varied in certain fundamentals. There is no reason to believe it will change this time. Before and during a suspension the columns of newspapers are filled with an earnest ballyhoo about coal shortage. That has been gathering headway now for many weeks. Editorial demands are made for Federal and State intervention. That is now being done. In the past Governors have been bullied or cajoled into the appointment of coal administrators, and tons of propaganda have been put forth in the shape of vague plans of fuel rationing that never come to anything definite. If mine work stops on September 1, all of that will be done over again.

Everybody knows what happens after that sort of thing. It is what would happen in any other market if all the newspapers could be induced to print threats of shortage. It happened in the sugar market during the war. Consumers reluctantly begin to believe that it may be hard to get coal after all, and heed the advertised admonitions of dealers and chambers of commerce to "buy before it is too late." The demand becomes abnormal. Stocks in the yards are swept away, and the sight of empty pockets brings in more buyers. And then the price begins to inch up, and the newspapers print long explanations of the heroic efforts made by dealers and operators to parcel out the coal among the needy consumers.

The records of all previous suspensions show this—and one thing more. When all the surplus coal is exhausted, miners and operators get together, hold a three-hour session, and sign a compromise agreement—generally the identical agreement over which they had been "deadlocked" during the earlier stages of the negotiation. By that time the ready press agents of the operators and dealers have put out more propaganda showing the "losses" in keeping the mines free of water during the suspension, and giving other reasons why the new high prices must be maintained. And then everything goes on as before—a little more money from the consumer, another stock dividend for the operators.

If no other evidence were available than this brief historical outline it would be sufficient to arouse at least a strong suspicion that unsold anthracite has something to do with a suspension of work in the mines. In other years additional evidence has been hard to get, but this year certain developments enable the consumer to get more than a mere suspicion. The government is slowly showing signs of recognizing how the game is worked. The miners are becoming impatient and therefore more outspoken. And even the consumer is learning. He is not stampeding as easily as in former years.

When the mines closed in 1922 competent observers estimated the unsold hard coal above ground at *thirty million tons*, and most of that—nearly a half-year's normal supply—was moved in four months. It didn't move with nearly enough rapidity to suit the operators. In earlier suspensions the artificial demand had been even more rapid. This year the growth of suspicion is evidenced by the fact that even a concerted campaign of newspaper, street car, direct mail and billboard advertising, all making use of the strike threat, has failed so far to create a "panic market." The consumer is learning that the club held over his head is stuffed.

A Stuffed Club Held Over the Consumer

The miner has given even more definite evidence. Ordinarily, for obvious reasons, he keeps his mouth shut about the amount of coal in storage. The sale of that coal is just as important to him as it is to his boss, or nearly so. He knows that when it begins to move fast enough to put the price up a little, or to club the public into submission to present prices, he will get back to work. Hence it has been considered policy for him to keep quiet in public, no matter how acrimoniously his leaders might hurl the truth at the operators in the negotiations.

But in recent years it has been dawning on the miner that his only hope lay in alliance with the consumer. He has not yet gone the whole route, but now and then he does something to indicate that the idea is taking hold. For example, Andrew Mattey, one of the veteran union leaders, stood up in public a few weeks before the opening of the Atlantic City convention and told what would happen and why. A suspension would be forced, he asserted, so that operators could frighten the public into buying ahead of their actual needs ten million tons of hard coal held in storage at the mines. When this was submitted to Ellis Searles, editor of the *United Mine Workers' Journal* he gave it confirmation on all save one point. In Mr. Searles' opinion there is only five million tons in storage. But he added that at an advance of a dollar a ton this would be a neat little item for the operators.

Where Geological Survey Falls Down

What Mr. Searles did not add is that once the operators get an increase they never abandon it. If he had any definite reason for believing that one dollar a tax is the increase to be sought this year, he might have multiplied it by sixty-five million tons to show what the operators stand to get out of a suspension. But Mr. Searles is interested in helping the miners to hold what they have, and if possible to get more. He may be interested also in helping the public, but he cannot be expected to adopt a policy toward the operators that might hurt his own cause.

To the consumer it should be quite plain that the vital question is the amount of unsold coal now in storage at the mines and elsewhere. The natural place to turn for this figure is to the government. And it is when one turns to the Geological Survey that a curious thing comes to light about the anthracite industry. *This highly efficient branch of the government is found to be lacking the simple figures that mean so much, although it is able to furnish reams of intimate statistics about other industries.* It can

(Continued on page 22)

Lt. Col. W. G. MacKendrick, D.S.O., known as "The Roadbuilder," is a Canadian who has built roads in all parts of North America. In 1915 he left Canada for France as Captain at Canadian Corps Headquarters. In the autumn of 1916 he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and made Director of Roads for the British Fifth Army, remaining in that position until 1919. He was twice mentioned in dispatches, and received the Distinguished Service Order from the King, and the Legion de Honeur (officer class) from the French Government. Col. MacKendrick is the author of "The Destiny of the British Empire and the United States" (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto), which deals with the general subject discussed in this article. The book has attracted important attention in both the Empire and the Republic.

Lieutenant Colonel W. G. MacKendrick, D.S.O.

Is the U. S. "The Chosen People"?

John and Jonathan, the Number 13, and the Destiny of Israel

By Lieutenant Colonel W. G. MacKENDRICK, D.S.O.

IN A recent number of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT (May 23), a most interesting article appeared which dealt with a truth not generally known, namely, that the Anglo Saxon-Celtic peoples—the northern white strain, to describe it roughly—comprise the Covenant Nation and Company of Nations referred to about two thousand times in the Scriptures as Israel, Jehovah's Elect Nation, chosen for service to the nations of the world, forever.

What rather surprised me, however, was the meager mention made of the fact that the United States of America are as much a part of this Covenant people as is Brother John of the Isles and his other offspring in the Dominions afar.

Are the Jews Israel? Hardly, on any line of logic. The word "Israel" means "ruling with God" and during the 2,500 years the Jews have been claiming they were Israel few people have ever accused them of working very energetically along God's lines. Are the Bolshevik Jews of Russia ruling with God? They make the claim that they have killed God. If the Bible can be relied on as an historical authority, regarding the people with whom it peculiarly deals, the Israel nations were to be a blessing wherever they went down through the ages. Does the Jew fulfill that specification? Is he a blessing in your community? Jehovah is represented by the prophet as knowing that Israel would be ousted from Palestine, and ordained a place for His People Israel where He said *they would move no more* and where they would not be afflicted as heretofore. Does the Jew fill this specification since he was boosted out of Jerusalem? Has he ever nationally had a country of his own where he might not be afflicted as heretofore? The Jew cannot be Israel because he has never found the place from which he should not be moved, while it is a fact that the Anglo-Saxon peoples have found such a place. And these Anglo-Saxon peoples further fulfil the Israel specification in that they have been a blessing, an enlightenment and a benefit, to the nations.

It is further stated in the Bible that the descendants of David should be seated upon the throne of Israel from the time David the First was anointed King until the end of time. Have the Jews fulfilled this specification? Certainly not. They have been, from the fall of Jerusalem until now, without a country and without a king. Even Palestine is under the government of England, a Scottish soldier being appointed the new High Commissioner of Palestine. While on the other hand the present occupants of the British throne, and the Heir Apparent, are shown to be as directly descended from the House of David (not the House of Judah) as you are from your grandmother.

The Brand of Israel is on America! Take one fact out of hundreds that can be brought forth to prove this heading true. "Wherefore the Children of Israel shall keep my Sabbath throughout their generations for a perpetual Covenant. It is a sign between me (Jehovah) and the Children of Israel forever." Today is a part of the aforementioned "forever" and wherever today you see Nations observing the Sabbath by the law of their land it is a sign or brand that that nation is of Israel.

Your Puritan Forefathers left Britai seeking more liberty and they state in their letters that they were plantin the Israel vine in an unknown land fo the Glory of God. They observed th Sabbath and one of their earlies enactments was to set aside a day o Thanksgiving to God for the man evidences of his providential care o them in their severe struggles in thos early settlements. Both the Sabbat and Thanksgiving Day have been dul observed ever since in America. Th Anglo-Saxon nations of the world ar the only peoples who, by their laws o the land, observe the Sabbath.

Which Reminds Me! Americ nationally is descended from that earl food controller, Joseph. Joseph when i Egypt had two sons, Manasseh bor 1700 B. C. and Ephraim born 171 B. C. The younger son was given th headship of Israel by Jacob who fore told that he would grow into a natio and a company of nations. The far flung British (Brith-Ish, which is He brew "covenant man") Empire know as "Johnny Bull of the Isles" is a nation and a company of nations, th British commonwealth of Nations while the elder brother Manasseh, now known as Brother Jonathan, was t become a great *people*, a Republic And the offspring of these brothers were to be a blessing wherever they went These two sons of Joseph were giver by destiny the wealth of the sea an the wealth of the mines—coal, oil copper, nickel, silver, and gold. I fact, all the good things of this earth A captain of industry once said tha Providence had provided America such a wealth of mines, and so forth, that she would remain the manufacturer of th world for all time. (Continued on page 27

EDITORIALS

England and Coal

ENGLAND appears to the world today as harder hit than at any time in the war. To the support of millions of her unemployed by taxation, she now adds the support of her employed coal miners by the same process. In a situation between miners and operators, neither of whom would concede an inch, it was the government that surrendered by offering to subsidize the mines. Thus the basic industry of Great Britain is to be supported by taxes, with the question of "Where are the taxes to come from?" daily more pressing. The remedy is of temporary nature at the best, but the condition of affairs which it reveals is of the most somber significance. At least, it so appears at this distance.

It is not a mere coal question at all. The larger matter is this: England is changing her base and does not know or will not acknowledge it. She is passing off the scene as a premier manufacturing country and coal supply of her section of the world. The English industrial population is on the verge of being forced out of the Isles into the ample spaces of the Empire. Ichabod is being written over all the old system of English industrialism because the industrial leaders have betrayed their trust; they have neither cared for their people voluntarily nor improved their industrial methods, with the result that their glory is departed, and an emergency like the present one finds them helpless. For dividends have ceased to be the main product of modern business. Both the English miner and the mine operator are victims of false ideas now being eradicated from the world. Both are wrong. And now in company with them their government is wrong. The end will doubtless be better than can now be foreseen, but it will not be due to labor leaders, capitalists or ministers of government that this is so. The fetish of the "gold standard" before which England has lately fallen down in a new adoration, under the guidance of that high priest of financial fallacies, Mr. Churchill, is already proving its powerlessness to help England and its bitter power to hurt.

Doubtless this compromise is a sad blow to the Baldwin government. It has shown itself as incompetent as the MacDonald government. With the wise men of all parties proving only their capacity for failure, Englishmen must be feeling a sense of loss which way to turn for help. When the mighty and the wise fail, what shall the feeble foolish do? All parties have had their fling now, but the disease eats remorselessly in. Something of England is dissolving, something of the old system is passing away. And what the new thing shall be that comes in its place does not appear. But this appears, the pathetic helplessness of the captains and the kings of the old system to guide the people in the matter of self-sustenance.

Swank

"MIDDLE class" or "lower middle class" families abroad cut down actual necessities that they may have a maid who puts on a white apron and answers the door knocker in the afternoon.

Two noted automobile men who attended the Chamber of Commerce convention in Belgium discovered that about the biggest reason why we do not sell more cars abroad is the reluctance of the European to buy a car until he can afford to swank about with a chauffeur.

We may like to brag, but about fifteen million of us are so "common" we like to step on the gas ourselves.

What Is Money?

THE Money Problem is not so complicated as certain persons would have the plain people believe.

Laying aside foreign exchange, which has nothing to do with domestic trade and barter, any acceptable medium of exchange will serve if decreed by Congress, which has sole power to create money having a debt-paying power.

Let us suppose there existed no legal restriction against the circulation of private bills of exchange. Then suppose that Standard Oil, in an emergency, issued a quantity of bills in denominations of one, two, five and ten dollars, to relieve a stringent situation, guaranteeing them and accepting them at every station for petroleum products. Is there a doubt that the people generally would accept and use such bills indefinitely? Of course not. Standard Oil today issues "money" in the form of books carrying coupons in terms of gallons of "gas" good in any part of the country.

When currency of all kinds was short in 1907 because bankers would not honor drafts, many clearing houses issued private currency, and violated a law in doing so, but there was no call for arrests and punishment. Common sense prevented that. There was need of a

substitute for the un-get-at-able funds we had loaned our bankers for safe-keeping, and which they had in turn sent to New York for speculative profit, and could not get it back! So industry and commerce invented a medium or method of exchange never authorized by Congress. The border states even used Canadian money, which in ordinary times is subject to a tax—called discount—by American bankers, who were then glad to secure the bills without paying a premium.

The Money Question is persistent, and wise financiers will put their knowledge and experience to work on a system that favors plain people and producers, and not merely the money brokers.

Ten Million Links

NEARLY ten million words a week now are knitting the two sides of the Atlantic together. That's the really significant story revealed by the recent opening of a new cable.

No doubt wars have been waged for trade; but commercial relations are much more likely to prevent wars. And the war fever cools when you know your man.

About four hundred million amiable words we have exchanged with Europe this last year—business, personal messages, news. The latest cable is of a new alloy and much faster than the old ones. Wireless is being tuned up to higher speeds. Shortly, experts say, long messages will be "photographed" across the ocean. Shot through the air as a halftone is now transmitted; and then static will be a dead obstacle.

All these things mean cheaper communication, an increase in our knowledge of each other and a consequent decrease in quarrelsomeness. The North doesn't quarrel with the South, or the East with the West so much any more, since the motor car has shuffled us up and made out the distances we learned in our geography classes to be gross exaggerations.

The exchange of ten million amiable words a week reduces the war risk

The Job of Not Growing Old

"THEY say I am too old to work."

These were the words of a man who told his story recently in a newspaper office. It was a story of slipping backward, through the years, until he became a messenger boy. And then, nothing. He wanted but seven dollars a week: he could live on that.

And this man was but fifty-seven.

In a hospital, about the same time, doctors and nurses gave a birthday party. There were flowers and books and fruit and candy; and a cake that was topped by twenty-five candles. Everybody at the party joked about that. It was all the candles the cake would hold.

The number was an odd circumstance, coupled with the case of the man mentioned above. When the birthday guest of honor was twenty-five the other man had not yet been born.

The smiling man on the cot was eighty-four. Weeks before he had arrived, alone, from his home, six hundred miles away. With an interval of rest he had had two operations, the second rather serious; and here he was, chipper and contented, reading novels voraciously and writing several letters a day to his wife, children or grandchildren.

After while he got up out of bed, jollied his nurses, and strolled off home.

And there you have one of the big jobs the human race has set itself.

It is the job of not growing old.

We have come a long way already, and not all our progress has been due merely to the cold science of diet, exercise, ventilation and sanitation.

In the two cases mentioned above the difference was very largely *a state of mind:* the faces of the two men show it, as well as their histories.

Certain Kinds of "Bond" Houses

THE species of "bond" houses that fatten on lending money at heavy discounts to builders of apartment, hotel and office building and then sell to the public bonds based upon the mortgages, is too resentful of reasonable criticism of their commerce. Those who oppose fair comment must be apprehensive about the possible disclosures. The appraisals of the properties upon which the money is loaned are very often in excess of real value. This feature of the appraisal business is simply disreputable and "bond" houses are responsible for the ensuing deception of security buyers who are thus given a false idea of the margin between the mortgage and the value of the property. Furthermore, the acute shortage of the above classes of buildings, that existed when the traffic in these bonds began several years ago, is being overcome. No property is worth more than it will earn, especially property that must pay a high toll to the money lenders. The profitable process of tenants bidding for accommodations is being reversed and now the tenant is being sought. Lessened earnings usually spell foreclosure and the wiping out of the equity of the borrower even though the bondholders may get their money. But there is no assurance that the bondholders in every instance will escape the results of usurious discounts and false appraisals.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

A YOUNG man starting out to learn the business to which he desires to devote his life, or to experiment among the various lines of business to find one that best fits his abilities, is wise to begin by choosing his boss.

It is worth while making an effort to exercise this choice, and possibly most young men of purpose do it unconsciously. Others may think only of the wage that is paid or the job that is available. A job which does no more than pay a wage, that does not become a doorway into a knowledge of method and practice in business, is sheer loss of time to a young man.

If men become—as the familiar charge has it—mere cogs in the wheel, it is because they *are* cogs, or wish to live the mentally inactive life. No man of alert mind can be *made* a cog; it is from men who refuse to be cogs, or from cogs that come alive, that industry grows. The life process in industry is not fitting men to jobs, but fitting jobs to men. A broadening man broadens an otherwise narrow job. Jobs shrink or expand to the size of the man. How can it be otherwise? When an insensate tree can burst the rock by the silent process of growth, what can life in a man not do?

Assuming purpose in a man, he will do with his work what he would do if he were a student of an art, he will choose the best teacher. Leaders of industry are ultimately teachers of the men who staff their institutions. Inevitably they are teachers, good or bad. Some teach very bad lessons. They teach that dividends come foremost if you wear a white collar, and wages foremost if you work in the shop, and the devil take service and the public. Absentee dividend-takers at one end, and irresponsible union demands at the other are results of wrong teaching in business.

Many bosses are unfit for their positions, and are presently moved out, because they do not see industry and its processes and results as part of the general life, but rather as a sort of private piracy. They regard the work of the workers and the money of the public as spoil to be extracted in the largest quantities with the least return.

Choose a boss who knows the shop. A man who knows the shop only from the office end is not nearly so beneficial to follow as a boss who knows the office from the shop end. The boss who knows the job from personal experience may be a little harder to work for, that is, it may be impossible to fool him, because he knows what good workmanship and sufficient production is, but he will impart to his men the feeling of doing man's work in an honest way and to a useful end.

But, in the physical sense, he will be easier to work for, because he will be constantly improving the way of doing things.

It matters not how large or small an establishment the boss may have, it is only necessary that it be growing. A business is becoming smaller or it is growing greater. It is never static. Size is not so important as direction. Some very big concerns are going back; some very small concerns are coming forward. Choose a boss who is a "comer," because growth is the seal placed on a certain important percentage of merit.

A boss who knows the principles of his business and has strength enough to enforce what he knows, and moral character enough to know that mechanics and manufacture are parts of conscience—such a man is worth any young fellow's apprenticeship, and for such a man he ought to seek.

This, of course, always assumes that the young man himself is awake to his future and the necessity for knowledge and experience. Hosts of young men hardly look farther than "getting a job." And the job is measured by its pay. Getting the job is necessary, and the right kind of boss will see that nothing is lacking in the pay, but if these constitute the sole elements of the matter there is certainly no future in the job nor in the individual. The right kind of boss will make young men aware that there are opportunities waiting, and thus making them aware will try to kindle in them a wholesome desire to move up and make room for others.

It is every man's duty to get ahead, to make room for those who follow him. When a man succeeds for himself, he makes way for dozens and hundreds and thousands farther down the line.

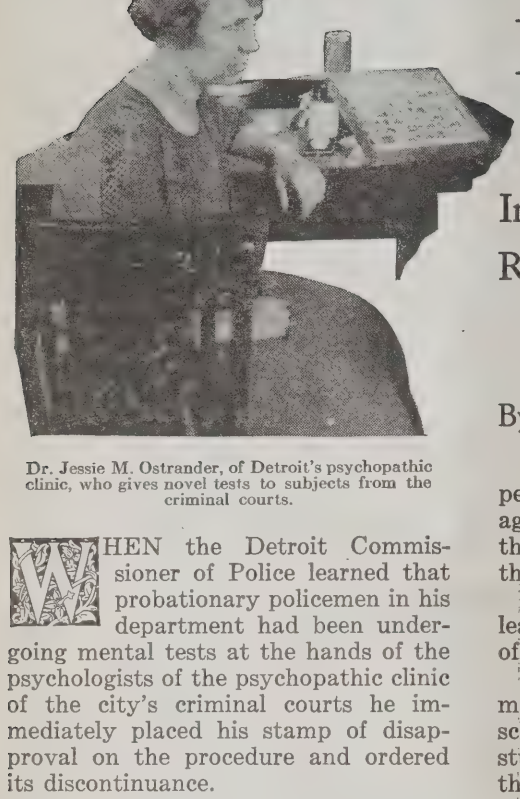
The enduring reward of industry, which nothing can take away, is what a man learns. That is *his*. He will have to spend his wages, he will have to expend his energy, but what he learns is his always. And he can learn only under men and methods that are dedicated to principle, that principle being the mingling of mind and matter for the honest uses of mankind.

CHOOSING a boss is important for young men, whether business or employment be chosen as a career. For the boss is inevitably a teacher. Sometimes bad lessons are taught with sefish results at both ends of the business. Young men should choose a boss who knows the job from the shop end, not from the office end; the boss of a business that is growing. Direction is more important than size. Growth shows merit, and merit argues conscience in mechanics and manufacture. Getting a job is easy. Getting permanent value out of a job means purpose and fitting means to ends.

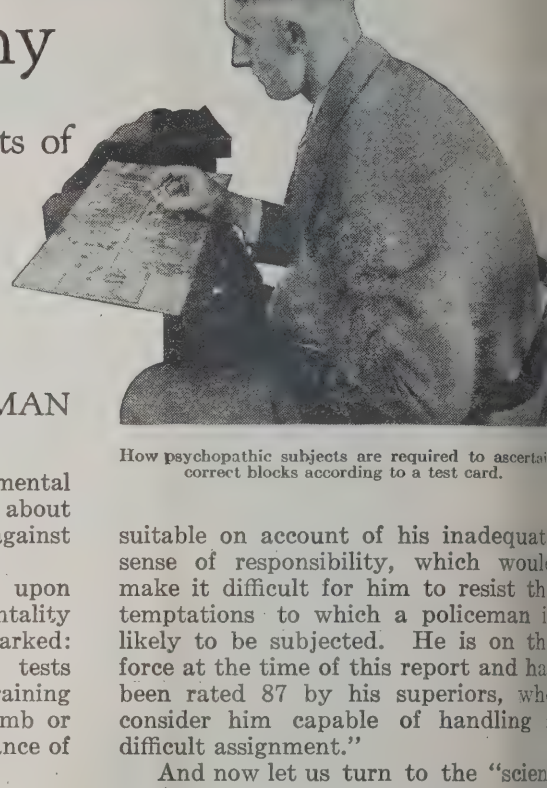
The Social Side of Psychopathy

Some Believe in Tests of Intelligence, But Others Regard Them as "Nut" Questions

By HOWARD W. BOWMAN



Dr. Jessie M. Ostrander, of Detroit's psychopathic clinic, who gives novel tests to subjects from the criminal courts.



How psychopathic subjects are required to ascerta correct blocks according to a test card.

WHEN the Detroit Commissioner of Police learned that probationary policemen in his department had been undergoing mental tests at the hands of the psychologists of the psychopathic clinic of the city's criminal courts he immediately placed his stamp of disapproval on the procedure and ordered its discontinuance.

The idea of having applicants to the force submit to "intelligence tests" had been originated by a predecessor, but the attention of the present commissioner was not called to this "advanced mode" of selecting guardians of the law until the lady assistant psychiatrist of the clinic issued a report on the observations.

The test was made of the last group of 150 applicants sent through the clinic, and in this report it was set forth that approximately 15 per cent were subnormal. The Stanford Revision of the Binet test was employed, one hundred and forty-three of the men passed through it, while seven were diagnosed from their past histories. Two were given other tests because there was a suspicion they had been "coached." And when the psychiatrist concluded she had before her the following table:

Chronological age	Total	*Mental age in years* 9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
21 years	1	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....
22 years	14	....	1	....	2	2	4	2	1	1	1
23 years	23	1	3	2	3	6	2	3	1	2	....
24 years	19	....	1	2	4	4	5	....	1	1	1
25 years	17	3	3	3	3	2	3	....	....	....	....
26 years	15	1	....	1	3	2	2	3	2	....	1
27 years	7	1	....	1	....	4	1	....	....	....	....
28 years	3	....	....	....	....	1	....	1	....	....	1
29 years	10	....	1	....	1	2	3	1	1	1	....
30 years	11	1	....	....	3	3	2	2	....	....	....
31 years	7	....	1	1	3	1	....	1	....	....	....
32 years	5	....	....	2	1	1	1	....	....	....	....
33 years	5	1	....	....	1	....	....	2	....	1	....
34 years	2	....	....	....	....	1	....	1	....	....	....
35 years	1	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....
36 years	3	....	....	....	....	2	1	....	....	....	....
Total	143	8	10	12	26	31	24	16	6	6	4

To amplify the table, it was practically said (according to the Stanford Revision to be roughly explained farther on) that of the 143 examined 15 per cent had the mental ages of children of from 8 to 10 years, were "below par in their social and emotional reactions" and that the "middle 50 per cent of the group" had a mental age of from 11 to 13 years, or about that of the average offender against the law.

The Police Commissioner, upon learning of this analysis of the mentality of the prospective policemen, remarked:

"In some instances mental tests may be valuable. I think our training school officers can detect a dumb or stupid fellow without the assistance of the psychopathic clinic."

The psychiatrist in charge of the psychopathic clinic of Detroit's criminal courts, upon the Commissioner's mandate that the tests must be eliminated in his department, said:

"The Commissioner takes particular offense at our analysis of case No. 3475 and after one has read what our observations disclosed I am sure they will agree with us that this type of probationary patrolman is not of a kind the citizens would desire as a regular policeman."

Taken from the records of the psychopathic clinic, "Case No. 3475" reads as follows:

"This 26-year-old married man was descended from native born parents. No serious diseases were recorded in his family history.

"His schooling was somewhat irregular, owing to frequent changes of residence, and he finished the sixth grade at 16 years of age. He was employed at clerical work until he joined the army, where he was promoted to the rank of sergeant. Upon leaving the army, he was engaged in factory work for a few months before taking up the profession of boxing.

"He also acted as 'stake man' in gambling houses and took in the usual 'profits.' He continued these occupations for about three years until he applied for a position on the police force. He considered himself popular with other fellows and continued his interest in athletics, but said, at the time of his examination, that he was giving up his gambling habits. His mental age on the abbreviated Stanford scale was 14 years, 1 month; IQ (intelligence quotient) 80.

"The clinic considered him unsuitable on account of his inadequat sense of responsibility, which woul make it difficult for him to resist th temptations to which a policeman i likely to be subjected. He is on th force at the time of this report and ha been rated 87 by his superiors, wh consider him capable of handling difficult assignment."

And now let us turn to the "scien tific" side of the controversy for a pe rusal of the "tests" that, of necessity must be brief, for officially sanctione psychopathic analysis of human trait is comparatively new and first becam generally discussed in this country whe such an analysis was made of ou fighting forces in the World War.

To gain some idea of what is terme "the Stanford Revision of the Bine test" one goes back to Alfred Binet a notable French psychologist, wh was called upon by the authorities o his country to study the backwardnes of the children in the schools of Paris He accomplished his work in a de cided way, leaving school knowledg to one side and seeking out what in formation the child had gained fron his playmates and elders.

Binet worked out his intelligence test on a scale of mental age. He em ployed not one test but many, his point being to use many brief tests and per mit the child to demonstrate what he had learned and what he could do Professor Louis M. Terman, who published "The Measurement of In telligence" in 1916, explains the Stan ford Revised Test, in part, as follows

"From the tests for three-year olds: Name familiar objects—the child must name correctly at least three of the five common objects that are shown him.

"Six-year-old test: Finding omis sions in pictures of faces, from which the nose, or one eye, et cetera, is left out. Four such pictures are shown, and three correct responses are required to pass the test.

"Eight-year-old test: Tell how wood and coal are alike; and so with three other pairs of familiar things; two out

four correct responses are required t pass the test.

"Twelve-year test: Vocabulary test -rough definitions showing the child's derstanding of forty words out of a ndard list of one hundred."

These tests are primarily adapted t use for school children, yet the nford Revision is the most widely ed adaptation in America in testing te intelligence of adults and forms a ge part of the outline of work in troit's psychopathic clinic. It pro- les six tests for each year from three t ten, eight for twelve-year, six for rteen-year, six for adult, and six for perior adult intelligence.

When the psychiatrist has his sub- t before him starts his ob- vation with a en number of ts in mind, h test having allotted nu- ral in keeping h the gener- y accepted ory that to be rmally intelli- t the subject st register 100 p- cent.

The different ts are numer- s and not all chologists use same. There form boards, h missing spaces, and the sub- t of the test is called upon to fill se spaces with blocks that will exactly; there are dissected ture puzzles; there are the ables," the latter being little es for which the subject is ex- ted to supply a common-sense ral.

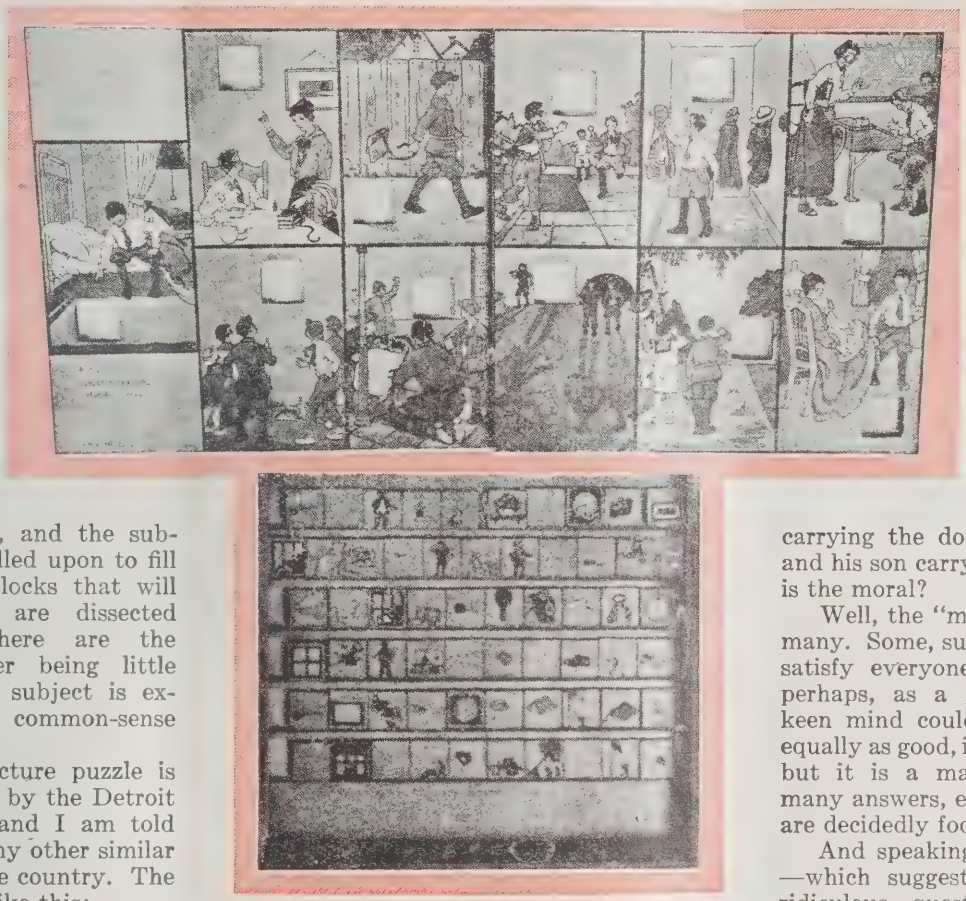
The dissected picture puzzle is e of the tests used by the Detroit chopathic clinic and I am told t it is used in many other similar ics throughout the country. The t goes something like this:

The psychiatrist lays before the ject a large cardboard done in ors depicting the adventures of a ng schoolboy from the time his ther unceremoniously calls in the rning until he is seated in the ssroom. It is blocked out in separate nes much after the fashion of tures in the comic section of the nday newspapers, although this at- pted illustration is meant in no y as a reflection upon the test.

In the first section of a continuity ten pictures the boy is seen with one e on and looking for the other. here the mislaid shoe is supposed to a space about one inch square is ssing. In a box nearby are a number squares, among them being six t carry pictures of shoes. The idea to pick the shoe which matches the e the boy has already on. It goes hout saying that an Oxford would not match a high laced shoe, such as must be the mate in this particular picture—and furthermore a close study shows the shoe must be one that is decidedly worn to match.

In the next scene the boy is shown at the breakfast table with his mother admonishing him to hurry and pointing toward the wall where there is another vacant space. In this space should go a clock. There are several pictures of clocks which will fit this space but again it is apparent and reasonable to suppose that one showing the hour as 10:30 a. m. and another 3:00 p. m. would not do. The one of 8:30 a. m. is correct.

And so it goes, with the boy losing



The Healy Pictorial Completion Test No. 2, used upon subjects coming before the criminal courts. It depicts a boy's experience from the time he arises in the morning until he arrives at school. The vacant spaces are to be filled in from the blocks contained in the case.

and chasing his cap—and it must be a blue cap for that is the color of the one he wore when he left home. The last shows the teacher beside her desk with skirts held slightly aloft, her features wearing a somewhat terrified expression, and looking down at a vacant space. I put a square with a picture of a mouse in the missing space—and ran my IQ down thereby. My examiner said what should have been there was a spilled inkwell. It seemed, however, to be expecting too much for her features to mirror such terror over a spilled inkwell—especially after the accident had occurred.

In reciting the incidents of the aforementioned test it must not be concluded that it is the primary one used in ascertaining one's mental age. There is no primary test, all go to make up the general observation. One is subservient to the other.

In going through Detroit's psychopathic clinic—and it is much the same in others, I am told—one runs across, in the records of cases, such expressions as "He responds to the Fable test" or "He does not respond to the Fable test." For example, here is one of the Fables used by some psychiatrists:

A man and his son are traveling a highway, leading a donkey. A passer-by says: "Why doesn't that cruel father put his boy on the donkey's back?" The father heeds the advice. Farther on a passer-by says: "Look at that boy riding and letting his father walk." The father changes places with the son. Again a passer-by says: "Why doesn't that inhuman father take his son up beside him?" This the father does. Again a passer-by says: "Just look. Two people on that donkey's back. They ought to be carrying the donkey." The father and his son carry the donkey. What is the moral?

Well, the "morals" advanced are many. Some, such as: "You cannot satisfy everyone" could be taken, perhaps, as a good response. A keen mind could undoubtedly give equally as good, if not better, answers but it is a matter of record that many answers, even to the layman, are decidedly foolish.

And speaking of foolish answers —which suggests to some equally ridiculous questions—there comes to mind a soldier in one of the Southern cantonments during the war. The army was in the midst of its psychopathic tests which were being made in an effort to place the soldier in the position to which he was best fitted—anyway that was the idea.

One of the "boys" bounded out of the mess hall, after having been given the test. On his face he wore a smile of none too mild derision.

"Say," he exploded, "what do you think? That guy in there giving them tests asked me, quick like: 'Is the moon made of green cheese?' "

"What did you tell him?" we asked anxiously, for we were yet to be examined.

" 'Tell him?' " he seemed as if he were going to burst—" 'Tell him?' Say, what can you tell a guy that asks a nut question like that? I told him nuthin'. "

I told the psychiatrist of the Detroit's psychopathic clinic of this incident. He only smiled blandly and said: "Not so bad. Just study the proposition and you will see its possible merit. The officer giving that test was watching most alertly for the reaction his question would produce in that soldier." Well, the reaction asserted itself.

Now, perhaps, enough has been said of the tests to give some inkling as to what they comprise. Volumes have been written on this science of testing mental intelligence as it has to do with courts, prisons and other social institutions of the country, and every up-to-date library has these books.

But what of the "IQ," the Intelligence Quotient, and how is it reached? Binet's scale set forth that if a child could pass the eight-year-old performance he had a mental age of eight. If the child were actually eight years old he had a normal intelligence and his "IQ" (you divide the mental age by the chronological age, the decimal point being omitted) is 100.

Furthermore, if the child is only six years old but has a mind of a child of eight, he is unusually bright and has an "IQ" of 133. If the child is ten years old and only has the mind of a child of eight, his "IQ" is 80. And here may be the proper place to answer the question: "How is the mental age of eight, or ten, or twelve, or whatever it may be, arrived at?" The answer, as given by the psychologists, is that actual trials made upon thousands of children have standardized the tests in such a manner that a child of a given age can barely pass the tests of that age.

Who standardized these tests? Binet started it in France, the Stanford Revision rather simplified it in this country. The expression "simplify," however, must not be taken to mean that it has become such a simple proposition that one not thoroughly trained in its use may employ it. The layman must admit, because of the ever-advancing strides psychopathic analysis of men's minds is making in connection with social institutions, that it is a science, no matter what effect it may have upon man's relationship with man in the future, and that persons trained and equipped for its application will alone be those into whose hands it may be trusted.

The denunciation by Detroit's Police Commissioner of mental tests for his officers brought Detroit's psychopathic clinic into more limelight than it has ever found before. Employing the "IQ" in connection with the chronological age of the policemen observed in the clinic it is found that thirty-one—the largest of any given number—have but the mental ages of thirteen years. Of this the psychiatrist says that citizens who trust in police protection should not become unduly alarmed, because, he adds: "The average mental age of the man on the streets is but 13 years."

When the tests were made the majority of the officers were in the police school. They ranged in years from 21 to 36. Sixty, or 40 per cent, were from 21 to 24 years of age; 56, or 37.3 per cent, from 25 to 29; 30, or 20 per cent, from 30 to 34; and 4, or 2.7 per cent, from 35 to 36. Seventy were single, seventy-three married and seven either separated, widowed or divorced.

Sixty-seven came from Michigan, an equal number from other states and sixteen from other countries. Six of the latter came from Great Britain. Eighty-four were of parents born in this country, 50 were born in the United States of foreign-born parents, the remaining 16 being born in foreign lands.

"Why do you want to join the police force?"—was the first question put to each and the answers were, in substance, usually the same. It was attractive because it was outside work, there was a lack of monotony, the chances of advancement were good—and the pension. At this point reference to the table setting forth the mental ages of the applicants by school grades they attained is of interest for it may give some idea of the worth of our school system.

"Playing with the blocks" in Detroit's psychopathic clinic. The examiner taps the blocks on the table in irregular order, and the subject is expected to follow in the same order. This is to determine mental observation.

		Mental age in years									
School grade	Total	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Third	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	....
Fourth	1	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	....
Fifth	5	1	1	2	....	1	....	....	....	....	....
Sixth	15	5	1	....	4	3	2	....	....	....	....
Seventh	16	1	2	1	5	2	3	2	....	....	....
Eighth	57	....	4	6	11	17	9	6	1	2	1
Ninth	9	....	....	....	1	1	2	2	1	2	....
Tenth	14	....	....	....	1	5	1	2	3	....	2
Eleventh	3	....	....	....	1	....	1	....	....	....	1
Twelfth	6	....	....	....	1	....	3	1	....	1	....
Beyond the 12th	4	....	....	....	1	....	1	....	1	1	....
Other systems	12	1	2	3	1	2	1	2	....	....	....
Total	143	8	10	12	26	31	24	16	6	6	4

Sixty-one of the 150 applicants came from the farms. Most of them had come to the city and worked for a time in factories, as street-car conductors or motormen, firemen, milk wagon drivers, electricians or in clerical positions. Then followed an auto-repair man, a boarding-house operator, an expressman, a jitney driver, an oil station operator, a tailor, a pool room operator, and so on.

The probationary period for officers is usually six months, the first month consisting of a school period of eight hours a day. There is gymnasium work and classroom study in laws, ordinances, rules and regulations. The police department rating is as follows:

John Doe Patrolman Badge No.— Reserve Division

Name Rank Badge No. Kind of Duty Precinct

(Mark on scale of 10: excellent—10; good—8; fair, good—6; poor—4; very poor—2.)

I. Appearance:	1. Physical condition	(10)
	2. Neatness and bearing	(10)
II. Intelligence:	3. Intelligence	(10)
III. Discipline:	4. Discipline	(10)
	5. Attitude toward duty	(10)
IV. Efficiency:	6. General ability	(10)
	7. Exercise of authority	(10)
	8. Preservation of order	(10)
	9. Handling arrests	(10)
	10. Getting and presenting evidence in court	(10)
	(Maximum 100)	

Would you give this man an important independent assignment, where he would have to rely on his own judgment in unusual circumstances? (Answer "yes" or "no") *Yes*

Have you given him any such assignment? (Answer "yes" or "no." If "yes," explain on back) *No*

Has this man done any unusual work which you believe should be placed on his record, either good or bad? (Answer "yes" or "no." If "yes, bad" or "yes, good," explain on back) *No*

Signed by: Richard Roe
Rank: Lieut.

The assistant psychiatrist obtained the police department ratings of 108 applicants as made by the officers who prepared them. Compared with these ratings the Stanford mental test showed:

		Mental ages in years									
Officer's rating	Total	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
50–59	2	1	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
60–69	20	2	1	1	3	5	7	....	1	....	....
70–79	33	3	1	4	5	9	5	4	2	....	....
80–89	45	1	2	4	8	7	9	8	....	3	3
90–100	8	....	....	1	1	2	....	2	2	....	....
No report	35	1	5	2	9	8	3	2	1	3	1
Total	143	8	10	12	26	31	24	16	6	6	4

Considering the officers' recommendations as to the advisability of placing these men in positions where they would be called upon to handle important assignments, the assistant psychiatrist's following table sets forth:

Recommendation for important independent assignment		*Mental age in years*									
	Total	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Yes	50	3	2	3	7	12	11	9	....	1	2
No	33	4	2	3	6	6	8	2	....	1	1
Not answered	60	1	6	6	13	13	5	5	6	4	1

At the time of the above table, twenty-four of these applicants were off the force. Four were dismissed for drunkenness, fighting with citizens or insubordination. Five resigned on advice of the department surgeon, one failed to report, four resigned with charges pending. The others resigned for different reasons.

In analyzing the results of the psychopathic test with the police department ratings, the psychiatrist was forced to admit there was little agreement between the two, but held that ten years hence a more reliable comparison might be made.

Who Started the Riots in China?

Was It the "Awakened Giant"?

By JAMES H. LEWIS

Natives jeering foreigners in the city of Shanghai.

THERE have been riots in Shanghai, Canton, Foochow, Kinkiang, Chungking, and probably in other cities.

Look at the map of China. Mark these places. They cover the north, the south, the east, the west and the central part of China. The present Chinese unrest is not just a little skin rash, to be cured by a little salve.

What are the facts about the Shanghai shooting? Let me state them rather abruptly:

There had been a strike for three or four weeks by the Chinese workmen against working conditions and wages in a Japanese cotton mill. About three hundred Chinese students marched down the main street of Shanghai in a demonstration in support of the strikers. They carried handbills which were directed chiefly against the Japanese. The students were ordered by the police to disperse. Refusing to do so sixty of them were arrested and taken to the police station. Some of these were held for trial but the rest released. They declared they would remain there. While the altercation was going on other students gathered in protest against the arrest and detention of such students as were held. Then it was that the police inspector ordered the shooting. Seven were killed, ten severely wounded and more arrests were made, including two girls.

The police who did the shooting were Sikhs from India, under the command of British Police officers. The students were unarmed. No Chinese is allowed to carry arms in the International Settlement of Shanghai. It is probably true that there were guns in the police station, but it is not likely true that these guns were sought by the students. If they had wanted guns they could have secured all they desired from Chinese sources, who supply contending armies near Shanghai, or from the Chinese arsenal a few miles away from Shanghai. The other demonstrations throughout China have been sequels to the one in Shanghai—meetings of protest, indignation meetings, et cetera.

Guards at the edge of the foreign settlement of Shanghai, in an effort to prevent further attacks on the British, Americans and others.

Whatever the subsequent details of all these demonstrations may reveal, two outstanding facts of real importance show themselves with extraordinary clarity. First, the fear, awe and prestige of the foreigner—because he is a foreigner—is past in China. Second, China's national consciousness is a new factor with which the world must reckon in the Far East.

China opened her first treaty ports with the signing of the Treaty of Nanking in 1842. This treaty closed the opium war, in which China was defeated and forced to accept importations of Indian opium. Both Lloyd George and Mr. Chamberlain have been greatly exercised lest the agitation in China become definitely anti-British instead of anti-foreign. Unfortunately for them, there is some basis for their fears. The Chinese have never liked the fact that the British had an alliance with Japan—China's closest rival—for a good many years.

Foreign prestige in China was founded upon the demonstrated superior knowledge of things which the foreigner possessed. The Chinese surmised that this knowledge extended to include superior knowledge of themselves. The Chinese had also built up a rather strong hope in the morality of the western nations, which was predicated very largely upon the fact that the United States returned to China for educational purposes, half of the indemnity exacted from the Boxer uprising.

The World War, however, and its aftermath in Versailles—and also in Washington—dissipated most of this prestige. More than a quarter of a million Chinese saw the "Christian nations" shooting each other in a war to end war, and at its close, a peace treaty likely to stimulate additional wars. The Chinese delegates to the Versailles Conference met for prayer every morning. *Many of the deliberations of that Conference did not indicate a similar attitude of reverence upon the part of the representatives of the nations which the Chinese had been taught were "Christian."*

The Washington Conference gave very little more hope to the Chinese, and the net result was one of disappointment in their treatment by the foreign powers. It seemed to the progressive Chinese that it would be necessary for them to work out their own salvation single-handed.

The Chinese situation has been very greatly complicated by a system of military governors—one for each province—a system which Yuan Shi Kai instituted when he was in control of the government, some ten years ago. He placed these military governors in command of each province to bind them to himself. When Yuan Shi Kai died, practically every one of the military governors felt that he was the proper person to take Yuan's place. The net result has been civil war and political chaos.

Again, factories have come into China during the last five or six years with extraordinary rapidity. Also thousands of Chinese students who studied in Japan, America and Europe have returned to China, determined to weld the nation together into a unit and to do away with illiteracy and to begin the construction of a really new nation.

With all these diverse elements at work inside the nation, it is no wonder there has been confusion outside of China about Chinese affairs. One must continually remember that China has a population equal in size to the combined populations of all North and South America and Western Europe. It is not surprising that such a mass of people moves slowly. It is also not surprising that when this mass does move, it is well-nigh irresistible. The currents flowing among the Chinese people during the past quarter of a century are just now beginning to show on the surface. A spirit of nationalism is really beginning to take hold on the imagination of her people.

(Continued on page 28)

Romantic Rascals

Doctor Thomas Dover 1660-1742

(Eighth of Series)

By CHARLES J. FINGER

WOOD BLOCKS CUT BY PAUL HONORE

(Copyright, 1925, by Charles J. Finger)

HARDLY a ship sailed out of Bristol without being watched by Doctor Thomas Dover. Transported, he would stand on a breezy hilltop, forgetting his strangely unadventurous life in following a white sail until it dropped below the horizon. Or, seeing an incoming craft, he would have eyes for nothing else until it dropped anchor, then he would be down at the White Hart Inn before the sailors were ashore, ready and eager to mingle with them, and drink with them, and listen to their stories. Nor was he a mere listener, for he, too, had tales to tell, tales read when he was a student at Caius College, Cambridge. Rich and wonderful tales they were and he told them with spirit and intelligence, tales of the doings of buccaneers and lusty knaves who sailed the seas to return with pockets stuffed with pieces of eight, of fellows who had captured heathen ships and ransacked and pillaged in the South Seas, who had taken towns with fireballs and the naked sword, who had put to rout Indian bravos and terrified covetous Spaniards, who knew rivers on the banks of which monstrous poisonous adders guarded gold dust.

One day, most strangely and unexpectedly, the Doctor was dragged from his orbit. It was a sailor, a very sick man at the King's Head, who influenced him. The poor fellow's leg had been amputated by some ship's cook at sea, with a knife and a common saw, and Doctor Dover found him talking like one demented, not of his wound or his sufferings, but about some voyage that he would miss. He seemed to be driven to the verge of his reason because of his disappointment, and things evidently centered about some island. At first the physician thought that he was talking in his madness, but soon abandoned that notion. The sick man was too quiet, too lucid, too concerned in holding himself well in hand.

"Goin' on four years he must ha' been there on that island," said the sailor. "We left him in 1704, I think it was, an' I gave my word I'd fetch him. Now there's this leg an' you don't know how hard it is lying in bed, for I'll never sail again." For awhile he stared up at the ceiling. When he spoke again it was all about his shipmates, and the listening physician had to piece things together. It seemed that a Captain Woodes Rogers would soon sail from Cork for the South Seas, and they would pass Juan Fernandez where the castaway was. Then there was much about a Captain Dampier, "as fine a captain as ever sailed a ship" who had pushed his ship, the *Roebuck*, into strange waters until she almost wore herself to pieces. Dampier, it seemed, knew the man on the island, whose name was Alexander Selkirk. The sick man flew off at a tangent then, with much about a Lionel Wafer, "a man of gallipots and medicines," who sailed as a buccaneer, and his tales grew more and more wearisome because of his drowsiness. But the physician sat listening, silent and motionless, while a strange resolve grew in him. It took shape presently. For forty-eight years he had followed the road set him by Fate and nothing but the seriousness of middle age faced him. If ever he was to see things, to sail the beating seas and gain experience, now was the time. And, if Fate was kind, he might find that lonely man on the far island. To do that seemed a splendid hope.

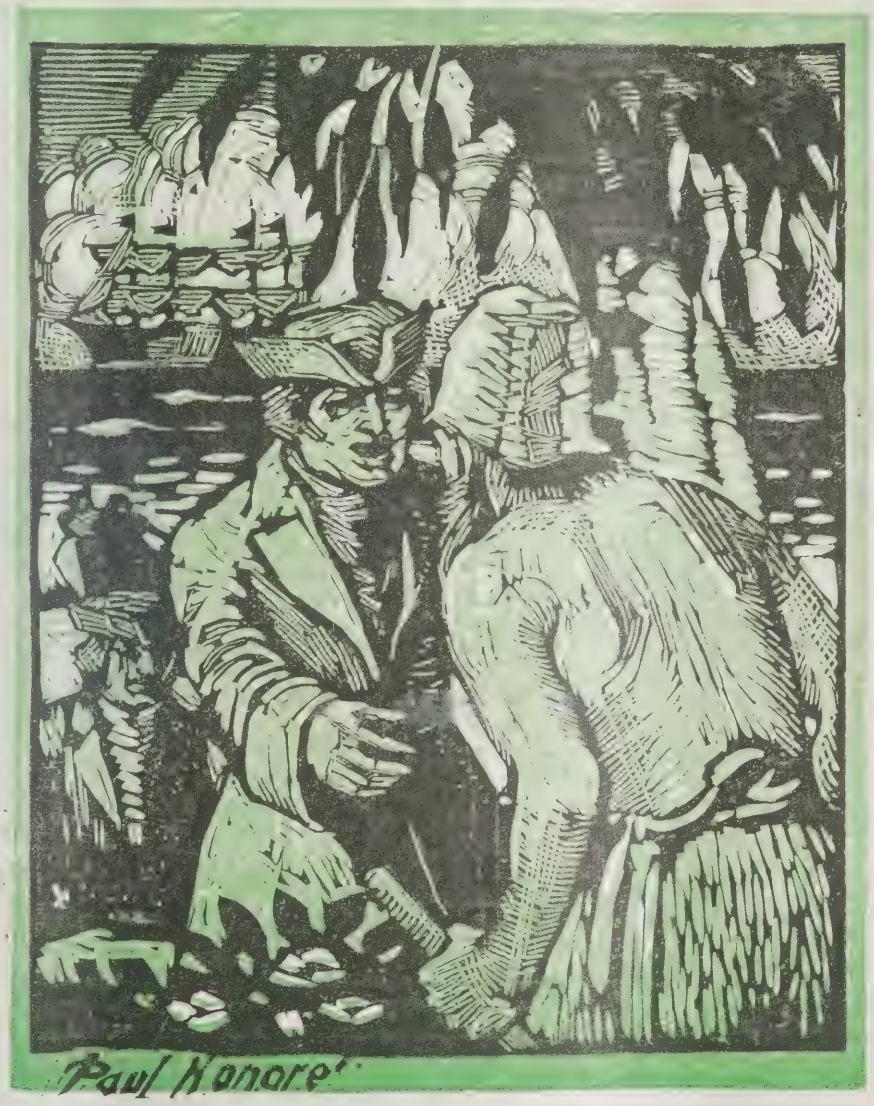
Fired with his new ambition, Doctor Thomas Dover underwent a transformation. New and wonderful things occupied him and for the following three weeks he was busy with Bristol merchants, an enthusiastic man persuading, promising, pleading. There was a kind of pathos in the physician's anxious perseverance. But he made great headway when he met one Edward Cooke, a ship's captain, and enlisted his services. Between them they painted vivid pictures of vast wealth to be had almost for the picking up in the South Seas, told of riches and things so magnificent, and spoke of the certainty with which investments would be returned twentyfold in such convincing a manner that the Bristol merchants found a ship which they called the *Duchess*, provisioned and manned it, and put Edward Cooke in command with Doctor Thomas Dover as his second, the physician having invested his all in the venture. So when Captain Woodes Rogers sailed at last out of Cork harbor, his ship being the *Duke*, the *Duchess* followed in its wake. As for the crews, there is matter for wonderment in the words of Captain Rogers as we find them in his book written long afterward, and called "A Cruising Voyage Round the World." He says: ". . . a third were foreigners, many were taylors, tinkers, peddlars, fiddlers and hay-makers, with ten boys and a negro." Much of that odd mixture was due to the activity of Doctor Dover who made up in enthusiasm what he lacked in sea-knowledge, and being determined to keep melancholy at arm's length and conceiving the whole adventure to be somewhat in the nature of a high-hearted game, had inclined himself toward interesting characters and those with musical tastes. Indeed, one of the men he had enlisted was a loafer about inns who played the hautboy, a trifling fellow who had never done a day's work in his life. However, drilling was part of Captain Rogers' life work, and what with sharp words, a hard fist, and the rope's end, much could be accomplished. So, by the time the ships touched Brazil, the tatterdemalion crews had been battered and bumped into a measure of discipline and seamanship.

The place they touched was Angra de Reyes, where, because of a recent unpleasant visit from French pirates, the Governor Raphael de Silva Lagos was blunt and fierce, emphasizing his

distaste for visitors by firing a gun at the *Duchess*. In spite of the hint, Doctor Dover, very determined to find points of contact, went ashore, took a light-hearted view of the discouraging greeting, and, in his halting Portuguese, made the Governor understand that he held piracy to be a very detestable business and persuaded him that their hopes and aims were higher than those of ordinary buccaneers. So the whole threatening affair turned into a time of untroubled happiness and presently the musicians came in handy. "We waited on the Governour," says Captain Rogers' record, "in a body, being ten of us with two trumpets and a hautboy, which he desir'd might play us to church, where our music did the office of an organ, but separate from the singing which was by the fathers very well perform'd. Our musick played 'Hey, boys, up go we!' and all manner of noisy paltry tunes. And after church service our musickers, who were by that time more than half drunk, march'd at the head of the company; next to them an old father and two fryars carrying lamps of incense, then an image dress'd with flowers and wax candles, then about forty priests, fryars, etc., followed by the Governour . . . with each of us a long wax candle. The ceremony lasted about two hours, after which we were splendidly entertained by the fathers of the Convent, and then by the Governour." On the day following, the ship's people entertained the landsmen with a Gargantuan feast, with everyone extremely polite and helpful, and at the end, the ships were well laden with "strange fruits and a new kind of fish, so that all were glad and grateful to be there."

Their rounding of Cape Horn was one of the experiences that stood out in Doctor Dover's recollection. There were days when the ship was a speck in a furious gray immensity, when there was black darkness at noon, and when pursuing watery green monsters, white-crested and hungry, swept men from the decks as if they had been wisps of straw.

Soon after came Juan Fernandez, to visit which the Doctor had to assert himself, for men and officers were all for sailing past the island, holding that the man must have died long since. But the persistent Master Dover prevailed. He was full of a suppressed excitement that increased as they neared the island. When the ships stood in toward it he was at the masthead, straining his eyes and ears, and before anchor was dropped he was in a skiff with four men and under way. While he fully expected to see some such sight as he saw, yet he was curiously affected when he stepped out of the boat to greet the man who had been on that lonely place all those years, a tanned and bearded figure he was, too full for words, too dazed to answer questions, and almost resentful in his manner toward those who wanted to be tender and sympathetic. And there was a strange flash of pride in Alexander Selkirk, the marooned man, when he led the sailors about his island showing them the things that he had done and made, his two houses, his growing things, his goats and his boat. Nor did he leave, when the ships sailed, without colliding emotions and a certain dissatisfaction. All that business of living at first hand, of winning wild Nature, of caring for the creatures he had tamed, all that direct contact with things meant far more to him than his new shipmates could understand. Even Selkirk himself did not thoroughly realize the wholesomeness of those five years until his island was in the wake of the ship.



He was curiously affected when he stepped out of the boat to greet the man who had been on that lonely place all those years.

North of Juan Fernandez the *Duchess* fell in with a Spanish ship. At the time Captain Cooke was in his cabin, too weak and sick to move, for the doctor had been bleeding him for his fever and the operation was no trivial one. A hundred ounces of blood was the physician's measure. But the captain's misfortune was the doctor's opportunity, and, when the prize was sighted, the Bristol man was like a tiger in his eagerness. He was capable, vigilant and daring as a commander should be. He clapped on all sail in chase, set the men to work clearing decks for action and getting up powder kegs and shot, cleaning and oiling guns, preparing for boarding and what not, while he himself was everywhere, an active figure in a bright blue coat and scarlet sash, his long black hair flying about his shoulders, a sword and pistol in his belt.

The *Duchess* easily overhauled the Spaniard, came so close that her decks crowded with men could be seen, and her name, *El Soltero*, read; then at the doctor's word a thundering volley was fired. One moment the Spaniard's mast leaned oddly as if in astonishment, slued a little to hang queerly poised, then went over the side in a tangle, and the ship broached to. *El Soltero* had no fight in her, and, as the doctor said, it was like a pugilist thrashing a child. Across the water came yells, and shouts, and oaths, then the flag fell without the firing of a gun. It was the supreme moment of the doctor's life when the *Duke* came up and the physician became captain of *El Soltero*, renamed the *Bachelor*.

With his first taste of victory, Captain Dover seemed to drink in ambition with the air he breathed. No hardened Barbary pirate was more filled with the lust of battle, and for a time he was devoted to destruction. Lightly armed (*Concluded on page 30*)

The Film Attack on Our Sunday

Church Officers Who Are Bought Off by Interest in Movie Stock

By WAYNE WOMER

FOR this concluding article we give a close-up of the Sunday situation in a single state, Michigan being chosen because it is the state at present most familiar to the writer.

Certain factors in the history of Michigan have largely determined the manner of its Sunday observance. First, the early settlement was primarily French, and the French viewpoint of Sabbath observance followed naturally.

Second, Michigan was the headquarters for many years of the Seventh Day Adventists, who observe Saturday as their Sabbath.

Third, Michigan's rapid rise as a manufacturing state has brought within her borders scores of thousands of aliens, speaking other tongues, and living by European standards of life.

Detroit is America's fourth largest city. If there is a more wide-open city on Sunday in America, we do not know of it. Sunday is its big day for commercialized baseball, especially in playing off tie *games that cannot be played on Sunday in Philadelphia and Boston.* It is practically the same with all other commercialized sports and amusements. There does not seem to be any stopping point.

In the legitimate theater, actors and actresses are forced by public demand to violate the rules of their association by showing in Detroit theaters on Sunday. The motion pictures have long since lost all sense of Sunday by openly taking advantage of the law. Three times as many persons attend the movies on Sunday as on any other day.

Upon the stage of the movies in Detroit there have stood men and women upon whose pictures the moral judgment of the American people had placed a ban. One theater interest exhibited prize-fight pictures both on Sunday and weekdays which were brought into the state in violation of the Federal Interstate Commerce Act. The man who brought the pictures into the state was only fined $500 in the Federal Court, a nominal sum. The pictures were then exhibited over the state. The fine could have been $1,000, a year's imprisonment at hard labor, or both.

Some Glimpses of Sunday in Detroit

Dance halls are run wide open and filled to suffocation. Sunday is a big day for the real estate man and all other kinds of salesmen. Hundreds of stores are open on Sunday, and some of the largest compel their employes, at certain seasons, to deliver on Sunday. Some factories continually ask their men to work on Sunday. The noise of the house-wrecker is heard in the land, while the black smoke from the funnel of the engine of the steam shovel darkens the sky. Road builders are busy upon the highways. Convicts have been compelled to work on Sunday and we have been informed that our Governor said that he considered it as necessary to build the highways of Michigan upon Sunday as to operate a hospital.

This is the Sunday in Detroit. What is done in Detroit is done on a smaller scale in a large part of the State of Michigan. The motion pictures are operated in almost all of the small towns of the state, although communities like Holland, Bad Axe, and Yale, with a few other places in the state, have not yielded.

Lure of Dancing and of Movie Shows

It is interesting to know how people view these things. In two municipalities, a vote was taken upon Sunday baseball and Sunday movies. One voted in favor of baseball and against the movies; the other voted in favor of the movies, and against baseball.

Michigan is well dotted with dancing resorts, along lakeshores, crossroads, and wooded resorts, where people congregate and dance all day Sunday and all Sunday night. In one of the pavilions about four hundred couples had gathered. The manager declared: "If I had a daughter she wouldn't be here." The reason was self-evident.

Sixteen of Michigan's sheriffs have placed a ban upon Sunday dancing. One of these sheriffs writes: "They are the worst thing we have to contend with, because every tough in the county goes." A conference was held with a group of young people of a small town, high school girls, and others of the high school age, who said that they frequently went to a certain city on Sunday afternoon and danced all afternoon and all night, returning home in time for school and business on Monday morning.

A survey was made in the vicinity of one of these resorts, and within a radius of fifteen miles the church had been denuded of its young people. The Amusement Association is busy planning other resorts throughout the state; one member said recently: "You people do not half appreciate the vacation value of your state, with its pretty inland lakes, and your great peninsula three-fourths surrounded by water—the greatest chain of fresh-water lakes in the world."

This leads us to ask the question, "Is the Christian Sunday being betrayed into the hands of its enemies at so much a share?"

In one Michigan town the commercialized group sold 48 per cent of its stock to the merchants. One by one the churches closed, until finally the three churches of the community had all closed their doors. Eventually the merchants got together and selected the best church and it was opened as a community church with the proviso that all services end at noon on Sunday. The pastor resigned, saying: "You openly espoused the open Sunday for the money that returns to you. I can see now why you called me to be your pastor, not because you wanted the gospel preached, nor your children taught the principles of Christianity, but because it would give your town an air of respectability if it had a church."

Another pastor was anxious to close the Sunday motion pictures, but it was found that the citizens and churchmen who paid his salary owned the motion picture stock.

In still another place the church was closed on Sunday night because officials of the church owned stock in the motion pictures of the town.

In another community the pastor said that 75 per cent of the young people had left the church since the motion pictures had opened on Sunday. At least six of the officials of this church were stock owners in the motion pictures.

But this is not limited to Michigan alone. Reports from other states show that similar methods are being used there. The Amusement Group and the Motion Picture Trust are attempting to do in America what the brewers of Great Britain did years ago, when they sold their brewery stock to the bishops and clergy of the established church, thus buying off church criticism of "the trade."

One Method of Muzzling the Church

The alien enemies of the Christian Sunday sell stock to churchmen and thus suppress any protests against the destruction of this social blessing.

There are several causes which stand out prominently and which with few exceptions are applicable to the world Sunday situation.

When the population of the world was rural, people lived in the open. Today, with a larger urban population, the desire to get out into the open, away from the congestion and noise of the city life, is strong. Sunday is a day free from labor for the vast majority. Therefore, it is used as a day to be spent in the open.

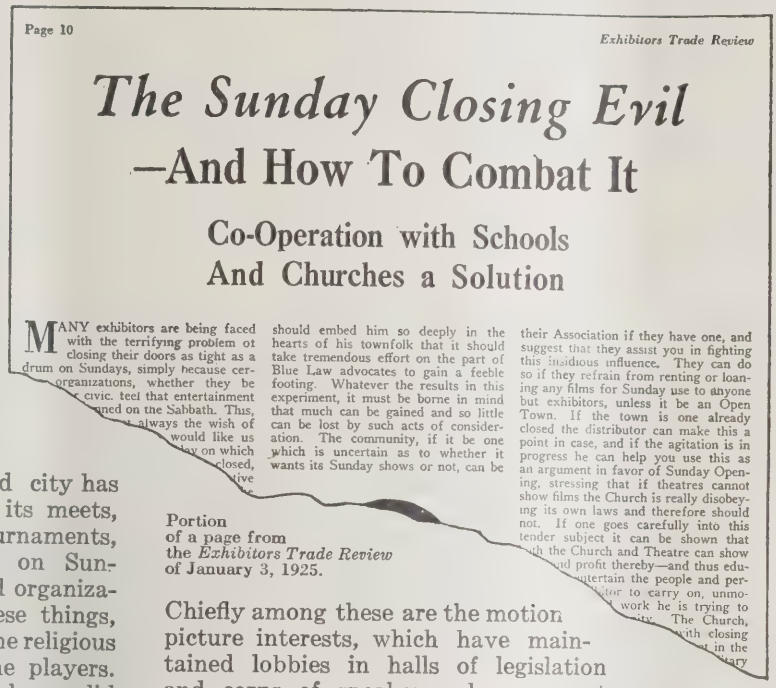
Modern transportation has aided man in his desire. Our fathers traveled very slowly, and their accessible world was small. As a lad I journeyed from my grandfather's to my home in two short runs by rail and the balance by stagecoach, which required from 8 o'clock in the morning till 9 o'clock at night. Last summer I made the same journey in two hours by auto. With 17,000,000 cars in the United States, people are free to go far and wide, while special sight-seeing busses are running in all parts of the civilized world. The radio and the silver screen, as well as good roads, have all contributed their proportion. And our moral and educational tasks have not kept pace with our inventive skill.

Outdoor sports and games are comparatively recent—baseball, football, tennis, and golf. To a man of fifty years of age these things were new or not known in his boyhood days, while today every village and town and city has its schedule, its program, its meets, its teams, its tennis and tournaments, many of which are held on Sunday. Church teams, clubs and organizations are taking part in these things, but that is about as far as the religious idea ever reaches some of the players. On one church team the star players did not know the name of the pastor of the church.

The character of modern preaching and religious teaching upon the subject of the Christian Sunday: This accounts for much of the loss of the religious content of the day. Someone said recently that our forefathers called it the *Holy Sabbath;* our fathers called it *Sunday;* we call it the *week-end.* Much of the teaching regarding the day gives one the feeling of having stayed too long at a pink tea. Among religious leaders and many pastors, the subject seems to be taboo, "soft-pedaled" is the word. Few, if any, sermons are preached upon the subject. If it is right for men to work seven days a week, if a commercialized Sunday is consistent with the principles of Christianity, very well; but if not, why the indifference?

In the United States there are approximately 46,000,000 aliens or children of foreign-born parentage. When the alien came to our shores, he brought his Old World ideals with him. We speak of the alien as one who is with us, but not of us; and one who seeks to get and not to give; as one who would pull down rather than build up; it is this class who, when laws were not convenient to keep, show little or no hesitancy in breaking them. And after they become more accustomed to conditions, they elect men into office who give them what they want; hence the wholesale attack to amend or repeal the Sunday laws of the country.

Sunday in the United States would not have fallen to its present low estate, had there not been for years a well-defined, highly financed, organized propaganda to amend or repeal all present Sunday laws so that certain commercialized interests could continue their traffic seven days a week.



Page 10 *Exhibitors Trade Review*

The Sunday Closing Evil —And How To Combat It

Co-Operation with Schools And Churches a Solution

MANY exhibitors are being faced with the terrifying problem of closing their doors as tight as a drum on Sundays, simply because cer- organizations, whether they be civic, feel that entertainment ned on the Sabbath. Thus, always the wish of would like us day on which closed, ive

should embed him so deeply in the hearts of his townfolk that it should take tremendous effort on the part of Blue Law advocates to gain a feeble footing. Whatever the results in this experiment, it must be borne in mind that much can be gained and so little can be lost by such acts of consideration. The community, if it be one which is uncertain as to whether it wants its Sunday shows or not, can be

their Association if they have one, and suggest that they assist you in fighting this insidious influence. They can do so if they refrain from renting or loaning any films for Sunday use to anyone but exhibitors, unless it be an Open Town. If the town is one already closed the distributor can make this a point in case, and if the agitation is in progress he can help you use this as an argument in favor of Sunday Opening, stressing that if theatres cannot show films the Church is really disobeying its own laws and therefore should not. If one goes carefully into this tender subject it can be shown that ith the Church and Theatre can show id profit thereby—and thus edu- ertain the people and per- ior to carry on, unmo- work he is trying to The Church, with closing in the tary

Portion of a page from the *Exhibitors Trade Review* of January 3, 1925.

Chiefly among these are the motion picture interests, which have maintained lobbies in halls of legislation and corps of speakers who are sent from state to state during the legislative season. Motion picture interests boast that they are the third largest industry in the United States. They have led, as a rule, the fight against Sunday, and when they have not been able to procure legal sanction for their Sunday business, they have not hesitated to violate the Sunday law as in Michigan, Ohio, and other states of the Union. It has been found that similar methods that have been used in America to pry the Sunday lid off are being used in other countries today.

The international sporting clubs, which hold the monopoly on prize fights in seventeen of our states, have been active in breaking down Sunday laws; the Michigan Religious Liberty Association, officered by Seventh Day Adventists, and which I have publicly charged is financed largely by the Amusement Group, principally Jews; the Exhibitors' League, which opposes all political candidates who were not in favor of anti-Sunday laws; the Anti-Sunday League of California, which sent questionnaires to the candidates for President in the last presidential campaign—these are among the chief opponents of the American Sunday.

Here is an example of their activity. Recently an auditor in examining the books of a motion picture house came across an item of $500 as having been contributed to an anti-Sunday society.

A careful survey of the whole country shows that about sixty-five million of our population are living under the influence of an open Sunday in America today. In New York last year four motion picture shows had as many people present on Sunday as 573 Protestant churches of the six leading denominations had that day.

Some investigations were made in Michigan, which show that one denomination lost 9,878 Sunday school scholars in average attendance in 1923 and 1924. During the same period Ohio made no church gain, yet her population increased 3 per cent. In a Michigan town, the attendance at the motion picture and vaudeville houses was 2,250, while the total attendance at the Protestant churches amounted to 200.

Another community with 892 scholars enrolled in the public school had an average attendance at the two Sunday schools of only 78. The Indiana survey by a group of scientists showed that 62.2 per cent of the population were receiving no religious education, Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant.

Effects upon crime, especially juvenile crime: In *Columbia,* the official organ of the Knights of Columbus, under issue of January, 1925, Courtenay Savage, in an article, "Vice on a Rampage," says that a survey of the state institutions of the United States reveals the startling fact that the average age of the prisoners in state institutions is between nineteen and twenty years; and reminds us of the fact that no first offender is ever sent to a state institution, but always it is for a second or subsequent offense, which would lead us to believe that the beginning of crime for these prisoners must be between the ages of fifteen and seventeen.

Dr. Frank Moore, head of the Rahway Reformatory of New Jersey, recently talked to 417 boys of that institution, all criminals, and the amazing fact was disclosed that only four had ever been attendants at Sunday school.

Albert B. Hines asserts that 80 per cent of the crimes of the country are committed by men and boys who have had no religious training. Dr. William J. Cox, rector of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, of Philadelphia, found that in Chicago in five years, up to 1915, out of 55,000 persons under the age of sixteen who had passed through the hands of the police, about 46,000 of them had never heard of the Ten Commandments. In an eastern high school with 2,000 pupils, a test was given and they were told to write what they knew about the Ten Command-

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8,000 Lepers Under the Stars and Stripes

Panorama view of part of grounds of United States Marine Hospital Number Sixty-six, Carville, Louisiana, the only hospital for lepers in the United States.

New Methods and Fresh Discoveries Are Eradicating the World's Oldest Scourge

By W. M. DANNER

General Secretary, the American Mission to Lepers, Inc.

IT WILL surprise many people to know that there are at least eight thousand lepers under the Stars and Stripes. Probably not less than fifteen hundred of these are in the United States, but there are leper settlements in Panama and Porto Rico and Hawaii, and six thousand lepers in the Philippines. In addition to the 218 leper patients already residing in Hospital Sixty-six, the newly established leper colony at Carville, Louisiana, there are one hundred and fourteen known lepers in the United States (one or more in each of twenty-two states of the Union) waiting for transportation to this new haven for their care and treatment.

In numerous isolated cases, the leper people had been treated with inexcusable hysteria, with unsympathetic and even inhuman indifference to their needs. In only two states of the Union had there been anything like adequate provision made for the care of the lepers. These institutions, in Massachusetts and Louisiana, were constantly inadequate and insufficient. The maintenance of these places was conducted on a scale not at all liberal or commensurate with the needs of these sick people.

In the campaign led by the Mission to Lepers for Federal coöperation, many organizations—political, civic and religious—united, and the culmination was the bill introduced by by Senator Ransdell, of Louisiana, which led to an initial appropriation of $250,000 for the purchase of grounds and buildings.

Following this, a commission was appointed to find a location where the neighborhood would be friendly and sympathetic to the idea of locating the lepers as patients in the New Federal Hospital, bringing together people, suffering with leprosy, from thirty-two states where patients were known to reside.

The objections raised from many quarters when perfectly suitable sites were considered caused the commission great difficulty, and led to the final selection of the State Hospital for Lepers in Louisiana as the natural and logical headquarters for all the leper people in the United States—a well-located four-hundred acre tract of land with ample open space on three sides, on the east bank of the Mississippi River. One advantage of this site was the friendly attitude of the neighborhood. Here the State of Louisiana had maintained a leper colony as a state institution. The neighbors had grown accustomed to its presence and had voted sympathetic approval of the plan to assemble all the known lepers of the United States in their midst.

The new Community Church, recently dedicated at a cost of $51,800, is one of the most beautiful churches in North America. It comprises a commodious auditorium for the patients—a balcony for the staff and community rooms for small meetings.

Under the Stars and Stripes, this Federal Hospital Sixty-six is to be made an example that may and no doubt will be copied by many other nations.

Part of the new Tai-Kam Island leper colony.

The latest paroled patient at Hospital Sixty-six is a woman missionary, forty-three years of age. After giving eighteen years of her life to foreign mission service, in some unaccountable way she contracted leprosy. It was a sad message, given to her one day in New York, soon after coming home for her last furlough, when the doctor was compelled to diagnose her case as leprosy. When help of the American Mission to Lepers was enlisted, the only thing to advise was residence in Hospital Sixty-six. Her first question was not—"Will there be a private room, with bath, and ample servants to care for my needs?" but, without thinking of herself, she said at once, "Would I be able to be of any service to the other patients?" For two years she devoted herself to helping enrich and enliven the community life in this hospital. During this time she was careful to follow medical instructions—a good patient. She was recently released having lost all trace of leprosy.

Not only is sentiment growing in the United States toward favorable treatment of all leper people, but, in the territorial possessions, increasing interest is shown by local gifts and contributions of various sorts.

A remarkable demonstration in this line has been the response made to Governor Wood's request for gifts for the Philippine Leper settlement. Many tons of useful articles have been contributed in Manila and the effort to raise two hundred thousand pesos bids fair to succeed.

The Governor has also interested himself in finding a suitable quantity of the ethyl esters of Chaulmoogra oil as worked out in the Hawaii Leper Hospital. At one time he placed an order for three tons of the oil, and now four thousand patients are taking the treatment. Large numbers are making remarkable progress.

Not only is the Mission to Lepers interested in people in the United States afflicted with this malady, but its influences are at work all over the earth.

The Drama of the Japanese Stage

(*Concluded from page 6*)

cocks, and compelled them to fight each other for his entertainment. Then he called them dogs, and required them to bark. They performed these duties reluctantly and with adequate persuasion from the sword which he held over them. When they had done all this, they begged him to return their swords and robes, but he told them it would not be well to put them in position where they could abuse other men as they had abused him. His rage at their conduct and his mirth at their chagrin were contagious. Finally he set them down, each one with hands clasped under his knees, rocking back and forth like two crazy half-moons, and singing a song whose burden was:

"Gotting, gotting, ya, ya, ya!"

What it meant I do not know, but I hummed it in my ricksha, and the ricksha-men sang it. Evidently it was well known. While the two daimyos were busily singing this and rocking back and forth, the erstwhile "servant" gathered up the swords and robes and slipped out. When they dared look around, they were alone, and as nearly stripped as was proper for Japanese gentlemen on the stage to appear.

All these performances were called dances. They were not so from our classification. Play and dance would appear to be interchangeable terms among the Japanese.

At Nara also I saw the Kagura, or priestly dance of the Shinto sect. It was in the Wakamiya shrine, and the performers were the aged high priest and his wife and two daughters. More elaborate dances, that is, dances performed by more priestesses and more musicians, may be had by paying for them, but what I saw appeared to be typical. The aged woman played a stringed instrument and the priest intoned songs. The girls, their faces covered with thin silk masks pasted on, as I discovered by close inspection, and wearing the ancient court dress with divided skirts of red under thin kimonos, danced in slow, rhythmic movements, with moderate use of their fans and of little bells, five small sleigh-bells, or bells of some such character, on the end of a short stick. I was told by the guide that this performance was supposed to be pleasing to the Shinto god.

Of course, saw a geisha dance, and it was wholly proper, according to the most Puritanical standards. That was not the reason I selected that kind. I asked to see the kind that the people themselves enjoy, and this was the kind I saw. If it had been improper, according to my standard, I still would have seen it if it was true to the life of the Japanese people. But I do not go to see exhibitions just because they are improper, and I hate those that are made improper for the sake of showing tourists.

The geisha dance as I saw it was a series of performances, the whole occupying perhaps two hours, in which attractive and well-attired Japanese girls gave rhythmic movements with themes that were announced in English, descriptive of the Pine Tree, the Maple, the Harvest, and so on. There also was a burlesque Priests' dance, which showed no reverence for the Buddhist priests, a masked dance and others. I need not describe this at length, but it contained much of beauty and nothing objectionable. I presume there are different kinds of native dances given by the geisha girls, not all of this character. This happened to be the only one I saw.

Geisha girls of Japan in the "Pine Tree" dance.

The last dramatic exhibition I saw was in Osaka. I went to the marionette show in the Bunraku Theater, the very one in which, as I was informed, this kind of entertainment originated 800 years ago, and where it has been maintained ever since. Theodore Richards, of Honolulu, and I, accompanied by a Japanese minister and a Japanese editor, went in an automobile through unmentionable streets to a muddy passage four or five feet wide, and after many windings emerged into a flagged court, with homes and business houses opening from it in the center of the block. There was the main entrance to this ancient and highly reputed theater. It was no such plebeian place as I had attended in Yokohama. We had to put on slippers as if entering a temple. We had a box with plush furniture, and two fires were made for us four in the hibache bowls. We were served tea. No admission was collected as we entered, but after we were seated we were presented a bill for twelve yen, three yen each.

The orchestra consisted of the usual two performers, the player on the long-necked guitar, who uttered ejaculations as at Yokohama, and the reciter, or singer, who was a famous one, named Tosa Dayu. He put into his voice all possible expression from the tenderness of wooing to the inconsolable grief of unrequited love and the wrath that accompanies bloody battle. The play was the love affair of a man of high birth for a girl, beautiful and good, but of lower social rank, and it had a tragic ending which I did not remain to see.

The marionettes are about a yard high, and are manipulated in full sight of the audience. For the subordinate characters, one operator is enough for each doll, but the principal characters require three men to a doll, one to manipulate and support the body, and one for each side to operate hands and feet. All the operators are shrouded in black, and the art is in making the spectator forget these mechanicians and concentrate wholly on the dolls.

The entire Japanese drama, sacred as well as secular, I am told, has evolved from the marionette show, and there are performed the plays of Chikamatsu, greatest of Japanese dramatists. But I was told that here, as in Italy, the art of the marionette performer is giving way to the movie. There is a playhouse in Kyoto, presided over by Awaji Genoski, most famous of living manipulators of dolls, but I am told that it is not doing well, and my engagements in Kyoto did not permit me to see it. I am glad to have seen it where this form of art originated, and where it still is highly regarded.

May it be long before Doug Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin displace Chikamatsu in the city where this art has so long endured.

The Art of Skinning Coal Consumers

(*Continued from page 7*)

tell about the coal in the ground, and it knows something about annual production, but it cannot get any nearer than four years back to the amount of coal in storage.

This lack of information is not due to negligence. The Geological Survey has been trying valiantly for some years to get the figures. But there is only one place to get them—from the operators. The operators are represented in publicity matters by the Anthracite Bureau of Information, which can furnish statistics showing the number of automobiles and radios bought by miners, and lots of other interesting things. But when the government, or a writer, asks the Anthracite Bureau of Information for the number of tons in storage he is told that "nobody knows." He is told that it would be a fearful job to canvass all the mines.

Canvassing the mines is a simple matter for the government, but getting the facts out of the operators is something else. Official government reports show that while operators can tell how much coal they had on hand four years ago, they will not tell the United States Government the size of the present stocks. For proof of this the reader is referred to the official bulletins of the Survey, and specifically to the following extract:

"Unlike bituminous, large quantities of anthracite are stored at the mines or at intermediate points en route to consuming centers. The supplies at such storage yards were exhausted by the urgent demand for anthracite that followed the strike of 1922. Unfortunately it has been impossible for the government to obtain complete information on this important subject, and accurate totals cannot be given. The data available indicate that, during 1923, no domestic sizes were stored and reserves of steam sizes did not reach pre-strike level.

Mining More Coal to Put in Storage

"Beginning early in 1924 the producers began to stock small quantities of domestic sizes and by the end of the year the quantity held in storage appears to have reached or passed the level of 1921. The latest complete information available is that for November 1, 1921, which showed a total in producers' storage piles of 4,488,000 gross tons, of which 1,768,000 tons were domestic sizes including pea and 2,720,000 tons were steam sizes. *Additions have been made to storage during 1925 and it seems evident that the tonnage on June 1 was somewhat in excess of that on November 1, 1921.*"

The striking fact here is that in the face of an admitted falling off in demand due to high prices and the invasion of substitutes, the anthracite operators have been paying miners to take coal out of the earth only to put it in storage. Reference to the figures of weekly production will show—as in previous "strike" years—that this process is now being carried on as briskly as ever. And therefore the natural question arises—why, if people are not buying anthracite in the summer months, do the operators pay for putting it in storage?

Mr. Mattey furnished the answer to that question when he asserted that "panic buying" means a higher price to the operators. Mr. Searles confirmed it when he pointed out that even if the surplus held by the operators is only five million tons, an advance of one dollar a ton would mean considerable money. The truth is that when the artificial demand is stimulated by the strike scare to the proper point, wholesale prices invariably are shoved up. And history shows that when once they are put up because of an "emergency" they are maintained thereafter as standard prices. This has been the historic process in the hard coal business.

How Increased Shipments Affect Supplies

It may be of interest, therefore, to examine a little more closely into such figures as are available of surplus coal. The report quoted above also contained the following item:

"The lake movement of anthracite this season was early and comparatively heavy. The movement off the docks has not kept pace with the receipts, and as a result *the upper lake docks held one million net tons on June 1. This was about double the stocks on March 1, 1924, and June 1, 1924.*" (The italics in both excerpts are ours.)

Two reasons may be assigned for this—the falling off in demand, and the increase in shipments. No one would contend that half the anthracite market in the lake regions has disappeared in one year. Therefore it is apparent that most of the increase in surplus coal is due to increased shipments. Anticipating a suspension, the operators have stored so much of it there. And when this known figure of one million net tons is added to the mine storage estimate of "somewhat in excess of 4,488,000 gross tons" it becomes evident that quite a lot of coal remains to be sold. A net ton is 2,000 pounds, and is the unit of measurement used nearly everywhere except for retail sale in Pennsylvania. The gross ton is 2,240 pounds. Without going into all the arithmetic it is evident that on the net basis the total stored coal at the mines and on the lake docks is close to seven million tons—remembering that the government places the mine figure in excess of 4,488,000 tons.

But that isn't all. Turning back to the same bulletin of the Geological Survey, the following additional item of information is found under the heading "retail dealers":

"It was not possible to obtain reports from all anthracite dealers, but reports from a group of 497 dealers who have reported regularly for the last six and a half years throw considerable light on the situation. On June 1, 1925, this group had on hand a total of 1,188,000 net tons of anthracite, against 1,060,387 tons on March 1, 1925, and 1,006,891 tons on June 1, 1924; 555,814 tons on June 1, 1923, and 488,268 tons on June 1, 1920."

The growth of stocks in a suspension year is only one of the significant points about these figures. First, it should be noted that here again the United States Government is denied essential information, being able to get reports only from 497 dealers. How low this number is in comparison to the total number of retailers in the country may be indicated by the statement that some years ago *Philadelphia alone had more than 300 retail coal dealers.*

The total number in the anthracite consuming sections of the country must run into the thousands. But for some reason these dealers are as reluctant to tell the government what stocks they have on hand as are the operators.

Government officials can and do get accurate statistics of the supplies of wool, steel, glass and a thousand and one raw materials and manufactured products. Most of the big industries themselves make public reports of these supplies. It is only in the coal industry—in the hard coal end of the industry—that these figures are unobtainable. Soft coal is always in excess of the demand. No opportunity exists to gouge the consumer by creating an artificial shortage, or a fear of shortage, and therefore nothing is to be gained by withholding the figures. The reason for the secrecy maintained by the anthracite operators therefore becomes quite plain.

The Hush! Hush! Policy of Operators

Back in 1922 the government estimated ten million tons to be in storage at the mines, and observers on the ground put it at thirty millions. When the stocks held by retailers are taken into consideration, and when the attitude of the operators is made plain, it becomes evident that all the estimates made this year are too low. In other words, operators, wholesalers and retailers are ready for another "killing" at the expense of the public. It is common knowledge, too, that control of all agencies of production and distribution is held by a small group of railroad mining companies, and it is unnecessary to go into details of

that particular end of the scandal.

Nevertheless many readers will be misled by the mass of propaganda. If suspension comes the miners will be blamed for the "strike," although the average wage of the men in the industry is only $1,600 a year—less than the earnings of motormen and conductors in Philadelphia, Detroit, Buffalo and Chicago. For this sum the 155,000 hard coal miners face the certainty of four to six hundred deaths a year in the mines, and 26,000 injuries. And even this average is reached only through higher earnings of some contract miners, the day rates for 105,000 men being far below that figure. Naturally the miners will not submit to a reduction, and naturally they demand more of the enormous profits taken by the operators.

These facts help to explain why miners do not regard their refusal to work at lower wages as a "strike" in the true sense of the word. None of the workers is fooled in the least by the magnanimous offer of the operators to keep on producing coal while terms are being arbitrated, because all of them know this offer is made only because it is unacceptable, and making the offer puts the operators in an advantageous position with the public and covers up the preliminary steps in a possible price boost. Likewise it should be borne in mind that even while the operators are admitting the price to be too high, they have shown no disposition to surrender any of their own extra profits, and have never overlooked an opportunity to put it higher. They will not overlook it this year if the public is stampeded into competitive buying.

Where Red Seals Originated

The red seal used upon all legal documents is a survival of the days when people were not blessed with the educational advantages of today. The majority of the people could neither read nor write. In those days the seal was used instead of a signature. It was a disaster if the seal were stolen, for the thief had in his possession a perfect instrument of forgery. The seals belonging to a corporation or a company are still used to authenticate important documents. In this respect the seal acts as a safeguard against forgery.

In the eye of the law a document issued by a company and merely sealed, not signed, would probably be accepted as authentic. The most important seal in England is, of course, the Great Seal. It is kept in a metal case, and the color of the wax used is yellow. At the death of the monarch the seal, after being "defaced," becomes the property of the Lord Chancellor. Only second in importance is the so-called Privy Seal. No document can be sealed with the Great Seal until it bears the authority of the Privy Seal.

"I Read *in* the Papers"—

I read in the papers still more harsh words about the traditional virtues of John Barleycorn. Dr. H. H. Rusby, dean of the Columbia College of Pharmacy, a qualified critic, emphasizes the fact that alcohol in any form is a narcotic, a depressant and never a stimulant. It seems to stimulate merely because it inhibits or deadens the later developed faculties or restraints of the mind, and permits the older and lower ones to have greater play. In other words the man in the drinker is inhibited and the brute released. Mental activity may seem to be increased for a while, but its quality deteriorates. There is no inspiration in the bottle. As for increasing physical strength during emergencies, swigs of liquor merely cause more motion, but the accomplishment does not increase. Liquor does not make cold men warm; on the contrary it increases the danger of freezing. Alcohol never cooled a person a single degree; the nerves that detect temperature changes are dulled, but the heat remains the same. For bootleg, multiply these factors enormously and the answer will be correct.

I read in the papers that a group of once cheap but now rich New York politicians whose profits from the bonding game have been exposed by the controller of the city have retained a well-known Jewish criminal lawyer to sue every newspaper in the metropolis for $750,000. The aggregate of all these so-called libel suits is $13,000,000. This is an old game, but it no longer achieves the object of frightening newspapers into silence. There may be ways of dealing with papers here and there, but stout resistance to libel suits invariably enables the newspapers to avoid trouble. Meanwhile, the New York newspapers will give redoubled attention to these worthies.

I read in the papers that a protest has been lodged with the Governor of Illinois against holding rodeos. It is alleged that rodeo involves "cruelty to animals of an outrageous and brutal sort." This matter of rodeo cruelty arose in London, England, some time ago when at the Wembly Exposition a steer had its leg broken. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals brought the matter into court. The person was an American citizen. The laws of Illinois forbid cruelty to animals, but so do those of England. The difficulty seems to be the definition of cruelty. Broken limbs and sundry disfigurements occur at prize fights and football matches, but there is a difference in voluntarily suffering injuries for the sake of a game, and subjecting tame animals to maltreatment for the purpose of making them seem wild. There are some grounds for likening the rodeo to the bullfight. No entertainment involving the suffering of dumb animals is likely to make much headway with the American section of the American people.

I read in the papers that the Standard Oil Company is using "breather bags," a special type of balloon, 18,000 cubic feet capacity, to avoid a present loss of about three per cent through expansion in gasoline caused by the heat of the sun. The annual saving will be about fifty million gallons. The gasoline in the three-million gallon steel tanks upon the "tank farms" gives off saturated fumes under the sun's heat and ordinarily these fumes have to be valved off into the atmosphere to prevent rupture of the tanks. These fumes are now trapped in the "breather bags" and after sunset the cooling tanks draw the fumes back into the tanks again. It used to be said that the Chicago packers saved everything but the squeal; the Standard Oil people now seem to be saving what might be termed the squeal, under the sun's fiery rays, of the gasoline tanks.

I read in the papers that a man in New York advertised for public advice as to how to dispose of his millions. He must have been a man of very little experience else he would have known that the public loves nothing more dearly than to tell men who make money how to spend it. The act was almost though not quite so foolish as Mr. Bok's advertisement for peace plans. People who can't make a dollar think they know how to spend millions; and those who cannot regulate their own affairs teem with plans for the government of the world. Maybe it is a good sign, this interest in things beyond our scope and power, but certainly those who follow the advice of the public in anything are due for some serious lessons in the comparative value of advice.

I read in the papers that Michigan's secretary of state proposes that all automobile taxes be included in a 3-cent gasoline tax. It is a suggestion that smacks of common sense. One tax is always to be preferred to two or three, and a use tax is just. State protection of ownership by registration will be carried on as now, but the cost of license collection will be obviated.

Lobstering in Casco Bay

(Concluded from page 2)

life. The "counter" is placed on the floor of the boat where he scuttles into a hiding place behind a coil of rope.

So the morning wears on. Sixty traps are pulled, but the toll of counters is less than a dozen, although there are crabs galore, sea spiders, and now and then a greedy cod swimming disconsolately from wall to wall. By the time the sun is halfway up the last trap is hauled. As the fisherman turns the boat homeward he whittles plugs about two inches long, puts one into the joint of the crusher claw of each lobster and throws it into a barrel, covering all with a handful of dripping kelp.

Nature has given lobsters claws of a different character, one long and slender for seizing prey, the other heavy to break it up. In danger the lobster will amputate one or the other and at once start to grow a new one. There are few large lobsters caught which do not show this process of renewal.

Aside from his attraction on the dining table, the lobster is a very interesting creature. On his slender legs, strong enough to support his weight under water, he scuttles along the ocean floor waving his feelers in front of him to find his prey. If very hungry, he will burrow in the sand like a pig, or, if food is plentiful, he will drag it to a secluded spot, dig a hole and bury it, mounting guard over his store. He is a fierce fighter and often eats his own kind, and, were it not for the solitary mode of life, the species would exterminate itself.

Besides man, who is his most persistent enemy, the lobster has a host of others. The female lobster, when "in berry," carries about 12,000 eggs glued fast to her abdomen. After hatching, the young float about for a month or so, a prey to every creature that strains the surface of the water for its food. Then, after several moltings, they seek the bottom of the ocean and find shelter along the rocks and ledges. Yet even here the most relentless of their foes, the codfish, pursues them, and a lobster must be almost old enough to be a "counter" before it is safe from their attacks.

The molting time of the adult lobster is a critical period. The "shedder" crawls beneath a rock, bends into a V and a break occurs where the tail joins the body. Slowly the body is liberated, the great claws being dragged through an aperture one-fourth their own dimensions. Then the lobster casts out the lining of his stomach and intestines and starts forth to face the world feeling like a new man. It takes about ten months for his new shell to harden.

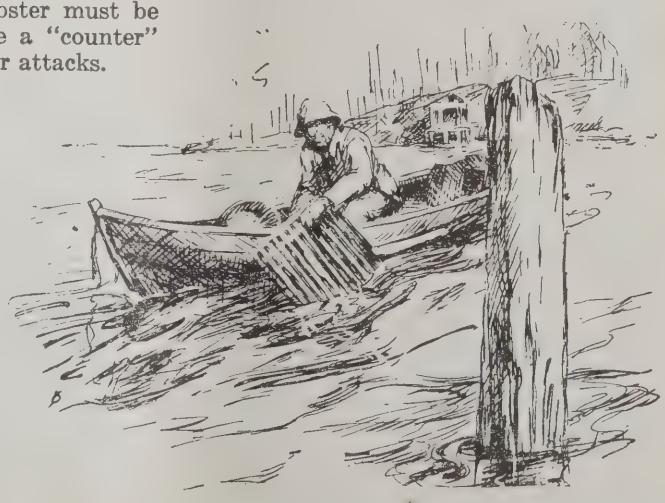
All the processes of a lobster's life are slow, and, if good fortune smiled upon him, he would enjoy a span of life not so much shorter than man's.

In the window of a restaurant in Portland is a giant lobster caught in Casco Bay only six years ago, weighing, when alive, twenty-one and a half pounds, and whose estimated age was nearly seventy. The largest specimen on record, now in the Smithsonian Institution, weighed thirty-four pounds.

But there are none even remotely resembling these favored sons in our barrel. The catch will not warrant a run to Portland, so the fisherman returns to his cove where this "cage" is moored. This is a box about seven feet long and four wide, made of slats and floating just at the surface of the bay. The water circulating through will keep the lobsters alive for days.

Hauling of the traps, arduous as it is, is not all there is to lobstering. Every year the "bobs" must be fresh painted, each fisherman having his own particular markings. The traps themselves must be kept in repair, and, since the storms are constantly chafing them away, new ones must be built. They are not unlike a giant rat trap of the old-fashioned variety that caught its victim alive. They are semi-cylindrical in shape, made of hardwood laths, the bottom double with a flat stone held between the rows. On one side is a funnel-shaped "head," knit by some old lady, of hard twine, and smeared with kerosene and copper paint, with metal entrance ring. There are two buoys, one to mark the position of the trap and one to hold the rope from the bottom with a "warp" or rope of twenty-five fathom (150 feet). The traps are set empty overnight in the cove before they are taken to the ledges for at first they will not "fish" with the bubbles rising from the dry wood.

Once a week or so the lobster smacks come around to all the coves among the islands and take the catch to Portland. These boats have usually one mast with an auxiliary engine, although there are a few two-masters carrying about 15,000 pounds. There is an air-tight compartment at each end and in the center a "well" in which the lobsters are kept. The floor of the well is pierced thick with holes and the circulation of the water keeps the lobsters in good condition. Each dealer has his own cold storage, similar to the cage of the fisherman, only many times magnified, and here the lobsters are kept until shipped to market, perhaps halfway across the continent.



Hauling his traps.

Fishing has undergone fewer changes than any other industry. Lobstermen have been setting the same type trap for years although the heavy dory of a few decades ago is now supplanted by a motor boat, perhaps with an engine that will do the work of hauling. The smack, too, is being slowly replaced by a new type power boat. The government has made considerable effort to keep up the supply by artificial hatching and by trying to introduce the lobster into other waters than the narrow strip from Canada to Delaware which is its habitat. But every year the catch is smaller and more effective means must be found if lobster fishing is to continue a staple industry along the coast of Maine.

Film Attack on Our Sunday

(Concluded from page 19)

ments; only 439 were able to write anything. In New York City at the present time, only 400,000 out of the 1,200,000 public school children are receiving any religious education.

The estimated thefts for 1925 made by William B. Joyce, chairman of the National Security Company of New York, are:

Stock frauds	1,000,000,000
Credit frauds	400,000,000
Burglary, larceny, petty thefts	250,000,000
Forgery	100,000,000
Embezzlements	100,000,000
Seaport piracy and custom frauds	100,000,000
Railroad freight robberies	25,000,000
Home-building frauds	25,000,000
Miscellaneous	1,000,000,000
Total	3,000,000,000

Sunday has been the day that the children and youth of America received religious instruction. Today when millions are receiving no religious education, as surveys show, and when those who do are having their religious training neutralized by a commercialized Sunday, the movies, the theater, the dance, and all other forms of Sunday desecrations, what may we not expect?

In the "City of Pleasant Greetings"

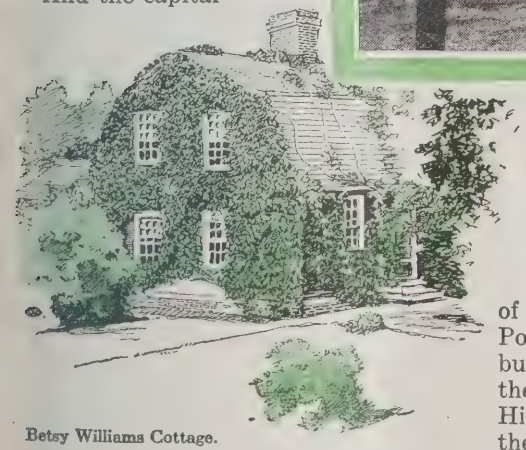
Providence, a Place With a History, Which Does Not Discard the Past Until Assured That the Present Has Something Still Better to Offer

By MAY B. WHITING

PROVIDENCE might well be called the "City of Pleasant Greetings." When Roger Williams, banished from Massachusetts, floated down the Seekonk River in his canoe, a group of Indians assembled on a slate rock called out to him, "What cheer, Netop (friend)?" It must have been a welcome message to the exile, and he straightway swung in to shore, and gave to the landing place its name "in grateful remembrance of God's merciful Providence to me in my distress."

Today the city greets the traveler in a manner no less gracious. As he leaves the unusually efficient railroad station he finds himself in an entrance plaza as fine as any in the country with a wide mall leading into a square adorned with statues and a fountain and surrounded by handsome public buildings. Just beyond, crowning a hill, rises the capitol, a Renaissance structure of Georgia marble surmounted by one of the few marble domes in the world. Over its southern portico is engraved the purpose for which the colony was founded, "to set forth a lively experiment that a most flourishing civil state may stand and best be maintained with full liberty in religious concernments."

And the capital



Betsy Williams Cottage.

city is surely flourishing. It leads in the manufacture of silverware and jewelry; it is the headquarters of the file industry of the country, and has the largest machine shop in the world. It ranks high in the textile industry, while its harbor is nearer the east coast of South America than any Atlantic seaport except Key West. Big business, while it raises immense factories close about the civic center, seems to preserve here the decencies that it sometimes forgets, and the city boasts that it is without slums.

Providence is unique in the number of memorials of the past which play an important part in the life of the present. It seems to be a motto of the city not to discard the old until there is some assurance that the present has something better to offer.

Just a few minutes' walk from the center, or Exchange Place, is the First Baptist Church, the oldest structure of that denomination in the country. Roger Williams organized the society in 1636 and the present edifice was built in 1775 from plans drawn for Saint Martins-in-the-Fields in London. The mechanics of Boston, thrown out of work by the Port Bill, were invited to aid in its building, and in May, halfway between the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, the church was dedicated "for the worship of Almighty God and to hold commencements in." Every June the graduates of Brown University march down College Hill and receive their diplomas from its pulpit.

Old State House.

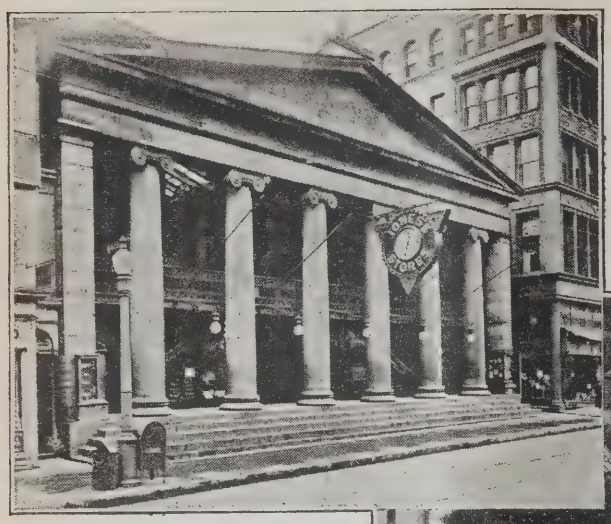
One of the most interesting relics in the church is a handsome crystal chandelier brought from England in 1792 and first lighted for the wedding of Hope Brown, daughter of the benefactor of the university which bears his name. The bell, which was made in London and which still rings at sunrise, noon, and nine o'clock, bore, until recasting was necessary, this quaint inscription·

John Brown House.

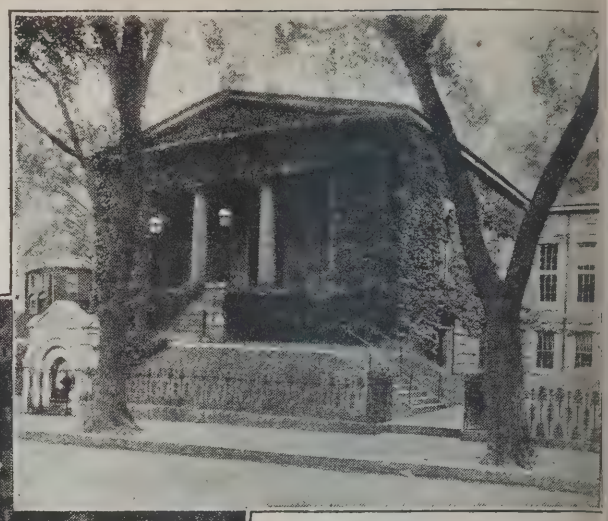
"For freedom of conscience the town was first planted.
Persuasion, not force, was used by the people:
This Church is the eldest and has not recanted
Enjoying and granting bell, temple, and steeple."

In the vestibule is a slab of the "Slate Rock" on which Roger Williams landed. That whole area is now filled in and the bulk of the stone is buried beneath the soil of Roger Williams Square. A few steps beyond the church, past Friends' Meeting House, is the site of Williams' dwelling, and, in the basement of a house across the way, his "spring of clear water" still flows.

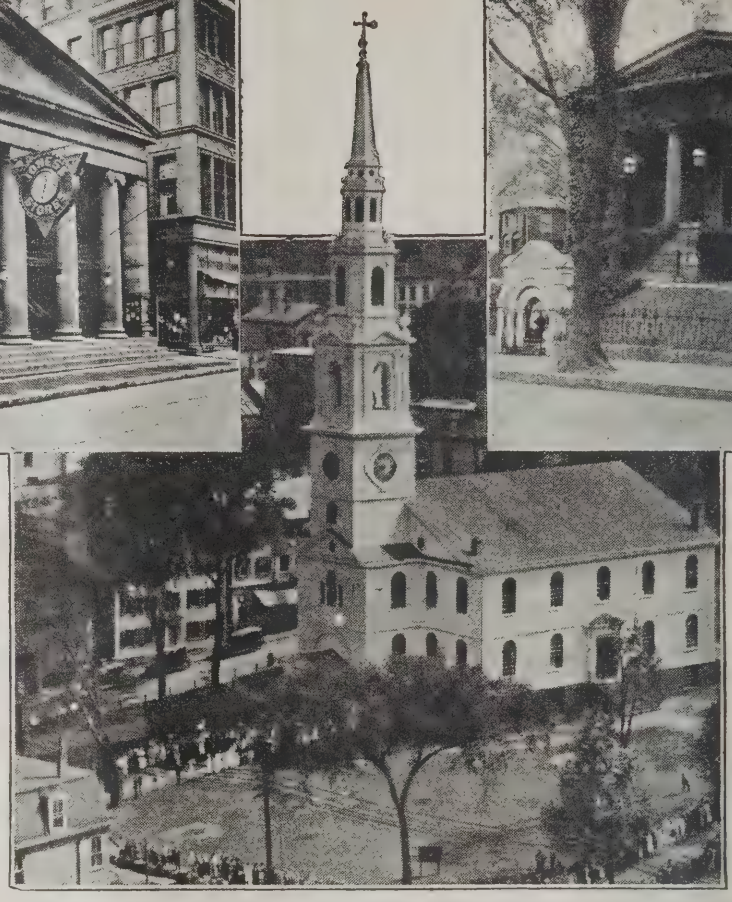
The Quaker spirit which found a refuge in Providence from the persecution of the sister colonies is reflected in the names of the streets. We find Benefit, Hope, Friendship, Peace, and Plenty. Such names as Dollar, Pound, Sovereign, Shilling, recall the fact, too, that the worthy settlers were not behindhand in securing a share of this world's baubles. The Brown family alone had a fleet of almost a hundred vessels and practically controlled the trade in spermaceti in the days when candles were the only means of lighting. And Moses Brown, about 1780,



The Arcade.



The Athenaeum.



First Baptist Meeting House.

employed Samuel Slater to set up from memory a replica of the new spinning machinery of Arkwright, thus laying the foundation of America's textile industry.

The first bank in New England, the Providence National, was founded here in 1791, and in its existence of a century and a half, each president has been a member of that same illustrious family. For more than a hundred years the bank has been housed in one of the beautiful colonial mansions of the city. Once, when the French soldiers were quartered there, a chevalier rode his horse up the flight of stone steps that lead to its entrance, through the wide hall and out into the courtyard at the back to the pear tree where Washington had recently sat and regaled himself with the fruit.

The Arcade, built about a hundred years ago, is a most delightful business block, somewhat suggestive of the "Rows" of Chester, England. It is a huge, granite portico, supported by Ionic columns with galleries of shops in three tiers, extending between the two principal thoroughfares. The Old Market House, with its arched windows which were once stalls, is now the home of the Chamber of Commerce. Here, in March, 1775, the inhabitants burned the British tea.

For Providence, with all her peaceable foundation, nourished a spirit of liberty that was second to none in the colonies. In her own "Independence Hall" or State House, the "People of Providence in Town Meeting assembled" were the first authorized body to recommend a permanent Continental Congress, and here the Rhode Island Colonial Assembly declared its independence from Great Britain two months before similar action was taken in Philadelphia.

Providence has the most beautiful examples of Colonial architecture in the country. Nowhere else have so many houses in that pure Georgian style that had its full fruition about the close of the Revolution been erected. Their happy situation on College Hill and the solid fortunes of their builders have preserved them in all their aristocratic beauty. The John Brown house was called by John Quincy Adams the most magnificent private mansion in America.

And many of these houses have stories connected. In the Talbot house is a room which was cut from the old Sabin Tavern and transferred bodily to its new quarters. In this room the Brown brothers, together with some fearless seamen, planned a bold enterprise.

The British schooner *Gaspee*, chasing a Providence packet boat, had run aground a few miles beyond the city, and, in the dead of night, with muffled oars, a party of men under Abraham Whipple carried off the crew and burned the vessel. Shortly after this exploit the leader received the following note:

"You, Abraham Whipple, on the 10th day of June, 1772, burned His Majesty's vessel, the *Gaspee*, and I will hang you at the yardarm," to which this reply was sent, "Sir James Wallace—Always catch a man before you hang him."

In the very center of this Colonial district is the Athenaeum, one of the few proprietory libraries remaining in America. It was founded in 1753 according to Benjamin Franklin's plan, and it is still flourishing, providing a personal and homelike atmosphere that a public institution acquires with difficulty. In its art room is Malbone's famous miniature of "The Hours," a Van Dyke, a Reynolds, and a portrait of Sarah Helen Whitman, "Poe's Helen."

It was in the alcoves of the Athenaeum that the courtship of the Rhode Island poetess and that brilliant but ill-starred genius took place. Among its treasures is a copy of "Ulalume" signed by the author at the request of his kindest critic. Poe thus mentions their meeting when, after lecturing in the city, he strolled through the streets at midnight and paused to admire a rose bush:

"Was it not Fate that on this July night—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow!)
That bade me pause before the garden-gate
To breathe the incense of the slumbering roses?"

The wooing was brief, but tempestuous. Friends warned Mrs. Whitman against her lover, Poe made an attempt at suicide, and finally left in bitterness. After his death "Helen" wrote a book defending his art against the attacks and slights that have always pursued his name.

Much might be written about the libraries and collections of Providence, for there are several which are absolutely unique. Colonial House, a part of the School of Design, shows the perfectly appointed home of a luxury-loving gentleman of the eighteenth century. The Historical Society offers a fascinating museum, and, until recently, the Shakespeariana of Marshfield Perry was unsurpassed except by the British Museum. (Concluded on page 28)

Is the U. S. "The Chosen People"?

(*Continued from page 8*)

Charles M. Schwab, who made that statement, is an authority on steel, and it is presumed he knew what he was talking about, but the Scriptures made these statements several thousand years before Schwab appeared on the scene. When Britain decided to take Egypt from the unspeakable Turk in 1882, Brother Jonathan fortunately had a section of his navy on the spot and helped to capture these early home acres despite your rulers' decision not to mix in European affairs before then and since. When Admiral Dewey was in Manila Bay and threatened by the German Admiral, the British Navy appeared on the scene and anchored between the German and U. S. ships so that the first shot would hit the British. In the late war America came to the assistance of Britain and her allies and so it has been down the ages and will continue to be until the last war is fought, probably a few years hence.

Israel was bidden to "set ye up waymarks that ye might know the way Thou wentest." Has Israel done so? Well, a waymark from the City where Manasseh was born is to be found in New York in Central Park where it is known as Cleopatra's Needle. The mate of it is on the Thames Embankment in London, England. The offspring of Joseph each has a waymark in the leading City of their respective lands.

How does it come that the government of the United States, when it made its great Seal of State, placed upon the reverse side of it the Great Pyramid of Egypt (which Ephraim and Manasseh could see from the City of their youth) with the all-seeing eye above it and the motto "one out of many" engrossed under it which means "one tribe out of many tribes"—how comes it that America with Britain has all the Hebrew heraldry about evenly distributed among them?—the Lion of Britain, the Eagle of America. How comes it that when one brother is menaced the other brother always comes to his assistance? Because many people, all Northern France, the Bretons of Brittany, the Normans, et cetera, are Israel stock as are many of the Belgian and Scandinavian people, and even the Saxons of Germany, and perhaps the Bavarians. Israel is not a close corporation.

Real Significance of the Number Thirteen

These facts of the Bible and of present-day observation are worth any business man's attention. When America knows and operates her inheritance as the eldest of Joseph's sons she will not stand for some of the present iniquitous things that International Jewery has put across Anglo-Saxondom of which that false measuring stick, the gold standard, is a fair example.

There is another thing you American business men ought to consider. Your number is Thirteen. Unlucky? That shows how little you know about it. There were 13 Tribes in Israel—in Sunday School you probably heard only of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. But there were thirteen. Twelve political Tribes, and one ecclesiastical Tribe, that of Levi. When the nation split, the Tribes that bore upon their shoulders prophecies of world destiny, split from Judah. Judah was only one tribe out of thirteen. The split left Judah with two Tribes, that of Levi and that of Benjamin. Benjamin was only loaned to Judah, as a "light," to help keep Judah straight. At the time of Christ, Benjamin began to draw away from Judah, deserting wholly when Jerusalem was about to fall in A. D. 70.

America and Britain Only Active League of Nations

Joseph became two Tribes, Ephraim and Manasseh. Manasseh was the thirteenth Tribe. And students of this question who have identified the seed race of the United States with Manasseh are not at all surprised to find that the Number of the United States is Thirteen. Your nation has always unconsciously run to Thirteen, and your President Woodrow Wilson, openly gloried in that number.

Look! There were *thirteen* Colonies. There are *thirteen* stripes in your Flag. Your Declaration of Independence is signed by *thirteen* names. In your national coat of arms the Eagle holds an olive branch of *thirteen* leaves in his right talon, and a sheaf of *thirteen* arrows in his left talon. In the azure above the Eagle's head are *thirteen* stars. If you doubt it, take a dollar or a half out of your pocket, and see. Your national motto "E PLURIBUS UNUM" contains *thirteen* letters.

Take the Great Seal of the United States, you will find the symbolism of the olive leaves, the arrows and the stars thereon, but *on the obverse side*, which citizens seldom see, there is an unfinished Pyramid built of *thirteen* tiers of masonry. Suspended above the thirteenth stone is the All-Seeing Eye inclosed in a pyramidal triangle. Over the Eye are *thirteen* letters "ANNUIT COEPTIS" (He has prospered our beginnings). Go to your House of Representatives and examine the National Mace, that symbol of authority, and you will find it to consist of *thirteen* ebony rods bounded by silver bands.

Your Number and your Emblems are all of Israel—not Judah.

Nor is this a mere coincidence growing out of the fact that there were Thirteen Colonies, for the Number persists throughout your history. Your Civil War began on April 13, and Fort Sumter surrendered April 13. You captured Manila August 13 and broke the power of Spain on two oceans. You conquered Mexico September 13. Your first troops in the Great War sailed for France on June 13, in thirteen ships, transports and convoys. And they were just thirteen days in crossing. The Great War was really won on September 13, when American troops cut the St. Mihiel line, and the same day was General Pershing's birthday.

If this signifies anything to you, you can make the list much longer.

Upon Joseph's tribes great destinies fell. When clergymen mistakenly call Judah "the chosen people," which the Bible never does, one feels like counseling them to take the Tribes of Israel one by one and see what their individual destinies were. On Joseph's Tribes fell the destiny of ruling the world by superior service.

When you regard the British and American peoples, their unique place in history, their foundation in principle, their boundless service to all other peoples, their unquestioned power and influence everywhere, doesn't it move you to ask how all this is to be accounted for? Why is it that the strongest, indeed the only active League of Nations in the world today is comprised of the British Empire and the United States of America? Who are these peoples? My answer is, They are the Chosen People about whose destiny the Bible is written; they are fulfilling the prophecies of power and service spoken concerning them; they are the key to the Book, so far as concerns its foretelling of earthly history.

International Finance, Jew controlled, is today preparing for the next international war by placing all nations on the so-called gold basis and presumably, as German Jewish bankers raided Britain's gold supply for weeks before the declaration of war in 1914 until they had her gold reserves reduced to £18,000,000, so again they will arrange for their next war raid which is only a few years away. America can offset such actions, foretold centuries ago, when she realizes the wisdom and truth contained in the sure word of Prophecy which foretold her rise and destiny as a nation. Your forefathers placed "*In God We Trust*" on your coin of the Republic. 'Twere better to follow that injunction today than to place your trust on International finance and their gold standard because, like your mercantile marine, both within a few years will be ready for the scrap heap and at very cheap prices.

Britain Is Hebrew for the Covenant Land

America is British! That will sound strange to many of your readers who think they are 100% Americans. Well, they may properly be both because the

word "British" is made up of two Hebrew words—"Brith" which means Covenant and "Ish" which means man—the two words meaning Covenant Man, and Americans are quite as much "Covenant Men" as are those of the Isles who did not come over with George Washington, who was also a Covenant Man. Brith-ain is Hebrew for Covenant Land—the place where Jehovah said he would plant his people Israel in the Isles North and West of Palestine. These are not political terms, whose use you would probably resent, they are ancient racial terms. They are as inclusive as the term Anglo-Saxon. For we are two nations, Sovereign, independent, but we are *one people*—the only people who have erected an enduring and serviceable civilization.

In the "City of Pleasant Greetings"

(*Concluded from page 26*)

On the campus of Brown University are two notable collections, the John Carter Brown Americana and the Annmary Brown Memorial. This is a collection of "first presses," examples of the cradle period of printing in each city where the art had its beginning before 1501. The catalog for the collection was prepared in 1910 by Alfred W. Pollard of the British Museum and he credits it with being an illustrative history of printing unexcelled by any in the world.

The museum most recently opened to the public is the Shepley collection pertaining to the early history of Rhode Island, with Roger Williams the center of interest. The most valuable memento is a copy of his "Key into the Language of America," an Indian dictionary published in London. Williams was a faithful friend and teacher of the savages, and one of the few to insist that they had a moral right to their lands.

Just outside the city, Roger Williams Park is a beautiful memorial to his name. There are more than 400 acres of woods and hills, with a natural chain of lakes and dainty islands. The original gift was made by Betsy Williams, a direct descendant, and her quaint cottage, wistaria-covered and shaded by mulberry trees, still stands within the grounds, sheltering objects of interest in connection with the Williams family.

But the greatest memorial to the founder of Rhode Island is kept in the city hall. It is the "Compact" drawn up by Roger Williams and his companions in 1638, and it has been called the most precious document in existence. By its influence civilization has been refashioned, embodying a principle hitherto untried—that of religious liberty.

Who Started the Riots in China?

(*Concluded from page 15*)

Whatever the future of China may be, her course will now be worked out from within rather than determined so largely by outside forces. The Chinese people are not easily aroused but they do not easily forget. No doubt the riots in Shanghai and Canton, and also the demonstrations at Peking and Chungking—and other cities—are backed not only with feelings of protest against the shooting of a few students by foreign policemen, but also by slumbering emotions aroused over grievances harbored since the opium war; remembered in the "concessions" of her principal cities; remembered through foreign control of her tariff and through the continual struggles for more than a half-century for foreign spheres of influence.

The day of the "Sleeping Giant" is past. We thought the sleep would last forever because it lasted for so many years. Will there be foreign intervention in China now? Such an expedition would end as ingloriously as Napoleon's expedition to Moscow—perhaps not so speedily, but just as surely. China has swallowed up every one of her conquerers.

The hope of China is for her conquest of herself. If America and Britain and France, and Japan, and Italy, and Germany will coöperate in helping her attain this end, the future of the Far East is bright. If, however, these nations do not recognize the new day in the land of the "Rainbow Flag," there will be more trouble for the Western nations in China—and, unfortunately, plenty of it.

Down Mah-Jongg—Up Kbhoo!

Mah-Jongg, in the United States, is being replaced by another game from the wilds of Central Africa, called Kbhoo, played by two persons. The maneuvers of the game take place between a valley and a mountain, and is a representation of a battle. The "men" are quite different from any existing pieces used in a game, and are wonderfully carved models of native warriors of the Cameroons, Tanganyika, and the Congo. African names are used for the situations, and the "Great Spirit" is a prominent feature of the game.

A Low Rate for Executions

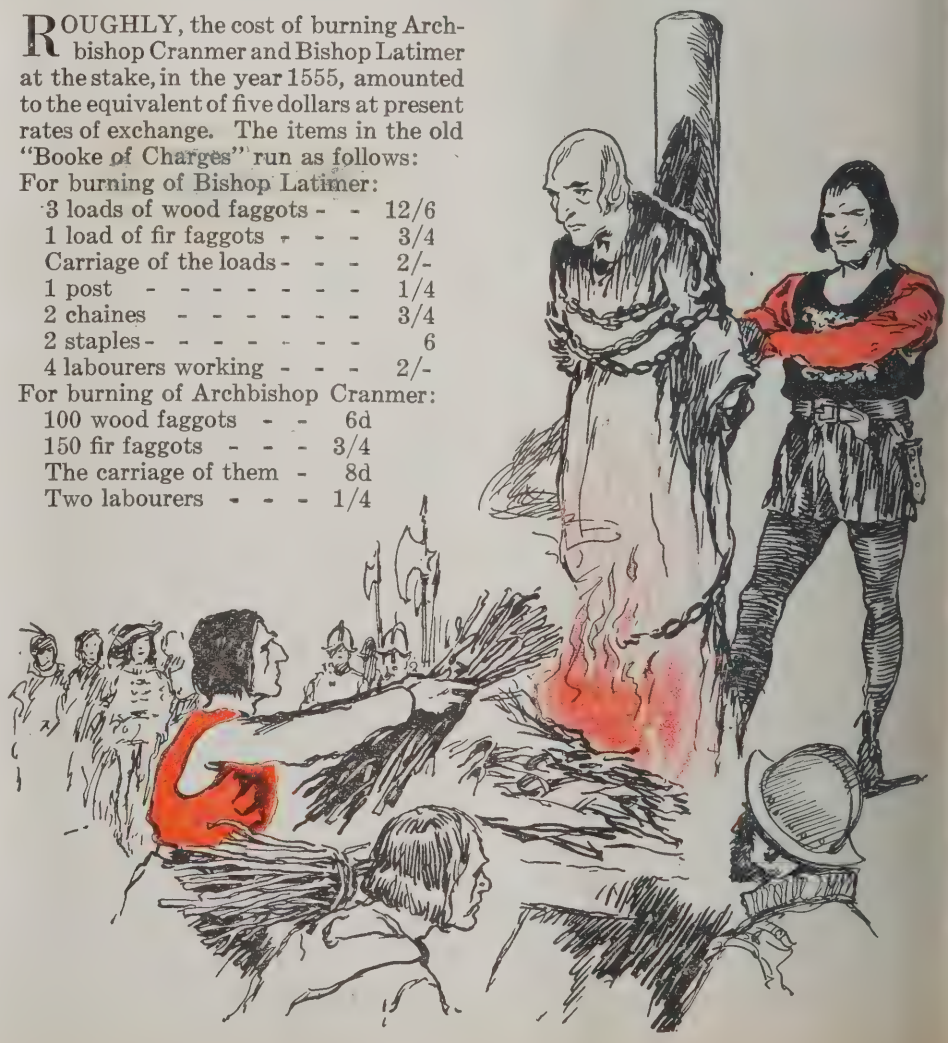
ROUGHLY, the cost of burning Archbishop Cranmer and Bishop Latimer at the stake, in the year 1555, amounted to the equivalent of five dollars at present rates of exchange. The items in the old "Booke of Charges" run as follows:

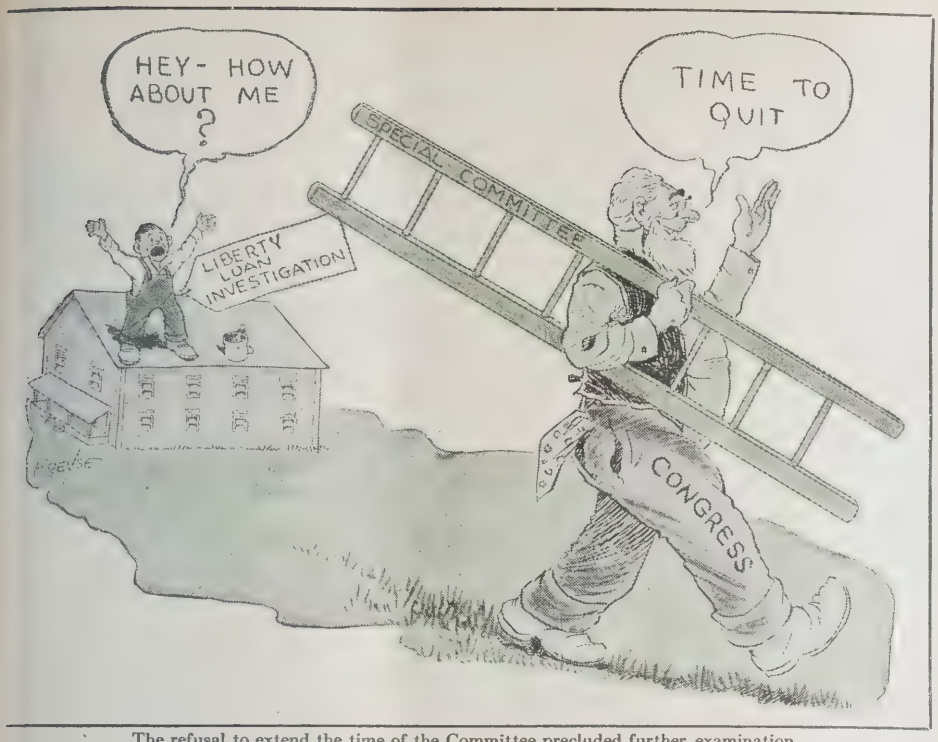
For burning of Bishop Latimer:

3 loads of wood faggots	12/6
1 load of fir faggots	3/4
Carriage of the loads	2/-
1 post	1/4
2 chaines	3/4
2 staples	6
4 labourers working	2/-

For burning of Archbishop Cranmer:

100 wood faggots	6d
150 fir faggots	3/4
The carriage of them	8d
Two labourers	1/4





The refusal to extend the time of the Committee precluded further examination.

Liberty Bonds From the Inside

(*Continued from page 4*)

hrough the War Finance Corporation, ›onds of *the same identical issue on he same day;* and *the bonds would be :old to outsiders at a very much lower igure than they would be sold to the Government,* to whom they really ›elonged. Liberty bonds accumulated, ›resumably for retirement, were sold :o various New York banks at prices ranging from $82.50 to $85 per ıundred, and at the same time the ›onds which were transferred to the Government were sold to it at from 390 to $95 per hundred. This, too, in :he face of the fact that the Governnent was to be regarded as the whole:ale purchaser and the banks the re:ail purchasers.

For example: on the twenty-eighth lay of May the War Finance Corpora:ion sold to the Hanover National Bank 3790,000 Second 4¼% bonds at prices ranging from $85.50 to $86.50 per ıundred. *The next day,* on May 29, :he War Finance Corporation sold to :he United States Treasury $51,923,000 worth of these *same bonds* and charged :herefor $92.13 per hundred!

On May 20 the War Finance Corporation had sold $1,045,000 worth of these same bonds to the Hanover National Bank at a price as low as 382.40 to $82.56 per hundred, for which a few days later they charged $92.13 :o the Government.

On the first of June the War Finance Corporation sold $1,000,000 worth of :hese same bonds to Salamon Brothers ınd Hutzler at $87.28. *This was the lay after* the sale to the Government at $92.13.

The highest market price for these ›onds during May was $87.56 (see Secretary's Report for 1920, page 121).

Likewise the War Finance Corporation during the month of May, 1920, sold many bonds of the Third 4¼% Issue to this same bank, the Hanover National, at several dollars less per hundred than they sold to the Treasury Department.

On May 28 it sold to Hanover 600,000 Thirds at $90.10 to $90.90.

On May 29 it sold to Government 11,625,000 Thirds at $94.95 and on June 1 it sold to Hanover 1,000 Thirds at $91.40.

In addition to the direct loss shown by the difference in sale to these New York banks and to the Government where the dates are such that a comparison can be made, the Government will, of course, suffer a very much heavier loss than indicated by the figures. For example, *all these bonds, which were sold at $85 and $82 per hundred, must eventually be redeemed by the Government at one hundred cents on the dollar*—the same bonds that the Government had in its hands and the War Finance Corporation disposed of.

The testimony showed that these various losses were absorbed by the Government. It did not appear on the surface. The Government paid it nevertheless. Defenders plead that the sale to private parties had to be at market prices, while the Government had agreed to pay "Cost." The books of the War Finance Corporation, kept by itself, show *they charged the Government more than cost.*

In commenting on these transactions the Special Bond Committee of the House reported:

> "During the period of these transactions and up to until quite a recent date the Managing Director of the War Finance Corporation (Mr. Eugene Meyer, Jr.,) *in his private capacity,* maintained an office at 14 Wall Street, New York City, and through the War Finance Corporation sold about $70,000,000 in bonds to the Government, and also bought through the War Finance Corporation about $10,000,000 in bonds, and approved the bills for most, if not all, of these bonds *in his official capacity* as Managing Director of the War Finance Corporation."

The report of the Bond Committee continued with the recitation of some peculiar proceedings which it stated had happened during its investigation as follows:

> "When these transactions just referred to were disclosed to the Committee in open hearing, the Managing Director appeared before the Committee and stated that while the books of the War Finance Corporation disclosed the fact that commissions were paid on these transactions, they were in turn paid over to the brokers, selected by the Managing Director, who executed the orders issued by his brokerage house, and immediately after this disclosure to the Committee the Managing Director employed Ernst & Ernst, Certified Public Accountants, to audit the books of the War Finance Corporation, who did, upon the completion of their examination of these books, report to the Committee that all moneys received by the brokerage house of the Managing Director had been accounted for.
>
> "While simultaneously with the examination being made by the Committee, the Certified Public Accountants, heretofore referred to, were nightly carrying on their examination, it was discovered by your Committee *that alterations and changes were being made in the books of record covering these transactions,* and when the same was called to the attention of the treasurer of the War Finance Corporation, *he admitted to the Committee that changes were being made.* To what extent these books were altered during this process the Committee have not been able to determine."—Page 7, H. Report No. 1635, of Sixty-eighth Congress, Second Session.

In view of the Chairman of the Committee declining at the last moment to sign the same, there was attached to the report of the Special Bond Committee, and marked "Ex-

hibit A," an earlier report which had been agreed to by Congressman McFadden, Chairman, and also approved by two other members of the Committee forming the subcommittee appointed to draft same. In this report it was stated: "All transactions of the War Finance Corporation must be thoroughly audited to ascertain the manner by which and the parties through whom and to whom the Government lost the money which the record proves was lost." It was to prevent just such questions being raised that Congress in its wisdom long ago prohibited Government officers from having any interest direct or indirect in transactions which they were called upon to approve and for the same purpose was written into the War Finance Corporation the following. Section 3 states:

Mr. Meyer Testified That He Made No Profit

> ". . . . No director, officer, attorney, agent, or employe of the corporation shall in any manner, directly or indirectly, participate in the determination of any question affecting his personal interest, or the interests of any corporation, partnership, or association, in which he is directly or indirectly interested."

And Section 300 states:

> ". . . . That whoever wilfully violates any of the provisions of this act, except where a different penalty is provided in this act, shall, under conviction in any court of the United States of competent jurisdiction, be fined not more than $10,000 or imprisoned for not more than one year, or both."

The bulk of the bonds purchased during 1918 were purchased either through the house of Eugene Meyer, Jr., 14 Wall Street, or J. P. Morgan & Company. The investigation was discontinued before the Committee was definitely able to determine whether or not a profit had been made on these bonds. Mr. Meyer testified that he had made no profit. He also testified that the following were some of the brokers he employed: Asiel & Company; Prince & Company; Mabon & Company; Seasongood, Hass and McDonald, and Salamon Brothers and Hutzler.

The Committee's Report Was Nonpartisan

The report of the Committee was strictly nonpartisan. It was signed by a majority of the Committee. Congressman Edward J. King, Republican, of Illinois, and Congressman Henry B. Steagall, Democrat, of Alabama, and Congressman Wm. F. Stevenson, of South Carolina, composed the majority.

Romantic Rascals

(*Concluded from page 17*)

though his ship was, he stood in for Cape Blanco, captured and burned the only ship there, then made for Guayaquil. What followed was really a sudden attack upon an unarmed and unsuspecting town. A couple of shots from the long gun did the business and before a stand could be made against the invaders, the pirates had invested the place. But what soldiers could not do, disease very nearly did. For that night the pirates slept in a church in which plague sufferers had been kept and buried, and soon the physician-pirate had his hands full. But he bled them liberally and he dosed them liberally. Especially the last. For the medicine chest had run low, but what remained he administered, throwing together his powdered opium, his powdered ipecachuana and his sulphate of potash, and so discovered a sudorific medicine which he afterward bestowed on a waiting world.*

The Treasure Ship "Acapulco" Was Captured

Soon after the sack of Guayaquil came the most wonderful event in the physician's eventful years. It was when the treasure ship, the *Acapulco* was sighted. When the short battle was over, the pirate-physician was amazed beyond words at what he saw. For the *Acapulco* not only carried two men to the *Bachelor's* one, but her guns were in every way superior and she might have outsailed the *Bachelor* with the ease with which a hawk outwings a crow. But a chance shot took the *Acapulco* below the water line and she surrendered. By that, Captain Dover gained a treasure in gold, and silver, and precious stones, amounting to more than six million dollars.

After that, the local financial drift was quite optimistic and the doctor could have found those ready to prepare an armada. But his thirst for adventure had been abundantly gratified and he had visions of a quiet life in cheerful company. So he went to London and, for a while, lived a life of easy contentment, enjoying the companionship of the town wits and the poets Prior and Gay and Young. There was one short visit to Bristol where he went to do what he could for Alexander Selkirk. For that strange character, after playing recluse in a cave near Largo, had eloped with a young lady to Bristol and there somehow fell foul with a shipwright, the quarrel ending in a prison sentence for Selkirk. His man being again free, the doctor returned to his quarters in Cecil street, where, with great industry, he set himself to the writing of a book which he called "The Ancient Physician's Legacy to His Country," and so passed to his end in the year 1742, a lovable, gentle and sweet-tempered old gentleman.

* Dover's powders, a preparation still used to produce sweating.

Camping Out the Best Cure-All

EVERY person, regularly employed, occasionally feels rebellious toward the monotony of life. There comes a period when humdrum tasks pall upon one, and business success fails to satisfy. Then is the time to get out in the open and regain a part of that country freedom that was once the daily life of most of our native-born people. A person who has no holidays in the open, who never takes a trip to the mountains or the seashore, becomes cramped and narrow-minded. He is more of a liability than an asset.

A holiday in the open sends one back to work refreshed and with a different outlook on life. The word recreation is taken from the word re-create meaning to give fresh life to; reanimate, revive, refresh, divert, amuse. The most successful men in any business are those who take necessary vacations. Problems solve themselves to the man who is rested, whereas he who takes no vacation becomes so confused by the details that keep piling up before him that he loses the faculty of discernment. He fails to get the right perspective, his decisions are faulty, his insight imperfect, he is easily embroiled in petty contentions.

Several million Americans spend an average of more than two weeks at the seashore, the mountains, lakes and rivers, the summer vacation being an established institution. Those who cannot get away for two weeks or more resort to the popular "week-end," and owners of automobiles spend a day or two almost every week in the summer season driving in the country.

The Great Value of Pure Drinking Water

The children of the city are becoming more and more familiar with green fields, trees and waters. Bathing, boating, hiking, and woodlore are becoming part of the child life of our nation. With the many new inventions for the camping tourist one can be almost as comfortable in the open as at a hotel. In this connection I wish to stress the necessity of obtaining only pure drinking water at each camping point. Many a sparkling brooklet crossing the road has its source far up the country, and while it may appear pure and clear it often leads directly through refuse heaps and garbage from some point upstream. Many a picturesque old oaken bucket hung from a sweep harbors the deadly typhoid bacillus. It is best always to boil water, for surface seepage will creep into the rivulets. Clean food incased in cartons may be bought at the groceries; but the water supply is even more important.

Camping out makes for a vigorous and healthy race without which no nation can ever hope to prosper.

A Quaint Bit of Old Edinburgh

THE work of Robert Hopkin, artist, who died in Detroit in 1909, is not so well known as it ought to be. Hopkin was a modest man. He exhibited very little outside the city in which he spent his latter years, but where his pictures were seen, both in oil and in water color, they were much admired and sought after. As a water colorist, Hopkin displayed a breadth of style and freedom of treatment that gave his work a character of its own. In his search for subjects he never forgot his native Scotland, and it was here that he did some of his best work.

Robert Hopkin was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in the year 1832, and came to America with his parents when he was 14 years of age. He spent the most of his life in Detroit, but paid an occasional visit to his native land. In the earlier part of his career he was engaged as a decorator. He soon displayed his artistic ability and studied nature assiduously, like Turner, the great master of water color technique. His pictures attracted much attention from connoisseurs and critics, but he was not so much in search of fame as the pleasure which his studies brought him.

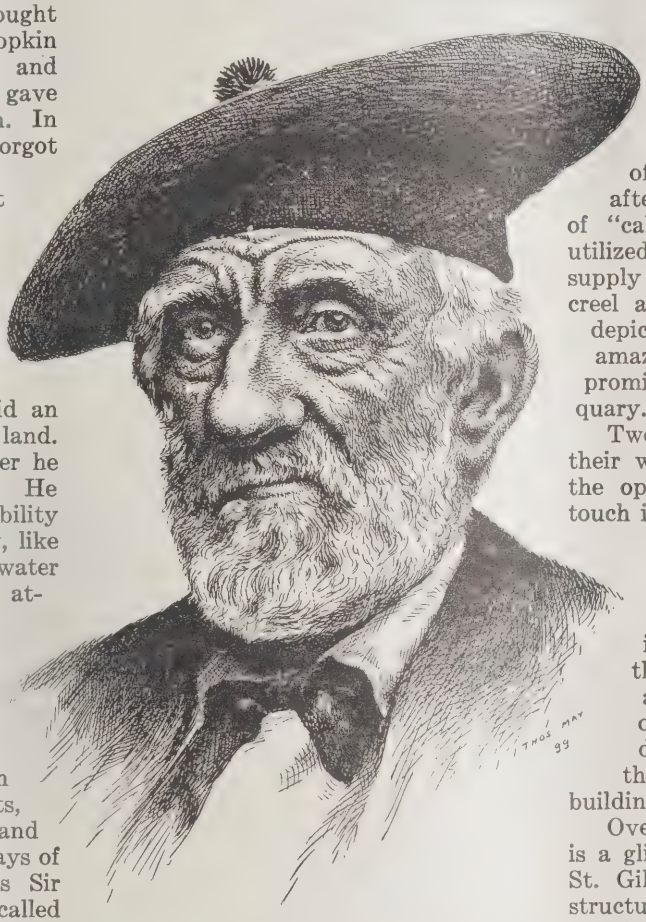
During a visit to Edinburgh he found, among other subjects, that there was a certain quaint and picturesque beauty in the byways of the "old romantic town," as Sir Walter Scott affectionately called it. One of these pictures we reproduce on the cover.

The picture portrays one of the rapidly disappearing bits of old Edinburgh. It is not typical of old Edinburgh alone, but of those old medieval byways that are found in most of the ancient cities of Europe.

In those days they built for stability, they thought of the generations to come. When these quaint buildings were erected they were not the houses of the poor and humble, but of the rich and mighty. They were frequently the town residences of the nobility and gentry, or the homes of merchant princes who in those days did not scorn to have their places of business and their homes as near each other as possible.

It is because these houses were built to last that they are standing today. They generally form a close or court to which access is gained from the main street by an archway, as shown in the picture. These archways were at a remote period protected by gateways, traces of which remain in the massive rings or hooks on which the gates were hung.

The windows are "wee" just as they were in the olden time. Glass was dear, and for purposes of defense it was not advisable to have the window openings too large. The quaint little dormers shown on the roofs were those of the attics or sleeping apartments, or, as they are still sometimes called, "garrets." The roofs were covered with slabs of slate so thick that they almost partook of the character of paving stones, but they were fine for keeping out the weather, and are in as good condition today as they were centuries ago.



(C) Detroit Photographic Co.
Robert Hopkin, portrait by Thomas May.

In the left foreground is the corner of a more pretentious building. Probably the residence of some city magnate, perhaps a bailie, as a Scottish magistrate is called, a provost, or a town clerk, but now apparently devoted to the storage of merchandise of various kinds, the ground story being used as a coal store. A bag of coal stands on one side of the door, while an empty "scull" or wicker basket stands on the other. Just round the corner the artist has given us a glimpse of the proprietor having a gossip with a fishwife, apparently his last customer.

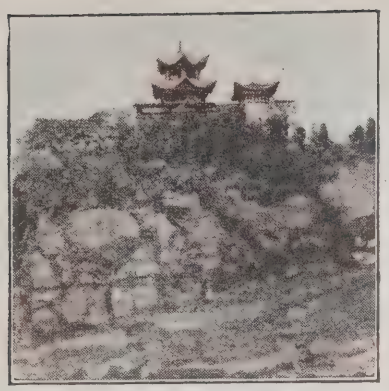
This buxom lady is arrayed in the striped petticoat, apron, and white "mutch" or cap, so typical of the Newhaven fishwives, and others from the fishing villages along the Firth of Forth. Slung over her shoulders is a "creel," a kind of fish basket made of "waufen willows," which after being filled and emptied of "caller herrin'," is now being utilized to transport her week's supply of fuel. In such a costume, creel and all, it would be safe to depict Maggie Mucklebacket, the amazon of the sea who figures so prominently in Scott's "Antiquary."

Two other customers are making their way through the archway to the open street. A characteristic touch is given to the picture by the pole thrust forth from the building on the left, to which, by the aid of a rope and pulley, the week's washing is being dried, in spite of the smoke and soot that hovers about such congested parts of the Scottish capital. The drying of the clothes shows that at least part of the old building is inhabited.

Over the tops of the houses there is a glimpse of the crown tower of St. Giles Cathedral, the venerable structure from which Knox thundered his anathemas, and inside which there took place that memorable scene when Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh, and thus precipitated a riot which led to the withdrawal by Charles the First of the objectionable Laud's Service Book.

It is indeed a characteristic bit of "Auld Reekie" as it existed in days gone by. Closes of this nature still shelter beneath the shadow of the ancient castle or by the old cathedral, but they are rapidly disappearing forever to give place to more modern structures, and more sunlight and fresh air.

This gloomy little alley is but the backwash of the life that stirs through the more modern city, but it stands as a symbol of things that have been, of the civilization of a much earlier day, of a period when men built more for strength and security than for beauty and comfort.



Pagoda and crag—China.

Temples and Rare Shrines

Glories of China and Japan

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

Two Korean shrines.

IT IS an awe-inspiring thing to stand before some sacred shrine, or temple in the Oriental world and to have the sudden consciousness that that temple has had millions of human feet crossing its threshold, millions of lips kissing its idols, millions of human hearts pouring out their prayers within its shrines before a single temple or cathedral was erected in Europe.

"Indeed Europe was a wilderness of savagery when the Temple of Heaven was built in Pekin," said a friend of mine with whom I was seeing the things that interest a journalist in that distant city.

When Napoleon stood beneath the pyramids of Egypt he said to his soldiers, "Forty centuries are looking down upon you here," and that sentence has gone down in history like a thunderclap. But if he had stood with his armies on those ancient steps that lead up to the Temple of Heaven he could have said, "Soldiers of France, untold ages, eighty, a hundred centuries look down upon you here."

That day will stand out forever; that sun-kissed winter day in Pekin when I first looked upon this great structure, with its impressive bulk, and its strange architecture. No European could ever dream such a massive and yet so beautiful a flower as this.

The Temple of Heaven literally throbs with historic romance. Strange and gorgeous pageants in the days of the Manchus passed up and down these wide marble steps and into the sacred precincts of this crimson-roofed place of worship.

The Manchu emperors were supposed to be the "Sons of Heaven" and therefore they were crowned in this sacred edifice; and even so recent an official as Yuan Shaih-k'ai, when he assumed the presidency, went back to this old Manchu custom and arranged to be inaugurated in the Temple of Heaven and to worship there. A gorgeous procession was formed one morning at daylight and both European officials and Americans were present.

The most interesting temple that I visited was the birthplace and burial place of Confucius, the great Chinese sage, in the Shantung Peninsula. This famous shrine is located at Chifu. On the way we visited Nanking and the famous ruins of the Ming dynasty tombs. When the revolution under Sun Yat Sen began, the Imperial City near Nanking was literally wiped out. This is the way that the Chinese have of doing when they wish to get rid of an enemy.

In this little village of Chifu is a mound about the size of a house. In this mound the great Confucius is buried. Mencius, his chief and first disciple, is also buried here; so it is a double shrine.

The Japanese temples are different in architecture, color, and general atmosphere from the Chinese although there is no doubt that Japan learned all the architecture and art that she knows from the Chinese.

In Japan there are several centers where there are famous temples or groups of temples. These are in Tokyo, Kyoto and Nikko—with beautiful architectural gems at Nara.

But of all the temples in Japan the most loved and by far the most beautiful are the temples of Nikko. "See Nikko and die" is the famous phrase of the Japanese themselves and no traveler in that country has seen the most beautiful things in Japan if he has not viewed the temples at Nikko.

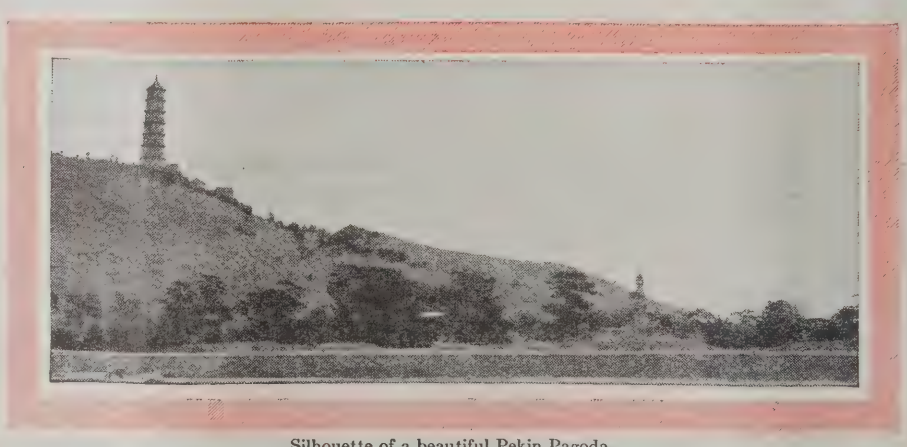
Fujiyama, the white mountain, is beautiful and one cannot help seeing it. Tokyo is a marvelous city with its strange combination of the old and the new, with its rickshas; with its aviation field and its modern hotels. Yokohama is a fascinating port of entry and one will never forget the street fairs, the shops, the color and beauty of its little houses; but "See Nikko and die" is a phrase born of the spirit of reverence, beauty and truth.

Word descriptions and photographs carry but a faint impression of the beauty of these ancient temples of the shoguns. They are covered with a brilliant sunset red lacquer, hundreds of layers put on by the greatest artists of the realm with a sacred religious devotion and passion, and they stand as the *summum bonum* of color in art. These Nikko temples are set down in a forest of cryptomeria trees, brothers to our gigantic redwoods of California, and with their brilliant red decorations in this forest of emerald one can hardly imagine a more beautiful contrast or a more gorgeous setting.

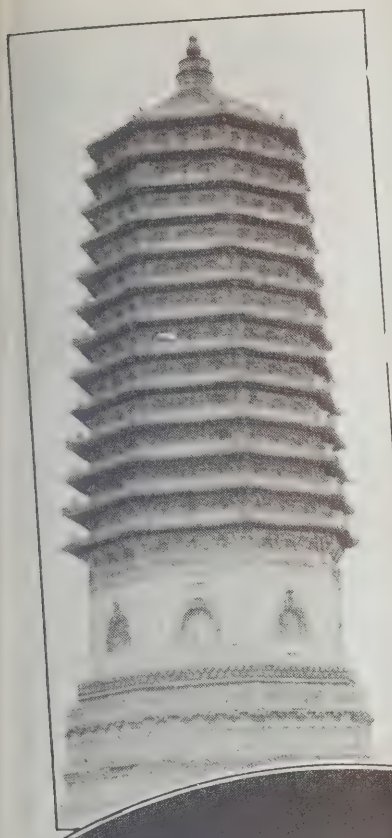
Leading up to the temples is the red lacquered bridge that spans the Nikko River. This bridge arches a stream that finds its source in beautiful Lake Chuzenzie, which is about twenty miles from Nikko, and it tumbles down a mountain gorge past these temples and under this red lacquered bridge which is called "The Emperor's Bridge" because no human being up to the time I visited that spot, save the emperor, is supposed ever to have crossed that bridge. We were told that any person save the emperor who crossed that bridge would die. I did not die. This shrine is the shrine of the Tokugawa, a famous shogun family.

We saw there the world-famous three monkeys, "Hear No Evil, See No Evil, Speak No Evil," and the just as famous sleeping cat, carved by a one-armed man so realistically that it has driven the rats from the temple.

The God of Winds and the God of Thunders which guard one of the Buddha temples were impressive but ugly. Gold, red, lacquer, grace, symmetry were everywhere.



Silhouette of a beautiful Pekin Pagoda.



The Temple of Heaven, Peking (erected before Europe had a cathedral).

"How the tall temples,
As to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies!"—Young

Illustrating the article which faces this page.

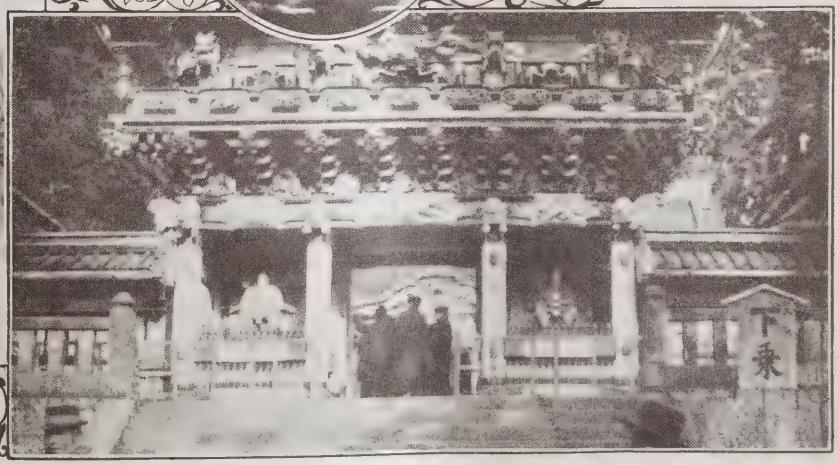
Above—God of Thunder and Lightning which figures prominently in the Nikko Temples.

Upper left-hand corner—Thirteen-story pagoda (one of the largest in China).

Above—Beautiful red lacquered pagoda resting among the trees and temples of Nikko, Japan.

Left—One of the sacred urns in the Temples of Nikko.

Below—Ornate entrance to the Nikko Temples.



Above—Entrance to the beautiful Temple of the Llamas, Peking.

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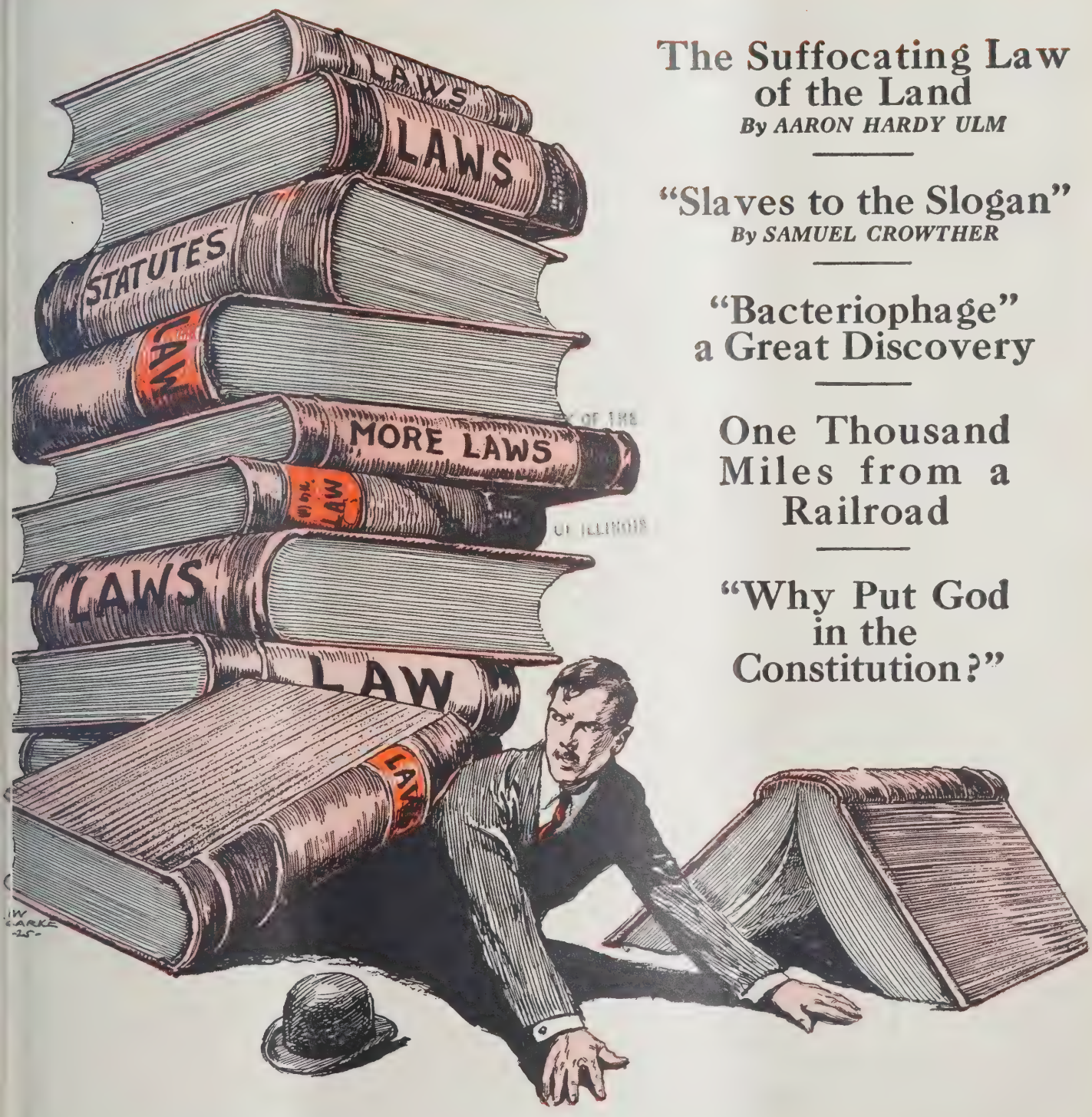
WHOEVER will study the character of the earliest immigrants to this country will find that they were alike unquiet under ecclesiastical and civil abridgements of their rights; he will find the same indomitable love of liberty among the Episcopalian adventurers on the Roanoke, the Puritans, who, in their fear of God, established their congregation upon the rock of Plymouth, the Quakers on the Schuylkill, the Catholics on the Susquehanna, the Netherlanders on the Hudson, the Germans on the Lehigh, and the Swedes and Finns at Cape Henlopen. He will be ready to say that God in His providence seems to have collected from the nations of Europe, men of sturdy limbs, free minds and bold hearts, to lay broad and deep the foundations of a State. . . . Degenerate descendants of such ancestors should we indeed be, did we not value above all other blessings the boon of liberty—above all other distinctions, that of self-government.—*William H. Seward, 1846.*

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 25, No. 45 AUGUST 29, 1925 Ten Cents a Copy



The Suffocating Law of the Land

By AARON HARDY ULM

"Slaves to the Slogan"

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

"Bacteriophage" a Great Discovery

One Thousand Miles from a Railroad

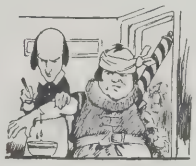
"Why Put God in the Constitution?"

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

Mother and son recently graduated from a Santa Ana high school.

Special accommodations for tall persons are being made by a New York hotel which is converting part of its twenty-second floor to take care of 50 "oversized" guests.



The sign of the barber, a pole with spiral bands of white and red, symbolizes the ancient function of the barber—blood-letting.

In its early history coffee was held by some to be an intoxicating beverage and severe penalties were threatened to those using it.

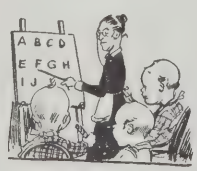
Slavery was abolished in Brazil in 1888, there then being about 750,000 slaves in the country.

Though he became one of the world's great orators, as a boy Daniel Webster was so shy that he found it impossible to "speak pieces" before his schoolmates.

Queen Victoria had no prejudice regarding the evil influence of opals and it is said she always gave them as marriage gifts to her daughters.

Sponges are the beehives of the sea, being in certain places occupied by whole colonies of tiny snapping shrimps that always come back to the same sponge which is their hive-like home.

The world's annual wool production is two pounds per capita, but five pounds per capita is used in the United States.



Beginning of the public instruction of children when they are two years of age is advocated by a Yale professor.

It is said that Rembrandt painted sixty portraits of himself.

Should Chile be placed on the west coast of North America it would extend from Sitka, Alaska, to a point opposite the City of Mexico. In length it is 2,600 miles and the average width is about 90 miles.

When the natives of a grain-eating district in India migrate in search of work to a region where the natives live on ox blood and milk or bananas, they suffer from digestive troubles.

Among the rare animals which are in danger of extinction is the gorilla, though between 100 and 200 still remain in the Belgian Big Game Sanctuary in the Congo.

Almost as many horses were exported from the United States in 1790 as in 1923.

Lewisia, the bitter root and state flower of Montana, was named after Captain Lewis.

Thirty per cent of the world's supply of tin comes from the Malay Peninsula.

Nag's Head, North Carolina, got its name from the tricks of the wreckers of olden days who plied their nefarious trade along this historic coast. They conceived the idea of tying a lantern to the head of a horse whose legs were fettered with hobbles. The storm-tossed mariner at sea, taking the light for that of a ship sailing in safety, would hold up his helm for what he thought the calmer waters inside, which eventually landed him in shoals where he was wrecked, his cargo falling a prey to the vandals ashore.

Aristotle's essay on the constitution of Athens was found written on the backs of the farm records of an Egyptian estate during A. D. 78 and 79.

Quests for the pole began in 1527 when Henry VIII sent Robert Thomas to find the North Pole "where there are odde beasties and great treasure to be had."

Strictly speaking, a bungalow is a single-story building with a thatched roof and a veranda all around. It is of Indian origin, the name being a corruption of a word meaning "of Bengal," India, the province where this type of building was first used.

Snake bites in British India alone cause about 22,000 deaths annually.

X-ray is now being used successfully in the treatment of whooping cough and for the infant's disease, rickets.

Briar pipes are not made of briar but of "bruyere," the French word for a species of heather root.

A tame elephant eats more than one thousand pounds of green fodder and twenty-five pounds of unhusked rice daily.

Some 500 years ago the Scottish people made known to the world wool knitted hosiery. The following century the same people learned to knit silk in the necessary shape.

Dr. Hayford claims that the earth is precisely 7,926 miles and 678 thousandths of a mile in diameter and 78,999 miles and 964 thousandths of a mile through the poles.

The apple was a native of Central Asia. It was introduced into England in 1629 by the government of Massachusetts Bay Colony.

A strange peculiarity which characterizes a species of South American tree frogs is that the parent carries the large eggs on its back until they hatch and the young remain there for some time after.

Card games of the Middle Ages required much more time than the same games of today because the brains of the players were slower than the modern mind.

"Radium necrosis," is the name of a new type of occupational disease common to workers painting watch dials with a radium preparation.

In New Zealand, after a recent heavy rain storm accompanied by heavy wind, the streets and gutters were filled with small fish that had been blown from the streams and water holes nearby.

Ohio banks are offering 5 per cent on savings deposits as against a former rate of 4 per cent. Competition from building and loan associations is assigned as the cause.

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* * *
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* * *
Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses standardization, what it is and when it is harmful.

Catchwords as collars lead us around; we are slaves to the slogan. If a thing sounds well, it must be true. Iteration lures. What is *your* particular collar? The time a man can be labeled—except in a great crisis when he must adopt a side—he is ready for the self. Maybe your particular slogan is in this list. (p. 2)

Why put God in the Constitution, our only changeable national document, when God is already in all our fundamental and unchangeable national documents? Another view of an old question. (p. 13)

Tom Masson, humorist and wise man, has been looking over the younger generation and finds it not half bad. But it is not as progressive as it fancies itself to be, at that. The younger generation is, in many particulars, as old-fashioned as the hasles. Worth perusal by flappers and sheiks. (p. 16)

A White House in the West has been the dream of some Americans for years. The question of location may not be important, but it is interesting. (p. 12)

Some express doubt that it is worth while trying to save fools from fake stock salesmen. They think that those who can be victimized should be. Maybe. But we feel easier in conscience when we forewarn good people concerning the wiles of fakers. Public confidence is more precious than the billion dollars a year that victims lose; but cooperation of decent men would save both the confidence and the billion. (p. 18)

What is to be found 1,000 miles from a railway? And where in the world can one get that far from steel? In China, of course. Most travelers have seen the old quaint China. Others have seen the new China, girding itself under the silk of its ancient past. From this time forward, the world will have only the new China to deal with, and the situation will show whether in moral and intellectual integrity we of the West are equal to the needs of the new East. (p. 4)

This magazine was one of the first to make an issue of the mountainous masses of law which have been loaded on the patient backs of the American people. The campaign is now general, with hopeful results promised. People who called us radical five years ago are now advocating what we were first to suggest, namely, special sessions for the abolition of useless, imperfect or incongruous laws. (p. 5)

Down among the cotton men they have their leaders who know Aaron Sapiro and his schemes. Some interesting facts may just as well be published now and then while waiting for Aaron to bring on his million-dollar lawsuit. (p. 14)

John Fox, Jr., and his Kentucky stories are still fondly remembered. But few of us knew much of the man himself. Here is a strange picture of the last phase. (p. 32)

Knowledge increases by men opening their eyes. We don't create, we discover. Here is a man who finds that disease bacteria are overcome by health bacteria, that convalescence germinates as disease does. A really thrilling view of the defensive forces of life is given in this article. (p. 7)

There's a story about Portland, up in Maine (p. 22); a story about a soldier's home in "Glad Valley" (p. 24); a story about the first Christian Indian church (p. 15); and one about the Signers of '76 (p. 20). Then there are Editorials, Briefly Told and I Read in the Papers.

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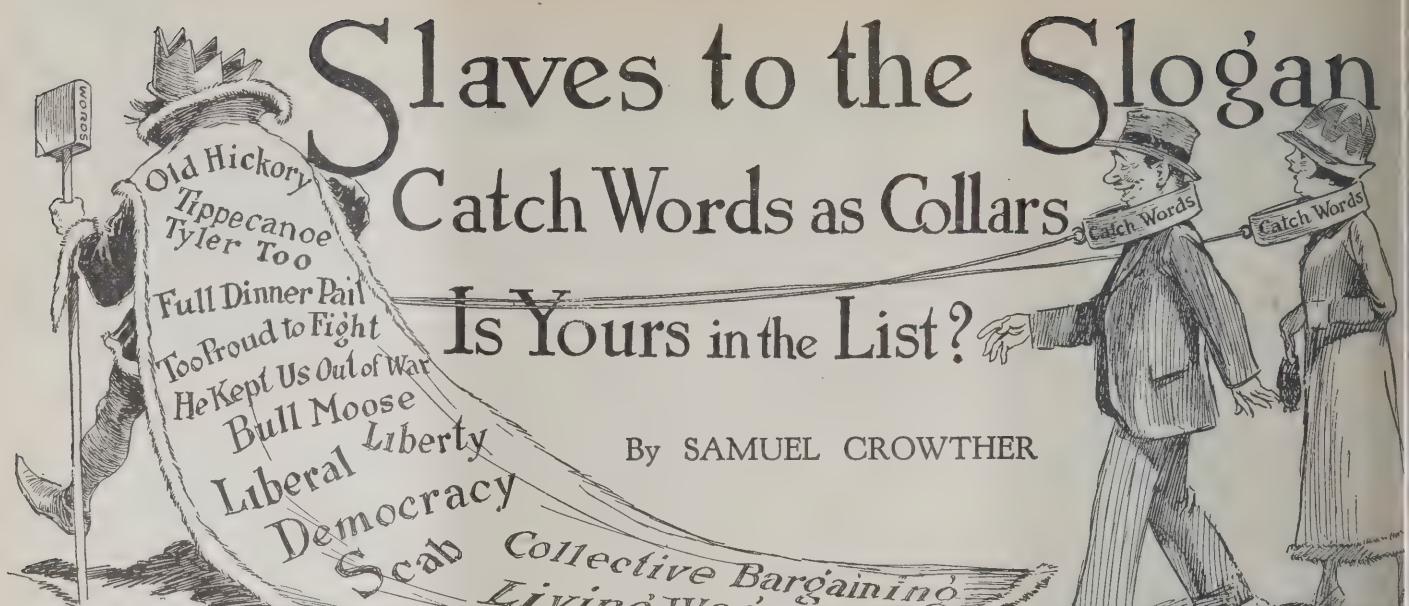
Slaves to the Slogan

Catch Words as Collars

Is Yours in the List?



By SAMUEL CROWTHER

"YOU take the arguments, take all the right and justice in a political campaign," said a shrewd and seasoned politician to me the other day, "and if I can get a catch word or a slogan, I don't need any right or justice to make a good run against you and maybe to beat you. Even if I don't get a slogan for my man, but I do get a first-class epithet for yours, I will rustle you then, too.

"The arguments, the campaign speeches, and all that do not much matter. Men and women do not reason their votes. They do not reason much about anything. They think in headlines—in words that are snappy. But nobody knows in advance how a word or a phrase is going to catch on.

"The last Presidential campaign was bare of catch words. Neither Calvin Coolidge nor John W. Davis had nicknames. 'Cal' is a good, friendly sort of a name, but it does not fit President Coolidge. 'Fighting Bob' for La Follette had no appeal, for most people had no idea what he was fighting about. In addition, his party made the mistake of taking the name 'Progressive,' and the force of that name had died with Colonel Roosevelt.

"Just compare 'We want Teddy' with anything in recent years and you will see just what I mean! Colonel Roosevelt had the gift—it was nothing short of that—of both epithet and slogan, and especially of epithet. He demolished the colorless Taft campaign in 1912. The name 'Bull Moose' exactly fitted him and his Progressive party. He broke up the voting habits of the Republicans.

"Four years later, in spite of 'Too Proud to Fight,' Wilson won on 'He kept us out of war.' Mr. Hughes had no slogan and no popular campaign personality, but President Wilson did not have to beat Hughes. He had to beat 'Too Proud to Fight' with 'He kept us out of war,' and so closely did the two run together that one state, California, decided the result.

"Most of our big issues have been decided on catch words. 'The full dinner pail' carried the Republicans to victory when the tariff was a political issue. Bimetalism could never have been an issue had not the purely economic discussion as to the advantages and disadvantages of the gold standard been turned into an emotional issue by Bryan's 'Crucified on a cross of gold,' and the slogan 'Free Silver'—which subtly conveyed the notion that by following Bryan you might get something for nothing.

"Go back into the old days. Andrew Jackson probably had as few qualifications for the Presidency as any man ever nominated, but as 'Old Hickory' he got in. Harrison and Tyler were not much of a combination, but 'Tippecanoe and Tyler Too' carried the day."

Take another phase. I was talking with a legislative agent—that is, a lobbyist. This is another illustration of the same thing. We call a man a "lobbyist" and it is inconceivable that he could be advocating the passage of a bill in the public interest, but if we call him a "legislative agent" or an "executive secretary" there is a chance for him. So we no longer have lobbyists. "Publicity man" and "public relations counsel" in practice mean exactly the same thing, but there is no comparison between the respectability of the two titles. In the public mind a publicity man is merely a chronic liar.

"The title of a bill," said this man to me, "has nearly everything to do with its success. I do not mean the official title but the popular title. An act which gave the railroads more trouble than any other single piece of legislation has been the 'Full Crew' law, and solely because of its name. The name implies that railroads must be prevented from running trains with less than full crews, but as a matter of fact the law provides for extra a entirely useless men and is a mak work law. If you were against this la then of course you wanted trains to out with less than enough men manage them!

"The 'pure food' law is on somethi the same basis. In part that law pr vides against harmful adulteration a misrepresentation, but it also bars sor harmless and some beneficial co pounds, yet if you object to the b parts of that law then you line yours up as being against pure food for t people. The 'Seamen's Act' attempt to do for ships what the 'Full Cre law did for the railroads, but becau 'Seamen's Act' means nothing to mo people there has been no public prote over its suspension by executive ord from the time of its passage.

"All taxes are nuisances—or wors But because some ingenious perso grouped a lot of the smaller tax under the general head of 'Nuisan Taxes' these taxes no longer exis The 'Sherman Anti-Trust Law' today a hindrance to the reorganiz tion of many kinds of business alon lines where they could raise wag and also lower prices, but the wor 'anti-trust' have saved the law and w continue to save it for a long tim For 'trust' has come to mean a con bination against the interests of th public.

"The Volstead Act is badly name I can conceive, if this law had a tit which would imply moral turpitude its violation, it would be better ob served; as it is, many men of substan are afraid to oppose it only becau then they will be dubbed 'Wets' which carries opprobrium.

"During the war, England had th 'Defense of the Realm Act,' giving th broadest and most arbitrary powers the Prime Minister, and a great de of injustice was perpetrated und that act. But the act was popular known as 'Dora'—which took th

ing out of everything done under it!

"Our own civil service laws need mendment in a great many particulars. hey were originally designed to curb 'o the victor belong the spoils,' it now in many instances they serve ly to keep incompetent men in fice. For a long time any effort to ange them was met with the cry at you wanted to return to the spoils stem. Now, however, instead of 'vil service employee' people are ginning to say 'bureaucrat'—which eans that before long the laws will revised!"

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote: 'Man lives not by bread alone but incipally by catch words." Take te word "diet." When a man says lemnly: "I am on a diet," it is almost crilegious to suggest that the diet is rting him and not helping him. obably more men and women have en killed through wrong diets than rough overeating. Some of the pre-iling weight-reduction diets are so akening that they break down all sistance to disease. Yet the word 'iet" implies a healthful selection of od!

Take some political terms. The rd "progressive" is exceedingly attractive; we all like to think that we e making progress, but merely changing things is not progress, and neither jumping up and down on one spot. reactionary is supposed to be going ck into the past and a progressive ing forward into the future. Presently progressives nearly always advocate the punitive taxation of wealth ad the encouragement of intense mpetition by small business units. you tax away capital, then there is thing left over to provide the power ad machinery which bring about higher ges. High taxation means low wages, ad so does excessive competition—r it is very wasteful—therefore, gressivism may easily be reactionary.

The reactionary, on the other hand, ually believes in low taxes—which eans the accumulation of capital and e competition of capital for labor—hich means higher wages. In the same y "Tax the rich and spare the poor" unds well but works out to mean mething very different. The taxatn process is one of subtraction, and, although the money may em to come from one ss, actually it comes m the whole community; the wealthy become s wealthy but the poor come destitute.

Take "liberal" as a litical designation. ce upon a time it meant t for a gentleman" or efitting a man of free th." But now, oddly ough, in this country find that a liberal—t is, a man who calls nself a liberal—is not so much concerned with any liberty excepting that which permits him freely to talk socialism or even communism—both of which doctrines have in them nothing whatsoever of liberty. In them individuals are just cogs in a machine.

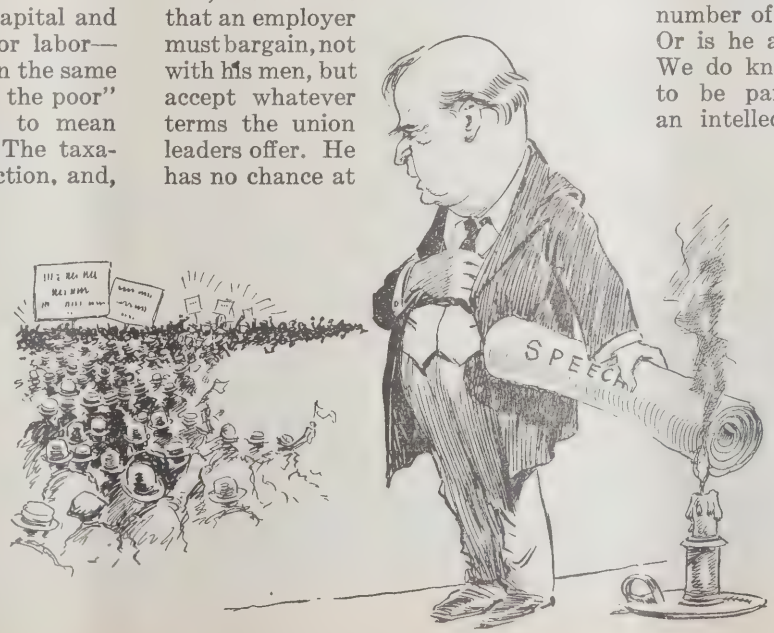
It is much the same with "liberty" and "democracy." Liberty is a perquisite of the "ins" and never of the "outs." It is purely a question of where you sit. Ours has never been a democratic government and was never intended to be—it is a representative government. Indeed, democracy cannot exist on a large scale, for it implies continuous referendum and would be entirely too cumbersome—it also implies that human beings reason and ponder on public questions, and they do nothing of the sort. They play follow-the-leader.

The labor catalog is filled with terms which do not mean what they seem to say. The "organization strike" sounds harmless, but what it really means is the calling out by professional organizers of men and women, not because they have a grievance but to force them into joining the union.

If a works employs five hundred persons, at least fifty or a hundred of these persons can be pursuaded that they have wrongs, and then they can further be pursuaded to strike and bring out with them a hundred more workers who have a dim idea that if there is a strike they ought to be in on it.

The strikers yell "Scab" at men going to work. Few men have the moral courage to stand out against being called a scab. It is the most useful word in the whole trades union vocabulary, and so, just because a union needs members and dues and the organizers want to earn commissions, the factory is closed down and sometimes bankrupted and weeks of wages are lost.

"The right to collective bargaining" sounds imposing. It seems to imply that an employer ought to bargain with his men concerning wages, and connotes a certain level fairness. In fact, it means that an employer must bargain, not with his men, but accept whatever terms the union leaders offer. He has no chance at all to bargain—he is simply told what he must pay and instead of being able to reward men according to their efficiency, he has to pay the first-class man and the worthless man alike.



"Living wage" seems to mean something but does not. It has its foundation in a standardized system of living, and there is no such standardized system. A wage earner with an intelligent wife may live well on twenty-five dollars a week, while another wage earner with a shiftless, slattern wife will get nothing out of twenty-five dollars a week. The whole idea of the living wage, while it sounds humanitarian, is not humanitarian at all. It is a European importation growing out of a static society. Here in America we do not want wages which will merely pay for existence—we want the highest wages which well-managed production can pay.

"Class conscious" is another European importation. The preaching of class consciousness is to the end that workers must consider themselves workers for all time and act accordingly—and incidentally duly obey the labor leaders who want to exploit them. The "democratic control of industry" is a high-sounding phrase which means absolutely nothing.

We know how far a gang gets without a foreman; we know how far a factory gets without an organization to distribute its product; but under democratic control, leadership is presumed to amount to nothing and every question of product, wages, and hours is to be argued out and voted upon by the men. Even Russia had to abandon this notion of democratic control, for, although talk flowed freely, production quit cold.

"Intellectuals" and "Intelligentsia" are words we hear often and they ought to mean something. But what do they mean? They have something to do with being educated. But what is an educated man? Is he a man who has received collegiate degrees? Is he a man who can remember a great number of things taken out of books? Or is he a man who can use reason? We do know that it is not necessary to be particularly intelligent to be an intellectual or a member of the intelligentsia. Probably they are just words to classify odd specimens who neither work nor spin but who it would seem ought to be labeled.

The list is endless—the list of words which seem to mean one thing and which actually mean something very different. But this we know—"a rose by any other name" would not smell so sweet. Nobody would take the trouble to find out what it smelled like. It is words—not what is back of them—that control.

1,000 Miles from a Railroad

China as the Land of Topsyturvydom

By STANLEY HIGH

Part of the Great Wall of China, north of Pekin.

ON THE outward voyage from Vancouver to Shanghai "an old China hand" remarked to me:

"You may not like the sights and the sounds and the smells of China, but you can't help loving the Chinese people."

One day in a Chinese city provides all the proof one needs for the first part of that statement. It requires a considerably longer time, and journeys away from the smug environs of the International Settlements, to demonstrate the truth of the latter part. In fact, instead of falling immediately in love with the Chinese people I concluded, at the end of the first week in the country, that the Oriental atmosphere, in some way or other, had probably distorted the outlook of those individuals whose affection for the Chinese was so apparent.

My own first impression of the Chinese was that they do everything exactly the opposite from the way in which it is done in the Western world. Being new to the country this discovery was irritating. I decided that things were twisted, doubtless, merely for the purpose of aggravating foreigners who might be passing through. At any rate I made a list in my diary of the things which Chinese do "backward."

In reading a book a Chinese begins in the back and reads toward the front, and instead of reading across the page he reads up and down. When a Chinese rows a boat instead of sitting down with his back toward the point for which he is rowing he stands up and faces forward. A Chinese boy, if he pares an apple, does not hold the apple still and move the knife, he holds the knife still and moves the apple. The most desirable beds in China are not soft but hard. When introduced to a Chinese instead of shaking your hand he shakes his own, and instead of being introduced as "Mr. Jones" you will be introduced as "Jones, Mister." And when you are ushered into a high-class Chinese home one of the greatest compliments that you can pay your hostess is to ask her her age.

Hankow is the Pittsburgh of China. The stacks of its mills rise above the city in as impressive a sky line as on can see in many Western cities. Larges of these factories is the Han Yang Iro and Steel Company, which employ 5,000 men and is under a strictl Chinese management. Dr. Woo, th general manager, was educated i England and America and, after a tou of his plant, he explained—in term like those of any far-seeing America manufacturer—his plans for his em ployes.

"Housing is our first problem," h said. "After that we will have Y. M. C. A. in the plant. Already w have begun lectures and schools for th men. That land over there"—and h pointed to a great plot of ground som distance from the mill—"we are makin into a playground for the children o our employes. Work has already be gun on our day school. Once our mode homes are finished we can go forwar more rapidly with these other plans."

Not all of China's factories have management so up-to-date as that o the Han Yang Steel Company. Bu among Chinese directed companie there is less and less of industrial ex ploitation and a greater degree of fai play.

Up from Hankow we traveled o the Yangtze, by comfortable rive boat to the city of Ichang, locate just below the world-famous Yangtz Gorges. There is an increasing amoun of steamer traffic through the gorges— for the upper Yangtze (Continued on page 30

A characteristic part of China's younger generation.

The Suffocating Load of the Law

Is American Justice Being Smothered Beneath a Mass of Statutes?

By AARON HARDY ULM
ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

AT THE Capitol in Washington there is the best library of its kind in the country. It is maintained for the use primarily of the Supreme Court of the United States. Embodied in thousands of books on the library's shelves is the law of the land—the law which, according to the first of legal maxims, everyone is presumed to know.

"A fairly intelligent lawyer might read them all in about twenty-five years," says a noted judge regarding these books. Then he would face a new accumulation that would occupy him for another period of five to ten years, that is, unless meantime the flood be checked.

The beginnings of this accumulation of law lie in vague antiquity. Some go back to primitive man, some to the annals of Old Testament peoples, some to the ancient Greeks, a great many to the Roman Republic; but, chiefly, they are rooted in the traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Flows from some of the tributaries to the main stream have at times been checked and clarified, as when Justinian caused the Roman law to be reduced to a few simple volumes and, according to legend, directed that all the other law books extant in the Empire be burned. But there never has been any drastic checking of the main flow, which has swelled as time passed, and in recent years, in this country, has reached the proportions of a flood. There has been less impeding of the flood, and even less effort to keep it within reasonable bounds, in this country than in any other whose system of administering justice is built around the English common law.

In fact, many students of the subject—among them some of the ablest living lawyers—seriously are asking the question if the law isn't in danger of being smothered in this country under a growing mass of books filled with statutes, precedents and formulae, so numerous, so complex, so dispersed and often so contradictory as to threaten a complete breaking down of the courts.

"The enormous increase in legal literature and the intolerable maze of precedents through which we wander has alarmed every thoughtful student and has placed upon the profession burdens which only supernatural power can support," declared John W. Davis when president of the American Bar Association. "Instead of receding from the brink of chaos, are we not daily hastening toward a precipice?"

"The Kent centenary offered an occasion to contrast the 180 volumes of reports and the dribble of statutes which made up his (that of the author of the greatest of American Law classics, *Kent's Commentaries*) working library with the 18,500 volumes of reports and the inundation of statutes that constitute a complete American law library today. . . No law office, however numerous its force, can pretend to sift a mass of material so vast."

The "inundation of statutes" has been widely discussed of late and is now the subject of agitation in many quarters. This commentator was among the first laymen to write of it currently—in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT more than two years ago. The legislative mills of the country have been grinding out from 15,000 to 20,000 new laws every year, a large number of them containing extraneous matter in the form of "riders" and others embodying hidden matter in the form of "jokers." It is the common opinion of lawyers that most of them are badly drawn, making it all the more necessary that the courts "rewrite" and supplement them. The aggregate would be doubled by adding to statutes the regulations, orders and ordinances, having the force of law, that are put forth by administrative bodies.

Though it is a big one, the flood of statutes is not the most important phase of the problem.

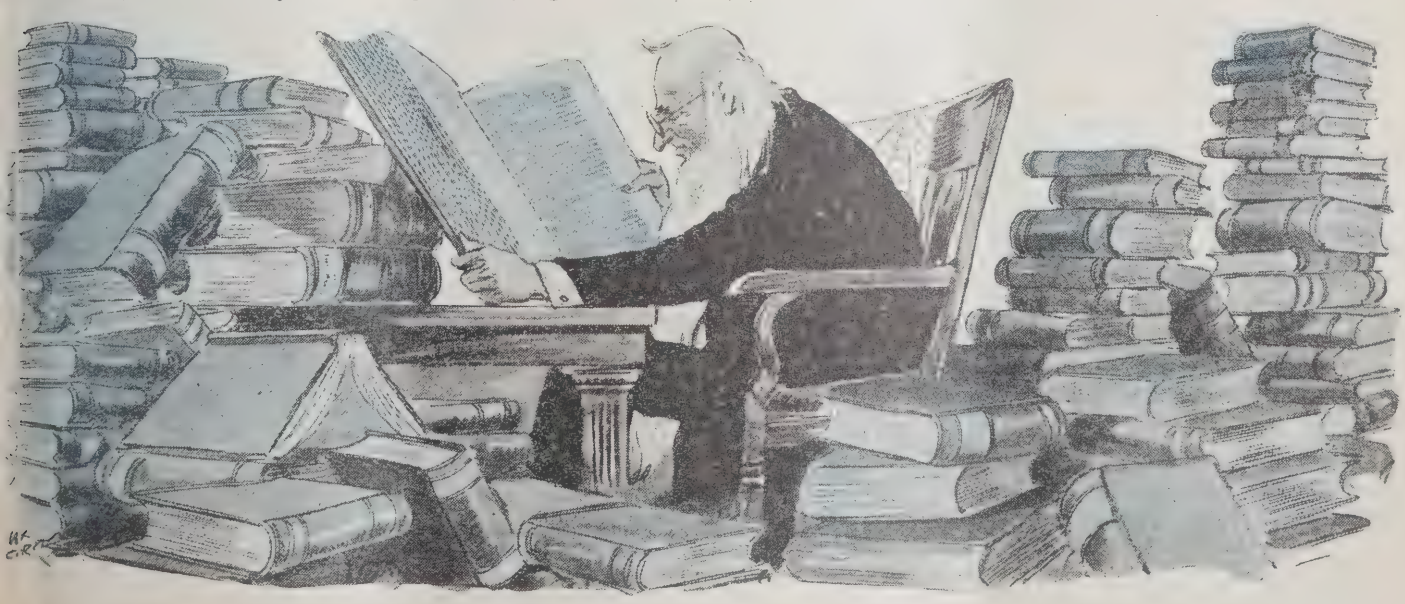
"While the layman often thinks of law in terms of statutes," says Harlan F. Stone, recent United States Attorney-General and now a justice of the Supreme Court, "much the greater part of law is in fact made up of those rules which are declared by judges and which have the force of law only because they are so declared."

These rules are scattered through nearly 20,000 volumes of Appellate Court reports. In 1917 there were 175,000 pages of these reported opinions—each of which might contain a precedent—in the United States as against only 7,000 in Great Britain, the parent source of our system of law.

Several results flow from the condition of which the foregoing is an illustration. One undoubtedly is in great part the lax enforcement of the criminal laws. Another is the declining worth of the courts as agencies for procuring justice under the civil laws. Another is the growing cost, which for a great proportion of the population is becoming more and more prohibitive, of not only litigation but of the non-litigious legal service that is becoming more and more necessary in the ordinary conduct of affairs.

A few paragraphs as to the first.

"The administration of the criminal law has practically broken down of its own weight . . . In all the States of



the Union, with one or two exceptions, (it) is a disgrace to civilization."

Who says that? Some wild agitator? No. The words were uttered only a year or two ago by William H. Taft, former President and now Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

"From a careful estimate, I conclude that we have at large in the United States at least 135,000 crimson-handed women and men who unlawfully have taken human life," writes Judge Marcus A. Kavanagh, of the Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois, in the journal of the American Bar Association. "There never was any other condition like this in the civilized world. Competent observers reckon that there are in this country 352,000 men and women who live partly or entirely by crime and the number is increasing with incredible rapidity."

Why?

Listen further to this judge of a quarter century's experience on the bench. The expression "adjective laws" relates to procedure.

"The substantive laws of all civilized countries are about the same; in that regard, no one in 3,200 years has added much to or taken from the Ten Commandments. But an intraversable expanse spreads between the adjective criminal laws of this country and those of other lands. If an explanation can be found for the difference in criminal conditions between the United States and Canada and European countries that cause must be discovered in the ropes, pulleys, gearing and tackle which transmit the power from the substantive laws to the crime itself. Now our adjective laws are a century behind this age. Seventy-five years ago their abandonment commenced in England, the land of their origin. The ancient system continues with us, worn-out, ramshackle, loose, ill-fitting and in such rattling and uncertain adjustment that the wonder is not that justice so often fails but that it so often succeeds."

Another sentence penned by this judge:

"The law which now exists as an insurance for criminals is for most part Judge-made law."

If space permitted, an astonishing array of evidence might be put forth in support of that statement—evidence taken from that great mass of law books under which real law pants for the breath of life—such as the great number of cases in which appeals are permitted and the extraordinary number in which they are sustained, often on frivolously technical grounds.

The average state of affairs as to the laws involving property or civil rights is perhaps worse than that of the criminal law. After all, the criminal law is reasonably simple; the civil law has become so infinitely complex that practitioners are being forced more and more to confine themselves to a single one of the multiplying branches of it. This complexity makes the course of the average court case so costly, so uncertain, and its settlement so remote that persons in many lines of industry are finding it necessary to set up private courts for adjustment of disputes outside of the machinery of law. In one big industry 5,000 cases were so disposed of in a recent year, during which time only two suits lying within the range of these private courts—called boards of arbitration—were carried into the law courts by persons in that industry.

"If one considers court action in New York City, he should be advised that he cannot have a trial of the issues before the first of 1929 if the case is docketed at once (extraordinary cases, advanced on certificates of special importance, excepted)," wrote Wesley A. Sturges, a professor of law, in the March, 1925, number of the *Yale Law Journal*. Four years between the filing and the trial of an ordinary law suit! Then as long, or longer, period may be absorbed if the loser be able to pursue all the avenues of appeal.

Meantime . . . "Rights suffer irreparable wrong; wrongs go unrighted; parties and witnesses die, scatter and disappear; evidence is lost or destroyed; memories fail and testimony loses its distinct value; frauds and perjuries evolve and mature; insolvencies and bankruptcies intervene, so that when the tardy day of judicial trial drags the often seriously weakened case to the bar of justice, justice ofttimes cannot be had or is very ineffective."

Aside from all that, the average case must run the gamut of infinite technicality.

A committee of the American Bar Association, in a report made within the last few years, declared that the growing lack of respect for law is "due to the law's uncertainty," which in turn, the committee held, is due in most part to "lack of agreement among the members of the legal profession on the fundamental principles of the common law, lack of precision in the use legal terms, to conflicting and bad drawn statutory provisions . . . t great volume of recorded decisions, t ignorance of judges and lawyers a the number and nature of novel leg cases."

The last Federal census disclos 122,000 persons in the active practi of law, or occupied as judges, in t United States—approximately 1 f every 800 of the population. While t number of doctors, hitherto about t same as that of lawyers, fell off duri the last decennial period, that of lawye increased about 8,000. Members of t legal profession tell the writer that t average earnings of lawyers have gro more than those of any other profe sionals and beyond those of most no professionals in recent years. Whe he used to have to set up for hims and wait—as Woodrow Wilson d unavailingly—over an extended p riod for clients, or go out and hust for patronage, the average graduate the law now has little trouble in getti profitably situated at the start. This because of the growing demand, necessary demand, even a legitima demand, for capable legal service.

Might not a similar question raised as to the legal profession a law reform? For example:

Is it reasonable to expect a lar group of the population to expend mu energy toward correcting conditio that are highly profitable to itself?

Undoubtedly it would be unfair express doubt on this score as to a members of the bar, or, perhaps, t bar as a whole.

There is much that runs counter such doubt. For instance, the literatu of the profession, as foregoing excerp indicate, is replete with demands f reform.

Some of these demands have bee transformed into action. An America Bar Association commission that h been working with that end in view f many years has achieved considerab by way of promoting the adoption uniform statutes on certain phases the law by different states. But only modicum of the admittedly desirab has been achieved there.

The biggest move toward law r form now being made is more fa reaching than any of those alread noted. And it comes wholly from t legal profession itself. It is the or being promoted by the American La Institute, a protégé (Concluded on page 2

Microbes That Devour Microbes

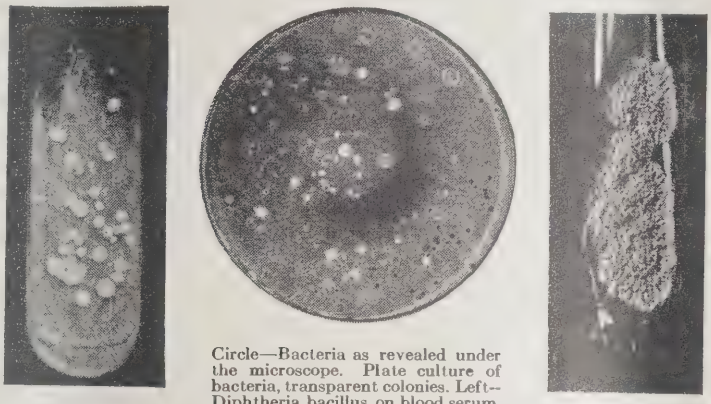
D'Herelle's "Bacteriophage"— Canadian's Discovery at the Pasteur Institute

By HENRI PEYRE

THREE years ago the whole of France, her men of science and her politicians, her professors and even her most famous actors celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of her greatest geniuses, Pasteur. France can indeed be proud of this child of hers. To him, and to the impulse he gave to biology, are to be traced most of the discoveries made in that field these forty or forty years. Among the new paths he opened in the forest of dark ignorance and stubborn prejudices, the most fruitful is undoubtedly the study of the world of the infinitely small creatures, microbes and bacteria. He has been followed in that way by several brilliant disciples, one of whom, Felix Hubert d'Hérelle, who was born in the province of Quebec, Canada, is now becoming famous in the scientific world for his discovery of the *bacteriophage*.

When, less than fifty years ago, the new word "microbes" was coined to denote those infinitely small creatures that man, the complex self-destroyer, feeds in his own body, physiologists little deemed that those tiny living particles they had succeeded in perceiving through their microscopes would soon appear like giants compared to other creatures which received the name of *ultramicrobes*. The latter are living beings so small that none of our present optical instruments can betray their existence. They are distinguished from microbes not only by their diminutiveness, which enables them to pass through the pores of filters, but also by special properties with which they are endowed. Thus they cannot be cultivated apart from the being of which they are parasites. They are "intracellular parasites," that is to say, they can live only inside the cells. Many diseases of man, animals and vegetables, are to be set down to those ultramicrobes—for instance, rabies, smallpox, mumps, scarlet fever, measles, perhaps the common coryza, even all animal plagues.

But, the great and hopeful fact is that those invisible creatures are not all of them our foes. Parasitism, as well known, is a necessity and a general law for all living beings, who must borrow from other living beings the organic matter that they cannot themselves create. But the higher forms of animal life are endowed with certain means of defense against their enemy: some insects and reptiles secrete several poisonous liquids, some fishes possess organs producing electricity, others emit a stuff that makes the water around them turbid. Microbes, being the smallest, are the most dangerous of all parasites. They find in the organism of animals an environment favorable to their growing and developing; they soon multiply, and their presence in the organism creates a disease. Against them, our human system finds a means of defense in the phagocytes, those white globules of our blood that stand like soldiers on duty, whose task is to guard the body against foreign invasions. As soon as microbes attempt to attack our tissues, there is a general signal for action; the struggle begins. According as the globules are stronger or weaker than the assailers on such or such a point, the system resists or gives way. Good health is merely the ability to resist the enemy, and all that tends to keep the body in tone is an effectual preventive of disease.



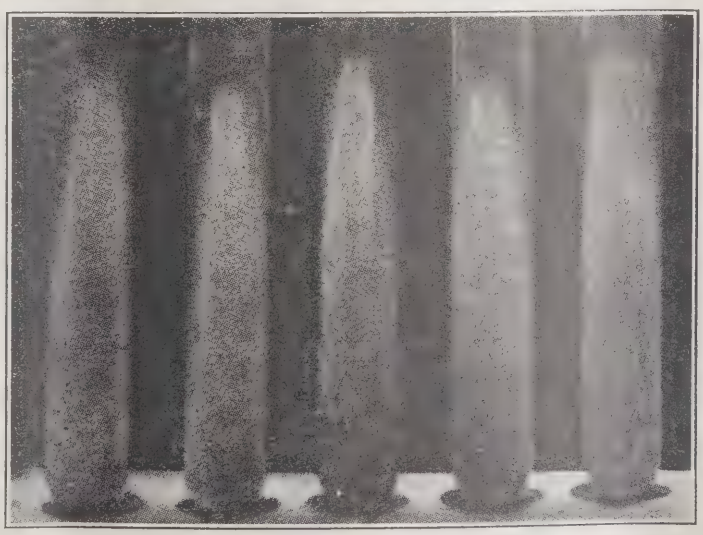
Circle—Bacteria as revealed under the microscope. Plate culture of bacteria, transparent colonies. Left—Diphtheria bacillus on blood serum. Right—Bacillus tuberculosis on broth germ culture

This has been well known since the works of one of Pasteur's disciples, Metchnikoff. *But another phenomenon has since been discovered, the importance of which may well prove equal to that of the phagocytose.* This is due to the long and patient researches which Felix Hubert d'Hérelle undertook twenty years ago; they resulted in 1917 in the discovery of the "bacteriophage" to which his name is given: *D'Herelle's Bacteriophage.* The term indicates "bacteria eaters."

The process of the discovery is this: eliminated matter *from a patient recovering* from dysentery, typhoid fever, or plague, is mixed with broth germ culture and filtered through a candle-shaped china tube. After the filtration, the mixture is perfectly clear; it is then pure. Then matter from a *patient still in the throes of the disease* is taken, and four or five drops of the former mixture *from a convalescent patient* is mixed with it; after a certain time, 18 or 24 hours, the broth is again quite clear. The microscope shows that the disease bacilli have disappeared.

What has occurred? Obviously the bacilli of convalescence have overcome the bacilli of disease.

One drop only, not of the original mixture, but of the broth that grows clear under the influence of that mixture, will produce after a few hours the same phenomenon that took place in the first experiment, that is to say, the disease bacteria are dissolved and destroyed, and the whole is quite clear and pure. The process can be repeated; one drop of *the clarified broth obtained after the second experiment,* introduced into a third group of disease bacteria destroys them even more quickly than before, within 8 or 10 hours. There is a long series of such experiments. The dissolving process takes place without the later mixtures losing anything of their strength; on the contrary, after the first few experiments, an (*Concluded on page 26*)



The bacteriophage is introduced into a bacterial suspension. Small amounts of this suspension are spread on broth germ culture, and then incubated. Tube 1—immediately after inoculation; 2—after 1¼ hours; 3—after 2½ hours, the layer of bacterial growth shows three colonies of the bacteriophage; 4—after 3¾ hours, confluent colonies of the bacteriophage are disseminated throughout the bacterial growth; 5—after 5 hours, the bacterial elements have been destroyed.

How British Control Rubber Flow

Restriction of Output in the East Means High Prices in the West

By OTTO WILSON

FOR thirty-five years we have had on our statute books a law designed to protect us against domestic monopoly. But the danger we have partially curbed at home threatens us more and more from foreign shores. For many years we have been paying a small tribute to certain foreign monopolies. Recently the tribute has been much enlarged, and in the years to come it promises even greater expansion. If present tendencies continue American consumers may be paying hundreds of millions of dollars a year over a fair normal to a few small groups of foreign producers.

"I am impressed," wrote President Coolidge recently, "with the fact that there is a general tendency for consolidation of control in price and distribution in many commodities upon which we are dependent for import."

Some of these foreign monopolies are due directly to whims of Nature, which has piled up in one spot great stores of particular kinds of material useful to men. Some are the result of purely artificial restriction. But in all cases it has gone beyond the legitimate point, and it is not very comfortable for the consuming public, which often means largely the American public, to be forced to "pay through the nose" or go without.

Last year one-seventh of the total imports into this country were subject, in a high degree, to such foreign monopolistic control. *The goods whose flow was thus regulated represented a value of half a billion dollars.*

For the moment rubber is the most conspicuous example.

Every motorist who has had recently to stop at the dealer's and buy new tires knows how prices have been jumping. The dealer himself probably could not tell him why. Word had been passed along to him that "tires were up again" and he had pushed his price up accordingly. But if the motorist could follow back along the trail which the tires and the rubber had traveled, through the dealers to the tire-makers and thence to the traffickers in raw rubber and finally to the grower on the plantation, he would see that these price increases ran like a wave along the whole course of the rubber trade and that the wave was started at the source of the rubber itself—the plantation in Southern Asia.

If present prices continue to prevail, a great golden flood will keep pouring into the strong boxes of the growers—enough in many cases to repay the whole cost of the plantation in a single year.

Three-fourths of the world's rubber production is in the hands of British growers, and when they act together on a policy that policy is likely to prevail. For two and a half years they have been *restricting their shipments of rubber* to raise and maintain prices, and that restriction, according to one estimate, in 1924, cut down the world's output of rubber *by more than 25 per cent.* To that restriction and the immense demand that continues to go out from America the present high prices are directly due.

Agents of the United States Government have been making a close study of rubber growing on the plantations of the British and the Dutch in the East Indies. They have found that growers can make a very fair profit when rubber sells for 25 to 30 cents a pound in New York. During the price rise of recent months rubber has gone to considerably more than $1.00 a pound. Stocks of rubber are now low. If a severe shortage occurs in the next few years, as has been predicted, the resulting prices and profits can only be imagined.

Putting the screw on the foreign supply.

How does it happen that these growers of the Middle East have the world rubber situation in their hands? British enterprise and British capital, it must be admitted, and not merely the favor of Nature, have brought about this near-monopoly of rubbe

Until well along in the prese century nearly the whole supply of t world's rubber came from the gre depths of the Amazon forests in Sou America. But fifty years ago S Henry Wickham, an Englishman livi on a Brazilian plantation, managed get a shipment of rubber seeds England—a difficult job, since the oi seeds turn rancid quickly. Out of t lot of 70,000 forwarded in 1876 abo 2,700 germinated when planted in t Kew Botanical Gardens near Londo Seedlings from these seeds were se the same year to Ceylon, and *tho seedlings lifted one of the world's maj industries from the new world to the ol* For from them came the trees whi have built up the vast plantatio of the East.

When the automobile came alo early in this century it tremendous increased the demands for rubbe A mania for rubber planting swept t East. Year by year the outp mounted in great leaps, but t motor car was growing fast a our tire and automobile factori absorbed the rubber flood almo as fast as it rose. Graduall however, production gained consumption. Prices went low and lower. By 1920 so mu more rubber was offered than w needed that the bottom fell o of the market entirely, and pric went below cost of production.

The crisis led directly to t now famous Stevenson Restri tion plan, which was passed a became effective November 1922. This is the measure which the British rescued the rubber industry, an object itself laudable enough, and p it in the way to reap a golde harvest at the expense of t rubber users of the world.

Under the Stevenson plan grower is allowed to expo more rubber from his plantatio than a certain proportion—thre fifths at the start—of the amount exported in the rubber year 192 Every three months the average pri of rubber is computed. If it is 30 36 cents the grower may ship additional five per cent of his 19 output. If it is approximately 36 42 cents the added amount allowed hi is 10 per cent. But if it is less than cents he must cut down his shipmen by 5 per cent. The demand for rubb grows greater, with the usual tra fluctuations, year by year. What ma the American buyer of tires expe when the world cries out for mo rubber than the plantations can supply

MR. FORD'S PAGE

A WORD that shares with "efficiency" the dislike of those who think their mission is to keep life free, is the word "standardization." In its practical aspect and without the name, it wins approval, but the name itself suggests hard setness, sameness, prevention of growth.

The attack is made from several angles, but most vigorously from the point that standardization is the enemy of initiative. The plea is made that young men come into a fully standardized world and can only mold themselves upon the foreordained plan and cease to develop.

No hesitation need be felt in admitting that there are conditions which seem to confirm the truth of this charge. There is a kind of standardization that would stem progress; there is another kind that makes progress possible.

The wrong kind of standardization is likely to be found where financiers control instead of engineers. This is worth considering, since it is usually engineers who are charged with being the creators of obstructive standardization. This is not the case; the blame, in this instance, goes to the financiers.

Understand first of all that anything worthy the name of standard is the result of a long progressive series. It is the product of growth. Had growth been prevented, the plane of any given standard would never have been reached. There would not be even so much as a standard door knob unless a long experimental series had preceded it. So that a standardized utensil or process of any sort is itself the fruit of development.

And this development was the result of men who worked at *the thing itself*, for the sake of its perfection in usefulness, and not exclusively nor even primarily for profit.

Then, the development having reached a certain useful degree, it is capitalized. Men of money see the opportunity to make more money by utilizing a standard process. They set up their plants, install their machinery, and go to work. But the real product they aim to make is dividends, not commodities. Commodities are a means to the dividends. If, in a pinch, anything must suffer, it will be the commodity, not the dividends. Every exertion will be made—wage reduction, quality reduction, quantity reduction, price increase—anything to save dividends. Which, of course, proves that dividends are the principal product of the business.

Engineers have another interest altogether. Today's standard represents for them the level of today's achievement; they hope to excel it tomorrow. It is just here that engineering science is judged to be the enemy of shortsighted finance. A group of money-brokers have installed a battery of expensive furnaces—to produce dividends! Now, furnaces are not designed for that; their purpose is to produce metal. A poor furnace will produce dividends just as well as a good furnace will; but a good furnace will produce better metal, at less cost to the public.

So the engineers produce the better furnace. It is then up to the financial controllers of business to say whether they will scrap the old "standardized" furnaces and put in the new, giving the public the benefit of lower costs, or cling to the old and prevent the new. They usually refuse.

That is an instance where "standardization" works against progress. But it is not due to anything in the standard—for it is the new and higher standard that is being rejected; it is due to the financial control which cannot see that a plant exists to produce the best commodities at the lowest cost. Industrial leaders, engineers, see that readily. They scrap the old and install the new.

But it costs money? Of course it costs money. The money, however, has been previously provided by the public. Every concern which deals well with the public has money to keep up with progress. The surplus of any industrial firm is a fund to insure future progress far more than it is a payment for past performance. The financial controller of business, having no vision on this side of the matter, protests the unnecessary expenditure. The engineer makes the expenditure out of a sense of due fitness and self-respect.

No need, however, to grow tragic over these occurrences. Financial control is the sign of the end. All the ailing industries are under financial control; the others are under engineering and industrial control. These latter thrive because they obey the law of progress. It is not what is taken out of a business, but what is put back into it that determines its worth and success.

So that certain criticisms are just if it be remembered that the thing criticised is not properly standardization. What it is, we shall see.

THE difference between standardization that looks toward yesterday and that which looks toward tomorrow is great. Critics who condemn standardizing a process because it shuts out progress prove that their observation has been limited to finance-controlled business. Standardized processes always have an open door toward tomorrow where engineers and industrialists control. Because commodities are their principal product, and not dividends, they readily scrap the less good for the better process. They raise the standard. They conceive it as part of their duty to the public to do so.

EDITORIALS

Shall We Reduce Wages?

THE progressive path that industry will take is clearly marked, but not all of industry is within it. That part which clings to the old formula is headed in the opposite direction; it is on the way out. Not even denunciation need be wasted on it; its doom is certain. It may be identified at the present moment by its movement to reduce wages.

Financial and industrial influences which favor reduction of wages as first aid to business are stupidly unconscious that thereby they deal business its first staggering blow. They are curtailing business at its source, the source being buying ability on the part of the people.

When the public go on a buyers' strike; when workmen go on a production strike; when employers go on a wage strike, precisely the same thing occurs in all cases. Wage Reduction is the same as Work Reduction, and both result inevitably in a Buying Reduction.

The helplessness of any business is proved the moment its managers agree that nothing can be done except reduce the pay envelope. No concern is entitled to the description of "leader in industry," no manager should be called "a captain of industry" who resorts to such contemptible methods as financing themselves out of the wages of their employes, forcibly taken.

Yet it is being proposed all over this country that buying power be reduced by the reduction of wages, and this proposal is seriously made with the purpose of helping business!

It is not only being proposed, it is also being defended by "financial writers." A 10 per cent cut occurring in the woollen industry is justified on the ground that "next spring" woollens are to be reduced 22 per cent, and that the woollen company has already reduced its employes' house rents 25 per cent.

These figures are used to make it appear that they balance the 10 per cent wage cut, since "22" and "25" look so much bigger than "10." But analyze it. Suppose the weekly wage to be $40. A 10 per cent cut amounts to $4. Suppose, under the paternalistic system of the factory, the rent to be $10. A 25 per cent reduction in rent would only be $2.50. If the rent is $30 a month, in four weeks the wage reduction would be $16.00 as against a rent reduction of $7.50. Consider further that this 10 per cent represents one of several reductions during the year, and then consider what would happen to the woollen industry if all other industries followed suit.

The system represents such a stupid and self-destructive fallacy that it is astonishing to meet it still operative in this enlightened age.

The Thirst for Office

THE thirst for office is a terrible affliction. It is said that few ever leave Washington without wasting the rest of their lives contriving to get back. One ex-President's life is said to have been deeply embittered by the fact that the country seemed to get along with him out of office. Over in Great Britain today there exists a situation which for difficulty equals anything in Europe, and the helplessness of public leaders in the face of overwhelming problems is frightening to contemplate. No man in his senses would wish to exchange places with the Premier of Great Britain, unless that man were divinely endowed with infallible light as to the way out of the present wilderness. Yet there are in Great Britain at the present moment two ex-premiers who know from experience the enormity of the difficulty, who have proved to the world their own incapacity to cope with it, and these two men are using every political wile to become Premier again! What poison there must be in public office so to destroy a sense of proportion, a sense of the solemnity of responsibility, in men.

Woodrow Wilson once said that a man was a fool to desire to be President. There is much in that. Yet, here and there throughout the country are men who have angled for the office with every conceivable bait. A thirst for the office is probably a sign of unfitness for it. This goes for incumbents as well as would-be incumbents. It is easily understood how a man with a purpose and a plan should desire the office as the means of working out his plan, but we have seen very little of that in recent years.

The amazing part of the present clamor for attention on the part of would-be presidents is that none of them tells us why he wants the office, or what he would do with it should he get it, or why he thinks he is so much better than anyone else that he feels justified in asking us to look upon him as the future Chief Magistrate.

Memorials

A MAN'S work is his best memorial. What he has done no admiration can enhance, no enmity debase. In this sense every man erects his own memorial. If his work melts insensibly into the mass of human effort, no sculpture can prolong its individual fame. If its quality thrusts it forth, if the achievement dwarfs the work of little men, no sculpture can add to its grandeur. Lincoln is not remembered for the monument on the Potomac, nor Columbus for bronze casts of his features. Lincoln's monument, like Columbus', is his work.

There is always that in the minds of a useful man's friends which seeks to give him a fame beyond his own when he is dead, because a man is never dead to his friends. It is from this quality that there arises the various "memorial schemes" that vex the land from time to time. Mr. Roosevelt was scarcely dead before a movement was begun, an ill-concealed political purpose within it, to build his monument. Mr. Harding's death released another movement for a mighty memorial to his name. And now the newspapers daily report suggestions hither and yon for works commemorative of Bryan.

Greater men than these have flourished even in this Republic, and have grown dim with the years. The once warm eulogies carved for them on shaft and monument seem extravagant now. Extravagant—unless we bear in mind this fact, that most monuments are memorials to the friendship which a man's contemporaries bore for him. They are monuments to a friendship rather than to a fame.

This fact is needed to balance the monument-building spirit: *the monument is essentially to the builders thereof,* and not to him whose name it bears. He has built his own monument in his works of whatsoever nature they are—"gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble." But living emotion demands an object. The vibrant personality is gone, there remains the memory; men proceed to deck that out—*their* memory!—with all the trappings of veneration.

The Collapse of the City

IS THE American city falling down? Has it passed the limit where efficiency is possible? Other units, especially in the commercial world, have collapsed because of their very size. There comes a point where expansion turns from contribution into drain, what formerly assisted becomes a burden. In municipal service this is the general rule. Telephone companies begin by advertising service and end by demanding curtailment· the load becomes too heavy. Recently one of our largest cities was incapacitated because it rained for one day. In most large cities the people are drinking doctored water. Police protection has broken down everywhere. Transportation is a form of daily torture the Dark Ages never dreamed of in any delirium. Municipal politics, while more respectable outwardly, has scarcely changed from the old days, as municipal scandals everywhere testify.

And yet there is a tendency on the part of all great cities to stretch farther. This, however, is not the pressure of growth, but the need of greater taxable areas to bolster up the collapsing structure of municipal finance. People in the suburbs wonder at the feverish desire of great cities to gobble up the little towns—the answer is taxation.

City conditions have already driven millions beyond the city limits into suburban communities. City governments seek to reclaim these emigrants by including them in greater "metropolitan districts." It is possible for one with a sunny philosophy to believe that this too may be an excellent step, since it may tend to drive millions still farther into the country beyond the utmost reach of municipal inclusion acts. The American city has passed the point where it can teach anything further about community living. All its benefits may now be established in the country districts, where most of its disadvantages can be prohibited.

Fifteen Thousand—Up in the Air

SOME time ago, an editor out in the West wrote an editorial for his paper complaining of the slow progress being made by the railroads in the matter of speed. Quite truly he pointed out that the best time across the continent had only been reduced by some ten to fifteen hours during the last thirty years. But is he looking in the right direction?

In the future, more rapid transit, it seems likely, must be looked for in the heavens above rather than on the earth beneath. And certainly it is coming. The latest report of Britain's air transportation company, "The Imperial Airways," may be taken as the proverbial straw showing the set of the wind.

"The Imperial Airways" came into existence in May, 1924, and by the May of this year had completed 1,000,000 miles of flying; had carried $10,000,000 worth of bullion, 1,000 tons of freight and 15,000 passengers across the English Channel at 100 miles an hour. And these figures, as to mileage, are very small compared with what has been done in this country of greater distances.

There is plenty of progress, if we know where to look for it.

A White House in the West

Should the President Be Bound to the East?

President and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge at White Court, Swampscott, Massachusetts, where they are expected to spend two months or more.

By McKEE BARCLAY

THE annual exodus of White House forces for the purpose of escaping the scorching, enervating heat of Washington brings up again the Summer Capital question. The recent hegira involved the movement not only of the President's secretary and stenographers but Secret Service men, the White House servants, 42 picked men from the Marine Corps and, of course, the crew of the *Mayflower*.

Beginning with the occasional summer trips of our Presidents, the custom of setting up a Summer White House has become a fixed one. President Cleveland, bulky and full-blooded, found Washington unbearable during the summer months and sought relief from its sweltering humidity either on board his friend Whitney's yacht or at Buzzard's Bay. President McKinley spent one season at the Hotel Champlain, at Bluff Point, on Lake Champlain, near Plattsburg, where the great army officers' training camp was established during the Great War. In the other years of his Administration he spent part of each summer in his home town, Canton, Ohio. He had with him during his absences from Washington only his secretary and one or two stenographers or clerks.

President Roosevelt spent the hot months at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, Long Island. It was his habit to take with him his secretary and four or five others from the White House office force, whom he installed in temporary executive offices in the village, not far from his home. President Taft selected Beverly, Massachusetts, as the location for the Summer White House during several of the years of his term. The clerks and stenographers who accompanied him occupied offices in the Chamber of Commerce Building in Beverly, which is six or eight miles from Swampscott, where President Coolidge is now enjoying the North Coast breezes. In the seasons when he was not at Beverly, Mr. Taft summered at Burgess Point.

President Wilson, with the Mexican troubles as a legacy from Mr. Taft, and later having the Great War problems thrust upon him, did not have much chance to enjoy summer vacations. He spent one summer at the home of Winston Churchill, at Cornish, New Hampshire, taking with him only his stenographer, who was quartered at Windsor, Vermont, a town just across the river from the Summer White House. During the hot months of 1916 he occupied Shadow Lawn, the McCall home at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Every now and then the offer is made to the Federal Government of either a site for a Summer White House or a completely furnished house and a tract of land for the use of our Presidents during the summer season. Sometimes the offers come from private individuals and at other times from states, municipalities or public-spirited organizations, but the projects always die before reaching the point of seriousness because of the many contingencies to be considered in making a move of such importance.

The City of Washington, or rather, the District of Columbia, was selected as the seat of government and the home of our Presidents by our first Congress. Alexander Hamilton's need of the votes of southern delegates was the chief factor in the location of the capital. He wanted backing for his plan to have the Federal Government assume the debts of the states and swapped his support of a southern location for votes for his measure. The choice of the actual site was left to George Washington and the necessary land was given by Maryland and Virginia. The Virginia tract, which is now Alexandria County, was ceded back to that state in 1846.

During the early days Congress refused to provide the money for government buildings and the Commissioners of the District borrowed $120,000 from Virginia and $72,000 from Maryland. Later they again appealed to Congress, were refused, and Maryland again came to the rescue with a loan of an additional $100,000 accepting the personal notes of the Commissioners as security.

The cornerstone of the White House was laid in 1792 and it was finished in 1799. It had as its first occupant John Adams. Few Americans realize that George Washington never lived in the White House and that the seat of the government was not moved to Washington until the year 1800. At this time even the Atlantic seaboard states were but sparsely settled, but whatever of real development in the way of towns and cities was east of the Great Lakes and the Appalachian Mountains. It was later that Bishop Berkeley wrote "Westward, the course of empire takes its way." For years past the center of population of our country has been moving toward the Rockies and the economic and political importance of the country beyond the Appalachians is increasing as that imaginary point moves toward the setting sun.

Frequently the wail is heard from a thoughtless critic that the fathers erred in the selection of a capital for this country, which stretches nearly 3,000 miles west of Washington, but regardless of the question of the banality or the soundness of the criticism the patent fact remains that if the choice of location was a mistake, it was an irreparable one. Washington has been burned once by a foreign enemy and may be burned again but it is fixed on the banks of the old Potomac and there it will stay. On the

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The West (to the East): "Understand the West!"

Why Put God in the Constitution?

The Divine Name Is in All Fundamental National Documents

MR. BRYAN just before his death denied what he rightly described as the vicious report that he intended to write an anti-Evolution amendment to the Constitution. Whatever might have been lacking in Mr. Bryan's knowledge of science, he was not a complete ignoramus in the field of politics.

The report, however, calls to mind the campaign, which never entirely dies out, to "put God into the Constitution."

Numerous excellent people continue to assert that the United States is a Godless nation because Diety is not acknowledged in the Constitution.

I think they are quite beside the point. The Constitution is not the fundamental document of the Nation. It is our working blueprint of Government, susceptible to amendment and change; it is not the unchangeable, final and irrevocable document that declares us to be a People and a Nation.

People who clamor about "putting God in the Constitution" labor under the misapprehension that Deity is not acknowledged in our basic national documents.

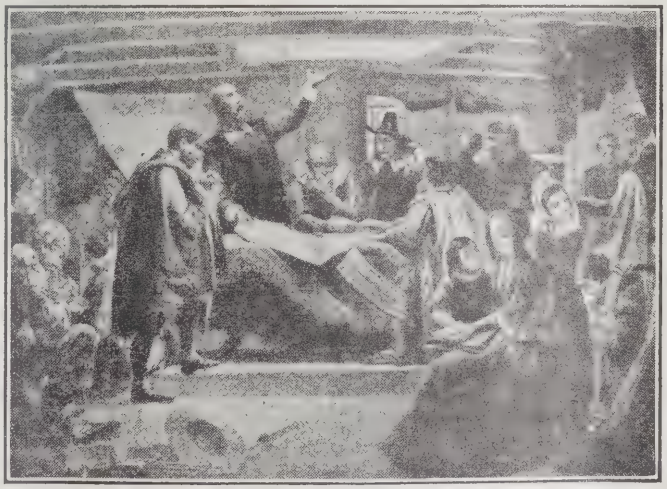
A little excursion through the unchangeable records may serve to refresh their minds on this point.

The Fathers who planted this Nation and gave it the dominant character which it will never lose, made a covenant with Deity. They had come to these shores *as* Christians. They came here *because* they were Christians. They came on a *specifically* Christian venture. Fix it in your mind beyond the power of any false historian to erase, that the planting which determined the genius of the nation was a Church—not a town, not a colony, not a trading or exploring expedition—but a Church. A little Pilgrim church crossed the sea for the sake of its church life. After a journey fraught with consequence to the world, equal only to that "when liberty came to Europe in a little boat with St. Paul," these adventurers of the spirit came to anchor beyond the point of Cape Cod. And there, encompassed by the waters, before a foot was pressed on Plymouth Rock, they called a solemn convocation in their stuffy cabin, and drew up the Mayflower Compact:

> *In the name of God, amen. We whose names are underwritten . . . Having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith . . . a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia; do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic . . ."*

This document, beyond the power of any Congress to amend or of history to destroy, made us a Civil Body Politic, in the name of God.

Its date stands high in our Calendar—November Eleventh. American organized life began November 11, 1620. World civilization was saved November 11, 1918.



Pilgrim Fathers signing the Compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. After a reproduction from the painting by Edwin White.

The colonies grew in number. Closer relations were desirable. Dangers without and common desire within pressed the various settlements toward union. When the Articles of the New England Federation were drawn up and signed, they stated as follows:

> *"Whereas, we all came into these parts of America with one and the same end, namely, to advance the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ and to enjoy the liberties of the Gospel in purity, with peace; and whereas by our settling, by the wise providence of God we are further dispersed upon the sea-coasts and rivers than was at first intended . . . we therefore conceive it our bounden duty . . . that as in nation and religion, so in other respects, we be and continue one."*

Thus were the United Colonies of New England born—in the name of God. The Articles of Federation made us a People. "The New England Confederacy of 1643," said John Quincy Adams, "was the model and prototype of the North American confederacy of 1774." It was the American idea, in germ. These Articles also are beyond the power of any Congress to amend or of any political convulsion to annul.

Established as a People, our forefathers grew steadily toward the status of Nationhood. They desired to be fully launched on the sea of nations. So presently there appeared the last of our fundamental Documents—The Declaration of Independence.

This Document, more fully than the others, wrote Deity into the very structure of the Nation. It is somewhat of a surprise that this has occasioned so little remark. The Four Supreme Aspects of God in relation to mankind are here expressed. Once seen, they are not likely to be overlooked again.

> *"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to . . . assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitles them . . ."*

(Here is the God of nature, God in his aspect of Creator of heaven and earth.)

> *"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are . . . endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights."*

(Here is God, the Father of mankind.)

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An Agrarian John the Baptist

J. S. Wannamaker, One Who Is Crying in the Wilderness of Abuses

From Which the Farmin Community Has Suffere for Several Yea

By JOHN MARSHALL

TO MENTION the name of J. Skottowe Wannamaker on the floor of the Cotton Exchanges of this country is to provoke derisive anathemas. To mention it in a hundred thousand humble farmer-homes in the cotton belt is to call forth earnest benedictions. In the Senate, or House of Representatives, of the Federal Congress, its mention is provocative of wearied resignation, blended with trepidation; for J. Skottowe Wannamaker is not only an insistent proponent of laws, but is president of an agricultural organization, the name of which conjures throughout the cotton-producing states, and is not without influence wherever cotton is spun into cloth, or used as a fabric in manufacturing establishments.

And the subject of all these conflicting emotions lives in the village-like municipality of St. Matthews, South Carolina. A more extraordinary personality you might scarcely hope to meet. To look at him, he might be anything else than what he is—by preference, poet, preacher, professor, dreamer or scientist—but certainly not a dynamic force in agriculture, banking and general industrial affairs.

Slight of build, and slouching of carriage. An abnormally large head, decorated with long, dark hair, usually all awry, and forever straggling about his face in elflocks, sags forward in meditative, brooding fashion. Burning black eyes gleam from cavernous sockets overhung with tufted eyebrows. A pallid countenance composed of irregularly molded and erratically arranged features. A manner distrait, because of absorption in whatever project is for the moment paramount in the Wannamaker mind. A body ceaselessly racked with a multitude of infirmities.

An indomitable brain that recks not of physical agonies. An energy that is ceaseless, and has the driving power of a turbine engine. A mind that whirls and churns and foams and cataracts with many purposes. A mania for being in the midst of things. Forever crusading against existing orders. An agrarian St. John the Baptist crying in that wilderness in which the agricultural classes suffer. These are but some of the impressions a stranger gains upon seeing the president of the American Cotton Association, for the first time, at close range.

Because of the multiplicity of his interests, and the consequent ceaseless demands made upon his attention, interviewing Mr. Wannamaker would be a rather difficult task, unless performed some time subsequent to midnight. And it could be the more readily done then because he sleeps but a few hours at a time. President of the American Cotton Association; president of a large banking institution; president and proprietor of an extensive mercantile business; director in numerous educational and religious activities; director in the Coöperative Cotton Growers Association, of South Carolina; guide, philosopher and friend to a hundred or so thousand farmers; himself a cotton planter, who has tilled thousands of acres and has employed thousands of Negro laborers; promoter in general of all legislation, Federal or State, that seeks the reform of existing legal abuses of the agricultural classes.

In daily telephonic and telegraphic communication with all the leading commodity markets of the world; a voluminous correspondent with Senators, Congressmen, Governors, and lawgivers at large; suing and being sued in many courts in many disputed civil causes; local celebrity and idol of his own town and its countryside for leagues about; reconteur of many inimitable Negro stories that have come to pass in his own personal experience—yes, certainly, quite a busy man, and one passing hard to interview prior to the wee small hours of the morning.

Mr. Wannamaker was born shortly subsequent to the Civil War, of a widely known South Carolina famil and is related, by blood or marriag to many of the people who have re dered that little gamecock commo wealth of the South famous, both war and peace—for courage in t former and for a disposition to quarre someness in the latter. That mea that his early years were spent duri the South's terrible period of pro tration and impoverishment. It was a ordeal for all boys of his generatio but it was a peculiarly arduous on for an ambitious, but a sorely afflicte one such as the young J. Skottow Wannamaker was. It was his di tressful lot to have to try to make living and a name for himself despi the agonies and disabilities of rheumatism-racked body.

His first job of any consequenc was that of a telegraph operator an local railroad agent of what wa little more, at that time, than a wa station on what has subsequentl become the Southern Railwa trunk line between Columbia, th capital of the State of Sout Carolina, and Charleston, th state's chief seaport. For years afte he secured this job young Wannamake had to be wheeled in an invalid' chair, or oftentimes on an ordinar baggage truck, to and from the offic in which his duties were performed

The youthful agent and teleg rapher knew nothing about child labor laws, and cared less. He wa concentrating upon an entirely worth ambition to make money for hi family, and a man of himself. Durin his spare time—which was for the mos part before or shortly after sunrise— he undertook to overcome his cripple condition by the very simple metho of declining to be crippled. It was task that required courage, endurance patience and hardihood. But th boy Wannamaker did it. By perse vering effort he got so he could wal to his work; and then he specialize in walking and running (all in that spare time of his, of course). There are still living many Calhoun County farmers who recall seeing him, with clinched teeth and a pain-distorted face, doing a staggering sprint of four miles before breakfast, and the arduous duties that followed it. It was a clean-cut fight between a crippled boy, and a Fate that sought to relegate him to the human discards.

And the boy won. The man to whom the boy was father does not now have to run the country roads of Calhoun County, but he walks whenever and wherever he pleases; and the walking carries him (Concluded on page 25)

The First Christian Indian Church

Rebuilding Schoenbrunn, Former Outpost of the Middle West

By EMERSON ROBINSON

THE town by the "beautiful spring" is to be restored and should those Indians who followed the white man into he first town in Ohio return to their ld hunting grounds in a few years, ney would recognize Schoenbrunn. Schoenbrunn! Ordered destroyed y its founder because he did not want ome apostate red men to get control! ost for almost a century and a half, s actual location being a matter of adition and dispute! Its buildings ized to the very foundations and the inds and the storms of many years obliterating every outward trace f it, that excavations were necessary determine where it stood!

But Schoenbrunn is to come into s own as a shrine to which the people f America and the world may go to onor those early settlers who blazed ie way of civilization and Christianity the Middle West.

Schoenbrunn was located near the resent New Philadelphia, home of hio's Governor, Vic Donahey. The gislature twice has appropriated oney to aid in the excavations made rough the Ohio State Archeological ociety and the churches and schools re making contributions to promote ie work of restoration. This will be one as funds permit and when completed, the site will, isofar as it is possible, e a replica of the first choenbrunn.

In 1770, David eisberger, a Moravian issionary, began to y plans for a trip om Pennsylvania into ie Northwest Terri- ory and in the following ear he visited the ibe of Delaware In- ans at their capital hich was on the site the present New- omerstown, Ohio. He turned home the same ear but again in March 1772 he was with ie Delawares. The ief of the tribe had ggested that he estab- sh a mission and on his way he espied ie Big Spring and the chief again ggested that he have his mission on at site. Zeisberger was pleased with ie outlook and returned to Pennsyl- ania for a few weeks, returning with veral Indian Christian families, the rty consisting in all of 28 persons. n May 3, 1772, he arrived on the site the proposed mission and work was gun at once on the building of the omes, the church and the school. August another party of Indians and missionaries arrived from Pennsylvania. The church was completed and first service held on September 19, 1772.

There were many small lakes near the site of the town which, according to "The Life and Times of David Zeisberger" by De Schweinitz, was situated on a high cliff at the bottom of which a huge spring gushed forth into a most wonderful lake.

The missionary was a hard worker and set the pace for the Indian converts but whenever Indians appeared who had not accepted Christianity, he would lay down his ax and tell to them the story of the Redeemer of the World.

The town was immediately platted in the shape of a T and laid out into 40 lots each about 50 by 100 feet. There was a paling fence about each lot and in addition a fence about the entire town.

From the very beginning the mission was unusually prosperous. The Indians not only were taught the faith of the missionaries but they were given instructions in cultivation and each Indian had his plot of ground which he tilled. Everything that they required for the table was raised in abundance and the future of the village seemed unusually bright.

Church at Schoenbrunn, from description in Moravian historical records.

Visiting Indians were surprised at the herds of cattle, the chickens, the church, the school, but most of all at the Indians working and they could not understand why any red man should be content to remain in one place and farm.

Schoenbrunn was the first "dry" town in Ohio; probably the first in America, for according to history its Indian inhabitants subscribed to a strict code of laws which included: "We will not admit rum or any other intoxicating liquor in our towns. If strangers or traders bring intoxicating liquor, the helpers shall take it from them and not restore it until the owners are ready to leave the place."

Also they were pacifists, the first in the Northwest Territory for their rules provided that "we will not go to war and will not buy anything of warriors taken in war."

There were also laws or rather pledges as follows:

"We will rest from work on the Lord's day and attend public service.

"We will not take part in dances, sacrifices, heathenish festivals or games.

"We renounce and abhor all tricks, lies and deceits of Satan.

"A man shall have but one wife—shall love and provide for her and his children. A woman shall have but one husband."

The streets of the town were kept clean by the Indian women who swept them every Saturday.

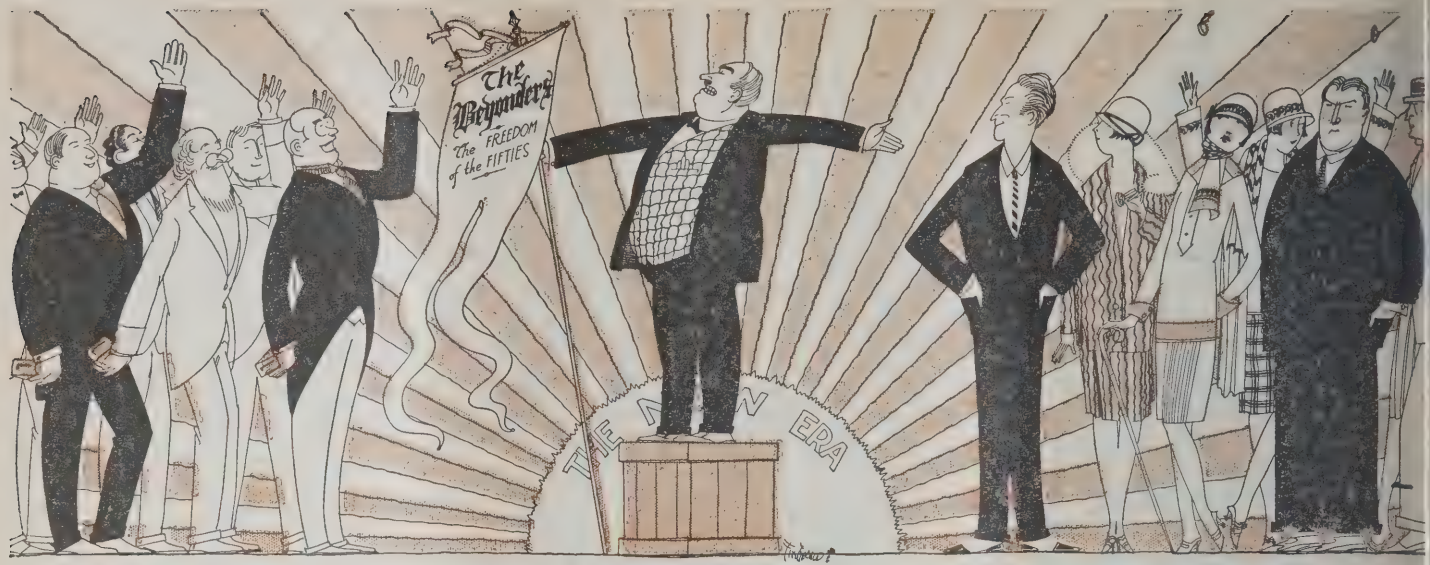
Schoenbrunn was founded in 1772; it grew rapidly, rapidly at least for those days, and in a few years there were more than 60 homes.

Discontent, however, developed among the Indians and a clique plotted for the overthrow of the missionaries. Zeisberger knew that rebellion was brewing and he made repeated attempts to stem it but without avail. Finally he determined upon the course he would pursue and called a meeting of those who remained loyal in the church on April 19, 1777.

After the service had been concluded, the missionary ordered that the church be torn down that it might not be desecrated by the apostates who had plotted against him.

The Indians and Zeisberger and the other missionaries soon left and the fields and gardens and orchards were laid waste and the herds of cattle, horses and hogs were driven away. The early settlers of Tuscarawas County completed the work of destruction so that they might till the soil and the site of the village itself became indistinguishable among the surrounding fields.

But Schoenbrunn (Concluded on page 27)



"Old Boys, this is the rallying cry for the Freedom of Fifties! Let us put some of these tender (some of these pretty tough!) blossoms where they belong."

Listen Youngsters! You're All Right—But Still—

Men in the Fifties Resent Being Called "Wrecks Fit for the Ash Heap"

By THOMAS L. MASSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

THE Younger Generation myth has been going on now for the past seven years. What I mean specifically and directly is that for the past seven years the younger generation has been putting it all over on us. And we have been shamelessly submitting. We elders, who are supposed to be about to pass out, have been told over and over again on the campus, from the rostrum, in headlines and in the memorabilia of psychologists that we are senile, decrepit, bores, back numbers and human wrecks fit only for the ash heap, to be chloroformed and carted off to a merciful oblivion. We are, certainly, living longer than ever. And I think these kids rather resent that. Why should we have the impudence to stick around any longer than the old boys of previous generations did? What nerve!

But isn't it about time we old boys rose up and asserted ourselves? There must be a limit to this "youth calls to youth" business. We Beyonders (and by Beyonders I mean all the best or worst minds and bodies over forty) have been patronized, bulldozed, humiliated, flouted and pushed off the map long enough.

Old Boys, this is a rallying cry for the Freedom of the Fifties! Let us put these tender (some of them are pretty tough!) blossoms where they belong.

While this boom of youth has got its chief impetus only since the war, an initial impulse was given to it by Dr. Osler in his 1905 Baltimore chloroform speech in which (while he was at the time misquoted) he emphasized "the comparative uselessness of men above forty years of age." That remark stuck in the crops of a lot of people and gave these coming infants a handle to go by. Then came the war, in which all these young fellows showed their prowess. In a former article I have touched briefly on this problem and now beg that at this point you will not misunderstand me. I am by no means depreciating youth. As a boy, I had a good deal of fun—not comparable of course with the high old time I am having at present. Unhampered by degenerative influence, all boys and girls are wonderful creatures, to be studied and adored reverently for whatever native simplicity they may possess. I am all for the young people, be they flappers or good fellows, and I glory as much as anyone in their gifts, their alertness, their unerring disposal of so many humbugs, their recuperative energies. All these things should be noted. Here I introduce a personal experience.

I was staying at a Maine summer resort which was precisely 366 miles from my office. A sudden railroad strike necessitated my using my car to make this run to town. We left at 7 a.m., and made the run of 366 miles in 12 hours. My eldest boy of 20 volunteered to drive. Just before we started came another youth of about his age or older, who had driven an ambulance in the war and who also for the ride volunteered. I said to them: "Boys, I will drive for the first few hours. The fresh morning air will keep me going."

During the first 92 miles, which was covered in two hours, those two kids could scarcely keep their hands off the wheel, so anxious were they to take my place. We got to New York at dusk. One of them had already passed out and was nodding in his seat. The other, driving, was so groggy that he steered the car like a Virginia rail fence. We still had to drive across the Hudson to my country place. I mean I had to. When I steered into my garage both of those husky kids were fast asleep on my respective shoulders and the Old Boy was still going strong.

I mention this in no boastful spirit. In about an hour they were chipper as larks, while it must be confessed that the Old Boy was ready for bed. Still any intelligent person will get the idea from this incident.

Recently I sat in the center of a group of young college men from one of the biggest universities in this country. There was nothing these boys didn't know—history, philosophy, science, literature, religion, everything. They reminded me of what was said of a celebrated clergyman who once visited and preached in Boston, the subject of whose coming sermon was gleefully announced by a *Transcript* writer as "A bird's-eye view of God."

These boys had disposed of all the problems of the universe. They understood women so utterly and completely and told me so much (mostly in short gestures) that it took me three days before I could look my own wife in the face without cringing. After listening to these boys talk about Freudian complexes and James Joyce and the Loeb case and other various neurotic dispensations, I was so mortified with myself to think that I still lingered on in the low coarse imbecilities of old-fashioned matrimony, that for nights after I muttered in my sleep.

Now then, what are the facts? William Pitt was Prime Minister of England at 24 and they haven't recovered since. Alexander conquered the world at 32, and look at it! Cato learned Greek at 80. And it is still being taught. I myself have been taking a fling at Hebrew. It is getting to

be necessary in order to find one's way about New York. These four things I have just emitted are merely feeble jokes. The reason is that this whole problem is much too serious to be treated seriously. You must cut under what I am writing because it is important.

Two or three years ago Ellery Sedgwick, the able editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, encouraged a young man to write an article explaining, and as I now recall it from memory, defending, the younger generation. This article was smarter than all outdoors. Of course it only made matters worse. Even when these young people patronize us and make a show of mildly depreciating themselves, all this is merely to state that they tolerate us because there seems no form of relief; also because we *do* pay a good many of their bills.

This article I mention was widely quoted and a whole lot of young fellows who had no real idea of how important they seemed to be sat up and took notice. It is one thing to know everything. It is another thing to be aware that others are aware of it. There is such a thing as being unconsciously modest about your own sense of superiority. This young *Atlantic* man was a sort of herald, announcing the glad tidings. Thus, in one way or another, the younger generation by word of mouth, by published flattery, by the hopeless imbecility of a good many parents and generally by a kind of slavish acquiescence in everything they say or do, on the part of their elders, have come to believe that they can get away with anything. Certainly murder. The statistical sharks tell us that most of the crimes committed in this country are by young fellows, from sixteen to twenty.

Even men like my friend Dr. Joseph Collins adds his mite by blandly remarking in his book, *Taking the Literary Pulse:*

"Mr. Sherwood Anderson has now passed the creative years of his life: he is forty-six. Anything he will do from now on will be a rehash of what he has thought and done."

Well, Boys, brace up. Ibsen wrote his *Doll's House* at fifty-one. Bernard Shaw, who was born in 1856, wrote his *Joan* within the past few years. If you don't think that is creative work, then go back to his *Doctor's Dilemma* and *Fanny's First Play*, both written after fifty. Moliére wrote his *Tartufe* at forty-six. Wordsworth, if we may take the word of his best critics, did his best work between forty and fifty and his *Prelude*, which is by far the work of his greatest maturity, was written much later.

Would anybody dare state that *Robinson Crusoe* is not a work of the creative imagination? Certainly one of the greatest. Be shocked when I tell you that Defoe did not begin it until he was fifty-five, taking apparently four years to write it. Can anyone doubt that Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is one of the greatest works of the creative imagination? There is some doubt as to the exact date of writing, but certainly he did not begin it until after thirty-eight (probably later) and the second part was not published until he was fifty-six. Charles Dickens did his first noticeable work when he was 24. But his *Tale of Two Cities*, which is acknowledged to be one of his greatest books, was written when he was over forty-five. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address may not be considered a creative effort by some of our present-day intellectuals. Yet for brevity, restraint, singleness of design and completion of thought and expression it is acknowledged to be one of the greatest pieces of oratory of all time. He composed it at fifty-four.

I have no intention of inflicting further statistics upon my readers, but must refer them to the encyclopedias. One of the best short treatises on the subject is *The Age of Mental Virility* by W. A. Newman Dorland (The Century Company). There are, contrawise, plenty of cases of youthful precocity—Keats, Shelley, John Stewart Mill, Edison, and a lot of musicians, besides infant prodigies. I might mention one of the latter—Boris Sidis. This infant prodigy, the son of a distinguished psychopathologist, passed all of the examinations and entered Harvard at a very early age—I think eleven or twelve. He had wide publicity in the papers at the time as an example of super-brilliance. Somewhat later, this boy chanced to be at the same hotel with me, and I had opportunities to observe him. In spite of the assertion that he was a natural boy, he seemed to me abnormal, especially in his manners.

In January, 1924, at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three he was discovered by the newspapers in a New York boarding house—unkempt, and seemingly unable to take first-class care of himself. The New York *Times* of January 11, the first column of the nineteenth page, in an article entitled "Contrasting career as a child prodigy with present status as clerk," contains a full account of this boy's later life.

"I do not ask the attention of men and women of the world. Nothing will give it to me. I do not ask for the attention of clergymen and doctors and scientists and teachers. *I demand it.* . . . . Will the future historian be able to place a triumphant finger on a single man among all those clever men, who has had the infinite courage and wisdom to jeopardize a successful career by dealing intelligently and humanely with the problems of the younger generation? No."

The fact is that beneath the mask of this jazz-loving, sport-loving, complacent, over-smart, patronizing and spiritually thin younger generation, we have to dig too hard to get at their real selves. We owe it to them and to ourselves to throw aside personal ease and if necessary to give up our salaries as educators, in order to find out what is the matter. Our men teachers are often self-sacrificing enough, but not big enough.

One of the specific reasons why I write this article is that some few years ago (I was something or other over fifty then) I was taken aside by a friend of mine about my own age and told that we were both back numbers. "These young people," he said, almost bursting into tears, "are taking our places. We are through, and don't know it. We only make asses of ourselves when we try to carry on."

Up to that moment I had been so busy that such a thought had never occurred to me. Overcome with a sense of shame at my impudence in being alive, I determined to learn the truth. Staggering home from the interview I called a family conference.

"Boys and girls," I said, "tell me the fatal truth. Am I a back number? From this time forth, will you support me in the comfort and indeed luxury with which I have more or less surrounded you during your tempestuous careers?"

"Good Lord!" they exclaimed, "No such luck! You'll live to be a hundred." The thought that the time had approached when they could no longer wheedle a few dollars from the Old Boy in emergencies which were always coming along gave them all a sinking spell. Then they rallied and gave me a rousing cheer. Still I was not wholly con-

(Concluded on page 29)

"Cupid hasn't even a license to park anywhere."

Hunting the Wildcat Stock Salesman

Crooks Have No Use for Einar Barfod, But Investors Have

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

A BATTLE of wits and dollars that will go down in history as the first overwhelming victory for the average citizen in the age-old war against financial fraud and exploitation has just been completed in Pennsylvania. It was only the first engagement in a new method of attacking stock swindlers, bucket shop owners and other forms of get-rich-quick thieves, but in a single year it has saved nearly five hundred million dollars for the people of that one state. More than that, it has pointed an easy and simple way to rid the entire nation of stock swindlers, and it has made this prospect so attractive to legitimate investment interests that plans for national warfare against the crooks are now being made with powerful financial backing.

Einar Barfod is known as the "Durable Dane" of Philadelphia.

He is an adept in the art of running to earth wildcat stock promoters.

As chief investigator of the Pennsylvania Securities Bureau he has been the main instrument in saving the public $400,000,000 in one year in that state alone.

His Viking blood has been proof against the powerful assaults of political wirepullers and high-placed stock promoters.

He says that the people who lose money to stock swindlers are always the ones that can least afford it.

Einar Barfod, the "Durable Dane" of Philadelphia, is primarily responsible for those achievements. As a newspaperman Barfod was a thorn in the side of stock swindlers for twenty-five years. He specialized in exposure of these swindlers, drove thousands of them out of Philadelphia, and sent scores to jail, but at the end of a quarter of a century of unremitting effort and devotion to the duty of exposing fraudulent investment schemes, the crooks were still doing business. Everywhere Barfod went people marveled at his inexhaustible enthusiasm, and every time he met a friend he was asked, "What's the use?" and told that he could never get them all.

Einar Barfod, deputy secretary of banking, Pennsylvania.

But in August of 1923 Barfod got the chance he had been looking for when he was named association deputy and chief investigator of the Pennsylvania Securities Bureau, established by the legislature earlier in the same year. From the viewpoint of many experts it wasn't much of a chance. The Securities or Blue Sky Act was regarded as one of the most toothless ever put in a set of statute books. Crooks who knew Barfod as a dangerous antagonist laughed openly and predicted that within a month the Dane would be bound hand and foot in official red tape and parboiled in political hot water if he tried to cut his way out. Ten days later the battle started, and ever since then some of the cleverest financial minds of the country have been trying vainly to find a loophole in the law that was supposed to be full of them.

The situation existing today is important to every citizen in the country because these same minds have been manufacturing loopholes by the dozen, and within the next six months desperate efforts will be made to insert them into the Pennsylvania Act. If that measure is shot full of holes the entire national campaign against stock swindlers based on its achievements will come to a halt, or at least it will be badly weakened. Saving the act as it stands, and extending it to all other states is worth something more than thirty dollars cash to every man, woman and child in the country—every year. That is the amount now being taken by the crooks from the people outside Pennsylvania.

Heretofore it has been impossible to make more than a rough estimate of the annual losses due to stock swindlers. Barfod and his associate, Walter J. Fallows, with their chief, Peter G. Cameron, banking commissioner of Pennsylvania, have reduced the problem to a matter of simple arithmetic, in spite of the large figures involved. In the first year of the Securities Act they were asked to authorize the sale of $625,000,000 in stocks, bonds, debentures, notes, and other forms of securities. Of that amount only a little more than one-fourth was found to be fair and equitable to the buyer. Specifically, the bureau issued permits legalizing the offering for sale of $150,000,000 worth of securities. It flatly turned down dealers who wanted to unload $400,000,000 in wildcat stocks of various kinds and at the end of the year it was still holding for investigation $75,000,000 more. Since then nearly all of that seventy-five million has been rejected.

An amazing thing about these dollar records is the way they tally with the records of promoters who make a living by selling stocks to the public. On the basis of the dollar figures, three stock propositions out of every four offered for sale are fraudulent in one respect or another. This ratio holds good also as to salesmen. The bureau got 7,073 applications for licenses to salesmen, and found only 2,847 could qualify. The others were rejected for a wide variety of reasons, but primarily because they had been mixed up in the sale of questionable stuff. Some of them had jail records. In the same year 1,550 dealer applications were filed and only 860 issued. These figures indicate that while crooked stock offices are not quite so numerous as honest ones, the crooks put on more pressure by employing nearly three salesmen to every one employed by an honest investment dealer. The figures also show that real business asks for capital only a third to a fourth of the amount sought annually by crooked business.

It has been stated that the method by which these results were achieved is quite simple. But it should not be assumed that the work was easy. That part of the battle is an unwritten story, and only the few things that have come to light may be told. Barfod went to Harrisburg expecting to be attacked savagely and relentlessly by the crooks. He had enough experience to know that scores of politicians could be bought up by the swindlers—when they were not already engaged in the same business—and that nothing would be left undone to tie his hands. He knew also that there would be some opposition from misguided honest men duped by their crooked friends. But he did not expect to be fought by the courts. A naturalized citizen, he has all the zeal for America of the convert, and all his life he had been convinced that the judiciary was above reproach.

But the first ruling of any consequence made by a Pennsylvania court in relation to the Securities Bureau was a peremptory order prohibiting Barfod from making public the records of men seeking to compel him to register

them as dealers and salesmen. The Securities law is quite plain about these records. It holds that the test of an applicant's fitness to sell stock in Pennsylvania shall be first of all his own record. If it is shown by his record that he has sold fraudulent stocks he cannot get registration. Another test is that the proposition he wants to offer to the public shall be fair, just, and equitable.

Naturally, every crook whose first proposition was rejected amended it and tried to slip through by making changes. On this point, too, the law is quite plain. It provides that a man refused registration may not apply again for one year. That provision was put in so that the bureau would not be overwhelmed by promoters offering one scheme after another.

Under the law the bureau is self-supporting. It must get enough money from fees to pay all its expenses, and consequently its force of investigators is small. Therefore, its chief means of enforcing its edicts is publicity. Accordingly, when a promoter tried to force his way into the fat Pennsylvania market, Barfod promptly blocked him by publishing the man's record and telling the people exactly what sort of swindle was being cooked up for them.

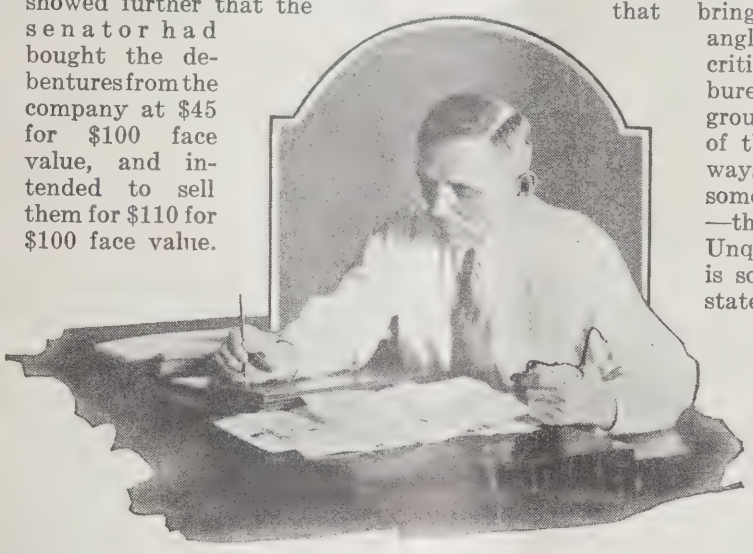
The Dauphin County court not only ordered that this practice be stopped, but went to the extent of threatening Barfod with punishment for contempt of court when he persisted in answering legitimate queries concerning public records. One case in point was that of a promoter who tried to unload Canadian stock of a large motor company, quoted at $450 a share, for $600. A Philadelphia newspaper asked Barfod for his opinion of the proposition. He promptly replied that the promoter was operating illegally, since he had not applied for registration. He also pointed out that the promoter was not connected in any way with the motor company. The man had simply bought, or promised to buy, shares of its stock on the open market. His plan was to deposit these shares in trust, issuing 100 certificates against each share. The certificates were actually worth $4.50, but he offered them for sale at $6 each.

Secret pressure to blockade the bureau was even more oppressive.

"A state senator came to our office and after complimenting us on our good work," said Mr. Barfod, "complained bitterly of the delay in securing registration for a project in which he was interested.

" 'Now here is a case I want hurried up,' he said. He wanted permission to float a debenture issue of two million dollars, which he termed a bond issue, but which really constituted nothing more than promissory notes. While he was insistent that the matter be hurried, we decided to investigate. We found that his company owned a good coal mine in Pennsylvania. But it was a small mine that produced only 3,200 tons of coal a year. It was worth $120,000—not $2,000,000 and more.

"But the company had bought up a lot of coal-less lands in Tennessee, West Virginia, and Ohio that were valueless, and combined all the properties into a 'great coal company.' We told the senator that we could not grant registration. He took us to the banking commissioner, Mr. Cameron, who backed up our judgment after investigation. This showed further that the senator had bought the debentures from the company at $45 for $100 face value, and intended to sell them for $110 for $100 face value.



Mr. Barfod at his desk.

That would have given him a pretty nice profit, but anybody can see that it would not be fair, just, or equitable to the buyer.

"One of the most frequent criticisms of the Pennsylvania act is that it is paternalistic. Men say that a man has a right to throw away his money on fraudulent stocks if he wants to, and that we have no right to stop him. We don't. There isn't a word in the act about what you shall buy. What it does is to regulate what you shall sell. 'Buy anything you like,' says the Pennsylvania act, 'but sell fraudulent stocks at your peril.' "

At the outset the bureau also had trouble with many individual bankers whose institutions were apparently being conducted on a legitimate basis. Since then the Investment Bankers' Association has discovered the obvious fact that every time a crook is driven out, the market for good securities is increased, and it is easier and cheaper to sell them. Accordingly that association has given unqualified indorsement to the operations of the bureau, selecting its methods for praise over thirty-three others operating in various states. But in spite of that individual bankers still try to pull political wires to put through their pet schemes.

A survey of the men who have sought registration for questionable projects would make the average citizen gasp. One is a relative of a noted American army officer. Another is a former governor of a mid-Western state. A dozen Congressmen have turned up at Harrisburg in the hope of overawing Barfod, and have gone away empty-handed. Quite often men of unimpeachable records for business integrity are found mixed up in questionable schemes. On investigation it is found that some clever promoter has been playing on their credulity and is using them for a cat's-paw.

The desire for profit is natural. "Greed," as some cynics have it, "is universal." And that brings up another angle. Many experts criticize the work the bureau is doing on the ground that the victim of the swindler is always trying to get something for nothing—that he is greedy. Unquestionably there is some truth in that statement. But Barfod has had more experience with stock swindlers and their victims than any other man alive, and his point of view is therefore worth something.

"I know a woman of 60," he said, when he was questioned on that point. "She scrubs floors in a Philadelphia office building. She was well-bred and educated. In her earlier life she was a school-teacher. At 50 or thereabout she wanted to retire. Her health was failing. She had saved almost but not quite enough to provide for her old age. Just about that time a smooth stock salesman came along and got all her savings in exchange for some gilt-edged paper covering a Mexican plantation. It wasn't worth a cent. You couldn't call that greed.

"In my experience the impulse that drives the majority of people to buy from the swindler is pure generosity. Thousands of workingmen want to send their boys through college and find their savings not quite sufficient. They furnish easy money for the blib-tongued, high-pressure stock salesman who gets them to talk about the problem and then shows them the difference between 4 per cent and 8 per cent interest. The people that lose money to stock swindlers are always the ones that can least afford it. Bucket shops are another matter. Many of their victims can afford to lose.

"If business men generally could only grasp what it would mean to drive all the stock swindlers out of the country it would be accomplished within a year. The worker still represents the big market, and it is in that field that the stock swindler operates.

The Signers of '76—Connecticut

Four of the New Englanders Who Staked All in the Cause of Liberty

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

(Copyright, 1925, by Carl Schurz Lowden)

THEY were buying and selling nutmegs in Connecticut when the colony's delegates to Congress voted for and subsequently signed the Declaration of Independence. Even then had been made the allegation that some sons of commerce palmed off wooden nutmegs instead of the genuine. The people were, however, honest and shrewd; like the four men who represented them at Philadelphia in 1776.

Of the little group two had educated themselves, one was a product of Harvard and another of Yale. The oldest of the quartet was Roger Sherman who had known fifty-five years; Oliver Wolcott at forty-nine ranked next in venerableness; Samuel Huntington qualified as the baby with a mark of forty-four which William Williams topped with a margin of only one year.

Was there ever a public speaker more clumsy and less graceful than this man Sherman? John Adams would have answered this question bluntly with a stentorian "No." Adams enthusiastically admired his friend, gave him credit for possessing a clear head and sound judgment but ranked him oratorically as the personification of lamentable awkwardness.

"Sherman's air," the Massachusetts man maintained, "is the reverse of grace. There cannot be a more striking contrast to beautiful action than the motion of his hands. Generally he stands upright with his hands before him, the fingers of his left hand clenched into a fist and the wrist of it grasped with his right. When he moves a hand in anything like action, Hogarth's genius could not have invented any motion more opposite to grace. It is stiffness and awkwardness itself, rigid as starched linen or buckram."

The people of New Haven agreed generally with John Adams. They averred that whenever their fellow townsman became interested in his subject he gestured like a shoemaker draws a thread. Right they were; for Roger Sherman had been a shoemaker, first at the place of his birth, Newton, Massachusetts, and next at New Milford in Connecticut.

Roger possessed pluck. He schooled himself. As he drew the thread he formed the principal gesture (awkward though it was) of his life as a speaker; also as he drew the thread to fashion shoes he fashioned his mind by reading books which ultimately prepared him for a public career. If he daydreamed, he did it judiciously at the right time and place.

The boy was an accommodating sort. A neighbor requested a favor when he ascertained that Roger had occasion to go to the county seat. Would it be too much trouble for him to stop at the office of an attorney and attend to some legal business? Roger promised to do the best he could; so the neighbor explained all and Roger wrote it down on paper to be sure that he would not omit anything.

The attorney noticed that the boy frequently glanced at the paper he had brought along. As it was necessary that a petition be prepared, the lawyer asked for the notes. The youth modestly demurred, asserted his jottings would be of little value and then bashfully complied with the request.

"Why," declared the member of the legal profession after he had finished reading the memorandum, "with a few changes this will be equal to any petition I could have prepared."

Roger was elated. He had done well and, now that he had consulted with the attorney as he had promised, he would go. But he was called back by a voice imperatively demanding:

"Young man, what is your business? Just what prospects have you?"

The boy told his age, the place of his birth and the time, April 19, 1721; rather a prophetic date, it was, as the Battle of Lexington eventuated precisely fifty-four years afterward. He described his work as a maker of boots and shoes. He named over the books he had read, also those which he hoped to read. His prospects were vague, but he desired to fit himself for something better than benchwork. The attorney quizzed, and the boy answered faithfully. Those were wondrous moments, for the youth came away with a stimulating message burning his ears.

"You should study law," the man had advised. "You have a strong command of the English language, and some day you may be a great statesman."

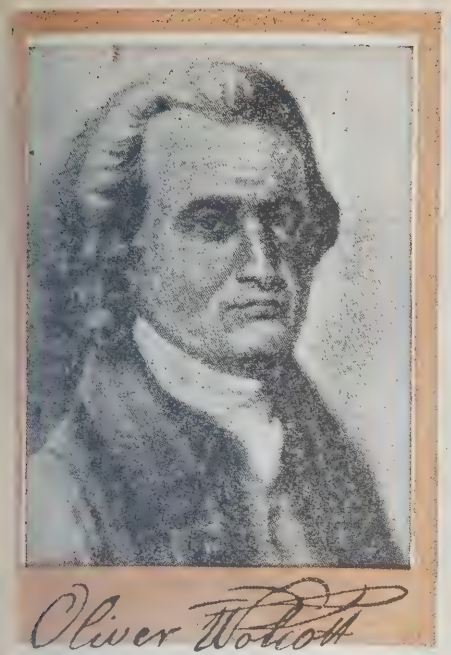
The awkward lad quit the shoemaker's bench and became a merchant; but he did not give up the idea of studying law, with the result that he was admitted to the bar in 1754. The next year he was chosen as New Milford's member in the Connecticut assembly. This election opened his political career which continued with only slight interruptions until 1793 when he died.

Roger Sherman never attempted to swim with the popular current. He practiced what he believed regardless of whether it would advance his interests or increase the people's estimation of him. With him, rightness ranked above everything.

Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, admired the man who had helped him in the molding of it. When Dr. Spring, of

Sam'l Huntington

Succeeded Jay as president of Congress.



Helped persuade Burgoyne to capitulate.

ewburyport, came up from the South
ıd stopped off at Philadelphia to take
the city and see Congress in action,
ɔfferson served as his guide. When the
irginian pointed out the former shoe-
:aker, he informed the physician:

"There is Mr. Sherman of Con-
ecticut, a man who never said a
:olish thing in his life."

Sherman's defects of awkwardness
ıd the stiff, shoemaker gesture did
ɔt blind Adams from seeing the real
ıan underneath. Adams did not care
ɔw rough the exterior might be if there
'as, as it were, a pearl inside the shell.

What would you do and what would
ɔu say if a woman boxed your ears?
herman's mother treated him in that
ishion when he touched one of his
ildren which had not heeded his
ıquest to cease making a disturbance
the family worship.

"There," she declared as she de-
ɔered the blow, "you strike your
ild and I will strike mine."

The blood rushed to his face; yet
e only paused and raised his spectacles.
e looked at her a moment, then re-
med his reading from the Bible.

At New Haven his house was
ɔposite the college grounds. He liked
sit at his desk in the front room. One
light day a roguish student caught
ie sun's rays on a small mirror and
ished them into Sherman's face.
id he rush out, collar the culprit
ıd give him a sharp scolding? No,
merely lowered the shade and then
mplacently proceeded to continue
ls work at the desk.

A farmer desired to sell come cider
the statesman. Always careful and
nservative, he first made inquiry
ɔout the quality of the beverage. The
ıan became peeved and entered upon a
ade of swearing; but this had no
fect whatever upon the sedate listener.
hen the farmer saw that his ranting
ɔuld evoke no response, he desisted.

"The devil himself," he burst out
last, "could not provoke you."

A young fellow who was starting upon a legislative career asked Roger Sherman for a bit of advice. Whereat the wise man of the Revolution said: "When you are in a minority, talk; but whenever you are in a majority, vote."

Congress passed a resolution to build a monument at Yorktown, Virginia, to commemorate the surrender there of Lord Cornwallis and his army in October, 1781. When a member of Congress complained at the delay, the signer shrewdly replied, "The vote is the monument." The rejoinder proved remarkably prophetic; for the memorial was unveiled just one hundred years after the capitulation of the British enemy.

During his final sickness the relatives and friends of the shoemaker statesman expressed a desire for a consultation of the physicians. Wishing to deal squarely with the patient, they

Spent his life in public service.

asked him if he had any objection to the plan.

"No," answered the awkward orator, "I do not object. But I have noticed that in such cases the sick person generally dies."

Apparently the consultation was held. Assuredly Roger Sherman did not survive. But did his opinion or mental bent have any bearing upon the result?

Now let's look at the other self-made signer from Connecticut. Samuel Huntington had no college education. His father said his son must till the soil; and a farmer he was until he reached the age of twenty-two, a year beyond legal manhood, when he abandoned agriculture to study law. His early training stayed with him, however, so that even after he had won his numerous honors he still liked to repair the garden and household utensils with his own hands.

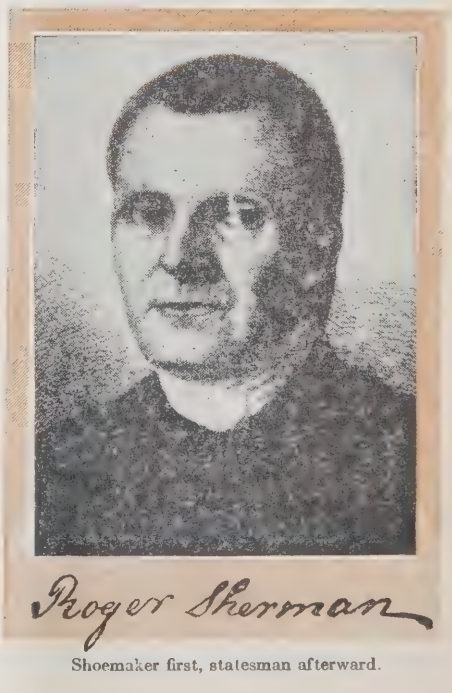
There was in Windham, Connecticut, a minister who bore an unusually snug-fitting name. He had two daughters with whom Samuel Huntington and his brother, Joseph, fell in love. Samuel married Martha Devotion who truly adored him; but there were no children, and they adopted two of Joseph's who had wed her sister.

Samuel became a famous lawyer. In October, 1775, the general assembly of Connecticut selected him as one of the delegates to Congress. He served so capably that on the twenty-eighth day of September, 1779, he was elected president of Congress to succeed John Jay who had resigned to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain. Two years afterward he asked a leave of absence as the constant cares of public life had made a rest desirable. Congress delayed. Two months later he again broached the matter. His resignation was then accepted while Congress presented its thanks "in testimony of their approbation of his conduct in the chair and in the execution of public business."

A rest of ten months restored the health of the statesman, and he returned to Congress where he remained a year and a half. He next served as chief justice of his state's supreme court, stepped from this honor to that of lieutenant-governor and then to the governor's chair. He was elected governor ten times consecutively; and when he died, he died literally in harness as the Connecticut leader.

On the engrossed copy of the Declaration made on the second day of August, 1776, Huntington's name follows that of Roger Sherman and immediately precedes that of Williams.

There is a peculiar coincidence in the life of Williams. The engrossed or official copy of the Declaration bore his name which he penned on the second day of August along with the other members of Congress. Now, here is a fact not generally known: this signer died on the second day of August, 1811, precisely thirty-five years afterward. This circumstance is one more to be added to that of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson going (Concluded on page 27)



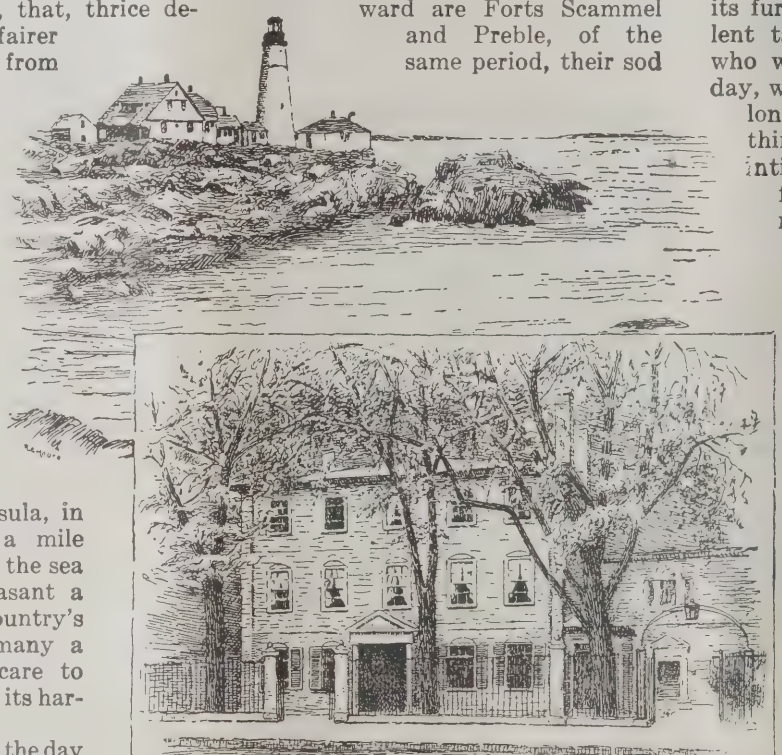
Shoemaker first, statesman afterward.

Portland, Gate to Vacation Land

Magic City Which Has Thrice Risen From Its Ruins; Portal of White Mountains and Lovely Lake Country

By MAY B. WHITING
ILLUSTRATED BY A. E. MOORE

A SEAPORT town down East! What words to conjure with and how they stir the fancy! But the delights of our imagination cannot surpass those that the city of Portland, Maine, offers her thousands of summer visitors. So truly a magic city it is, that, thrice destroyed, it rises fairer and more vigorous from the ruins. So alluring its beauty, so strong the race of men that founded it, that each time the descendants of those overwhelmed in the catastrophe return again to build up the city, and thus to its natural beauty are added the charm of history and of legend. Seated on a peninsula, in some places not a mile wide and far above the sea level, it is so pleasant a gateway to the country's playground that many a tourist does not care to stray beyond it and its harbor.



Above—Portland Headlight, first on the Atlantic Coast. Below—The Longfellow house.

One should start the day at Portland on the Eastern Promenade where the sun, newly risen from the Atlantic, gleams on the blue waves of Casco Bay with its myriad islands spread before us like a vision. At our feet drops a cliff of 150 feet; in back, a wooded park shuts off the city. One feels a curious remoteness from the world and only the harbor sounds reach the ear, the swish of the waves in the trail of a tug, the barking of a dog and the laughter of children on board a tramp freighter, the song of a sailor aloft in the shrouds of a five-master, the muffled pound of fishing boats coming up from the islands, and the boom of an ocean liner making Portland Head and out the narrow channel to the sea.

From the Promenade we descend past the monument to Cleeves and Tucker, the first settlers, to Fort Allen Park, for a nearer view of the harbor. Before us, like some fortified island abbey of the Middle Ages, rises the gray stone walls of Fort Gorges, built by Jefferson Davis on the plan of Fort Sumter in Charlestown Harbor. Farther seaward are Forts Scammel and Preble, of the same period, their sod parapets of vivid green a sharp contrast to the steel bastions of Fort M'Kinley on Great Diamond Island, and Fort Williams, where Cape Elizabeth thrusts out her long arms to hold back the sea. Modern warfare has rendered these old forts useless and now their only duty is to render more picturesque one of the most beautiful views in the world. No wonder Longfellow loved his native city and expressed its charm in some of his finest verses. "My Lost Youth" tells of his boyhood and is a sort of heritage he left to Portland.

Longfellow's birthplace is still standing, a three-story frame house on the corner of Fore and Hancock streets, but the house where he was brought, an infant, and which was his home until his marriage, is on Congress street, in the center of the city. It was built in 1785 by the poet's grandfather, General Peleg Wadsworth, of the Revolution, and was the first structure of brick in Portland.

It is such a house as we should fancy the poet would be brought up in, comfortable, spacious, dignified, its furnishings simple, but in excellent taste, a fitting home for one who wrote for those who work by day, who love their friends, and who long to see the beauty in the simple things of life. The house is full of intimate memorials of the Longfellow family, but what seems nearest to the poet is the den, with the desk where he wrote "The Rainy Day," the window overlooking the garden and the stock of the vine whose "leaves still cling to the moldering wall." There still flourishes an ivy which the poet brought from Abbottsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. The poet's sister, Mrs. Pierce, gave the house to the Maine Historical Society, and members of the Longfellow family still live in

> ". . . . the beautiful town
> That is seated by the sea."

Portland has other memorials of her favorite son. Deering Woods, a park from the native wildwood, is "more fresh and fair" because the poet has written of them and in the Square named for him there is a bronze statue of Longfellow, done at Rome by Franklin Simmons, a Maine sculptor. Nearby are the homes of Neal Dow, the apostle of temperance, and of Speaker Thomas B. Reed, the parliamentarian.

Garden door, Longfellow house.

Longfellow's ancestors sleep in the old Eastern Cemetery, the most historic spot in Portland. There is a

monument to his mother's brother, Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, for whom the poet was named, and who, at the age of 19, voluntarily sacrificed his life at Tripoli, in the fire boat *Intrepid*. The graves most often visited are those of the young captains of the United States brig *Enterprise* and the British brig *Boxer* which, one September morning, 1813, had a sharp encounter off Portland. Both captains were killed, and, each wrapped in his country's colors, were buried side by side with equal honors. Here sleep, too, many Revolutionary heroes and victims of the French and Indian wars, for the most part in unmarked graves. In 1690, when the settlement was annihilated by savages, the bones lay whitening in the elements for two years until Governor Phipps, on his way to build a fort at Pemaquid, stopped and put every man to work, burying the bones in one big grave.

Something About Portland's Historic Heritage

Portland is the natural way of approach to many places—the White Mountains, Old Orchard, Sebago Lake, Poland Springs, and Rangeley Lakes. Besides that, it is nearer by half a day's mail to Europe than any other port on the Atlantic Coast, and, being never icebound, it serves as one of the winter harbors of Canada.

This very advantage of situation was the cause of great sufferings during the struggle between the French and English for possession of the land. The Maine Historical Society preserves many relics of those days. There is the strong box of Father Rasle, a Jesuit missionary among the Indians for forty years, but a plotter with the governor of Canada to drive away the English. There is also the letter book of Benedict Arnold, presented by Aaron Burr, in which the former kept a copy of letters written on his expedition to Quebec.

In fact, the Maine Historical Society is a treasure-trove of unexpected riches. There is a pot of gold coins of the time of Queen Elizabeth, found buried on Richmond's Island, a lock of Washington's hair set in a locket by Longfellow, and one of the finest collections of autographs in the world, containing those of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence and of the British sovereigns from the time of Henry VII, with the date 1497, to Queen Victoria. There is a miniature, set with diamonds, of Don Juan VI of Portugal, presented by that monarch, out of gratitude for having his life preserved, to General Henry Dearborn, that romantic and farseeing hero of the Revolution, from whom many western places are named, including Dearborn Street, Chicago, and Dearborn, Michigan.

The city is situated on a peninsula of great natural beauty, in view of many small islands which are popular summer resorts. The drives around the two hills at the extremities of the peninsula are not surpassed in this country. Sloping from the water front to two heights, the city forms a natural amphitheater which is most picturesque from the sea.

A boulevard connects the parks, which have a total area of 115 acres, and afford extensive views of sea and mountain, thus enhancing the charm of this delightful city.

The fact that its very efficient and extensive educational system ranks among the first in the country, that she boasts fifty-two churches, and that no city of her size has more benevolent societies, vouches for the character of the citizenry of Portland today. She is one of those faithful daughters who is living true to her heritage.

As we peer further into this historic heritage, it is interesting to learn that as early as 1623 Christopher Lovett, of York, England, under a patent embracing the present site of Portland, built a fort in the harbor, in which he placed ten men. This site he called York, from his native city. Shortly afterward, however, he returned to England and on account of the war between England and France, the project failed.

The site remained uninhabited until 1632, when George Cleeve and Richard Tucker, of England, made a settlement on the eastern extremity of the peninsula. The Indian name of the place was Machegonne; in the patent to Cleeve and Tucker it was entitled Stogomor, from Stogumber, the birthplace of Tucker. This was shortly changed to Casco Neck, and in 1658 the name was again changed to Falmouth.

In 1676 the Indians attacked the town, burning houses, killing some of the inhabitants and making many captives. It was completely destroyed by French and Indians in 1690, but in 1714 the General Court authorized its resettlement, and in 1716 it was settled by Samuel Moody, who gathered around him fifty other families.

An Exciting Incident of the Revolution

Many of the streets of Portland preserve their old-time aspects. State street, with its "balancing trees," was Longfellow's favorite. The First Parish Church on Congress street is a fine example of early architecture. In its chandelier is a cannon ball thrown by Mowatt's fleet, and which lodged in the church which stood on the same site.

This destruction of Portland was one of the most cruel and unnecessary episodes of the Revolution. Mowatt had been held a prisoner for several hours in Portland, and for this indignity he brought four boats into the harbor, bombarded the city for nine hours, and burned all the boats except two, which he towed away. Nearly all the private residences were destroyed and every public building except the fashionable tavern of the town, kept by Dame Alice Greele. That energetic lady refused to leave her property and saved it by extinguishing the flames as they lighted. One ball landed in her back yard and set fire to a pile of chips. As she removed it by aid of a frying pan, she remarked to some one fleeing, "They will have to stop firing soon for they have got out of bombs and are making new balls and can't wait for them to cool."

The city was again rebuilt and received its first city charter in 1836.

With all its stories of the past, Portland is a very modern city. Its third catastrophe was by fire, in 1866, and, while it lost many of the fine trees which gave it the name Forest City, its buildings rose up statelier than before. In the auditorium of the fine city hall is the third largest organ in the world, and a municipal organist, Edwin Lemare, gives recitals every afternoon throughout the summer.

A Panorama of the Rarest Beauty

But in a seaport town one's feet wander to the shore,

"the black wharves and the slips
And the sea-tides tossing free."

Queer, foreign-looking little streets lead down to them, all dusty white and glaring, with odd-shaped buildings and fascinating signs.

When the sunset gun booms from the forts in the harbor we seek the Western Promenade, a butte 175 feet above sea level, from which the panorama almost surpasses that of the Eastern. For ninety miles the view extends, past farms and villages, with the white spires of New England churches flecking the landscape, and Fore River winding majestically through the picture, to where the White Mountains raise their mist-crowned heads, Mt. Washington above them all, gray and purple against the golden sunset.

And still our day is not complete until, from some vantage point, like Cape Elizabeth, we have seen the harbor lights, for Portland, besides being one of the best fortified harbors on the coast, is the best lighted. Most picturesque is Portland Head, the oldest lighthouse on the Atlantic Coast, authorized by Washington and first lighted January 10, 1791. Almost beside you are the two lights of the Cape, Ram Island farther seaward, and Spring Point Ledge and Breakwater lights for the inner harbor. Perhaps, as we look, through the narrow channel between Cape Elizabeth and Cushing's Island, there passes to the open sea the Boston or New York boat, while, from its wake, the water shimmers in phosphorescent green and golden fire.

Can anything be added to call it a perfect day? Ah, yes, what about those lobsters? Nowhere else are they so savory as on their native shore, and we are in a mood to count a broiled one, together with a plate of steaming clams dug that morning, as not among the least of Portland's charms.

A Home in "Glad Valley"

A Place Where Lingering Disease Is No Bar to Happiness

By W. M. DANNER

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Willett.

FAR up in the Rocky Mountains of Montana lies "Glad Valley," so christened by the man and woman who have made it their home for some years, and who expect to have no other home so long as that man shall live. There is a high fence about their cottage and the gate thereto is closed and over it is a great sign that all may know that this is forbidden ground. Reading that sign the casual passer-by would be moved to greater speed. To him it would spell Bad Valley, and the sympathetic might look at the lonely cabin with a sigh and think of this as a Sad Valley for the sign says, "Quarantined on Account of Leprosy."

Only this man, who is a leper, and his brave wife think of this spot as "glad"; "passing through the Valley of Baca" they have found there a well-spring of content. It is inconceivable, but it is true.

The story of O. E. Willett is short, but it is one of bleak tragedy. After the Spanish American War, young Willett served with the army of occupation in the Philippines from October, 1901, until October, 1904, returning to his home in Montana at the close of his enlistment. He had been a good soldier, was popular with the people of his community and they elected him to the State Senate.

The change from the tropical climate of our far-off island possessions to the rigors of Montana would prove trying to anyone, and when Mr. Willett found his health steadily declining he was not specially worried. When months went by and he grew steadily worse he went farther afield for medical advice. There was more than one consultation, with the doctor growing graver each time and at last, almost as the judges of other days adjusted the black cap before passing sentence for capital punishment, he brought in the verdict, *leprosy*.

There was the usual result—with some modifications. His neighbors were frightened, but not heartless. He must go from among them, but he was not to be driven out. Provision must be made for his care and maintenance. It must be done speedily, for in the case of a malady so insidious and so mysterious no chances are to be taken. Some of his fellow senators wanted to burn all the furniture in the senate chamber on the mere chance of possible infection, but they did not go quite so far.

He found a little cottage, in a mountain glen, and volunteered to go into exile. A high fence was constructed, not so much to keep him in, but to keep others out who might tarry there unless warned away. To the inclosure there is a closed gate, and the sign proclaiming the presence of the plague was put up to warn the passer-by to "Keep moving."

Two friends went with him, accepting his isolation, the long days and the lonely nights, the silence, unbroken by friendly voices and laughter and the light crisscross conversation of the good world that goes on beyond Glad Valley. His wife said she had married for better or worse; if the worse came it was her part to meet it with him. In the days ahead of him, when even this worse should grow to a dreadful worst, she would be there. He argued with her but his arguments were of no avail. They went together. The other friend? There was

The Willetts' home in "Glad Valley."

no discussion in that case. The collie went along as a matter of course.

The next problem was some means of subsistence, for one cannot live on air and scenery alone, even when it is the wonderful air and scenery of Montana. The man was an ex-soldier, and the government was appealed to and responded. There was a reasonable doubt in the minds of some people whether the disease had been acquired in the Philippines, but the government is a good deal more generous than some people think it is, and the application for a pension was granted. Even with no rent to pay and fuel at hand, $30 a month is a slender sum for two persons to subsist upon. A garden and chickens helped some, but Montana in the region of Missoula has rather more winter than some other sections of the Far West. There were no luxuries in the solitary cabin of Glad Valley.

The American Mission to Lepers took a special interest in this subject. There was never any doubt on the part of the Mission that the leper bacillus had been acquired in the Philippines. Technical testimony of experts was carried to the Pension Bureau of the Government, and the pension was increased to $72 a month, which was almost wealth compared to the sum on which this man and woman had lived.

The Russians have a proverb, "God never closes the door without opening a window." Just recently, so recently that we have hardly grown accustomed to all the wonder and miracle of it, a new window has been flung wide through which comes, not the echoing, but the living, vibrant voices of men and women, speech and song and story, glorious symphony and rollicking "jazz," bedtime tale and joke and the last new marvel that science is working for the world. With their larger resources was it not possible to bring the radio to Glad Valley? It was.

A really fine set was shipped to Alberton.

Why does not Mr. Willett go to Carville, where he can have the best medical skill attainable? It is a natural question, and if there had been a Carville when his condition was first discovered he would certainly have gone thither, but there was not and "Glad Valley" is home now, has been home for years past and unless one's case is desperate indeed, even leprosy does not make the complete segregation of an institution comparable to the comfort of one's own home.

"Home spells the supreme incentive in me to live here on earth at all," writes Mrs. Willett. "Not simply a place to stay, but home, privacy, home-cooking and home-life in its every detail. Certainly I would love to be of help to others, but to me home is a sort of generating plant, a power house where one gathers the necessary strength and morals wherewith to aid others. Nothing soothes, quiets, relieves and brings the feeling of security like a home."

It is about time that we realized that leprosy does not change men and women essentially, or make them less human.

An Agrarian John the Baptist

(*Concluded from page 14*)

ıto a veritable mêlée of human affairs nd far-flung activities—among others ll those presidencies and directorates ıentioned heretofore.

The Wannamaker up-bringing hav-ıg antedated compulsory educational :atutes, and having been otherwise ampered by bread-winning restric-ons, the Wannamaker brain does not ·ork after the best accredited and most rderly and precise rule-of-thumb ıethods. It is rather prone to go at bstacles with its head down, so to ɔeak, and win its way through by attering-ram processes.

You cannot conceive of him "punch-ıg a clock"—but you can readily nagine him smashing a clock with a rick if it and its hour hand tried to ɔp him from working. So you may nagine what a veritable terror he has ecome to time-serving lawmakers nd holders of time-killing bureaucratic ɔbs. One imagines them as protesting s the young and attractive member of ıe Barnacle family did in "Little)orrit," was it not, whose job was in ıe Circumlocution Office: "He wants ɔ know: don't you know," plaintively rotested the young Barnacle. Mr. Vannamaker is forever and a day anting to know why something or ther is, or is not, done, that concerns ıe cotton-growing industry of America.

Just now, for instance, he wants to now why the Government has, for ears, been carrying on its books as visible supply" some hundreds of ıousands of bales of cotton *that ther never existed, or else were consumed ng since.*

And he further wants to know why rtilizers, under State and National ıpervision, have for years been dished ut to agriculturists, carrying sup-ɔsedly a given per cent of ammonia, nmediately available for plant food, ut a large part of which, in final nalysis, will only help the cotton ·op of 1935.

These are but two instances of the nes along which the Wannamaker ınd works. It seems to have an ıdless stock of lances to break in any ɔust, and on any lists. It is all very ell for the Agricultural Department :atisticians, and their brethren of the ensus Bureau, to issue statements at ıe same time as to the visible supply of ɔtton in the world, that conflict to the ·ifling extent of 2,000,000 bales of the eecy staple. That might get by at Vashington. But not with the cease-ssly watchful and busy human in-errogation point down at St. Matthews. o Congress has been made to sit up nd take notice; and the Barnacles, ig and little, are going to have to ıow cause why there appears that ariant of two million bales in the isible supply of cotton.

"I Read *in the* Papers"—

I read in the papers that both Bibles and booze have been boycotted in China, because they are Western. The Chinese, of course, have learned to put the Bolshevist interpretation on the Bible as an opiate of the people, although its history shows it to be more like dynamite than like opiate. China is now reacting to the ideas she accumulated in Bible countries, the ideas of personal liberty and human rights. But linking booze with the Book is illogical, for the Bible has blown up booze, along with feudalism and other things. The Bible will yet blow up surviving vestiges of slavery: it does so by liberating men's minds beyond the point where they are content with suppression. But it is possible to understand how in the present crisis China combines booze and Bibles as typical of Western influence, and boycotts them both. It is a position the reaction from which will be beneficial.

Can P sychology be internationalized? This is the question which Dr. Donald A. Laird deals with in next we ek's issue. He points out the diffiiculties in the way. Can they be overcome?

I read in the papers that Representative Madden has outlined to the President a $350,000,000 tax cut. That, of course, is interesting. But Mr. Madden is interesting, too. He is one man in politics to whom one hesitates to apply the name of politician. He is an expert in public business and his whole tone in discussing public affairs is that of an efficient manager in charge. And yet Madden is just a plain representative, a member of a committee—but he works at his job, and he knows. After every meeting with him I feel that he is the type which after all justifies our political system and our electoral method. No doubt the system of the Republic is right; but our potential public servants are crowded out by mere politicians. A man like Madden is worth to the country more than the country pays any hundred men in its employ. A man like Madden is in public work because he was born to it and because his constituency has discernment enough to recognize it.

I read in the papers that a widow who sought removal of flesh from her ankles is suing a couple of so-called plastic surgeons for damages because something went wrong and both of her feet had to be amputated. It is needless to say that few surgeons will attempt operations upon persons who merely want to better their appearance and are not suffering from a disease which an operation may serve to relieve. It is strange that a hesitancy to consult legitimate physicians and surgeons should exist side by side with unbounded confidence in quacks that promise great things.

I read in the papers that Mr. Scott, once sentenced to be hanged as a perfectly sane murderer, has now been remanded to the asylum as an insane murderer. I have no objection to Mr. Scott saving his life. Hanging was not invented by me, nor have I ever voted for it. But there is a puzzle connected with this Scott case. It was not until $5,000 was raised that insanity was talked about. It was not until more money was raised by sensational methods on the streets of Detroit that the plea got across. What I should like to know is this: How does it come that the absence or presence of $10,000 should make so deep a difference as life and death? Why should Russell Scott minus $10,000 hang, and Russell Scott plus $10,000 remain alive? It may be perfectly right that he remain alive; I am not questioning that; it is the difference which the $10,000 makes that puzzles me. Who can tell me how and to what extent one dollar or a million can affect justice? I don't mean judges or juries or lawyers, but Justice. Now, either the absence of $10,000 permitted justice to be done, or it permitted injustice to be done. Either the presence of $10,000 permitted justice to be done, or it permitted injustice to be done. What I am asking is, Why money should make a difference? For most of us haven't $10,000.

I read in the papers that Dr. Paul Monroe, of Columbia University, has given the Philippine legislature a report upon educational affairs that will create a stir there and cause Americans to wonder if our colonial administration is absolutely perfect. Dr. Monroe and a group of American educational experts who surveyed the Philippine school system for the Manila government, found that of the teaching staff of 27,000 there were only four Americans who had been adequately trained. The average Filipino child, it is said, spends less than three years in the schools and obtains less education than is given in two years in the United States, and no lasting command of the English language is obtained.

The Bacteriophage

(*Concluded from page 7*)

infinitely small quantity is enough to cause the dissolution of the bacteria, and within a shorter lapse of time than before. The curative power gathers strength from its contacts with disease.

Such were D'Hérelle's first experiments. They lead to the conclusion that the curative principle which causes the dissolution of the bacteria necessarily comes from the matter eliminated by the convalescent: that the principle passes through the china pores of the test tube and is in the filtrated mixture poured into the first lot of dysenteric bacteria. After a thousand such passages though the china pores the principle is still to be found in the last tube, more abundant than in the first one.

How the Devouring Process Is Accomplished

One of the broths *once* filtrated and clarified, as has just been described, is taken, and a drop of it is poured into a growth of dysentery bacilli. It is stirred and a small drop of the mixture spread over a surface of a sticky, solidifying foodstuff in a tube. Thirty minutes later, the process is repeated—a drop of the same mixture being spread over another tube containing the same stuff as before. The same thing is done every half-hour. When eighteen hours have elapsed, the growth of dysentery bacilli is pure.

But a new fact now comes in. The surface of the first tube, over which the first drop of our microbian mixture is spread, is covered by a sheet of dysentery bacilli; except for one or two circular spaces about a tenth to fourtenths of an inch in diameter, where no bacteria are to be found and nothing to be seen. The tubes spread half an hour and one hour later offer the same appearance: they contain a sheet of bacteria with two or three circles apparently pure and unsoiled. The tube spread one hour and a half or two hours after the first show many more such circles, from 20 to 50. Finally, *after four hours, the whole surface is bare and pure: no trace of bacteria appears.* The curative principle is thus seen to have become stronger with each half-hour of observation.

What do those pure circles mean? When the center of one of them is touched with a platinum wire and that wire dipped into a vessel full of dysenteric bacilli, the dissolution of bacteria takes place, just as before when bacilli were mixed with a drop of broth in which other bacteria had already been dissolved. It is concluded, therefore, that the dissolving principle exists on the surface of the tubes, and *has multiplied there.* The apparently pure circles are in truth a colony: it is in these colonies that the principle which causes the dissolution of the disease bacteria is deposited. That principle very probably exists in the shape of particles, of small masses, since it is concentrated in certain circles only.

Besides, the experiment already described shows that the regeneration of that principle is simultaneous with the multiplication of the corpuscles: the dissolution of bacteria is performed more and more quickly as the circles made by corpuscles grow more and more numerous. The principle that dissolves the disease bacteria is therefore concluded to be a living being, that passes through china pores, an ultra microbe parasite of bacteria; it is D'Hérelle's Bacteriophage (*Bacteriophagum intestinale*) discovered in 1917.

The existence of that beneficent ultramicrobe being proved, the next problem was to define its nature. D'Hérelle naturally tried to solve it. He published the results of his researches in a book printed in 1923 entitled "The Defenses of the Organism." There, among other considerations too technical to be related here, he showed that the bacteriophage is an internal parasite. Death is the condition of life; nature is eternal destruction and birth. Microbes and bacteria are no exception to that law.

When a certain number of bacteria inoculated with ultramicrobes were closely watched, many of them were seen to be swelling, growing bigger and assuming a round shape. At the same time, fine bright spots were to be seen inside them; then, all of a sudden, the round bacterium burst and nothing but the bright particles remained. The explanation of the phenomenon is simple: the bacteriophages penetrate inside the bacterium, multiply there and become as numerous; then the bacterium bursts and sets free the young ultramicrobes that go and parasite another bacterium. The whole process takes place within two or three hours.

Opens the Way to Other Discoveries

But D'Hérelle who is careful, as most scientists are, to banish from science any notion of finality or preordained function considers this phenomenon of the defense of our organism by bacteriophage as one particular instance in a whole series of others. If bacteria alone had escaped parasitism the same task would have been fulfilled by some other means, and immunity would have been obtained all the same. The bacteriophage exists because, in the course of time, an ultramicrobe appeared and parasited microbes just as the latter had parasited animals. The same may perhaps be said in a few years of the bacteriophage itself: for D'Hérelle's discoveries cannot but open the way to many others to be made in a near future. Other experiments of his have already led him to admit that some bacteria can acquire immunity against the ultramicrobe that devours them. For it is true that *some of the disease microbes*—a very few, five or six out of sixty million—resist the action of the most *virulent bacteriophage* and can very well coexist with them. Thus, during an epidemic, we commonly find members of the same family left untouched while others fall a prey to the disease; for there in this respect seems to be no fundamental difference between microbes and the most complex organisms.

The bacteriophage can only be trained through the presence of bacteria; and as the presence of those devourers is very often to be noticed in the intestine, we are forced to admit that the absorption of bacteria is also very frequent, but remains unnoticed, because they are destroyed by their foes before they have time to cause any distemper. Whenever the disease develops, it is either because the bacteriophage has not acquired a sufficient virulence, or because the bacterium has become refractory, that is to say, has acquired a power of resistance in the organism of another animal in which a struggle has already taken place between the two microbes.

Immunity Will Be Contagious

But the latter case is comparatively rare, and the part to be played by D'Hérelle's discovery remains essential. Since the history of any intestinal disease is that of a struggle between two agents, a microbe and an ultramicrobe, and since both are transmissible, it is clear that immunity will be contagious just as the disease is. Observation and experiments can only be practiced on animals, man being practically unavailable for medical sciences: such observation and experiments have showed that the beginning of an epidemic of murrain or epizooty, for instance, is marked by the diffusion of the bacterium, and the end of that same epidemic by the diffusion of the bacteriophage virulent against the bacterium. A sick animal is *a propagator of the disease,* and an animal that has acquired an active resistance is *a propagator of the immunity;* such would be the mechanism of most epidemics.

The remedy has already been used against dysentery by D'Hérelle who, having injected a certain lot of bacteriophages, stopped the disease within 24 hours. In the case of typhoid fever, one of his disciples noticed, after the injection of the bacteriophage, a slight increase of fever and a crisis of perspiration, followed after 48 hours by the beginning of the convalescence. The same splendid results have been observed in the case of boils, anthraxes, and also in septicemic diseases, diseases in which the blood is infected.

Signers of '76—Connecticut

(*Concluded from page 21*)

out precisely half a century after the passing of the independence resolution on July fourth.

Williams participated in the French and Indian War as a staff officer to Colonel Ephraim Williams, a relative. The Harvard graduate was disgusted with the British commanders. They did not sympathize with, nor try to understand, the people. He was plainly dissatisfied when he returned home at the end of the war; perhaps he then foresaw the inevitableness of a clash with Britain.

Oliver Wolcott, the Yale graduate among the Connecticut signers, had a similar experience to that of Williams; for he also served in the defense of the northern frontier before his regiment was disbanded in consequence of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. At that time he had the rank of captain, but he stayed in the militia until he became a major general.

After writing his name beneath the Declaration he returned to Connecticut where Governor Trumbull gave him command over fourteen regiments for the protection of New York City. He went back to Congress late in 1776; but subsequently he deserted that body to go with General Gates whom he assisted in obtaining the surrender of General Burgoyne. He appeared in Congress again in February, 1778.

The irony of fate figured in the life of Wolcott. From 1786 to 1796 he was annually elected as lieutenant governor; chosen governor of his state in the latter year, his enlarged career terminated with his death in December of 1797.

The Connecticut signers were "four good men and true." The Nutmeg State can look back at them with gratitude for the work they so ably did.

Why Put God in Constitution?

(*Concluded from page 13*)

"WE, THEREFORE, THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, IN GENERAL CONGRESS, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions . . ."

(Here is God, the Moral Governor of the world.)

"And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor."

(Here is God, the providential guide and protector of peoples.)

The Declaration of Independence is thus opened with the God of Power and closed with the God of Goodness.

The Mayflower Compact made us a Body Politic, in the name of God. That Document is irrevocable.

The Articles of Federation made us a People—in the name of God. That Document is irrevocable.

The Declaration of Independence made us a Nation—in the name of God. That Document is irrevocable.

The Constitution contains no mention of Deity, and expressly provides within its terms for its own amendment and change.

It is an interesting study of what Americans are pledged to by their Basic Documents. And a complete answer to the question, Are we a Christian Nation?

The Suffocating Load of the Law

(*Concluded from page 6*)

jointly of the American Bar Association and the Carnegie Institution, the latter only providing the funds. Under the direction of William Mather Lewis, groups of experts are undertaking to do, insofar as practicable, for the laws of the United States what Justinian brought about for those of Rome and Napoleon for those of France. They are rewriting the common law. The vital things in that mass of books which threaten the law with suffocation are being isolated, coördinated and reduced to the simplest and most exact terms possible. The result will be a restatement rather than a codification of the law. What they hope for is the acceptance by the courts and the lawyers of the restatement, to be put forth in perhaps a dozen volumes, as a substitute for the thousands of reports and digests through which the law of the land now rambles, crisscrosses and often contradicts itself. The work will cover a period of at least ten years and will cost around a million and a half dollars.

It cannot, however, parallel Justinian's and Napoleon's feats, for they were established by sumptuary decrees. Lawyers, disagreeing among themselves, no doubt would prevent the adoption of the restatement as a code by all the legislative bodies that would have to pass upon it. Note the history of thirty years' effort to bring into existence a new Federal code. The last failure was prompted by a committee headed by the man who generally is recognized as the ablest practicing lawyer in the United States Senate. So the American Law Institute's work must be accepted voluntarily or not at all. And, of course, it remains to be seen whether it will be only another addition to the tons of "authorities" under which the law already is being crushed to the point of extinction.

The reason for this intimation of doubt is history, which, the writer believes, shows that no great amount of law reform ever has come directly from lawyers, though, by necessity, they have framed the changes that have been made. Most of the great moves in the premises have been precipitated by laymen, as when Charles Dickens, by excoriating it in a novel, caused chancery court practice in England to be reformed.

This is why the subject is preëminently one for the attention of laymen, who, also, are the persons most vitally affected; as they are the ones who support the courts and play the parts of plaintiff and defendant in the great drama of the law.

First Christian Indian Church

(*Concluded from page 15*)

was kept alive in Moravian history and later the Archeological Society became interested in preserving the first settlement in the state; rather in restoring it.

The Ohio legislature in 1923 made an initial appropriation of $10,000 to purchase the site and in 1925, at the session recently closed, appropriated another $7,500 to buy some adjacent property. The first appropriation was followed by the appointment by the governor of the Schoenbrunn Memorial Commission.

Also in 1923, William G. Mills, a director of the Archeological Society, definitely established the site of the lost village as one and one-half miles southeast of New Philadephia. With the aid of maps furnished by the Moravians, they have also uncovered the cellars and discovered many relics of interest: brightly colored glass which traders evidently used in transactions with the Indians, parts of clasp knives, flintlocks, tomahawks, baked clay, wrought-iron nails, and pottery.

The town virtually has been uncovered as it was originally laid out, down to the perfect streets. The work of restoration which is in charge of the Memorial Commission is being carried on and it is hoped to build replicas on the exact sites of the first chapel, the first school, and the Zeisberger residence. If possible, a museum also will be built, or the school itself may be used for this purpose. If feasible, the homes will be replaced on the very foundations on which they stood when the town was destroyed in 1777.

Progress of this work, however, depends on the sums received from schools and churches and persons interested in conserving for future generations the accomplishments of the pioneers.

The Art of "Electing" a Sucker

How Fraudulent Stock Concerns Flatter and Corner Certain Victims

By GEORGE GARRETT DE MORE

THERE comes a time in the history of every American who reads the financial page of the newspaper and knows that a bond constitutes a mortgage while a stock is a partnership with full liability as well as the right to participate in the profits, unless otherwise stated on the certificate, when he reads of boards of directors meetings and has a secret longing to attend one of these affairs. After all, it is a mark of merit for an American to be listed in the directory of directors equal perhaps to being knighted by the king, or some such magnificent ceremony in a foreign country.

A genius in the art of swindle—some enterprising Son of Wallingford—taking cognizance of this, a few years ago devised a scheme to make a number of small business men and professional men temporarily happy through what is known among the financial parasites as "Electing." Expanding it a bit, we have called it, "Electing a Sucker."

"Electing" calls for a limited amount of capital. Back in the dark days of 1921 when no one else seemed to have it the smooth swindler managed to accumulate what is technically known as a "stake." With this he would advertise for a company needing additional capital. His play was for one of the smaller companies started on the crest of the wave of prosperity after the war and now meeting hard sledding.

When he found such a concern he would promise additional capital upon a 25 to 50 per cent basis and secure the list of stockholders.

From this would be picked those who looked as if they would appreciate being "elected."

Soon after, Mr. Blank, a stockholder in the X. Y. Z. corporation, would receive a call from two representatives of Bunkem & Bunkem, fiscal agents for X. Y. Z.

"Oh, yes, the affairs of the X. Y. Z. corporation are picking up in fine shape. The company will make an additional million profit this year. Why, even now there is an inquiry for stock from leading eastern financial interests."

Then Mr. Blank was informed that under a new plan X. Y. Z. corporation was depending upon a limited number of its best-informed stockholders for advice about its financial affairs. The plan was to elect a select few of these stockholders directors or at least members of this or that advisory board. There would be free trips to the city where the corporation held its quarterly meetings, and, of course, Mr. Blank was aware of the prestige he would gain in the financial world by being a director of X. Y. Z.

Mr. Blank is in doubt. He will think it over. Well, the representatives won't urge him. But in case he did decide to avail himself of this great opportunity, the officers of the company would have to know something of his financial standing and his business prospects.

The representatives of the fiscal company produce a long questionnaire and proceed to toss questions at Mr. Blank from every quarter of the compass.

When they leave they know the bank balance he carries and the amount he has invested in gilt-edged bonds as well as approximately the amount his bank might carry him for in a pinch.

They leave him a week or so to tell his business associates that a large corporation desires to elect him to its board and back they come to tell him that X. Y. Z. cannot do without him.

Modestly, Mr. Blank agrees to help *his* corporation move forward to success and agrees to become a director. But, of course, in the capacity of director he must be in a position to vote a larger block of stock. And when Mr. Blank comes to, he discovers he has twice as much X. Y. Z. stock as before. The company is not bound by the promises of its fiscal agents who are here today and in Timbuctoo tomorrow. Even if it were, it is doubtful if Blank's stock would be increased in value by his addition to the board of directors. And he awakens to find that the old X. Y. Z. stock has decreased in value in ratio to the amount of new stock sold prospective directors. This is the Art of Electing Suckers.

I once heard a court reporter refer to a man coming to trial as a peterman. "Been selling fake stock?" I inquired, for I had heard the term petering in connection with fraudulent stock sales. A peterman, I was informed, was a safe-blower using nitroglycerine or dynamite. The term, I subsequently found, had drifted into the realm of the financial parasite, where it was applied to the artist in reloading which is to sell stock to a person previously swindled—as the "trade" has it, dynamiting or petering.

When Smoking Was Illegal

It was recently announced that the government of Tibet had placed a ban on the introduction of tobacco into that country. But regulation and prohibition of the use of the narcotic weed by the law of the land is by no means new.

The following is taken from the court book of Methwold, Norfolk, dated October 4, 1695.

"We agree that any person that is taken smoaking tobacco in the street shall forfitt one shilling for every time so taken and itt shall be lawfull for the petty constables to distraine for the same to be putt to the uses of the towne."

A few pages farther there is the record of the first arrest under the tobacco prohibition law.

"We present Nicholas Barber for smoakeing in the street and do amerce him one shilling."

—*C. J. F.*

"Just looking at them is much the safest and indeed the most enjoyable plan."

Listen Youngsters!

(*Concluded from page 17*)

inced, so I determined to go out on y own hook and consort with the ounger generation myself and find it.

I did. This is not a personality ticle. I am not looking for trouble round home, where my reputation as already had a few bad crimps; nd names and dates must therefore e reluctantly omitted. But in a large, eneral way I can state that the result my investigation among the younger eneration is that they take their leasures not only very sadly but mpestuously and in many cases agically. The discomforts they unergo to achieve what they think a good time are too often pathetic their barrenness and their repetition.

One young man confided to me that e had been caught one night without y coin, was obliged (for some esoteric ason) to go a long distance in a rry and in order to do this had ven the taxi driver a ring which a rl had presented to him. The problem as to get enough coin to get back the ng. I suggested that in the crying nergency, as a last desperate resort, e might go to work.

"But I can't work for less than $25 a eek; it would hardly pay me," he id, "and nobody has yet offered me at."

I think he rather liked me, not so uch for my conversation as because was cheerful, a good listener and fed m up when he came to the house. o I said to him: "Look here, you get a b at any old thing, no matter what ey pay you, or beat it out of re."

He saw I was in earnest and in three ys he telephoned he was working for 0 a week. That was about three ars ago. The other day he showed , driving his own car. He was making—earning—$5,000 a year. That boy had no father.

As for the girls, fancy making love to any so-called flapper of the present day! (That is a horrid name, a disgrace to womanhood and ought to be abolished by law.) What could be said to them? My ignorance about woman in general and also in particular increases permutatively as I advance to decrepitude. But so far as I gather from a rather careful perusal of our contemporary literature and a moderate indulgence in parlor conversation, anything you could think of to say to any young girl of the present day, be she highbrow or lowbrow, is entirely superfluous. There seems to be nothing left to be said. Just looking at them is much the safest and indeed the most enjoyable plan.

The old-fashioned, back-number Love, in which people held hands and got married and lived together happily, had a fairly good run. A few of us do not yet realize that it is all over, we are so stupid about it. Talk to the younger generation and learn where you get off. Cupid hasn't even a license to park anywhere.

It is my first-hand experience that the best women to make love to are all over thirty-five. You see, they all started so far back before this younger generation, that you can talk to them without feeling you are on a busy wire. In three years I haven't met a single girl under twenty-two, outside of those regularly employed, who had time to sit down anywhere. They are all in a fierce hurry. Maybe it's Me. I should like to check up on this with some male member of the younger generation, but what would be the use?

The tragedy of youth is one of the most moving spectacles of the present period. In thus issuing a definite challenge to our younger generation, I am not making sweeping condemnatory charge, or indictment, I am reporting a pronounced tendency which should be properly understood, none more so than by these young smarties themselves. They will discover that what they think is new and important was thrown into the discard before Solomon got off some of his celebrated bromides; that their own opinions about Art, Literature, God, women and their elders all had to be turned down successively by each younger generation that preceded them and that, by and large, no substitute has yet been discovered for character, and that character is maintained only by hard work, honesty, persistence, obedience, humility and moral courage. At present this younger generation of ours, making due allowances, is somewhat out of hand.

Who is to blame? Everybody and nobody.

We elder boys are to blame when we let these youngsters put over too much on us; and also (I speak from observation and guilt) from too much trying to imitate some of their didoes. Our educational system is to blame when making it too easy to learn things which cannot be learned too easily. Our newspapers and motion picture promoters are to blame for making crime too alluring and individual irresponsibility just a nice sort of game for all to play at.

On the whole, the real trouble is not that we go out too much after money, but that we think money will carry us farther than it can.

I see no objection to being well off. I believe in being well off.

I see no objection in young people having a good time, keeping themselves fit through exercise and sports and certain adventures.

I see great objection, on the part of too many, in thinking that money will buy us much more than shelter and food and clothes and transportation, and the occasional removal by operations of some part of our insides. Beautiful objects of art, nature in its fullest splendor and expression, music, wonderful poetry, moments of tranquillity—all these things and more are quite free. We overlook them too much because we have the idea that we can buy so many artificial substitutes.

Boys and girls, it can't be done. The last rattle I make will be to echo this old truth.

The modern petting party is no substitute for the old-fashioned courting bee. Let us drag out the poor old simple life from its consecrated, cobwebbed retreat and look it over again. It's good stuff, believe me.

Legends of the Crimson Poppy

In associating poppies of Flanders with those who fell in the Great War, the old Flemish legend, that poppies sprang from the soil where heroes fell during the historic Battle of Waterloo, is revived. This, in turn, recalls the old legend that poppies sprang from the blood of the dragon slain by the holy maid Margaret, as mentioned in an early calendar of English flowers:

"And poppies a sanguine mantle spread
For the blood of the dragon St. Margaret shed."

And as today our poppy wreaths are laid on the cenotaph, so the ancients adorned statues with poppies, and offered flowers to their dead.

1,000 Miles From a Railroad

Travel in many parts of China is still by sedan chair and coolie caravan.

(*Continued from page 4*)

is an artery that connects the outer world with the province of Szechuan, the richest province of all China. But boats do not navigate the gorges unless they are especially built for that traffic, with powerful engines to carry them through the terrific current. Beside our helmsman, for the four days of that journey, there stood an old Chinese—with long, flowing beard, a silk skull cap set jauntily on his head, and an absolutely impassive face. He was our pilot. For thirty years before the Standard Oil Company hired him this Chinese had piloted junks up and down through the gorges. He knew the river, its whirlpools and its hidden rocks, and a move of his finger from right or from left guided us for four days as we picked and roared our way up past countless Chinese junks; skirting great cliffs, plunging—with the waves washing the decks—through great whirlpools along one of the most dangerous waterways in the world. Arrived in Chungking after a successful voyage the entire crew set off great bunches of firecrackers in tribute to the river gods who saw us safely through.

A word needs to be said about the river junks of the upper Yangtze. They, even now, are the usual method of transportation, and a perilous method they provide! Coming downstream, from Chungking to Ichang, the way of the junk, though dangerous enough, is not so difficult as the upstream voyage. Every foot of the four hundred miles the great boat is drawn against the current by Chinese coolies, trackers they are called, who are tied to a bamboo rope, often a quarter of a mile in length, which is fastened to the mast of the junk. No picture of Chinese life is more vivid than that of these trackers, perhaps a hundred of them, straining against their ropes, singing a shrill rhythmic chant as they pit their strength against the river current. Rushing back and forth along the rope, his lash held aloft, the overseer shouts and threatens and urges them to greater effort. Only rarely, however, does he use the lash that he brandishes so threateningly.

It is said that between Ichang and Chungking there are 75,000 of these trackers. It required from four to six weeks to make the upstream journey and for this labor each tracker receives approximately 4,000 "cash," about five dollars, in addition to a ration of poor rice and poor pork. On the downstream journey the trackers receive no pay—only the rations. One in every ten of the junks is lost on the journey.

Arrived in Chungking we realized, suddenly, how far we had come from the foreign atmosphere of the treaty ports. Chungking is a city of approximately 1,000,000 population. It is built upon an island located at the junction of the Yangtze and Kialing rivers. There is no lighting system in the city; no water system; no traffic system. Lights are furnished by private plants or by candles. Water is supplied by coolies, 20,000 of whom earn a scant livelihood by peddling water, which they have dipped from the Yangtze below the city wall—water that no one dares drink until it has been boiled. The traffic system of Chungking is all on foot or in sedan chairs. The streets—perhaps thirty feet wide on the "boulevards"—make any other sort of transportation impossible.

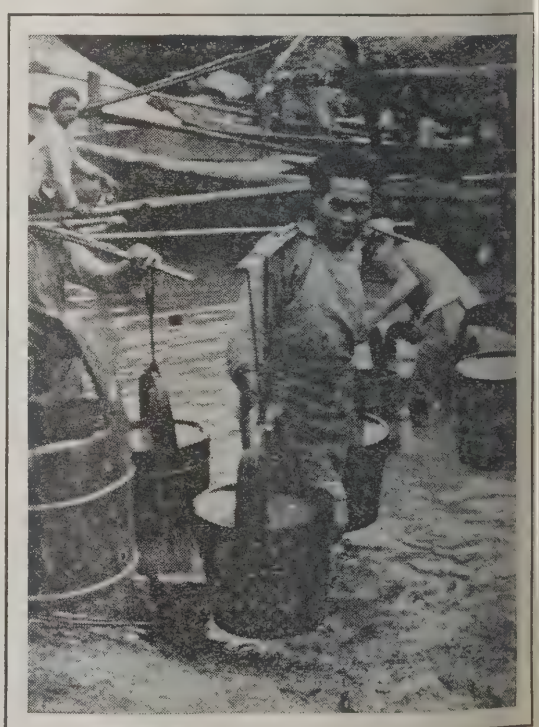
But the missionaries have penetrated to Chungking. They have set up schools and hospitals there and, slowly, year after year, a little more of enlightenment is entering. It is an interesting fact that, whereas the illiteracy of the average Chinese in Chungking is probably not less than 95 per cent, of the Christians over one-half can read and write. The fame of the mission hospitals is spread throughout this whole section. Due to a lack of funds one of these hospitals was obliged to close several months before our arrival in Chungking. Yet every day from ten to fifteen Chinese—who had heard of its wonder cures but had not heard that it was shut down—still applied at the mission gate for treatment.

From Chungking our journey was of a different sort. We traveled toward Chengtu, not by boat, but by coolies caravan—carried in sedan chairs swung on long bamboo poles across the backs of three husky Chinese. Out here, 2,000 miles from the place that visitors usually think of as China, we began to learn something about the Chinese.

We learned something, for instance, about the religions of China. There is much of superstition in these beliefs. For a long time foreigners found it impossible to build any three-story buildings. The Chinese protested on the ground that buildings so high disturbed the spirits as they flew through the air and prevented their approach to the earth. Sewage systems were likewise opposed because they might cut into the dragons that lay beneath the earth's surface. On a high hill near almost every Chinese city one sees beautiful pagodas, erected to attract the good and drive away the evil spirits. There are, according to popular belief, three souls in every individual. At death one soul goes to Hades to pay for earthly sin. Another soul resides in the grave or on the ancestral tablets which the family worships. The third soul wanders ceaselessly up and down the earth. In theory the good go to heaven but actually none are believed to be really perfect enough for that reward.

The preaching of China—what there is of it—is largely ethical. Along the streets of Chinese cities I have often seen great crowds assembled to hear the ethical teachers as they expound the classics and hold before the people the ideals of justice and right living. Particularly are the virtues of filial loyalty emphasized. Confucius stressed the importance of these relationships and the sayings of Confucius, who lived five hundred years before Christ, have gone into the foundation of China's social structure. There are five important human relationships, said Confucius; those between father and son; the relation of the younger to the older brother; of the husband to the wife; of the prince to his minister; of a friend to a friend.

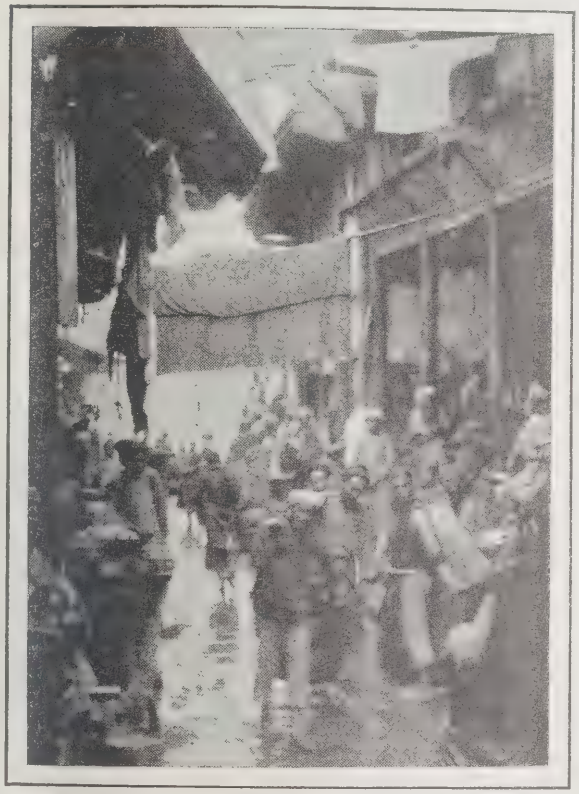
In no country of the world are family ties so binding as in China. The cook who traveled with our party in



About 20,000 coolies provide the water supply for the city of Chungking.

South China—although he was traveling far and receiving extraordinarily high wages—insisted, after a few weeks, that he must immediately return to his home in Central China. When inquiry was made we discovered that his mother was eighty years of age, that her birthday was near and, therefore, a filial son was under obligation to make any sacrifice to be with her on that occasion.

Not only do the Chinese have this filial loyalty, they also have a deep sense of independence and democracy. Confucius declares that "to honor the lowly is the way to win the people," and this principle is frequently illustrated. The Chinese will labor impossible hours at even more impossible wages, but they seldom tolerate what they recognize as injustice. I heard of a foreign steamer, on which the engineer, angered at one of his Chinese stokers, struck him with a wrench. Within an hour not a stoker was left on the boat. The injured man was transferred to another boat, and there, too, the coolies walked out in protest. Everybody in China, even the thieves, belong to guilds—the oldest and most closely organized labor organizations in the world. An injury or injustice to one member of the guild involves all of the other members. One can argue prices with a Chinese coolie and usually effect a satisfactory compromise, but no Chinese can be browbeaten into the acceptance of less than his just due.



Street scene in typical Chinese village.

It is this effective organization of Chinese workmen and their belief in justice that gives significance to the present uprising in China. A general strike is not difficult to bring about when all the workers—regardless of their work—belong to some guild. And when a general strike occurs its effectiveness is unparalleled. The strike against the Japanese in Shanghai in 1919 was so effective that the Japanese residents of the city had to appeal for foreign aid to get rice for their meals.

It is partly as a result of this overorganization of labor that things move so slowly in China. The average Chinese is not particularly worried about his job. Everybody in the family works. If one individual loses his job he lives at the expense of the rest until a new job turns up. Filial loyalty provides support during unemployment and guild organizations make it likely that new work, eventually, can be found.

But hard is the lot of the Westerner who goes to China, resolved to live at the pace which he travels in the Occident. Kipling tells of the man's sad fate who tried to hustle the East. I tried the experiment, and found that success was impossible. I kept a record of one experience which indicates the handicaps of the man who seeks to hurry. In Chungking, on the return trip, I went to the offices of the steamship company to buy seven tickets to Ichang. Nine men turned up to do the work for me. It took these nine men exactly twenty-seven minutes to make out my tickets. On one train—not much different from others—I counted six officials and two soldiers collecting the tickets. While each official examined each ticket the soldiers surveyed the passengers. The average shop in an interior city probably has an area approximately sixteen feet square. Usually in such a shop there are as many as eight or ten, never fewer than six, clerks. The ensuing confusion—when one steps in to buy—is bewildering. These are a few of the customs of the Chinese. There are many others, making them a people very different from the people of the West.

With all of these differences between China and the nations of the west it is apparent, however, that when western transportation and western machinery have opened up the country and education reached the people, the Chinese Republic will stand as one of the world's great powers. It is merely a matter of expediency that at this period, when China needs help, western peoples should seek to understand the Chinese and western governments establish with China the basis for permanent good will.

A White House in the West

(*Concluded from page 12*)

other hand, the Summer Capital, so far a merely informal title given whatever place our President may select for his vacation retreat, eventually may become a real capital by legislative enactment.

It has been our habit since the day when we borrowed the services of a Washington from the Old Dominion to look to the Eastern states when we were in search of presidential timber. It is true that the Democratic Party tried three times to put a man from west of the Mississippi in the White House, but the West has been sadly neglected and its voters feel that its problems are never thoroughly understood nor its needs recognized by the men who spend the four years of their terms in the tidewater country of the effete East.

But there is only an intimation of the full truth in what Wilson said. West versus East sectionalism is growing stronger with the passing years and it must soon call for the active interest of our Presidents.

When we divorced ourselves from the Britishers who had ruled us we had a clean slate on which to work out a new form of government. We have been trying ever since, hampered by a certain amount of self-consciousness, to demonstrate to the rest of the misgoverned world that ours is the best system yet devised by man. Nature, climate and soil differences gave us sectionalism, the greatest of all stumblingblocks in the path of a nation which is striving to perfect a republican form of government. A cotton-producing soil gave us a South politically solid. Climate and an unkindly soil did its part in making New England a segregated section of the nation. For a century its historians wrote interpretations of our history in partisan New English.

The filial yearning for paternalism in the heart of the sparsely settled West is drawing a longitudinal line of sectionalism while the monuments which mark Mason and Dixon's line are becoming more and more coated with the lichen of oblivion. Reclamation projects, Federal road loan measures and similar legislative schemes befog a conception of our States' Rights Doctrine, while such phenomena as the Farm Bloc, the Non-Partisan League and the defunct Populist Party have kept us reminded that ours is a country of zones which are swayed by inimical interests and guided by cross-purposes.

When the East Faces the West

Our literature is made in the East. Naturally it is shot through and through with Eastern self-revelation rather than broad Americanism. The hinterland beyond the Father of Waters is almost a terra incognita to many of our Eastern philosophers and publicists. And then, many men of the West look on the Atlantic seaboard dwellers as mere fractional Americans.

When John Fox Danced His Last Dance

Novelist, Whose Partner Was "Queen of Forty-Nine," Died With Dream Unrealized

By BRUCE CRAWFORD

GALLANTLY danced John Fox with Beula, "queen of the Forty-Nine," on that night which was his last of gayety. How imperious he was as his sharp, aristocratic face, resembling an Indian chief's, moved through the maze of romping Forty-Niners in the carnival dancing tent.

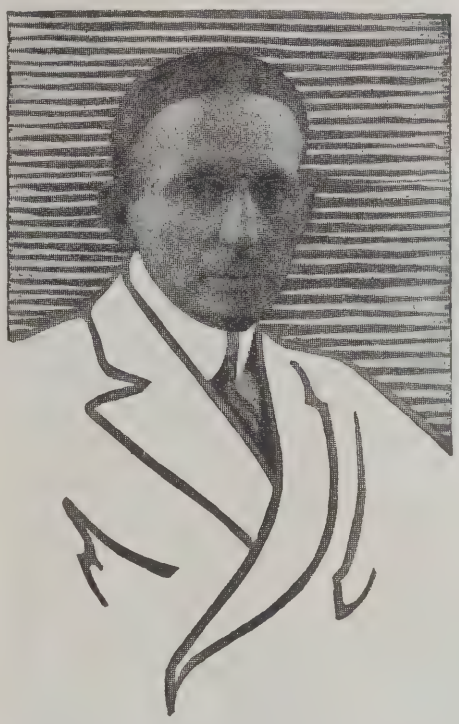
Tragedy seemed to stalk his latter days, haunting his proud face even in moments of frivolity. This is news, perhaps, to his celebrated acquaintances who saw him only in the East's atmosphere of culture and knew him principally as the author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and other popular romances laid in the mountains of Southwestern Virginia and Eastern Kentucky.

Others saw him in a vastly different setting at his home in Big Stone Gap, down in the picturesque hills of Virginia. They knew more of the tragic moments of this novelist who dreamed of writing a classic and who nearly achieved it in his novel, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," and in his short story, "The Purple Rhododendron."

It was in the early nineties that Fox, then a young Kentuckian just out of college, landed in Big Stone Gap, full of the spirit of adventure that was agog during the days of the "big boom." Eastern capital had undertaken the development of the vast coal lands of the region, and Big Stone Gap sprang into a little city overnight. Fox helped to organize the Citizens' Police, which sought to maintain order among the polyglot population, as well as among those mountain people who regarded the newcomers as intruders. In those days murder was common, and romance and adventure beckoned at every turn. Naturally, when Fox turned to the writing of fiction, he set his stories in these mountains and selected his quaint characters from among the inhabitants. This followed his experience as a war correspondent with Jack London and Richard Harding Davis in the Russo-Japanese War.

Here in these hills, like a lost tribe, he found a remnant of the true Anglo-Saxon stock, still preserving the customs and the vernacular of Revolutionary days. Here were men, gaunt and hardy, who had absorbed something of the durableness of the rocky slopes, ready to die for what they believed to be their rights. They distrusted all forerunners of the advancing civilization.

John Fox had discovered a literary gold mine. He was to be a pioneer in a new field of literature. His work would be largely that of depicting these



John Fox, from one of his last photographs.

rugged mountain folk in conflict with the progressive, effete Easterners. And the more he wrote of these mountains and their inhabitants, the more deeply interested he became in them, and so he made his home here.

With the success of his novels came financial security. At the Gap he built an idyllic rustic bungalow, and to this he brought Fritzi Scheff, a well-known actress, of Austrian parentage, whom he had met at a ball in New York and married soon afterward. He also purchased a beautiful poplar grove in the Gap, expecting to erect there a handsome mansion for Fritzi's especial delight. But she "flew" before the coop was started. And coop it would have been for her.

What to her were the uncouth mountain characters whom her literary husband made so much over! And how Puritanical were the more intelligent people of the community who had come down from Pennsylvania, and how gossipy! Constantly had she besought John to accompany her on her stage tours up and down the country, but he had no liking for that sort of life as a regular thing.

Her departure, soon followed by a divorce, dated from the night when her husband's father lay a corpse in the Fox home.

After this adventure in matrimony John Fox went about like one lost. He made frequent trips to New York for social and business reasons. But h writing he did at his home in the Ga

Part of the time he played golf nea his home-place. Often was he seen wit his neighbor, Bascom Slemp, recen secretary to President Coolidge. Fo hobnobbed with coal operators an lawyers and mining engineers. Onc in a while he would go on a solitar ramble in the mountains and hea some homespun philosophy from hill billy, or study a wild flower. An occasionally he would attend a loca dance. Always was he a great frien of the ladies, who found him charming Imperious though he was, it wa second nature for him to be kind an courteous, even at convivial moment when others lost their heads.

During these last days it seeme that Fox wanted to live as a boy again to be as fancy-free as a child at play He was often seen at the Big Ston Gap motion picture theater.

The last time the public saw Joh Fox was the night when he dance with the Forty-Nine girl, at the end o a week of Fourth of July celebrating Fox and several friends, all gay an looking for novelty, entered the Forty Nine, accompanied by a curious crowd The tent must have made a good profi that night, for the famous John Fo was naturally an added attraction.

In the midst of this noisy animatio appeared John Fox, eyes merrily li in a face otherwise somber. Beula queen of the carnival, approached him Nor did she take him by the lapel, a the other girls did when they wante a partner, but merely held out he hand.

"Will you dance?" she asked pleasantly.

"Why certainly, my girl," said Fox, stepping upon the stage. They did not do the jazz stuff. They talked as gentleman and lady. Others leered, and yodeled inane songs, but Fox was courteous, gentlemanly. And surprising to all was the girl's quiet recognition of the gentleman in her partner. His gallantry had brought to the surface unsuspected refinement in her. Again and again she returned to him after dancing with others.

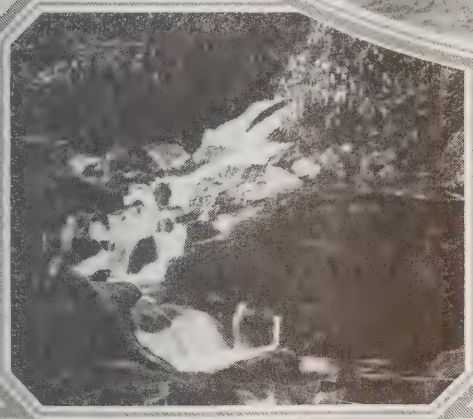
Late that night Fox climbed heavily into a motorcar, dog-tired, spent. More, he was sick, it was later learned. To the home of a bachelor friend he went for the night, to awake next morning with double pneumonia. Carried to his home in the Gap, he died two days later, "Erskine Dale" unfinished and his dream of a classic forever unrealized. It was to have been a book largely historical, calling for greater compilation of material than any of his earlier books.

Thus John Fox quit life with a dance.

Original Business Section, Big Stone Gap.

Stream in the primeval wildness of the mountain region near Big Stone Gap.

Home of John Fox, Jr., Big Stone Gap, Virginia.



The Country Where John Fox, Jr., Lived and Wrote

Illustrating the story facing this page.

The beautiful Powells Valley, unrolling toward the Lonesome Pine Country Club, which takes its name from a Fox novel. One of the streams of this region is shown above at the left. Above, right, appears a hill-billy cabin typical of those mentioned in the Fox tales.

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A GREAT part of that order which reigns among mankind is not the effect of government. It had its origin in the principles of society, and the natural constitution of man. It existed prior to government, and would exist if the formality of government were abolished. The mutual dependence and reciprocal interest which man has in man, and all the parts of a civilized community upon each other, create that great chain of connection which holds it together. . . . Common interest regulates their concerns and forms their laws; and the laws which common usage ordains have a greater influence than the laws of government. In fine, society performs for itself almost everything which is ascribed to government. . . . The more perfect civilization is, the more does it regulate its own affairs and govern itself.—*Thomas Paine, 1791.*

The Dearborn Independent

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Can Psychology Be International?
By DR. DONALD LAIRD

So These Are the Chinese!
By STANLEY HIGH

Sapiro and the Cotton Association
By JOHN MARSHALL

Samuel Pepys, Recorder of Events
By CHARLES J. FINGER

Jewish Penetration of England
By PAUL TYNER

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEF ... LD

To aid the color blind in noticing light signals at railroad crossings, the Swedish State Railways have decided to abolish the green light in favor of bluish-white and to adopt a special shade of red.

Loud speakers are to be installed on Japanese railways so conductors will not have to shout so loudly in calling stations.

An appropriation of $160,000 made by the Tennessee Legislature for additions to the Negro state normal school at Nashville brought the available funds up to $320,000.

In Pattani, nearly every hut has one or two monkeys chained in the doorway, and the natives walk about followed by monkeys attached to long coir ropes.

An eclipse of the sun reveals to historians of the Bushango tribe in the Congo that the 98th king in a succession of 121 rulers sat upon the throne in 1680.

The University of Pavia, in Italy, claiming the distinction of being the oldest European university, recently celebrated its eleventh centenary.

The garden petunia in England was developed from two wild species from Argentine and Uruguay, seed having been sent to Scotland in 1831 by John Tweedie.

A piece of linen, 6,000 years old, recently examined by the chairman of the Irish Linen Society, was found to be as perfect structurally as are the linens made today.

Jim Bridger was the first white man to explore the Great Salt Lake; he was the first to describe Yellowstone Park's natural wonders and he discovered the South Pass in Wyoming, by which emigrants crossed the Continental Divide at that point before the building of the railroads.

Parts of the great province of Kansu, China, are so dry that records recently found printed on silk and covered by only a few feet of gravel are still in good condition though made nearly 2,000 years ago.

Though there is a widespread belief that stars can be seen from a mine shaft or wall in the daytime, no one has ever reported seeing one.

A case of twins in Mullusca is very rare but three pairs of such "twins" were found on the Pacific Coast in the summer of 1923.

Vitamine "C," the preventive of scurvy, a disease which used to be a terrible scourge in the old days of sailing ships, has been isolated in crystalline form from the juice of cabbages.

In the matter of getting rid of a tail, some species of apes have "out-evolved" man, they having less of a tail than man himself.

Postmen of Northwestern Alaska often drive reindeer to haul their load of mail.

By attacking newly hatched birds, ants are making the problem of saving the rapidly disappearing colonies of gulls, terns, and herons on the shores of Massachusetts more difficult.

The stilt sandpiper has been seen in Washington only twice since the city was founded.

No one knows who discovered that the world is round, but it was after the time of Thales and before the time of Aristotle.

According to ancient Chinese geographers, the Island of Formosa was formed when fire dragons swam out into the China Sea, plowing the bottom until a series of hills were heaved up. This is a highly poetic and yet true description of volcanic action.

Indians of Glacier National Park raised enough wheat last year to keep two government-built flour mills grinding this grist

Though more than a thousand kinds of fossil insects have been discovered near the base of Pike's Peak, no trace of the common house fly has been found.

"Bicycles and saddle horses shall carry one lighted lamp which shall be so lighted as to throw a red light visible in the reverse direction from which said bicycle or saddle horse is traveling." Thus reads the terms of the ordinance, introduced by Alderman Donald S. McKinley of the nineteenth ward of Chicago.

Iron, the characteristic coloring matter of the "Garden of Gods," is also thought to cause the red tints in the planet Mars.

Papier-mâché originated in Paris as a means of utilizing the paper collected nightly after tearing down public notices.

German farmers are putting electricity to a new use, many of them now sweetening beet silage by passing the current through the feed.

Delaware still uses the ancient whipping post.

From the Armistice of 1918 to the end of last September, £192,713,-000 have been expended on unemployment doles by the British.

Fierce savages guard the approaches to the unexplored wilderness on the middle courses of the River of Death, a branch of the Araguaya in Brazil. From the jungle they fire long arrows tipped from the thigh bones of animals, ground to a razor edge and poisoned with a plant distillation so deadly that even a scratch will cause death in a few minutes.

September 5, 1925

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Vol. 25, No. 46

Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

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Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the right sort of standardization.

I have a question I want someone to answer. We are flooded with psychological data and conclusions which we shrink from, cannot believe, and eventually doubt to be true. Most of this data comes from abroad, from alien investigators. What they say may be psychologically true of their race. I want to know: Is this psychology of alien origin a true report of our American psychology? Is the world of mind so much at one that it can be described in the same terms and interpreted by the same rules? In my laymanly simplicity it seems to me a worth-while question. An interesting article on p. 3, by Professor Laird slightly touches the lines of the question.

The story of how Mr. Sapiro butted in on the cotton growers. They wanted to be better growers of better cotton; Sapiro system put emphasis on the marketing end. Quite characteristic! That is important, but the growing end comes first. (p. 14)

The Chinese people have many friends, and they deserve it. Here is a "close-up" of the people. China will get the square deal if the United States has anything to say about it.

Old Samuel Pepys won enduring fame by setting down day by day his ordinary actions and his honest reactions. Here he is, Recorder of the Ordinary. (p. 16)

England is not the easy country to visit it once was. As in America, alien conditions have worked havoc with the old liberties. Quincy Kilby went to England, forgot to hand in his police card, and Scotland Yard had a "case." Kilby tells it in humorous vein. (p. 12)

"I am certain that today there are a score or more Jews in the House of Lords," says this writer in describing the power and prestige which the sons of Judah have attained in the British Empire. It is certainly a remarkable record. (p. 18)

One of the interesting sights at Annapolis is the museum in which so much naval history is suggested. (p. 31)

John Burroughs, as the wistful Celt, is impressively described by one who knew him well in his daily habit as he lived. How different is fame when closely viewed! Mark Twain was one of the most pessimistic of men in his thoughts; his wit was really lightning through an ever-deepening gloom. (p. 2)

A compendium of fake business practices which prey upon the public could be made of the articles we have published in this paper. Here is another. We want the plain man and woman to be just as "wise" as the multitudes of sharks who lie in wait for their money. (p. 6)

Eugene Leuchtman is a young newspaperman who has his own ideas about our musical education; he thinks we get results altogether inadequate to the millions we spend. (p. 8)

A little-known resting place of the dead in Washington—the Old Congressional Cemetery. (p. 13)

Your morning coffee and some things you are not likely to know about it. (p. 7)

"Things seen in old Cairo" (p. 21), and the story of how "American Honor Crosses the Ocean." (p. 24)

Editorials (pp. 10 and 11) are not designed to tell you what to think, but to provoke you to do some thinking about certain public matters of importance.

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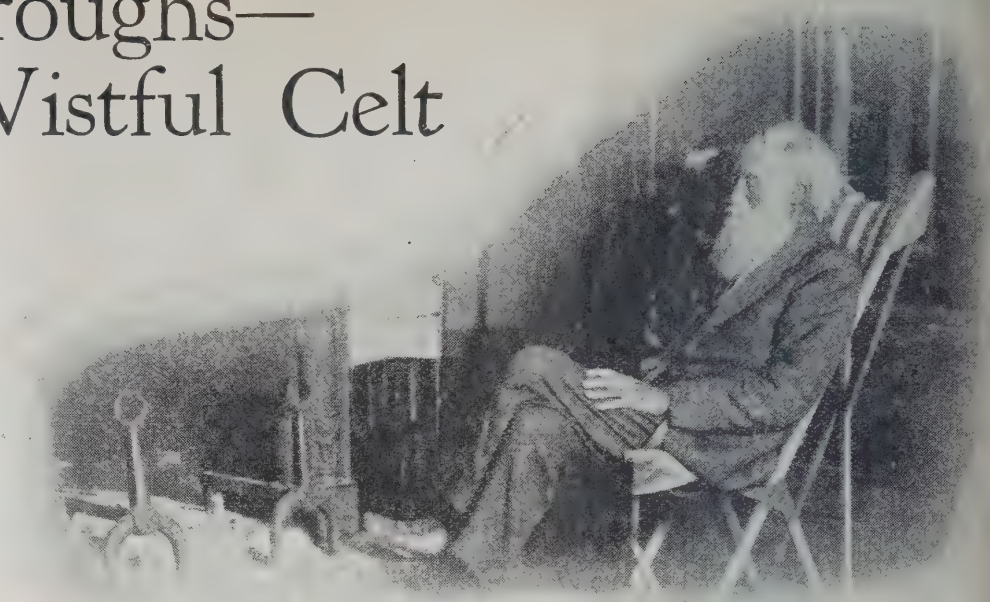
John Burroughs— The Wistful Celt

By CLARA BARRUS



John Burroughs at Woodch ck Lodge, Roxbury-in-the-Catskills

THE dominant note in the temperament of John Burroughs was retrospection. His persistent yearning for his lost youth, and his childhood home amounted to an actual nostalgia, but it was a homesickness that home could not cure. Anything which called up the past sent a mournful thrill through his soul. His *Spell of the Past* (*Literary Values*), the saddest thing he wrote, leaves one with an ache in the throat, and eyes full of unshed tears. Something of the same feeling is evoked by the following passage from his *Journal*, written, I think (but cannot at present verify), in the closing years of the nineteenth century:

> How the days accumulate behind us and turn their beautiful sad faces toward us. Here we stand upon the marge of time, with all that growing past behind us, like a fair land idealized by distance into which we may not enter, and to which we may not return. The future is unknown to us, in fact, does not exist, but the past is a part of ourselves. The days are our children which we have for a little time and then they are taken from us. One by one they step across the line into that land from which there is no returning; and not till they are gone do we see how beautiful or pathetic they were, and how deeply we loved them.

Here is the true Celt who, seeing a thing, or even imagining it, ever after possesses it. Forever it dwells in those recesses of his soul where lies romance. The Celt who never quite knows what he wants, but does know that he does not want what he has; the Celt with clouds of glory trailing after him, and moving before him, and always leaving him midway! Well that he can never reach the rainbow's end! If he could, he would needs sigh that he could no longer sigh for the Unattainable. Poor Celt! do we smile at you? Perhaps it is only that we shall not weep.

Mr. Burroughs was pretty evenly balanced between interests in the world without and within. He could turn and look in upon himself with the scrutiny of the trained observer. His very introspection was objective. He was wont to say that he had so invested himself in Nature that he became the objects he looked upon, and they became a part of him—symbols of himself, especially of his youth. No wonder, then, that his joy in the recurring seasons and their gifts was three-parts pain. The day was nearing when he could be identified with them no more; spring and the birds would come again and again, but he was passing. This wistful retrospection began in middle life. Often and often in the *Journals* one finds him peering wistfully down the Street of Lost Time. The marvel is that so little of this yearning crept into his books, since he was so accustomed to sit in the gloaming of a pensive memory. He has voiced it in two of his poems, *In Blooming Orchards*, and *The Return*. In the former, thrilled as always with the apple bloom, he sings its loveliness seen through

> "eyes
> That have grown sad in growing wise,
> Through Mays that manhood ne'er forgets."

Woodchuck Lodge, midsummer home of John Burroughs.

And in the three stanzas of *The Return* he condenses his incurable homesickness of the soul:

> He sought the old scenes with eager feet—
> The scenes he had known as a boy;
> "Oh, for a draught of those fountains sweet,
> And a taste of that vanished joy!"
>
> He roamed the fields, he wooed the streams,
> His school-boy paths essayed to trace;
> The orchard ways recalled his dreams,
> The hills were like his mother's face.
>
> Oh, sad, sad hills! Oh, cold, cold hearth!
> In sorrow he learned this truth—
> One may return to the place of his birth,
> He cannot go back to his youth.

He admitted that his habit of retrospection was "almost a disease." Like an unfulfilled wish in the subconscious, the vision of his lost youth hovered about him, having what psychologists call over-valuation. This might be interpreted by some as his way of avoiding the battles of his own soul. One critic *has* said that it was the expression of an unfulfilled longing for spiritual attainment. It is not a thing to dogmatize about, and one assuming to appraise or interpret it needs to weigh nicely not only the many evidences of self-conquest and achievement which his life reveals, but his brooding temperament as well—that heritage from Welsh and Irish forbears.

He was not a fighter. He did not always struggle for "the treasure difficult to attain," but he did work steadily and faithfully to compass clearness, truth, and excellence in his art. To have attained these, and also honesty, sobriety, industry, and adherence to truth and beauty; to have yielded reverence to things worthy of reverence; to have dealt fairly with one's fellows, and to have won their love—are not these (Concluded on page 27

Can Psychology Be Internationalized?

National Traditions That Will Not Blend, the Greatest Obstacle

By DR. DONALD LAIRD

BACK to England went Dean Inge. Back with nothing but kindly words about America. So unusual was this that ewspaper readers on both shores of he Atlantic almost gasped when they ead that the Gloomy Dean really did ot thoroughly chastise the country he isited.

This not because the Dean bears pute of being a faultfinder. Rather as it because we have found that isitors from other lands have from me immemorial been out of sympathy ith customs and costumes new to iem. "A great big country," they y upon leaving. And with a shrug the shoulders add, "Your food is, h-h, as you say it, 'rotten.'" And ie shrug and the rotten are what we ave learned to expect.

America does differ from most nds in many ways. Many a boy in urope tills soil that was trod in the me fashion by his family a thousand ears ago. The same boy—and he is pical of millions—is also governed by system of laws rooted directly in the me aged soil. Social customs, dress, nd, at times, most important of all, ought have roots as archaic. And, one may say, as stagnant. Here we e not bound so closely to the soils of e past. The traditions and pettiness a remote thousand years do not rve as fetters. Thus are we helped in dapting ourselves to the miracles of ie modern century in a way that ther lands perhaps never can. Of urse it makes a difference, noticed education, social conduct, attitudes, ad thoughts. The foreign visitor no has matured in centuries of tradtions is oftentimes centuries removed in vantage point; his mind does not supply glasses for obtaining the right mental focus.

German Books About America

Yet we find a German visitor ending exactly thirty days on our sores and writing at least twenty-ven long articles on America for ilies and magazines in his fatherland. doubt if anyone can write a single ue paper on the United States with ss than ten continuous years of sidence and participation in our life. o wonder that Erich Posselt writes fter years of incessant search I nture to state that among the mberless German books on the subct of America not one is trustworthy." is applies quite likely to all travelers America, regardless of their home nd. Americanization cannot be acuired in three months' visiting of nsulates and living in hotels.

International misunderstandings can ve their origin traced in many instances to the failure of one people to understand the traditional thoughts and attitudes of another. The English, for example, are so famed for settling by compromises that the phrase "English settlement" means to accept a compromise. With the French, however, differences are something that occasion the glove to be thrown and the challenge issued. One with half a psychological eye can trace the riffs in reparations and war debts to the traditions of centuries by which most peoples are hog-tied in their thinking and attitudes and from which America has many reasons to be free, and for which she has more reasons to be thankful.

Bernard Shaw and the "Lusitania" Affair

So one is not surprised to find George Bernard Shaw quoted as follows:

"I did not conceal my contempt for the people who had taken the frightful slaughter of our soldiers in Flanders as if it were a cinema show got up to please their patriotism, but who went stark raving mad when one of their favorite pleasure boats—actually with first-class passengers on board—was blown up. The truth is that the *Lusitania* catastrophe—much too big a word for it, by the way—was the first incident in the war that was small enough for their minds to take in; they suddenly realized that at last the Germans meant to kill them . . . Their frivolity infuriated me."

There are differences in mental qualities from race to race. What makes these differences? It may be they are born different. On this point we have some data, but not enough to form even the first leg of an hypothesis. Centuries of accumulated social traditions would be required to explain the observable mental differences.

When Jewish garment workers through their organized labor bodies present demands for a 30 per cent raise in wages, employers with experience know that they expect about a 10 per cent increase. The Jewish labor organizations enter into the competition with a mind set by centuries of traditions on bargaining. But when a body of Italian garment workers in the same city presents a demand for the same raise, the employer with experience knows that it must be met in a much different way. Tell the Italian spokesman that the demanded raise is ridiculously impossible and you have insulted him. Point out some overlooked details and you have satisfied his points of honor. But never would an experienced employer treat the identical claims of Jewish and Italian garment workers in the same way, although the final result might be the same.

In science, and especially psychology which is much to the fore at present, we find the same variance. One may be justified in feeling that here the differences are as marked and more significant than those relating principally to international affairs. Of more moment because they become a part of the textbooks from which the children of the world gain their knowledge, unaware of the serious possibility of their books, while dubbed science, reflecting traditions in thoughts and attitudes that are ten centuries old.

I was pleasantly amused to have a Scandinavian friend of mine—a serious and trained psychological worker who had done independent work in American universities—lament over the hopelessness of the way in which we build our windows. "In my country," he illustrated, "the windows open, so, on hinges." And he demonstrated a casement window action. "But here the windows are foolish," he continued. "The first one I tried to open like ours I tried for a half-hour. Then someone giggled and showed me how they shove up and down instead of swinging on hinges, as they should."

Steeped With Centuries of Tradition

This, I say, amused me. I could picture him trying to find the combination for securing fresh air using a casement window tradition on a window that is not casement. I was not prepared for the change in his voice when he continued after a pause, "Your American psychology and other science is just the same. It slides up and down like this, while it should open, so."

He had been started on a psychological career in a university steeped with centuries of scientific and religious traditions. Since these traditions opened out, so, he looked upon it as being almost heresy when he found that here they slid up and down, like this. First impressions are our lasting impressions and when these first impressions have ancient, and oftentimes stagnant, roots, the newer and more virile seem to be entirely wrong.

It may seem to be entirely wrong even when the newer have the support of all scientific evidence, largely because they do not fit in with the attitudes and habits of thinking into which one has been trained, even as his fathers, and their fathers were trained.

The fault lies with our thinking,

oftentimes looking backward rather than forward. In America we have the opportunity for a long forward look since there is not so much to occupy us in looking backward.

We are especially prone to this fault in psychological work since it is a new field. *Experimentally we are looking forward*, but when it comes to *writing a textbook or teaching classes we look backward*, and in so doing draw upon the experience and teachings of psychologists from all lands. The result is that traditions of thought, which have been given a psychological phraseology by, for instance, a Viennese, are very apt to be found unsubstantiated when critically examined. Especially when critically examined for their fitness for holding the American mind. I imagine that in no other field deserving of the name of a science has this been so marked as in psychology. At least I hope not.

Within the past half-dozen years we find American psychologists breaking away from what foreign psychologists say and write. Take these hypothecated "springs of human conduct" known as instincts. The leading champion of these almost universal and all-influencing, but at the same time rather mysterious and suspicious, instincts has been William McDougall, an Englishman. Social life, mental disorder, and normal life have been explained to students *a la McDougall* for a decade or more.

Harvard called McDougall to come to Cambridge to take charge of the department of psychology there. One of the first fruits of this was for an American psychologist at Harvard, a man with a forward scientific look, to pack up his belongings and leave. It is now coming to be realized that instincts are not valid data but the merest of hypotheses. From the armchair it seems that the notion of instincts might be valid, but from the laboratory they take on a different aspect.

Now, with the exception of the Germans, the laboratory is rather an innovation psychologically. Most of the German psychological work even when laboratory-born is dull, detail-ridden, and beside itself. In English work the laboratory is in straits similar to that in Germany except that it is not detail-ridden, and more unusual on the whole. An Englishman, Ward, wrote several hundred pages on psychology for the Encyclopedia Britannica, for instance. Whereupon an American psychologist published an article listing briefly almost hundreds of relevant and *known* matters about the mind that Ward had omitted in his article. Scarcely a tenth of Ward's material was substantiated or relevant to psychology, but it was a splendid example of the best of English traditions.

It should be added with emphasis, however, that in one field of psychological work it is very likely that the English have outstripped all countries. This is in their experimental work on industrial psychology under the leadership of Dr. Charles S. Myers. In practically all of their other psychological work they are behind the times.

The result is that in many instances English psychologists find our ways as lacking in understanding as we find theirs provoking. Yet they inquire if America is psychologically safe for democracy.

Canada is American, geographically speaking. Her universities are bred in the English tradition, however. So a psychologist at a Canadian university epitomizes his lack of understanding by looking shrewdly at me and remarking:

"Some of your American psychologists are like your American psychology—they make love to their gi students!"

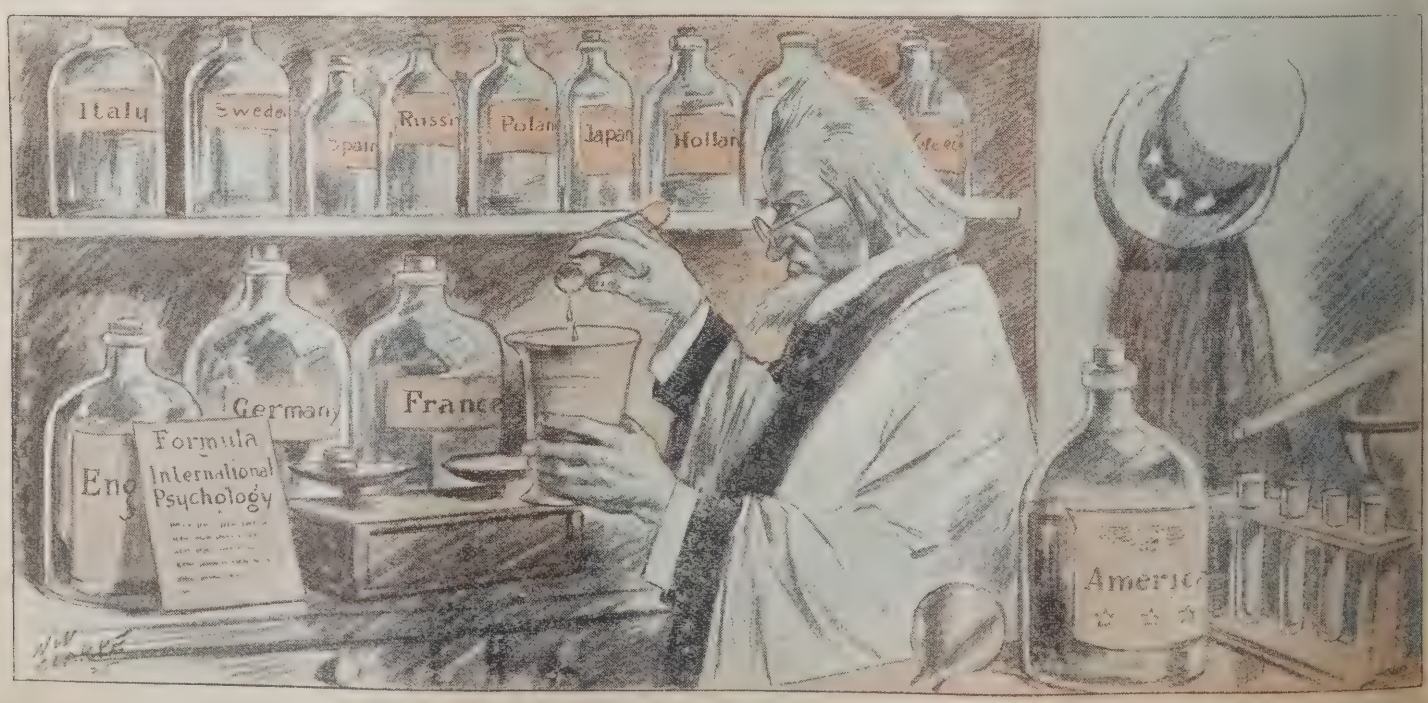
This lack of understanding is give further emphasis by the publishe words of a leader of American psychol ogy in commenting upon the remark of a foreign psychologist who is no teaching here: "If he gets on the ban wagon, here is where I get off."

Psychology is still being written in fact, most of it is probably yet t be written. In America there exis ideal conditions for solving the prob lems of the mind of man, condition one finds reflected in the leadership o American laboratories and the grea amount of experimental work being published monthly. It can never b written—as has been tried in the past— from the armchair. It must be writte from the laboratory bench. It cannot b written—as has been attempted—by citing the tradition-infested opinion and beliefs of foreign teachers. It must be written from the notebooks o the laboratories.

Ideal conditions in America for solving the problems of the mind o man? Yes! Not being bound to a state religion, or a predominant religion, we do not have to defend the canons of the church even unconsciously. Neither are we limited to the study of a group of persons with mental characters perhaps the result of a uniform social heritage. All social traditions are blended in the subjects of varied ancestry we may study. We are not thus forced to hypothecate sex as the basis of mental life since the subjects we study are not uniformly of a social tradition which makes much of this factor.

An ideal condition because we also have the forward look with no cloistered intellectual traditions to foster, protect, and justify.

Ideal conditions for psychology especially, and for other sciences also.



So These Are the Chinese People?

They Are a Nation of Contraries, But Not So Contrary As Other Nations Think

By STANLEY HIGH

THERE is hardly any denying the fact that Chinese workmen are among the cleverest in the world. Without tools o modern machinery, with no educa-inal advantages, deprived of modern nans of communication, the efficiency othe Chinese laborer and his achieve-nnts are perhaps unequaled. What th Chinese have done with bamboo sves as a good illustration of that fat. Bamboo wood is common through-ot much of China. Upon bamboo wod, therefore, the Chinese have ried for an amazing number of thngs.

For example, the Chinese wrkman sleeps on a bamboo nt, with his head resting on a bamboo pillow. In the rning he puts on bnboo shoes, eats a breakfast of rice a bamboo sprouts wh bamboo chop-sticks. He smokes a amboo pipe, sits ir a bamboo chair, wars a bamboo ha, packs his be-lcgings in a bam-bo box and ties th box to a bam-bo pole with bam-bo rope. If he has a mattering of edu-cion he may write o bamboo paper wh a bamboo pen. Te boat on which h navigates the rivers is propelled by a bamboo pole, and covered with bnboo thatch. His little plot of ground issurrounded with a bamboo fence, which he may cultivate with implements partly of bamboo. I even visited a mission school in China where the students, short of equipment, constructed for themselves a basketball out of bamboo.

Transportation by Chinese coolie.

But the Chinese workman is more than resourceful. With the materials at his disposal he has organized the economic life of the individual community with remarkable success. Most Chinese communities are almost wholly self-supporting. Spinning, manufacturing, barter and exchange are carried on within the walls of every city with little dependence on the world beyond the city wall. Communism, if it exists anywhere in the world, can be found, in practice, in many of these Chinese villages.

There is much talk about the success of Soviet propaganda in Russia. Unquestionably, among the student classes there has developed a strong feeling of friendship for the emissaries of Moscow and for the doctrines that they preach. The influence of these student classes is very great in a country, such as China, where learning is reverenced above all other gifts. But Communism—particularly revolutionary Communism—will make little headway in China where, under the present organization, a true and natural communism is so widely practiced. The Soviet example, doubtless, is finding acceptance because it offers a possible source of help in throwing off foreign influence. But it is altogether unlikely that the Chinese will follow in the path of the Russian radicals.

The excellence of Chinese workmanship, as I have indicated, is seen in other directions than in the maintenance of self-supporting community life. China's city walls, for example, are architectural achievements seldom surpassed. There are said to be 1,700 walled cities in China. The longest of these walls is that surrounding the old city of Nanking, which is twenty-eight miles in length. I have walked a good many miles along that wall and, throughout most of the distance, its width would easily allow two automobiles to pass. In certain places, the top of the wall is sixty or seventy feet above the city streets. All of the countless stones that went to the building of this—and all of the 1,700 walls of China—were hand-hewn and carried into place without machine aid but by the toil of great coolie armies. Against the attack of modern artillery Chinese city walls could not long exist. But in a country where bandit bands are innumerable and where bandit weapons are seldom heavier than rifles, they afford a very real protection. So great is the reliance of the inhabitants of interior cities upon their walled defenses, that once the great gates are closed at sunset the late wayfarer is

(Concluded on page 30)

Fake Sales and Business Pirates

How the Credit Crook Fattens on Good Reputation and Gullibility

By PIERCE CUMINGS

THE other day I stopped in a store which had long been one of my favorites. For years the place had specialized in handling only goods of the highest quality; dependability had been one of its strong characteristics.

As I entered I noticed large signs proclaiming that the firm was going out of business, and that all articles were being sold at "cost and less than cost." The minute I stepped inside I noticed a change in the atmosphere of the store. The familiar faces were gone. In the place of the former quiet, courteous clerks were salesmen of the aggressive, high-powered vintage.

One of them approached, demanding my wants. To my surprise none of the articles he spread before me bore the manufacturers' names. Most of them were without labels of any kind; in others tags bearing the lone and obviously insincere word "Quality" had been stitched.

My salesman was oily and unctuous. He had a trick of rubbing his hands together to emphasize his remarks.

"Where are the standard makes you used to carry?" I asked. "When I buy anything I like to know what I am getting."

He massaged his hands as though to give me assurance.

"Oh, as for that," he exclaimed, "when you buy from an old reliable concern such as this you don't need to know what you are buying. The name of our firm is guaranty enough."

His answer irritated me so much that I left without making a purchase. Subsequent inquiry revealed what I had suspected—that the firm had passed from its former owners into other hands and that the new proprietors were making a killing by disposing of shoddy articles at exorbitant "sale" prices on the strength of the firm's name and reputation.

Working on the Old Firm's Reputation

Further investigation led to discoveries of which I had not even dreamed. I learned that such transactions were being carried on in all parts of the country, and that they had reached the proportions of a highly specialized and technical business.

There are numerous groups of men whose sole occupation is the wrecking of old-established firms. They obtain control of a store by various means. Perhaps the company is in financial straits; perhaps the sons of the founder have been unable to carry on the business with the same aptitude as their father, and they are glad to convert it into ready cash. They do not realize that they are selling their name as well as the stock and goodwill of the store.

As soon as the new proprietors are in complete possession they start moving the old stock. Some of it is sold legitimately; some of it is disposed of in other ways; and it soon disappears.

Manufacturers Are Duped by Credit Crooks

Soon the standard quality goods which sold at a standard price are cleaned out and the new owners are ready for the slaughter of the innocents.

They bring in a quantity of cheap, shoddy stuff, prepare their newspaper and billboard advertising, and open their "sale." This lasts as long as the gullible public remains unsuspecting. It may be for two weeks or it may be for two months, but whatever the length of the "sale" the fly-by-night promoters have made fat profits before they fold up their tents and quietly move away.

In different sections of the country different methods are used.

Out in the great open spaces where men are men, for instance, the promoters do things in a bigger and better way. In a large Western city one enterprising proprietor tossed pennies into the morning crowd as it passed on its way to work the opening day of his "sale."

A mad scramble of *the great American populace* ensued.

The next day the wily proprietor climaxed his newspaper advertisements with "actual pictures of the crowds storming our doors on the opening day of the sale!"

Closely akin to the night-flying business wrecker is the credit crook. The *modus operandi* of the business wrecker and the credit crook is at times startlingly similar.

Credit crooks are trained to a high degree of efficiency.

A formidable gang will learn that a concern which has earned for itself a reputation for honest dealing through the years of its existence is in financial trouble.

One of the members of the gang will approach the owner and offer to buy the business, always making the smallest initial payment possible.

As soon as the pseudo-owner is in control enough of the stock is sold, usually through an auctioneer, to raise the amount of the initial payment. Then the gang is ready to begin operations.

Agents of the new proprietors—highly trained specialists in their work—are sent to all the market centers as buyers. They acquire goods worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The wholesalers and the manufacturers, unaware of the change in the affairs of the concern, believe they are dealing with the former owners and ship the merchandise without question.

It is then a simple matter for the crooks to dispose of their loot. Often this is done through a "fence" at 40 or 50 cents on the dollar.

In the course of events a fire may come, and the merchandise will later be reported as "destroyed." In the subsequent bankruptcy proceedings the creditors, if they are lucky and if they show fight, may receive as high as 20 or 25 cents on the dollar.

Over a Widely Distributed Area of Credit

One reason it is so hard to catch the credit crook, and to prosecute him when he is caught, is that while his operations may be on a large scale, he scatters them among so many different firms that the loss is not great enough for any individual creditor to warrant that creditor going to the expense of carrying the case into the courts.

Thus a firm recently failed in an Atlantic seaboard city owing $101,148. Investigation showed that this loss was distributed among one-hundred and fifty-five creditors, scattered in twenty-seven cities and in twelve states.

The largest creditor was owed only $6,705, and the smallest only a few hundred dollars. Furthermore, the creditors were in many trades and occupations so that concerted action on their part was unlikely.

And, on top of all this, only $468 was owed in the home city, providing comparatively little incentive for local prosecution.

May Clear "Bluebeard"

NEARLY five hundred years after he was hanged at the town of Nantes, France, for heresy, and for being suspected of the murder of 150 women and children, Marshal Giles de Rais, or Retz, whose name is associated in France with the story of Bluebeard, may be cleared of guilt as a result of a suit for his rehabilitation which is to be brought in the French courts by a group of historians and lawyers.

Marshal de Retz who was one of the most faithful companions in arms of Joan of Arc, possessed magnificent castles in the region of Nantes, to which he retired after the death of Joan.

He had amassed an immense fortune at the wars, but he rapidly dissipated it. He had 44 private chaplains and maintained a huge retinue.

When he saw his fortune dwindling he called into his service sorcerers and alchemists to find gold for him. He was accused by public rumor of murdering women and children to wring gold from them. He was brought to trial, and after he had been placed on the rack and subjected to many forms of torture a confession was wrung from him and he was hanged at Nantes in 1440.

The movement for his rehabilitation springs from the discovery beneath the castle of Machecoul, one of the marshal's strongholds, of a gold vein which experts declare must at one time have contained gold to the value of several million francs.

It is pointed out that, contrary to the local legend, no remains of his supposed victims were ever found. Disappearances were very frequent in the days of wars, raping and adventure in which he lived, and his modern defenders maintain that he was the victim of political enemies. An association of defenders of his memory has been formed. Eminent counsel declare that, under the law which permits the reopening of a case when a new fact is discovered, a suit can be brought even after the lapse of five centuries.

Biggest Coffee Consumer

American People Take Bulk of Brazil's Supply; They Drink Five Hundred Cups Per Person

By OTTO WILSON

THE great rich American public is the big coffee consumer of the world, and a single foreign country dominates the world's supply. For many months now the man or woman with the market basket has been paying prices for coffee which are almost without precedent, while reports of high prosperity come from Brazil.

It would be unwise and perhaps unfair to jump to the conclusion that Brazil has been using its position as the world's chief coffee source to manipulate prices. Certain natural forces such as drought, short crops, a damaging coffee pest, and increasing plantation costs have helped to push prices up. No one can say positively just what part these agencies have had in raising prices and what has been due to artificial control. But the important feature of the situation is that there is now established in Brazil a system of coffee control which can, if it wishes, prevent big price declines over a long period, and perhaps keep prices indefinitely at a high level or even increase them.

Brazil Is the Great Coffee Country

This firm grasp of the Brazilian hand on the world's coffee trade is due partly to natural advantages and partly to organization. Nature did her part when she provided in the Brazilian highlands conditions of soil and climate which make them the ideal home for the coffee tree. So joyfully did it flourish there when once started that Brazil long ago left the rest of the coffee-growing world behind, and in spite of all competition she holds her lead to the present day.

Year after year Brazil gives to the world 65 to 70 per cent of its coffee. We in the United States drink about five hundred cups of coffee a person from one year to another. Two-thirds of this comes from Brazil. One state in that country, São Paulo, grows 70 per cent of Brazil's coffee crop, or about one-half the annual crop of the world. São Paulo's crop every year is the key to the coffee position of the world, and São Paulo prices set the pace for all others.

The government, acting for the coffee interests, was first led to exercise the power given to it by its semi-monopoly, to avert threatened ruin to the industry. In 1906, when great overproduction had sent prices to disastrously low levels, the Brazilian government "valorized" coffee by borrowing tens of millions of dollars and buying up and storing great quantities. It repeated the experiment in 1918 and again in 1922. In latter years it has also regulated the flow of coffee to the market by storing large quantities in interior warehouses and restricting the daily amount which can come into the chief shipping port of Santos.

These measures have tided the planters over serious emergencies. But many of them have not been satisfied with that, and there has been a strong sentiment in favor of some arrangement by which a permanent, day-by-day control should be exercised over the ever-shifting local coffee situation.

Planters Combine to Control Coffee Supply

This spring such a plan was put into operation. A permanent board, made up partly of officials of the state of São Paulo and partly of representatives of the coffee planters, now holds in its hands the levers which govern the movement of coffee in São Paulo. With a working capital provided by big loans based on a tax on every bag of coffee shipped by rail, this board, known as the *Institute for the Permanent Defense of Coffee*, buys coffee at will, stores it in any amount thought necessary, holds it back or doles it out to the market, loans money to planters to enable them to hold their crops, registers every bag of coffee shipped, and collects that which the coffee trade hungers after always with a great craving, accurate statistics as to output. Says the New York *Tea and Coffee Trade Journal:*

Sao Paulo Leads the Rest of the World

"If on any day the quoted price of coffee in Santos is x, it is because the Institute, which is indisputably an arm of the government, permits or wills that x it shall be . . . . Henceforth coffee prices will be made not in Santos or Rio, but in a government office in the city of São Paulo, where the Institute has its seat."

Since São Paulo leads the way for all the rest of the coffee world the prices which prevail there will in large part determine the prices in the rest of America, in far-away Java, and Arabia.

"From now on," says the *Journal* further, "barring exceptional conditions, price oppression of coffee consumers may always be laid at the door of the one conspicuous factor known to hold the master key to the coffee situation."

Millions for Music—Few Results

American Children Get Lots of Music Schooling, But Forget It

By EUGENE LEUCHTMANN

AMERICA spends more for music than any other country in the world. By the same token it spends more to teach its children the rudiments of the musical art than any other nation. This expenditure is repaid, in a measure, by a deeper respect for, and perhaps a greater familiarity with, the more elementary works of the lesser classicists, but, paradoxical as it may seem, America has produced very few artists, or even musical technicians of a high order. Why is this return on the tremendous musical investment so small?

It would be easy to say, and no less untruthful because a goodly number of light-hearted critics say it, that Americans have no talent for music. This assumption is obviously false. The high average of intelligence of its people would justify America in expecting more for its efforts in striving after music than is returned for infinitely less in European nations. An inquiry into the status of the music student is thus necessarily narrowed down to an inquiry into the home life and the economic life in the United States.

Perhaps the mass attitude of Americans differs not at all from the attitude of any national mass toward music. With that possibility we are not concerned for the present. The fact yet remains that with all its huge outlay for musical education very little is accomplished in the way of producing or creating a national musical consciousness, or of giving the world more than an extremely meager quota of artists.

The argument that the degradation of American musical taste is caused by the "substantial" qualities of jazz may be refuted with a simple analysis of jazz music. A senseless tune of the most elementary nature usually forms the basis for a jazz song. To those who have no technical knowledge of music, jazz may appear to be highly complex. This apparent complexity is effected by sophisticating the original senseless tune with a sharp syncopation of rhythm, the employment of cross-rhythms, and the embellishment with gypsy-like bravura which we have been taught to associate with the so-called Hungarian music.

Jazz is the A B C of music. This becomes self-evident when one takes the trouble to strip it to its essentials. Unless the theme is pirated from the classics it is banal, and when the syncopation and embellishment are stripped away jazz stands out in its truly representative form, the product of musical morons for morons even less musical. Embellish Foster's beautiful "Home Sweet Home" with the frills and follies of jazz, rack its sweet accents with syncopation not unlike the movement of an unfortunate victim of St. Vitus' dance, and you will have made of one of America's real musical treasures a stark and unbearably ugly tune.

The cause for this apparent poverty in musical appreciation may be said to lie halfway between two causes which interlock. The first is the apathy of Americans as a mass to the purely esthetic, and the second an economic life, which, in its reflection on the home life, is indirectly the fountainhead of that apathy.

The American standard of living is high—much higher than that of any other land. As a class, Americans are not patient enough to overcome the obstacles that lie in the way of the artist. The standards of living and the keen competition in commercial and industrial life bring a sharper desire to get ahead in commercial and industrial pursuits. The business of making a living is, after all, the most important business in the world, and where there are opportunities of "getting ahead" it is distinctly worth while to bend every effort to the mastery of some industrial, commercial, or scientific pursuit—but these efforts make no headway for art.

Music demands a lifetime of study. Innate ability needs more than desultory effort to blossom into art, and where one may within four or five years master a profession which is almost certain to insure a steady and desirable income, there is little urge to spend many years of patient effort in the mastery of a technique which in the end may not bring such monetary rewards as those gained by comparatively unskilled labor.

Thus Americans view music as more or less of a nonessential, and the view is given support by the practical application of the problem of musical careers as against industrial and commercial careers. An excellent musician earns very little, when his income tax returns are compared with those of men of commensurate ability in other lines of endeavor. Music is rather a stepping-stone to a cultural accomplishment which very few care to pursue to the point where it taxes their minds or their imaginations to an extent which handicaps them in their real work of earning a living.

For the most part, American music teachers are capable enough. The country gives them little support, however, and there is no urge for them to perfect themselves to the point where they will be capable of producing musicians which could even approximately compare with the skilled and competent musicians of Germany or France or Italy. These European countries give the great American orchestras their best players, but few native Americans find the income from such positions adequate enough to repay them for their efforts and their long years of study.

Where do the huge sums of money America spends for musical education go, and where is apparent the benefit reaped from the extensive musical schooling American children undergo? Almost every child in the public schools of the country is taught to read music and to sing. Very few families with children stand in the way of youngsters who wish to play the piano or the violin. Thousands of them are taught to play these instruments, and millions of dollars are spent yearly to teach these children to play, but seldom does one of even a thousand of them adopt the profession of music, because more lucrative positions are to be had by application of less effort to progress in industry and commerce.

Commercial and industrial progress, the miracle of world leadership in a nation which is the youngest in the world, all have contributed their share in the destruction of the art ideal in America. The suppression of the art instinct in the child and even in the adult goes on merrily as pride in money and position are taught to the children in the schools and in the homes.

On every hand the rise of an industrial genius, a political genius, or a great financier is made the subject of laudatory orations, of "object lessons" and sermons. The fact that these leaders *possessed genius in their own chosen endeavor* is forgotten in the "education" which seeks to inculcate in every child the lesson of industrial progress and monetary success. Teachers and parents and ministers forget that among their children may be boys and girls who have in them the seeds of great genius, as well as potential financial and industrial wizardry.

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MR. FORD'S PAGE

IN LAST week's page false standardization was described as that which put dividends first and development last. That it exists there is no doubt; it is one of the usual accompaniments of the financial control of industry. But that it really prevents progress is not true. It merely removed out of the stream of development the organization which is so unfortunate as to be under such control. This explains the failure of so many concerns when they come under financial direction. Money men are not business men; the two fields are distinct.

Standardization in its true sense has none of the elements against which the theorists have complained. This becomes clear with a little examination. What is this principle which we call standardization?

It is the union of all the best points of commodities with all the best points of production, to the end that the best commodity may be produced in sufficient quantity and at the least cost to the consumer.

To standardize a method is to choose out of many methods the best one, and use it. Standardization means nothing unless it means standardizing upward. It is impossible in the very nature of things to standardize anything lower than the best. The best automatically becomes the standard and possesses inherent power to overcome all standards that fall below it.

What is the *best way* to do a thing? It is the sum of all the good ways we have discovered up to the present. It therefore becomes the standard. To decree that today's standard shall remain tomorrow's is to exceed our power and authority. Such a decree cannot stand. We see all around us yesterday's standards, but no one mistakes them for today's. The utmost financial power is too weak to hold a standard in the industrial world for the space of one day, unless it is a genuine standard, representing the best known method up to the present moment.

It cannot be done. Finance has tried it by "pigeonholing" the future. No pigeonhole is strong enough to imprison progress, nor wide enough to inclose the future. They break through, as many a friend of dividends-against-development has discovered.

Now, unless it is wrong to give the people the benefit of the best method, standardization is not only justifiable but beneficial to society.

Today's best which superseded yesterday's will be superseded by tomorrow's best. That is a fact which theorists overlook. They assume that a standard is a steel mold by which it is expected to shape and confine all effort for an indefinite time. But how could that be done? If it were at all possible, we should today be using the standards of 100 years ago, for certainly there was no lack of resistance to adopting the elements which make up the present standards. But the better thing won.

Industry today, under the impulse of engineering ability and engineering conscience, is rapidly improving the standards. Finance may complain that these changes subtract from dividends, but mechanical genius will assert that they add to service. And that is the sole purpose of business.

TRUE standardization is the bringing up of yesterday's haphazard, wasteful and therefore costly methods to the level of today's best knowledge and skill. It is a leveling upward. Some minds distrust any process of leveling, and rightly so if the direction is downward. But a leveling upward, instead of preventing further progress, produces the necessary foundation on which future progress must rest. The very act of bringing up the stragglers and destroying a comparison downward compels an advance and creates a comparison upward. Man is a comparative being. Sub-standard things must go before super-standard things can come.

It is not strange that the word "standardization" has come to mean many things to many minds. Theorists who condemn it and the propagandists who make it relate only to styles and designs are both directing attention to the thing itself, but they are not telling what it is. Standardization of styles, as an actual policy, indicates a point where it will have to cease, or, perhaps, cause a violent reaction. The strongest objection to large numbers of styles and designs is that they are incompatible with economical production by any one concern. But when concerns specialize each on its own design, economy and variety are both attainable. And both are necessary.

There should be, on the part of those who ask public attention for their remarks, a willingness to scrutinize what they discuss. In this case such scrutiny would result in an admiration for the practical, daily and high-spirited service which standardization has been able to render the world. It is the very force which destroys those elements of which the theorists complain, it is the very force which tends to bring into being what they desire.

Its greatest service is that it compels all yesterday's methods to come up to today's best knowledge. It compels industry and service to keep marching. And having kept the laggards on the move, it clears the road for still further advances. Today's standardization, instead of being a barricade against improvement, is the necessary foundations on which tomorrow's improvement will be based.

"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

Send That Picture

WE HOPE Europe gets the picture. There on a farmhouse porch, by the side of the road, so close to the highway that bed sheets were tied from tree to post to screen the porch from passers-by, the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Treasury met to discuss Europe's indebtedness.

Let Europe get that picture. Not in a gilded international bank, where financiers habitually think of money and not men, but in a farmhouse, by the side of the road, in the midst of the fields, surrounded by the plain folk of the Vermont hills, the President took steps to formulate his plans concerning the war debts.

Send that picture to Europe.

Tibet and Tobacco

TIBET, "the land of the medieval," has just handed out a piece of wisdom which may well make Western nations ponder. An enterprising tobacco firm in Calcutta wrote to the Tibetan Government suggesting that the meager revenue of the country might be increased by permitting the importation of cigarets, and the imposition of a duty.

In a courteously worded reply the government pointed out that the tobacco habit might seriously displease the powerful gods of the country, while the smoke might be reasonably expected adversely to affect the health of the people.

My Lady Nicotine has therefore been banned from the veiled land of the lamas.

In any case, the refusal of the wise men of Lhassa is much more dignified than the zeal of American cigaret manufacturers whose agents thrust sample "fags" into the mouths of Chinese children. Our tobacco and nasty film propaganda is costing us our respectability before the "heathen."

Empire and Dominions

BORDEN, former prime minister, says that Canada could become a separate and independent nation tomorrow if its people so desired, but adds that such desire would be wholly wanton. Only those whose wish must be under suspicion of being father to the thought can prophesy the collapse of the Empire by secession. The dominions are not held in thrall and even Ireland is not an exception to the statement that most of them fully appreciate the advantages of membership in the Empire.

But changes in the relationship are inevitable, as in every growing family. The daughter lands are maturing. Canada itself, to take one example, is in itself an Empire. She produces public men and public sentiment of a character that only the most supercilious sense of authority could rank as inferior to ability and sentiment abroad. It, therefore, follows, as Sir Robert across the border truly says, that the dominions are being more and more consulted in imperial affairs and ought to be, especially in questions which involve the issues of peace and war. The Empire has become, and officially, the Commonwealth of British Nations. Perhaps even Kipling's "I am daughter in my mother's house, but mistress in my own" is somewhat outdated. Partner-peoples come nearer expressing the relationship which shall exist between the great Anglo-Saxon groups into whose hands world rule has come, and in whose path world enlightenment has followed.

The League and the Jews

THE *Jewish Daily Bulletin* reports that the first steps toward getting "anti-Semitism" as a world question before the League of Nations have been successfully taken. This is not surprising, since one of the most distinguished "gentile fronts" among world statesmen has declared that the main purposes of the war was the establishment of Zionism and the League of Nations. That the League of Nations can be so readily promised for such service by one group may help to explain the tardiness with which the League commends itself to the confidence of the world.

It would, however, be of inestimable benefit if the question could be brought before a world tribunal. But it would have to come in proper form. Anti-Semitism is *not* a world question. There are whole sections of the world where anti-Semitism is unknown. There is none, for example, in the United States, none in Canada, none in the British Isles, none in India. But there is everywhere in the world pro-Semitism. What is called "anti-Semitism" is a non-intelligent, stupid, helpless resentment of people who have awakened too late to the fact of Semitism. People who awaken too late and discover that their strength was stolen while they slept are not likely to practice calmness and capacity as do those who awake in time. Ruling Jews have been so long accustomed to working without any special public attention being given their

designs, so long accustomed to the sleepiness and stupidity of the Goy, that any sign of intelligent scrutiny of those designs is immediately labeled "anti-Semitism."

So that when the League of Nations takes up anti-Semitism, it will of necessity inquire its source, and its source will be found to be Semitism. Thereupon the League will have to inquire what elements in Semitism account for anti-Semitism, and thus the Jewish Question will be brought before the court.

With this course inevitable, the demand that the League of Nations take up the matter may be expected to subside in Jewish circles.

Summer Solace

CONSIDER the bee.

She flits happily through the summer sunshine, pausing where she will to sip nectar from a hundred blossoms, and all that—but—

To gather nectar for a pound of honey she must make forty thousand trips, and then throw half of it away as unfit; and, so say the naturalists, that little frame of honey represents *twenty thousand miles of travel.*

85 for Overhead; 15 for Service

WILLIAM McFEE, writer of sea tales, settles on land and finds life as novel as most of us would find it were we to settle at sea. Writing in *The Nation's Business,* he discusses the cyclones of mail, from all quarters of the globe, that swirl around anyone who possesses a post office address. It is something all of us have felt the pressure of, but were too lethargically familiar with to complain. We have only dimly wondered. So Mr. McFee will be thanked by many for doing them the service of bringing to energy and expression their half-dead impressions.

Once in his article the celebrated author takes a turn at fact with a marlin spike, and puts all plain-speaking, fact-loving men in his debt.

"I can produce a business man, who knows exactly what he is talking about, who will show that of every dollar given to a certain organization the ultimate beneficiary receives something less than fifteen cents, the other eighty-five going in 'overhead,' stationery, salary of staff, purchase of mailing lists and an elaborate propaganda that swamps the ordinary citizen until he becomes callous and drops the whole mess in the waste-paper basket."

This is a description of many organizations. Most of us pay a high premium for the privilege of assisting worthy objects. Money-raising is now a business, whose brokerage rates are high. If the editor of *The Nation's Business* will induce Mr. McFee's business friend to write the story, it will go far to carry on the good work which Mr. McFee has begun. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT does that sort of thing occasionally, but there is no need of exclusiveness in this particular form of service. There needs to come a wholesale exposure of all sorts of professionalism in every kind of so-called "welfare" work, industrial, educational and religious.

The Comparison

IT IS always a little dangerous to judge a situation on the facts. For facts have other facts behind them. To denounce British labor would be quite possible on the showing of the facts today. But the labor facts of today are the fruitage of the capital facts of yesterday. Yet, when humanity becomes sufficiently enlightened to see this, when Labor recognizes it and Capital recognizes it, there would seem to be a simple way out—confession, a good understanding, and a new start. Two individuals would contrive it that way; why not two social groups?

But stubbornness is the original sin; men seldom budge until pushed. And in the British industrial system, the push is being invited.

A Briton has looked over industrial England, with this result:

"In a coal mine where every American method is employed, 3,000 tons less are produced in a year than before the war.

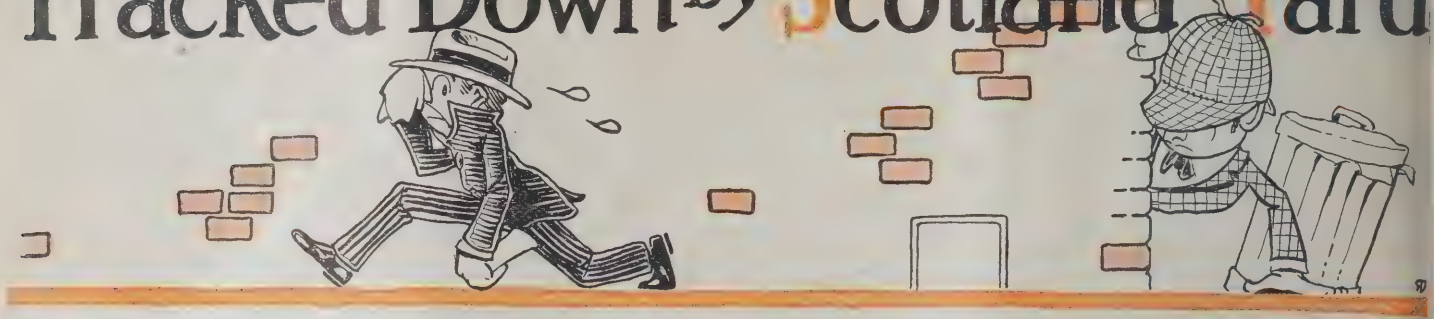
"The actual price of coal produced in this country at the pit's mouth is 24 shillings a ton. In America it costs 12 shillings a ton.

"Three hundred bricks are laid in a day as against 600 in America.

"Three hundred tons of coal are obtained as against 600 in America."

These figures may be more palatable to Britain than words of advice from this side. "Actions speak louder than words." But it is rather curious to see the reaction of a noted British editor to the above. The only solution he suggests is "the nationalization of mines and railways." But there is no nationalization in the United States, and if there were the production record would go down. Are Governments such supremely good managers that we can safely turn great industries over to them? In its hidebound capitalistic class and its equally hidebound labor class, both British capital and labor are, for all practical purposes, nationalized, with results that neither likes.

Tracked Down by Scotland Yard



Adventures of an American Who Kept His Landing Card

By QUINCY KILBY

TO MAKE you thoroughly understand the reason of my being hunted down by sleuths from Scotland Yard on my recent trip abroad, I must go back several years to the time when J. C. Percy, publisher of the *Irish Cyclist* of Dublin and author of three separate volumes of *Bulls and Blunders*, himself a well-known humorist besides, visited Boston as the guest of the Boston Bicycle Club, the second oldest cycling organization in the world.

We did everything we could to make him enjoy himself and he and I struck up a friendship warranted to stand all weathers. He was past president of the Pickwick Bicycle Club of London, the oldest in the world, and through him I became an honorary member. In that club every member takes a name from some character in *Pickwick Papers*, and at all club functions is addressed only by that title. Percy was Sergeant Buzfuz and I, Mr. Wardle. During the war he did great service in recruiting in Ireland for the British Navy, being therefor rewarded by a knighthood, so that now he is Sir James Percy.

"To Ireland! Ha! Ha!" Says the Government

In 1923 I made up my mind to go over and become acquainted with my club fellows who thereupon resolved to give me the time of my young life, which they certainly did. Arriving at Liverpool on the morning of July 3, I found there a letter from Sir James, saying that he was expecting me in Dublin forthwith and that he had arranged a dinner of literary men in my honor at his house on the evening of the fifth.

As I had not been across for several years I found many changes in the disembarking regulations, one of which was that we had each to fill out a card stating full name, age, place of birth, present nationality, London address, if any, and reason for visiting England. The address I gave was Care of Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, London. As I had never been through this before I didn't know to whom I was to hand the card, so I held it in my hand as I descended the gangplank, for anybody to take who wanted it.

I was met on the landing stage by a friend who helped me with my baggage and called a taxi for me. When I was comfortably established therein I discovered that landing card still in my hand and put it in my pocket with the thought that it would be good for the scrapbook at home. Then I proceeded to forget it, thus nearly causing another World War.

By ferry to Birkenhead and by train to Chester, I changed to the Irish Mail for Holyhead and the Irish Channel boat, and was in Dublin before six. Three delightful days with the Percys and back to London where John E. Young, the Tom Wilkspart of the Pickwick Club, whisked me off to his home in Sussex for another wonderful three days. Back to London I was established at the Engineers' Club. So that though I had been on land a week I had not yet been registered at any hotel, which made my trail a difficult one to follow.

On Tuesday I went to Cook's at Ludgate Circus to inquire for mail and was informed that the steamship line had been sending for me; my landing ticket had not been given up and consequently there was one alien roaming loose about the country, and the government was demanding that I be produced in Liverpool. The government was demanding that the steamship line produce me in Liverpool or forfeit 70 pounds. The purser, who was about to start for a short holiday on the Isle of Man, was held up and made to devote a whole afternoon toward the solution of the problem.

"Oh, I know Mr. Kilby," he told them. "He sat at my table on the way over and is coming back with us on August 22. He's all right. I heard him say he was going to Ireland."

"To Ireland! Ha! Ha!" says the British Government, and forthwith sends a Scotland Yard sleuth after me. He reported that I did go to Ireland and was given a dinner there, but after that he lost track of me. There used to be an old play called *Hunted Down* or *The Two Lives of Mary Leigh*. I was hunted down, too, only I didn't lead any two lives.

I went to the offices of the steamship line to see what was to be done. "It's all right, Mr. Kilby," I was told. "You won't have to go to Liverpool at all. You'll simply need to mail your passport there."

"I don't let go of that passport," said I decidedly, knowing how valuable such a document was, especially since I should need it when I took my aviation trip to Paris the next week.

"But you are likely to be arrested," he argued.

"I'll not let go of that passport," I repeated.

"Then you'll have to go to the Home Office about it," he warned. But I was obdurate, thinking the talk about arrest was a bluff, which it was not, and I stalked out of the office and made a call on a friend with whom I made an appointment for 4:30 that afternoon when we should leave his office on Roseberry avenue, E.C., for a ride in his car to Chalfant St. Giles and Amersham.

But after lunching at the club I felt I might as well look up the Home Office, so I took my passport and that landing ticket, called a taxi and told the driver to take me to the Home Office. Do you know what a Home Office is? Well, neither do I, even now. He took me across Trafalgar Square and toward Whitehall, where he deposited me at some stone steps leading to a doorway through which I passed to a room on the ground floor where I found three imposing officials in uniform to one of whom I stated my cause. The three consulted together and then one said, "That is for the Home Office. This is the Foreign Office."

What Happened on Going to Room 138

So I found my way to the Home Office and told my little story all over again. Then I was informed that the office wouldn't be open for business till three, its hours being from eleven to one, and three to half-past four. It was then 2:30 and my engagement was for 4:30, and I didn't know how long it would take to straighten out my affair after I reached the proper authority, so I was about to postpone my visit to another day when the official said, "You might try room 138. It is only up one flight and they may possibly help you."

So up to room 138 I went and walked boldly in, (Concluded on page 27)

The Abode of the Illustrious Dead

Congressional Cemetery at Washington Where Statesmen and Heroes Rest

By TOM EVERRITT

THREE years after the laying out of the chief cemetery of Paris, that of Père la Chaise, in 1804, the Congressional Cemetery at Washington, District of Columbia, was laid out.

Congressional Cemetery derived its name from having been the burial place of Senators and Representatives who died in Washington during the early history of the government, or to whom memorial cenotaphs were erected. It was the parish cemetery of Christ Church, a Protestant Episcopal organization, that projected the enterprise on April 4, 1807, with the general idea in mind that those in humble circumstances could avail themselves of equal advantages with their more prosperous friends and neighbors.

An instance, showing that that idea did not miscarry, may be given when it is revealed that just a few steps from the grave of Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Vice-President of the United States, who suddenly died on November 23, 1814, while on his way to the Capitol, lies the remains of one of the humbler citizens. The epitaph on the venerable headstone, though somewhat illegible after more than a century's stand against the elements, reads:

"Here lies interred
WILLIAM SWINTON
Stone Cutter
who was an honor to his profession he was born in Scotland and died at Washington 11th. of April 1807 Aged 48 years."

Every phase of American history is written somewhere or other in this interesting spot.

George Clinton, of New York, Vice-President of the United States, who died in 1811, lies not far from Tobias Lear, whose aged stone slab is inscribed:

"Here lie the remains of
TOBIAS LEAR
He was early distinguished as the Private Secretary and familiar friend of the
Illustrious Washington
and after having served his country with Dignity, Zeal and Fidelity in many honorable stations died accountant of the War Department
11th. of October, 1816 Aged 54
His desolate widow and mourning son have erected this monument to mark the place of his abode in the
CITY of SILENCE"

Like gray hairs, old cemeteries are always venerable, and command the silent respect of thoughtful people. Congressional Cemetery is visited by few persons. It lies off the beaten track. Tobias Lear is, indeed, abiding in the "City of Silence."

The Congressional Cemetery. In foreground, cenotaphs in memory of Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, and others.

The grave of Commodore Tingey, second in command to Commodore Stephen Decatur in the Algiers expedition, lies there not far distant from the monument erected to the unknown number of young women who were killed by an explosion in the Washington arsenal in the early days.

Probably the grave and monument in Congressional Cemetery that attract the most attention of visitors mark the resting place of a Choctaw Indian. When first known to the early settlers, the Choctaws occupied the area now visualized as the southern part of Mississippi and the western part of Alabama. When Louisiana was settled by the French, the Choctaws became their friends and aided them in fighting other Indian tribes. Through the vicissitudes of history and fortune, the Choctaws finally recognized the supremacy of the United States in 1786, by what is known as the Treaty of Hopewell. As far back as 1838, the Choctaws had a written constitution by which they governed themselves, and they possessed a regular judicial system and employed trial by jury.

"The Eagle of the Choctaws" served with General Jackson through the perils of Indian wars in Western Florida. The monument over his grave is described as follows: "It is a rectangular block of sandstone now dark with age, resting on a pedestal, and surmounted by a pyramid."

Frederick Rogers, midshipman in the United States Navy, who was "drowned at Norfolk, Virginia, 1828, while making efforts to save Midshipmen Slidell and Harrison, his friends and companions in life and death," lies buried just a short distance from the grave of Abel Parker Upshur, Secretary of the Navy, 1841, and Secretary of State, 1843, who died in 1844. Within the reach of a whisper, a broken column stands over the grave of Major General Jacob Brown, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, who died in 1828. The big and the little lie buried here.

Across the walk is the imposing monument to William Wirt, who was Attorney-General of the United States from 1817 to 1829.

Congress makes no appropriation for the upkeep or maintenance of Congressional Cemetery. Numerous burial plots are endowed by friends or relatives of the deceased. Considering its age, it is in splendid condition, and it is probable that, owing to its having received incessant care during more than one hundred years, the expense of maintenance is not great at this time, its area being about 30 acres.

Most of these old surrounding landmarks are now wiped out, and Congressional Cemetery, on the bank of the Anacostia River, becomes year by year more and more revered by the descendants of the great and obscure buried there.

Sapiro Was Not Invited to Speak

But His Speech to the Cotton Men Exceeded the Limit by an Hour and a Quarter

By JOHN MARSHALL

THE story of past and present efforts to organize the planters of the South in coöperative cotton marketing associations is an interesting piece of agrarian history. Broadly speaking, the American Cotton Association is entirely responsible for the movement. Although this organization, or local ones in which it had its inception, did not hold its first South-wide educational convention until May, 1919, it had already before that time, through prominent men connected with the movement, engaged in various activities which had in view general coöperation in the marketing, culture and distribution of cotton throughout the belt. The leaders of the May convention of 1919, who became active officials of the American Cotton Association, were drawn from men of outstanding influence and business success in farming, banking, merchandising and manufacturing in sixteen cotton-growing states. The fundamental principles and educational activities of the American Cotton Association were based upon broad and liberal constructive work for the benefit of the cotton growers generally, through *improved cultural methods for cotton*, economic reforms in *baling, handling, warehousing, financing and marketing* the chief product of the Southern States. These were legitimate objects; they indicated a desire to improve methods *within* the industry. But they were later widely abandoned in favor of a method which sought the desired benefits from *prices* instead of *efficiency*, as if *marketing* could overcome the defects of *growing* and *handling*.

A Pioneer of Marketing Associations

The first South-wide and largely attended convention of the association itself, after its formal organization, was held at Montgomery, Alabama, April 13–16, 1920. Among the leading constructive measures which received especial attention from the officials and delegates of the conference, were the subjects of the *better warehousing* of cotton and the forming of actual coöperative cotton marketing associations.

Up to this time no attempt, or definite plan, had been inaugurated from any source to organize the cotton farmers for coöperative marketing purposes. There had, it is true, been some tentative efforts made in this direction of a purely local nature in isolated communities in the Mississippi Delta and in Texas. The records show that the first actual cotton coöperative marketing associations ever organized and operated successfully were two purely local associations which were personally organized by Colonel Harvie Jordan, subsequently Secretary of the American Cotton Association, at Greenwood and Greenville, Mississippi, as early as 1911. The intervening years between 1911 and 1920 were largely devoted to occasional articles in weekly newspapers and by agricultural speakers indorsing in broad terms the economic principles of coöperative marketing as it had been successfully developed and applied in European countries, and among some of the citrus fruit and nut growers of California.

Aaron Sapiro Requests a Hearing

It was contended, by students of the American cotton industry, that raw cotton typified the most important as well as the most attractive staple agricultural product in this country, which could be successfully handled through the medium of coöperative marketing, *provided the organizations formed for this purpose should be wisely administered and strictly managed in the interest of the growers themselves.* The progress made in this direction was extremely slow because between 1910 and 1919 the Southern farmers had no well-defined educational association of their own.

The official program of the annual convention of the American Cotton Association, which met at Montgomery, Alabama, in 1920, specifically provided for the appointment of special committees on *cotton warehousing* and on coöperative marketing associations. On the subject of warehousing of cotton and high density gin compression the following nationally known speakers were invited to deliver addresses: D. S. Murph, Washington, D. C.; Honorable A. F. Lever, then of the Farm Loan Board, Washington; the Honorable Harry D. Wilson, Commissioner of Agriculture of Louisiana; Dr. B. S. Kilgore, Director of the Extension Service, at Raleigh, North Carolina, and the Honorable Joseph E. Ransdell, United States Senator from Louisiana. (Gin compression relates to packing cotton more tightly, thus making the bales smaller in size.)

Those who were to speak upon the coöperative marketing of cotton, and the formation of associations for that purpose, were the Honorable J. R. Alexander, President of the Arkansas Division of the American Cotton Association; the Honorable Hoke Smith, United States Senator from Georgia; Colonel W. B. Thompson, of New Orleans; the Honorable W. P. G. Harding, governor of the Federal Reserv Board at Washington, and the Honor able George Livingston, Chief of th United States Bureau of Marketing a Washington.

The official record of this progran and the personnel of the speakers wh were to constitute it are given her to show *that Mr. Aaron Sapiro had n place on it, and was as far as the record show not even specifically invited as delegate to the convention.* It is a matte of record, however, that he communi cated with the President of the Ameri can Cotton Association, who was t be the presiding officer of the con vention, requesting that he be given hearing. As a matter of courtesy J. S. Wannamaker, president of th American Cotton Association, finall gave him a position on the program fo a speech of thirty minutes in duration The brevity of time allowed calle forth much dissatisfaction and sub sequent protest by Mr. Sapiro.

As it subsequently developed Mr Sapiro and his adherents accomplished by one means and another, an exten sion of the time allowed him whic enabled him to deliver the very length address, a copy of which is now in th possession of THE DEARBORN INDE PENDENT.

On April 14, 1920, at a meetin of the Board of Directors of the Ameri can Cotton Association, the followin resolutions were adopted and ordere spread upon the minutes:

"We further believe that th greatest opportunity for constructiv service and actual results to the grow ers lies in the promotion of *bondin warehouses, elimination of weather dam age*, and in the solution of *problem peculiar to cotton marketing.* As th Federal Depart-

Concentrating on Local Bonded Warehouses

ment of Agriculture and our State Agri-culture Colleges and Experiment Stations with their extensive department and local farm bureaus are admirably fitted to handle the diversified farming problem and educational needs we should for the immediate future at least, *confine this association's attention to specializing on warehouses and to the problems peculiar to the profitable handling of the cotton crop.*

"That the business efforts of the association be devoted exclusively to cotton marketing and that the Association refrain from duplicating the activities of other farmers organizations, formed for other purposes, and worthy state and national services already organized, but that it coöperate with all such organizations and services.

"That this organization be urged to *center its entire plan and effort on local*

bonded warehouses where needed, local coöperative organizations for farmers, *to produce uniform types of cotton*, and utilize the warehouses, local paid classers of cotton and collective local financing and gradual and orderly coöperative marketing.

"That the Association in all of its branches use every power to *improve ginning, baling, handling and storing*, especially the problem of *better wrapping* and *protection against indiscriminate sampling* and the general improvement of the condition of the American cotton bale as it reaches the markets of the world.

"That the relations between local, County and State organizations with the National organizations be carefully defined and stated.

"The permanence of this association, not only in Arkansas, but in the entire South, depends upon the adoption of a definite program such as that here outlined."

It will be noted that here the predominant program was to improve methods *within* the industry. Marketing was not made the principal concern, as it is in the Sapiro system.

At a meeting of the Executive and Finance committees of the Association held at Atlanta, Georgia, June 2, 1920, the following action was taken as duly appears in the records:

"The Committee believes that the farmers would have to come more and more to place greater confidence in *their own local leaders* and *managers selected by themselves* and through *their own institutions* pool their products for mass sale in even running lots.

"The Committee feels that its final plan which will recommend to the American Cotton Association the development of local selling agencies as the Association's most prominent project through its county and State branches, will mark the beginning of the most prominent reform in cotton marketing in the South.

"In this plan, which will be announced to the public in June, all of the fundamental principles of real coöperative organization will be embodied.

Plan to Work Out a Marketing System "The plan will include such questions as voting power, patronage, dividends, pooling, collective selling and all of the other basic principles of coöperative business organizations upon which the success of organizations in other sections of the country has been founded."

Before the adjournment of the Board of Directors, April 16, 1920, in the session at Montgomery, Alabama, the following named gentlemen were appointed as a special committee to study, assemble and compile a constructive working plan for organizing coöperative marketing associations throughout the cotton states, and present their report to a called convention of the Association, for its ratification, in the autumn of 1920. The following is the special committee and its duties:

"At the first annual convention of the American Cotton Association held at Montgomery, Alabama, in April, 1920, the convention's committee on coöperative marketing submitted a report which among other things called attention to the uneconomic and wasteful conditions in methods of cotton marketing followed by producers; pointed out the desirability of producers marketing their cotton coöperatively; and recommended that the Association's committee on coöperative marketing 'work out a national marketing system for cotton' and report its findings to the Board of Directors by June 15, 1920; that the Board of Directors should then take preliminary steps for organization, as suggested, and for publicity regarding the plan proposed; and that a meeting of the Association be held during the fall, or early winter, of 1920, for the special purpose of effecting organization for coöperative marketing."

Men Appointed to Carry Out the Design The men appointed to carry out this design were as follows:

D. S. Murph, Specialist in charge, Division of Cotton Marketing Bureau, Bureau of Markets, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., chairman.

S. G. Rubinow, Secretary of North Carolina Branch American Cotton Association, Raleigh, North Carolina.

A. F. Lever, Federal Farm Loan Board, Washington, D. C.

J. F. Duggar, State Director of Extension, Auburn, Alabama.

Bradford Knapp, Dean, College of Agriculture, University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Clarence Poe, editor, *Progressive Farmer*, Raleigh, North Carolina.

O. B. Jesness, Specialist in Coöperative marketing organizations, Bureau of Markets, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

J. S. Wannamaker, President of the American Cotton Association, St. Matthews, South Carolina, ex-officio.

Harvie Jordan, Secretary of American Cotton Association, Atlanta, Georgia, ex-officio.

L. L. Hardin, President, Bank of Columbia, Columbia, South Carolina.

F. O. Hooton, State Bureau of Markets, Montgomery, Alabama.

L. B. Jackson, Director, State Bureau of Markets, Atlanta, Georgia.

R. S. Wilson, State Director of Extension Agricultural College, Mississippi.

L. M. Rhodes, State Marketing Division, Jacksonville, Florida.

D. E. Lyday, President of the Texas Branch American Cotton Association, Forth Worth, Texas.

Adolph Felsenthal, Merchant, Camden, Arkansas.

Carl Williams, Editor, Oklahoma *Farmer-Stockman*, Oklahoma City.

C. M. Barnes, Farmer, Marston, Missouri.

Lem Banks, Farmer and Attorney, Memphis, Tennessee.

L. I. Guion, Farmer, Lugoff, South Carolina.

W. S. Stevens, Farmer, Phoenix, Arizona.

C. H. Teal, Farmer, Colfax, Louisiana.

T. O. Walton, State Director of Extension, College Station, Texas.

J. A. Thompson, Farmer and Banker, Corcianna, Texas.

These details have been given at considerable length to show the comprehensive nature of the plans originally formulated for the coöperative marketing of cotton in the South under the auspices of the American Cotton Association; and incidentally to show that while prominent men from all sections of the cotton belt participated in the original movement *Mr. Aaron Sapiro was not among them.* (But Mr. Rubinow was.)

The report which was formulated by the above named committee was unanimously adopted at a call convention of the American Cotton Association held at Montgomery, Alabama, on September 2, 1920. This constitutes the first comprehensive plan ever devised for the organization of coöperative cotton associations among the cotton farmers of the South. Its provisions contemplated making the county the unit, federated into statewide organizations. Several thousands of these reports were published, were distributed throughout the cotton belt and were called for as textbooks for use in teaching in agricultural colleges after approved and practical coöperative marketing methods. They were, as a matter of fact, used to a certain extent in almost every university and school of agriculture in every state in the Union.

Enactment of Favorable Laws Were Sought Preparatory to the educational campaign which the American Cotton Association intended to launch in 1921, in behalf of coöperative cotton marketing, that Association actively used its influences with the various general assemblies of the cotton states to secure the enactment of favorable laws for the organization of sound coöperative marketing associations. A great educational campaign was to be inaugurated and the Association was to be the driving power behind the publicity given the plans that had already been worked out as shown above for organizing coöperative cotton marketing associations in the various states.

This plan contemplated the control and handling, on the markets, of at least thirty-three per cent of any normal cotton crop in the South. There were to go with this, as before indicated, activities which contemplated *warehousing, financing*, building up membership throughout the belt and in *educating the producers of cotton in the most approved methods of cotton culture.*

(Concluded on page 23)

Pepys, Recorder of the Ordinary

Story of a Diarist Who Became Great Simply Because He Wrote the Truth

By CHARLES J. FINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

SOME essayist, Belloc perhaps, once expressed his wonder that certain things of the past had utterly and entirely disappeared, and gave his opinion that it was a tragedy that no one, except a few specialized students, ever recorded anything. And, when you come to think of it, few of us do. Events blaze out and we see, to forget immediately. New questions are astir, we are excited for a moment but make no note. We see great historical figures, an hour later they become dim as dreams. Old things that must soon be curiosities strew our path and we kick them aside for the scrap heap. An epoch-making invention bursts on the world and we accept it as we do the rising of the sun, careless as children. I know that in my years some wonderful inventions have changed the face of things, have created new industries, have changed the lives of men, yet, though blessed with a retentive memory, I should certainly make a colossal failure of an examination by which my first connection with them was sought. To be sure, as it happens, I can say with certainty when and where I heard my first phonograph and when I first saw a motion picture, because my memory happens to be stimulated, the attendant circumstances having been rare and the impression keen as though I had noted the fact in a diary. Thus, I first heard the phonograph on February 12, 1896, when a man with a wooden leg brought a clumsy machine fitted with ear tubes, to a rancho south of Buenos Aires and charged each of us there a dollar to hear three records. And my first motion picture was exactly ninety days later, for, fired with the showman's tale and description of the wonder, I went to Paris where Lumiere was exhibiting, and it took exactly that length of time to travel from the Argentine pampas to the French capital. But when it comes to my first experience of other things far more important, I am all at sea, lost, very foggy and uncertain. Nor are most men much better off.

Consider a moment. The consideration will help to a better appreciation of old Pepys. Imagine a questionnaire with some such queries as these: "On what date did you see your first airplane?" Or: "When did you first taste an ice cream cone, a banana-split; and what were your sensations?" Or: "Under what circumstances and when did you listen to a radio for the first time?" Or: "On what day and month and year did you first ride in an automobile? What was the make? Who were your companions? To where did you go and at what speed?" Or: "When did you first receive or send a wireless message?" Or: "What was the date of your first use of the typewriter, the dictaphone, the camera, a paper cup, a safety razor, liquid soap?" Or: "Describe your emotions when you first saw a carpet sweeper used, and state the name of the operator." Yet each and every one of these inventions listed, and thousands more, were unknown when men now of middle age were children. Most certainly before such a list of questions I should sit dark and gloomy, my only consolation being that millions of my fellow men who strongly and earnestly hold to the belief that they are exceptionally observant would be quite as easily crushed and confounded as I in similar case. Unfortunately, so many of us do not take in the significance of what is happening at our doors.

"I did step back and clap my breech to our pew door, that she might be forced to shove me to come in."

Naturally, in so careless and unobservant a world of men, he who does take note of the familiar things soon becomes one to whom we lift our hats. Old Holinshed, for example, who wrote of Elizabethan England and the price of corn, the food men ate, the clothes they wore, the pewter dishes they used—the writer of the Paston letters in the days when the War of the Roses raged—the shrewd and authoritative Evelyn—Judge Samuel Sewall of Boston with his diary not intended for publication—the writer of the Fugger news-letters—Wilfred Scawen Blunt who set down his impressions of men with unparalleled directness—Henry David Thoreau who told with particularity of his bean patch and his shanty life and his week on the Concord—but, in the forefront of them all, Samuel Pepys, son of a tailor, public servant, man about town, member of Parliament, author of a romance and a book of travel and a couple of songs and writer of the wonderful diary, witness of scenes in Restoration days when London burned and the plague raged—no one approached him in the vivid using of the very stuff of life. For what did he not record? Anything and everything. The absurd and the picturesque. The important and the trivial. Historical events and ludicrous incidents. The doings of men and their ways, manners, customs, and all set down without decorative tricks. Honestly amused with life, all was fish that came to his net. Wipe out the literature of his day and from his diaries it would be easily possible to reconstruct his contemporary world. Through him we know more of English society than from the histories of his time.

Samuel Pepys was like an observant traveler in a new land, one for whom nothing was unimportant or conventional. At times he rings out like a voice of joy and health. Each day he faced with a certain zest and a clear intention to constitute himself recorder

"Hearing of a new game called Pelemele, a sort of croquet, he has to hurry in the early morning to see it."

for posterity. Everything had to be set down in black and white even though it was a record of his own boorishness, or his whimsical or childish conduct. Thus, when a certain gritty and irritating Mrs. Markham loomed on his horizon, he sets down this entry: "To church, where I stood, in continual fear of Mrs. Markham's coming, and offering to come into our pew, to prevent which, soon as ever I heard the great door open, I did step back, and clap my breech to our pew door, that she might be forced to shove me to come in." Or, throwing chivalry to the dogs at another time: "To Mrs. Pierce's by invitation to dinner, where I find her painted, which makes me loathe her, and the nastiest poor dinner that made me sick."

Everything mattered, everything had to be set down: that he bored a spy hole in the wall so that he could see what was afoot in the next office; the prevailing fashion; his hearing "a very lewd song," with the name of the singer; that he learned to shave himself on a certain day; that a dull stranger in church "preached like a fool"; that the shoe mender left in his shoe a hole larger than that which he was ordered to repair; that on March 1, 1662, his household went to bed "without saying prayers it being washing day to morrow"; that he could not kiss a relative because his lips were sore from riding in the wind; that he stood looking at my Lady Castlemaine's laced petticoats on the wash line; that his wife powdered her hair, which "did make me so mad that I spoke not one word to her though I was ready to burst with anger"; that government officials sat "lolling with their heels upon another chair"; that he bought a nightgown for his wife. In short, he recorded the commonplace and the commonplace became the exceptional. He wrote of ordinary things and before long the ordinary became the extraordinary, so the diary is a mighty mine of material for contemporary history.

But Pepys was more than a mere recorder. He was one of those rare souls determined at all costs to make of life a frank and pleasant business. The oddities about him fascinated him. The peculiarities of those he met delighted him. Like a wise man he sought pleasant company, and like the pilgrim in the romance "when he awoke he sang" because every day was a new day full of golden prospects and crowded with possible adventure. Did he hear of a new thing, nothing would do but that he must see and experience for himself, then as promptly as possible set down in plain, unvarnished language what he saw; and, be it said, sometimes the passion to record exceeded the passion to see, as when he could not tear himself away from his diary to go to the place where was a firework display. But away from his book and pen he was all for grasping experience firmly.

"His wife seems to mind nothing but the dancing master, having him come twice a day, which is folly."

At a time when the new drink called *tee* was so rare and costly that, according to the *Quarterly Review*, two pounds and two ounces were formally presented to the king by the East India Company, Samuel Pepys, at the time husbanding his resources with somewhat meager economy, had to taste. "I did send for a cup of *tee*, a China drink of which I had never drank before," he writes.

Hearing of a new game called Pelemele, a sort of croquet, he has to hurry in the early morning to see it.

Was there a public execution, he had to be present, hurrying to be in time, hurrying back to record his impressions not without a suspicion of grim humor. Thus: "I went to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as a man could in that condition." Learning that the body of a highwayman hung in chains, he drove to the place of the gallows with a lady friend to see the sight, expressing his horror that "the flesh was shrunk to the bones." For a certain curious morbidity was his sometimes, as revealed in the entry telling of the Scarborough party when the host took his guests "to see the body of a lusty fellow that was hanged for robbery." Pepys writes: "I did touch the dead body with my bare hand; it felt cold, but methought it was a very unpleasant sight."

"At night, I took much pleasure to have the neighbors come forth into the yard to hear me."

Any tale of wonder sends him off into excitement. For example this: "I heard of one Damford, a black man, who did scald his beard with mince-pie, and it came up again all white in that place, and continued to his dying day."

Sandwiched between such extraordinary entries are others affording glimpses of the life familiar, as that his wife, "making of pies and tarts to try her oven with, but not knowing the nature of it" managed to "overbake her things." He adds quaintly, "she knows how to do better another time." That remark means much, for Saintsbury the critic, who had an eye on the table, could have been no more fastidious than Pepys who is forever praising or condemning a meal. Hear him on one occasion when he falls into a kind of rapture at what seems to be a Gargantuan meal for a modest household, though everyone seems to have plyed a good knife and fork in those days: "Home from my office where my wife had got ready a very fine dinner—viz: a dish of marrow bones; a leg of mutton; a loin of veal; a dish of fowl, three pullets and a dozen larks all in a dish; a great tart; a neat's tongue; a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns and cheese." At other times he praises to the skies "a noble dinner and a fine merry walk with the ladies in the garden"—lists the things packed for a picnic meal—dines twice in one day when invited. As to the other side, one hostess was placed under his ban and denounced because a calf's head was overdone—his wife was rebuked on a Sunday because a "sawce" too sweet was poured on the meat, and he adds "I was angry at it, and eat none, but only dined on the marrow bone that we had beside." Then there is a certain iciness of reflection on another day: "At dinner I was very angry at my people's eating a fine pudding made for me by Slater the cooke," and again when the quality of the home cooking falls off because his

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Jewish Interpenetration of England

Isaac of York Would Probably Be a Member of the Peerage These Days

By PAUL TYNER

—London, April, 1925.

I HAVE not looked up the matter in the latest Debrett, but I am certain that there are today a score or more Jews in the House of Lords. For a little while past, I have been checking up the joyous emergence of Jewish names in the chronicles of the "Upper Ten." I noted that the Prince of Wales was host of His Excellency, Sir Gordon Guggisberg and Lady Guggisberg, better known in London as Decima Moore, the musical comedy star, Sir Gordon being governor of the Gold Coast. In this connection it is also to be noted that the Princess Marie Louise, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, went to the Gold Coast, where she was the guest of Sir Gordon and Lady Guggisberg. The latter accompanied the Princess on her return to England in May, when Lady Guggisberg resumed her control of the Gold Coast section of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley.

The Rothschilds as Scions of the Nobility

About a year ago the Prince of Wales acted as best man at the marriage of his cousin, Lord Louis Mountbatten, to Miss Ashley, Jewess and a niece of the late Sir Ernest Cassell, the richest heiress in England.

In a list of the guests at a recent wedding of two conspicuous scions of nobility one finds in curious proximity the names of Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild and her sister, Mrs. Arthur Sassoon; Lord and Lady Stanley and Captain and Lady Victoria Bullock. The last-named lady is the daughter of the Earl of Rosebery and his late wife who was Hannah Rothschild, daughter of Baron Mayer Rothschild. Lady Victoria was first married to Lord Stanley, son and heir of the Earl of Derby, but divorced him a few years ago.

Speaking of the Rothschilds, it comes to light that Almina Countess of Carnarvon, widow of the discoverer of Tut-ankh-amen's tomb and wife of the Colonel Dennistoun who figured in a recent very sensational and unsavory trial, received her magnificent town house in Seamore Place, with its glass gallery overlooking Hyde Park, as a legacy from the late Alfred de Rothschild and with it a considerable fortune. It will be remembered that the lady testified during the trial that she sold several famous pictures from this Rothschild collection for some $600,000 and deposited the money to Dennistoun's credit "to give him a feeling of independence and dignity." The Dowager Countess is not, be it observed, among those who have passed the gates of the peerage by way of the musical comedy stage. On the contrary, she is related by birth to a number of members of the peerage, being a Wombwell and a relative of Julia Countess of Dartrey.

Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, we are informed, has given up Gunnersbury Park, her beautiful place on the banks of the Thames near Richmond, and is entertaining week-end parties at Ascott, her country place near Leighton Buzzard. Among her recent guests have been the Earl of Balfour, Lord and Lady Carlisle, the Countess of Desborough, Lady Derby, Lord Hugh Cecil, and Sir Robert Horne.

An approaching wedding among titled Jews which will join two enormous fortunes is that of Miss Violet Levy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Levy and granddaughter of Lord Bearsted, with the Honorable Stuart Montagu, eldest son of Lord Swaythling, head of the house of Montagu, of which the late Edwin S. Montagu was a conspicuous member. This Montagu was the Secretary of State for India and was responsible for the "Reform Act" for the government of that great empire which has stirred up so much trouble and unrest among the inhabitants. Lord Bearsted, who will give the bride away at the wedding which will take place in the West London Synagogue, is better known as Sir Samuel Samuels, the Rockefeller of England, having engineered the big petroleum combination that takes in Shell's, the Anglo-American, the Anglo-Mexican, and the Anglo-Persian companies. The Queen has sent an Oriental lacquered writing box as her gift to the bride and there will be six bridesmaids. Lord Bearsted recently returned from a visit to his co-racial, the Viceroy of India.

Some Other Banking Families Attain Distinction

The death of Dr. Ernest Joseph Schuster, K. C., LL.D., revives memory of his brothers the bankers, Sir Felix and Sir Arthur, whose loyalty was questioned during the war, a demand being voiced in the House of Commons for the canceling of Sir Felix's name from the members of His Majesty's Privy Council. Under fire, he removed his residence for the time being to New York, where a branch of his banking firm is conspicuous on Wall Street. The elder brother who has just died was a man of high character and wide influence. Retiring from the banking firm of Messrs. Schuster, Son and Company, in Cannon street, of which he had long been managing partner, he took up the study of the law and in time won the distinction of the silk gown of a King's Counsel. He was an able pleader and figured in many important cases involving fine points in corporation law, retiring from the bar a few years ago with a high reputation and a considerable fortune. The property disposed of in his will is valued at about two million dollars and will pay about $250,000 in death duties to the government. The style in which he lived and his generosity to those who served him are indicated by bequests of from £10 to servants less than two years in his service to £100 each to those who had been ten years or more with his family, with annuities of £50 to two superannuated servants formerly in his employ. After a few other personal legacies, the large residue of the estate goes to the widow. Dr. Schuster was a member of the Council of the International Law Association and lately legal adviser of the British Government on the Dawes Report.

A Doctor of Laws from Cambridge

Another Jewish banking family of enormous wealth that has a place in the limelight is the Wertheimers. Under a bequest of the late Asher Wertheimer, no less than eight portraits of himself and members of his family painted by that genius among American artists, John Sargent, now have place in the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. Of course, it is the name of Sargent that they perpetuate, rather than that of the House of Wertheimer, yet the nation may well be grateful for a legacy that gives it so many examples of an artist whose works will now become priceless.

James Loeb, of New York and London, partner of Otto H. Kahn and of the late Jacob Schiff and of Paul Warburg in the international banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws a few days ago by Cambridge University. The honor was in recognition of his service to literature in furnishing the funds for carrying out the fine idea of the now famous Loeb Classical Library which brings the finest translations of the rich treasury of Greek and Roman classics within the range of English readers of even slender purses. The published volumes in this library now number nearly 300 and none of them probably pays the cost of production by its sale—although it is possible that the Loeb heirs will one day find themselves additionally wealthy from the profits on the translations of Homer, Virgil, Caesar and Catullus.

Mr. Loeb, it is said, divides his leisure between translating the classics and collecting antique bronzes and terra cottas.

Advocates of a revival of the influence of the classics in modern education hail Dr. Loeb as a public benefactor in that his library of text and translation must bring extended study of the humanities within the scope of thousands who had hitherto lived without knowing their wisdom and beauty. It is pointed out that this benevolence is especially timely, in that the place of the classics in education has more and more tended to become crowded out. During the last generation or two, the field of learning has been so extended, and concentration on the problems of our rapidly developing civilization has been so intense that one of the undermining dangers of our age of innovation and experiment is an impatience of tradition, due generally to ignorance of the past. We are reminded that tradition is the great steadying power of democracies: a sense of the continuity of human progress its main bulwark against a hasty flying to extremes.

One Who Became Viceroy of India

While the classical library to which he has given his name would probably have been impossible without the million which Mr. Loeb has expended on it, and he claims the credit of inception of the idea, it is recognized that the library owes very much of its success to its three very competent editors, Drs. T. E. Page, E. Capps, and W. H. D. Rouse, all Christian scholars of the highest standing—the first named being the especially famous and loved Master of the famous Charterhouse School for thirty-seven years. Otto Kahn himself has come into the charmed circle of Mayfair by the marriage of his daughter to Lord Fermoy.

Rufus Isaacs, Earl of Reading, Viceroy of India, formerly Lord Chief Justice, of England, Attorney-General and Special Ambassador to the United States, is home for a conference with Lord Birkenhead, Secretary of State for India. The official announcement of his visit declares that Lord Reading is invited to come to England for a short leave, not exceeding four months, "in order to secure an opportunity of personal discussion with the Secretary." Delhi dispatches indicate that the Viceroy's mission to England is connected with the report of Sir Alexander Muddiman's committee on the proposed reforms. Sir Geoffrey Montmorency, the Viceroy's private secretary, prepared the way, and during the early summer the governors of Burma, Bihar and Assam with Sir Basil Blackett, the finance member of the committee, will visit England. It seems probable that deputations from various political parties in India will also come to London to place their respective cases before Lord Birkenhead.

Wnen Lord Reading was appointed to the viceroyalty, it was expected that he would clean up the mess into which the policy of his tribesman, Edwin Montagu, had thrown the country. Instead, it seems to have grown worse. It will be remembered that he owed his appointment to Lloyd George, then Premier, and that Lloyd George was notoriously under the influence of and in close and constant association with Sir Philip Sassoon of the family that controls the banking and trade of India and which is closely connected by marriage with the Rothschilds. Lord Reading and his brother, Godfrey Isaacs, are well known also as the controlling spirits in the Marconi Wireless Company and its numerous international subsidiary companies and interests. The "conferences" which will occupy the Viceroy's attention during his brief leave of absence in London may not be confined strictly to "government business," in view of the large financial "interests" demanding the aid of his legal astuteness.

American readers will get an idea of the "big money" represented by Solly B. Joel, when it is mentioned that his wealth, drawn from the South African diamond mines, about equals the fortunes of the four Big Bonanza magnates of old days, Mackay, Fair, Flood and O'Brien, rolled into one. Now one of the keys to social recognition in England is to win the Derby, the blue ribbon of the turf. That seems to be Mr. Joel's chief ambition. He runs a costly stable, is ever ready to pay fabulous prices for possible Derby winners and secures the services of crack trainers and jockeys quite regardless of expense. He is a prominent figure at all the big races and has won many of the minor events already. He lives in a palatial million-pound mansion on Park Lane and has a luxurious summer place near Brighton where the crowd gathers during the bathing hour to see one of his footmen giving his bull-pups their morning bath in the surf.

Is a Daring Speculator on the Exchange

On the Stock Exchange, he is one of the most picturesque and daring speculators. His interests, indeed, are wide and varied. The latest report concerning him is that he has obtained a concession from the Egyptian Government to establish a rival to the Casino at Monte Carlo in the Heliopolis Hotel near Cairo. The other day, he figured as best man at the wedding of his colleague, Jack Clifton Solomon, a stock broker who was married to Miss Phyllis Drayson, daughter of a well-known pearl expert.

A romance of the sudden rise of Barney Barnato to enormous wealth was revived by the recent suit brought in the Chancery Court recently against Solly B. Joel and his brother, J. B. Joel, by Captain Woolf Barnato, son of the famous Barney and nephew of the late Woolf Joel, under whose will he received £250,000 and, as he claimed, a share of the profits of the firm of Barnato Brothers in which Woolf Joel was a partner. Solly and J. B. Joel were appointed executors and trustees under Woolf Joel's will. The action was a purely formal one brought to get the sanction of the court for the final disposition of the enormous fortune involved and it was settled amicably.

The Barnato Brothers and the Diamond Mines

The settlement may be regarded as the dénouement of a drama in real life as sensational as any film romance. Here is an outline of it:

About fifty years ago two young Jews, sons of Isaac Isaacs of London's ghetto, went to South Africa to seek their fortune. They landed in the pioneer days of the great diamond rush that culminated in the boom when fortunes were made and lost in a day. The two brothers, Harry and Barney, once in the new country, adopted the surname of Barnato and became the founders of the colossal Barnato fortune of which the magnificent marble palace in Park Lane, which served as a convalescent home during the war for American naval officers under Red Cross auspices, today serves as a vivid reminder. Barney Barnato, a picturesque and romantic adventurer, worked like a slave when he reached South Africa, living like a Kafir, trading where he could and concentrating on the future. Saving and scraping, he soon got together a few thousand pounds with which he bought up four claims in the Kimberley Mine. The firm of Barnato Brothers in Kimberley, with a branch at Johannesburg, soon became famous, the business growing and prospering and its ramifications extending until it was pulled up sharp by running across the interests of Cecil Rhodes. Then followed a battle of giants for the control of the De Beers mines. Rhodes, supported by the Rothschilds, won the day, but Barnato gave way only on terms that insured for his partners and himself a very valuable interest in the great diamond monopoly.

With all the responsibilities and the wear and tear of his business struggles, Barney Barnato remained a light-hearted and genial soul and was immensely popular among the miners and gamesters, many tales of his generous prodigality being still told in Johannesburg and other South African centers. But tragedy was dogging his steps. He had made enemies and began to worry and suffer from fits of depression in which he imagined that foes who envied his success were plotting against his life. On a doctor's advice, he decided to return to England for the change and sea voyage and he sailed from the Cape in June, 1897, being then only forty-five years old. But he was not destined to reach England alive. One night,

worn out with his real or imaginary worries, he threw himself overboard.

Hardly had the echoes of this sensational ending died down when a second tragedy followed. The Barnatos had three young nephews whose careers were closely allied with those of the firm. They were Jack Barnato Joel, Solomon Barnato Joel and Woolf Joel. It seems that a certain Dutch-German miner named Van Veltheim, harboring a grievance against the Barnatos, followed members of the firm about the streets of Johannesburg, jeering at them and threatening them. On a spring day in 1898, Van Veltheim suddenly appeared at the offices of the Barnatos. Before any one could stop him he whipped out a revolver and shot Woolf Joel dead. Thus two members of the firm had fallen victims to tragic deaths within a year, the first leaving a fortune of more than five million dollars and the second about a million.

Some Who Made Fortunes in South Africa

Harry Barnato died in 1908. Although never so spectacular a figure as his brother Barney, he was equally brilliant in business and at his death left a fortune of more than $25,000,000. Of this he left about one-fifth for the relief of suffering in memory of his brother and his nephew. The wealth of the Barnatoes then went chiefly into the hands of the two surviving Joel brothers—"Jack" and "Solly," as they are commonly called. Today, they are princes of London finance, conspicuous on the turf and widely popular in certain sets. They can hardly vie with the Rothschilds, the Montagus, or the Solomons; but they are in the big ring for the control of the cotton trade. Solly B. Joel a year or so ago managed to organize a combination that obtained control of some thirty cotton mills in Lancashire to match the Sassoon's control of Indian cotton. Not long afterward, he secured control of London's great underground system. It is said that the Rothschilds have a respect for Solly Joel's financial genius since the time when his uncle and tutor in the game of high finance came out of the tussle with Cecil Rhodes the richer by a fat wad of Rothschild money. The next move on the boards will probably be an alliance between the international Jews already controlling 90 per cent of the raw cotton of the world and those controlling the mills which work up that cotton into cloth—be they in Lancashire, Germany, India, or the United States.

Then They Are in the Paper Business

Two very highly respected Jews in London are Viscount Burnham, editor and owner of the *Daily Telegraph*, and R. D. Blumenfeld, editor and part owner of the *Daily Express*. Both are genuine working newspapermen and *hard* working at that. Just now Lord Burnham is being particularly applauded from one end of the country to the other for his successful arbitration of a long standing dispute between the teachers of the national schools and the government in which his rare combination of brilliancy in ideas and practicality in action is well exemplified. Both men are extremely popular with the rank and file of the men who do the work of making the London papers, both writers and printers. As chairman of the Press Fund, Burnham has for years endeared himself by his interest in the welfare of the journalistic fraternity and in the pensioning of those aged veterans worn out in the service of the profession. Son of the founder of the *Daily Telegraph* whose name was Frederick Levy, to which he added the name Lawson, Lord Burnham has from the first steadily increased the prestige and value of the paper. Started as a penny paper and inclined to the sensational—it will be remembered for the successful stunt of its symposium on the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?"—it has developed into a model of substantial and serious dignity and commands very large influence for its excellent news service and the high character of its special literary articles, as well as its stately editorial leaders. It raised enormous sums for war charities by popular subscription and is well to the front in philanthropic and educational movements.

Lord Burnham's hobby is rifle shooting and as colonel of the London Rifle Brigade he has done much to develop the marksmanship of the various corps in the metropolis. He has not gone through the farce of "conversion" to Christianity and remains a good Jew in his religion. He has not much use for Zionism.

Blumenfeld of the "Daily Express"

Blumenfeld is popularly known as "Bloomy" and he began his career on the *Daily Express* when that journal was owned by the late Sir Arthur Pearson. He had previously served on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* here and some twenty years ago was well known in New York, where he was for a time managing editor of the New York *Times*, having previously put in an apprenticeship on the *Sun*, under that Nestor of American Journalism, the late Charles A. Dana. The *Sun* office in those days proved an ideal school of journalism and its graduates have been among the stars of American newspaperdom. When Lord Beaverbrook bought control of the *Daily Express* he had sense enough to retain "Bloomy" and practically gave him *carte blanche* to run the paper as he saw fit. His confidence has been abundantly justified. Gradually new ideas were introduced, Mr. Blumenfeld adapting the best features of American journalism to the English mentality and making it a truly live sheet. It is now a formidable rival both in circulation and advertising to Northcliffe's paper, the *Daily Mail* and probably wields a greater influence on public opinion. In his efforts to make the *Daily Express* a truly up-to-date newspaper, Blumenfeld has had the active support and collaboration of Lord Beaverbrook who, as Max Aitken, came to England with a reputation as a brilliant working journalist, reporter, special correspondent and editorial writer. His ability in this field led to his appointment as official "Eye Witness" with the Canadian Forces during the first two years of the war and to the recognition of a knighthood.

A Successful Experiment in Journalism

Max Aitken, incidentally, had made several million in a big cement deal which laid the basis for the present International Cement Trust. He was selected by the Coalition Government (being a Conservative) to organize and conduct its widespread press propaganda and soon had his finger on the effective distribution of news and opinion for the vigorous pushing of the war throughout the British Empire and possibly in other lands. He certainly established a remarkable solidarity of interest, policy and action among the thousands of papers of Britain and the Dominions, and this continues in the form of the Imperial Press Association formed by Lord Beaverbrook at that time. Although a Conservative—the son of a Presbyterian minister in Ontario—he does not hesitate to criticize sharply and lucidly certain policies of the present Conservative government—notably the Palestine and Mesopotamian adventures and the neglect of Canadian and Australian interests. He is a strong imperialist and a relentless foe of the Zionists, although rather favorably disposed toward the Jews in other respects. Both Blumenfeld and Beaverbrook are ardent Free Masons—of the British type.

It had long been a tradition of English journalism that no reputable daily could publish a Sunday edition. It had been tried once by Lord Northcliffe and scored a failure. But the Beaverbrook-Blumenfeld combination solved the problem by issuing as a separate paper the *Sunday Express*, which, after trying and abandoning experiments in the distinctly American features of colored supplements and other supplements, has scored a decided success under the able editorship of James Douglas, the brilliant writer and editor of Cadbury's evening paper, the *Star*, from which Blumenfeld lured him by a princely salary and freedom to discuss philosophically but popularly the big sensations of the day in the shape of murder trials, divorce cases and the eternal questions of ethics and esthetics.

Seen in Old Cairo

Where Soap Is Rare, But Flies Are Plentiful

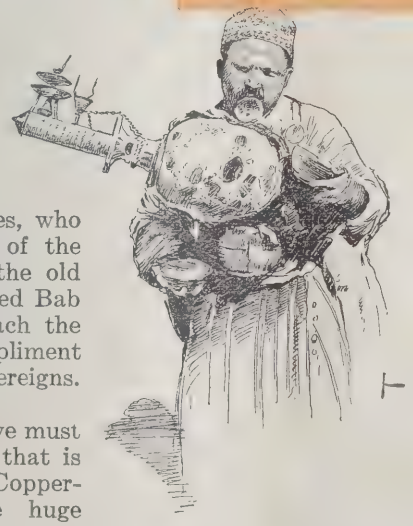
By WILLIAM H. WORRELL

IT IS one thing to buy a ticket for Cairo and follow the trail of tourists to the threshold of palatial hotels near the Ezbekiyyah Gardens. It is quite another thing to secure any contact with the natives of Cairo, and learn anything about their language, and their daily life and habits. Where soap and safety are, there you will learn nothing. So good-by to both, and a plunge into the eastern half of the city where, except for occasional signs of a sewing machine company, nothing much has changed since the days of Saladin.

But this heroic resolve is not enough. We are willing to live in Old Cairo, but the denizens of Old Cairo do not want us there. Why not? Because it is difficult for us to "legitimize" ourselves. We might be spies of the "Ingleez," the English. We might be thieves. We might have designs upon the domestic peace of impeccable Moslem families. We wear a hat, which shows that we never pray, for when you pray you must keep your headgear on, and touch the ground with your forehead. You can only do that with a turban. So we resort to a stratagem.

Old Mosques, with domes and minarets, as if in the "Arabian Nights."

We know a missionary, who knows a man in the Bureau of Religious Endowments, who has neither beliefs nor prejudices, who knows the sheik of the quarter near to the old gate which is called Bab en-Nasr. We reach the sheik with a compliment and a few sovereigns. Open sesame!



We find that we must go up the street that is called the "Coppersmiths', " where huge kettles and little saucepans are being beaten out by hand, to the accompaniment of droning songs. Here and there is a "whitener," who tins the inside so that they may be safely used for cooking. We turn into a little side street, very dark, with sharp beams of sunlight piercing the dusty air; for the houses are built out over the street until they nearly meet in places. The streets were never laid out; they just "came to pass."

At the corner is a grocery with a telephone. That is reassuring. We are introduced to our host. A bachelor is a menace to the neighborhood, and to take hire for hospitality is a disgrace; but terms are struck, and we enter. On the ground floor we find heaps of kerosene tins, broken furniture, worn-out baskets, discarded clothing: about what we should see on a vacant lot in a badly managed American small town. On the second floor lives the family. In passing upstairs one must clatter with his heels and call out "destur," "permission," so that the womenfolk may scuttle for cover and not be seen of men. In the third floor we take up our abode.

There is no furniture. We sleep on our own little mattress, covered by a canopy of cheesecloth to exclude the vermin. All the glass in the windows is broken, and covered with cobwebs, and darkened with wooden latticework. Below there is a courtyard where they keep a goat tethered, and where they throw their dishwater. We cook on a patent Swedish oil stove. The vermin crawl into the food if we do not eat it hot. They crawl in the cracks of the flagging on the floor.

We sleep with one hand against the canopy, and next day must have the hand dressed by a doctor. And then of course there are the flies, which breed without limit in this winterless land. They cover the food, the filth, the orbits of the sore-eyed children. To sleep one must roll up in a blanket, head and all. To brush them away is considered an attention beneath the dignity of mankind. Their origin is traced to the Biblical story of the Plagues.

To escape the insects of the house we seek the street. On the way downstairs we run into a woman of the house, without her veil. She drops the tub which she has on the head, and throws her skirts up over her head. She pours out upon us a torrent of abuse. We flee into the street, very much disturbed about the possible consequences of this encounter. We pass the little grocery. One of the young men approaches us and salutes. He speaks good Arabic and even a little English. He once studied at the American Mission. He is sympathetic. We tell him of our trouble. He laughs. Together we seek out my landlord, lolling in front of his tiny shop. He listens indifferently. We gather that he will attend to milady when he returns at night. But meanwhile we seek other lodgings.

The crowd of loungers in the corner grocery proves to be extremely interesting, and we learn a lot of things, of which I cannot here tell you more than a tenth part.

Do I know the art of palmistry? Certainly! A tall Nubian with a shiny frock coat and gold-rimmed glasses shows me his hand. I see that I am successful in my reading. He is amazed, and confides in me that his wife is possessed of a demon who speaks out of her mouth in a coarse masculine voice, demanding clothes and jewelry, and refuses to be appeased until these have been bought. How can he drive out the demon? Later we learn that such women hold nightly meetings in deserted houses, cultivating familiarity with such demons, to the music of tom-toms.

Everywhere and always one has to fear the "jinn," the mischievous spirits. That chicken over there, with queer feathers, is a transformed "jinni." We must not whistle for fear a cobra will come, a "jinni" in disguise again. Every stray dog and bob-tailed cat is suspected. Every ruined house is peopled by them. You meet them in the desert near the Pyramids. If you shoot one, in the proper way, of course, he shrivels up until he looks like an old shoe. You must not run headlong or throw things at random, for you might hit an invisible "jinni." A crazy man is "majnun," "possessed of a 'jinni.'" Midnight and midday are the worst times for such attacks, especially of the kind that is called "ghul."

Then there is the terror of the "eye," the evil eye of curiosity or envy. You must not stare at anyone, or admire anything, unless you pronounce a blessing at the same time. Some people have an eye that brings everyone bad luck, in spite of all they can do. So one must conceal one's wealth or beauty or good fortune: "Death loves a shining mark," as we say. To avert the effects of "the eye" one must wear an amulet, inscribed with strange signs and verses from the Koran, or at least learn some spells and verses for this purpose.

Everywhere, with the good and the bad, religion reigns supreme. The old man who keeps the coal and wood yard, who even takes orders by telephone, has for three nights past taken a violent spiritual purging by hiring a blind reciter of the Koran to sit up with him over a charcoal fire and "admonish" him of his sins and of the torments of Hell. He drinks coffee, smokes cigarets, beats his breast and weeps. A hundred times a day some beggar will ask for alms. The reply is, "I commend you unto Allah," or "God give you a reward."

Then one usually has to give something; but if not, one must risk the curses of the poor which are like poisoned arrows. Anything so given is a gift sent ahead to heaven. For that reason thanks are not desired, as they are part payment for the alms, and diminish the balance on deposit above. Nothing is stated positively without the qualifying addition, "But God knows best whether it is true or not." Nothing is promised without adding, "If it please God."

Egypt is the refuge of invalids from other countries, but it teems with disease among its natives. Probably not 5 per cent of the population has normal eyesight, and most Egyptians have only one good eye. The other one is generally held to be a kind of "spare tire." If you use that up, as many do, it is merely your fate, not your fault. There are many one-eyed men working on the railroad. Most of the hospitals specialize in eye diseases. The rimless headgear, the sand and dust, and the dazzling sunlight are partly to blame. The Egyptians have good teeth, however.

Along with the fatalistic stoicism of the Egyptians there is a strange dullness to pain, either of the mind or the body. One night we heard a dreadful powwow of lamentation in an upper room. A child had died. Its body was prepared for burial by friends who had to fight with the parents to keep it from their embrace. Three or four days later we expressed our sympathy. Said the father: "It was decreed by Allah. It had to be. Life is very sad, and it may be better to die than to live. Besides I have many more children, and enough are left for me to feed."

Picture to yourself then modern Egypt with two large cities, Cairo and Alexandria, a number of small ones, quite similar in their life and habits, and a multitude of tiny villages. That is the country which has secured its independence from the wise direction of Great Britain. That is the most important land of the great Islamic world. That is the present condition of the people of the Pharaohs, and of the civilization left them by the Arabs.

Mechanical Toys Not Modern Invention

ACCORDING to Sir David Brewster, in his *Letters on Natural Magic*, a French mechanic made a wonderful toy for the infant who became Louis XIV. It was a small coach drawn by two horses, and in the coach sat a little lady, while a coachman sat on the box seat and a footman and page stood behind. The inventor of the toy, M. Cadmus, wound up several springs then set the toy on a table. The equipage moved round the table in an oval course and halted before the young prince. Then "the page descended and opened the door, the lady alighted and presented a petition then reëntered the carriage. After a short time the page closed the door, mounted beside the footman, and the coach made the tour of the table again."

Millions for Music— Few Results

(*Concluded from page 8*)

Thousands of children who attain the shaky eminence of a reasonably secure technique in music lose that knowledge.

When the musical education ceases, the taste degenerates through inaction and apathy. A rough guess might place the average musical education of American children at a duration of four years, during which at least one hour a day is devoted to practice. Four years of even careless practice produces in impressionable youth a foundation upon which, in many cases, the magic of a virtuoso may be built in later years. The average boy stops taking music lessons when his other school lessons demand more of his time. Let us place this point at the end of the second year of high school—a rather generous allowance.

The cessation of enforced practice begets a revulsion against music. For weeks and perhaps months after he stops "taking lessons" the average boy will not touch his piano, or take his bow in hand for even a few minutes exercise. He forgets. It is easy to forget things learned very much against one's will, but his apprenticeship has laid the foundation for a love of melody and rhythm in his soul, and the young man finds the easiest expression of this in jazz music. Its rhythms are barbarous but compelling, its melodies simple, and "catchy."

When he does play, he essays popular music. It is much easier and requires less thought and less effort than real music. There is "life" and "snap" in it. And in time he loses touch with the little classics he knew and finds jazz more palatable because it demands less from him in thought and imagination.

But the age of industry has reached its full flower, and the pedagogs are slowly overtaking the last stragglers in the van of the march of centuries. Education is taking on less and less the mask of a licensed standardization of thought, and increasingly giving way to the individual demands and tendencies of the children to plot the curve of their own lives. There are in the high places of education today men who understand children, and who seek to teach them the things for which they are best fitted by temperament and mind. They are giving their support to the natural leanings of the child, and seek less to dam the wild stream of its ambitions than to direct the waters into parallel channels in which they might flow smoothly and steadily forward. When the day shall come in which their system is perfected and applied intelligently, America's musical genius will have come into its own.

Sapiro Was Not Invited to Speak

(*Concluded from page 15*)

But before these designs could be carried into effect, because of their extensive nature, Aaron Sapiro, aided by Carl Williams, of Oklahoma, stepped into the situation without notice and began, in the late autumn of 1920, to organize a coöperative association in that state after his own peculiar methods. It will be observed that while there was utilized some *portions* of the plan originally formulated by the committee of the American Cotton Association, the Sapiro plan dealt almost exclusively with the *marketing* of cotton. His associations have now spread throughout the South and they have superimposed upon them an overhead organization, which seems to control them to an ever-increasing extent. These associations, however, *have never succeeded in controlling more than ten or twelve per cent of any given cotton crop*, while Mr. Sapiro, himself, is on record in the speech which he insisted on delivering at the Montgomery convention of the American Cotton Association, as saying that the purposes of coöperative marketing could not be legitimately achieved *unless forty per cent of the product was controlled.* ("It can't be formed successfully unless you have forty per cent of the cotton behind you," were his exact words.) It is this fact that has brought so many people to believe that existing coöperative cotton marketing associations in the South are little more than sales agencies for cotton conducted in a very expensive manner.

The original movement of Sapiro and his personally selected associates, aided by the Texas Farm Bureau, organized a marketing association in Texas in 1921; in Georgia, Alabama, Arizona, South Carolina, Arkansas, and North Carolina in 1922; and in Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and Missouri in 1923. These organizations were developed independently of any connection or association with the American Cotton Association; efforts looking to coöperation having been flatly refused by the officials linked up with the Sapiro plan.

It may be worth while repeating that Aaron Sapiro was not invited to be among the speakers selected to address the April, 1920, convention of the American Cotton Association. He appeared at the Montgomery convention when it opened and insisted upon President J. S. Wannamaker giving him a place on the program to deliver an address on the subject of coöperative marketing associations. Under the pressure of this insistence a limited period was granted, which Mr. Sapiro proceeded to exceed by fully one hour and a quarter. It will be seen from the stenographic report, made of that speech, that *he fully indorsed the plans and purposes of the American Cotton Association for cooperative cotton marketing and for economic reforms in the production and handling of the staple.*

It will be seen from the address that he emphasized the value and importance of using the American Cotton Association and its South-wide agricultural affiliations and influences for the purpose of publicity and driving power in the whole movement. He pledged, in his address, his hearty indorsement of the Association and repeatedly reiterated his opinion that the coöperative marketing of cotton should not begin until from thirty-three to forty per cent of the normal annual crop production had been signed up in memberships in the various states. He was well advised, at that time, that the American Cotton Association did not indorse or contemplate the organization of an interstate, or overhead, cotton exchange for controlling the marketing activities of the various state organizations to be created.

The American Cotton Association does not at this time indorse or approve of the heavy expenses and dominating influences of the American Cotton Growers Exchange, a creation of the Sapiro plan of interstate control of state coöperative cotton marketing.

The records show, therefore, that within a few months after having forced himself into a convention of the American Cotton Association, and having voluntarily pledged himself to hearty coöperation with it, he violated his pledges and repudiated his indorsement of the plans of the American Cotton Association and built up his own specially created state and interstate organizations, utilizing as a foundation all of the educational work, and such of the ideas as pleased him, of the American Cotton Association. In his own plan he neglected, or forgot, to advocate *economic and industrial reforms in the growing of cotton*, so carefully planned by the American Cotton Association, and so patriotically advocated by the students of southern agriculture, drawn from every section of the South. Whether intentionally or not, the outstanding results so far of the Sapiro organizations would seem to be to set up a machinery that has accomplished few benefits, other than those derived by himself and the large-salaried personnel by which he has surrounded himself. There were already a vast number of selling agencies and middlemen living upon the profits represented by the $14 difference per bale received by the producer of cotton and paid by the manufacturer of it. Controlling as they do sometimes less than ten per cent of a cotton crop, and selling but a minor portion of even such cotton as they do handle, to the manufacturers directly, the *Sapiro organizations have accomplished little more than to add an extremely expensive middleman to those who already existed.*

The records of the Sapiro organized and operated coöperative cotton marketing associations will also show that little or no effort is being made by them to control production through restricted acreage and intensive methods of culture; that there is little or no advocacy of economic reforms in baling, tare, freight rates, warehouse costs, country damage or other expensive methods of handling. No concerted efforts seem to be being made on their part to economize the cost of distribution by direct marketing to consuming mill centers or spinners organizations. Nor is it apparent from the record that any special efforts have been made by any of the Sapiro organizations to ascertain the average cost of growing cotton as a basis to endeavor to secure, for their membership, a price which would represent cost plus a reasonable profit over the actual cost of production.

A reasonable inference would seem to be, therefore, that the Sapiro Cotton Organizations appear to have accomplished little more, up to the present time, than the creation of cotton selling agencies operated at an extremely high cost to their membership.

Those who have read Allan L. Benson's articles in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will agree that they are always good because they make one think along original lines. He looks at things from hitherto neglected angles and opens up new and unexplored avenues. In our next issue Mr. Benson will have something to say about "the greatest moment in a man's life." This is an attractive theme, because it concerns not only ourselves but our ancestors. Strange as it may seem, our ancestors are always with us, according to Mr. Benson, and they occupy quite an important part in our lives.

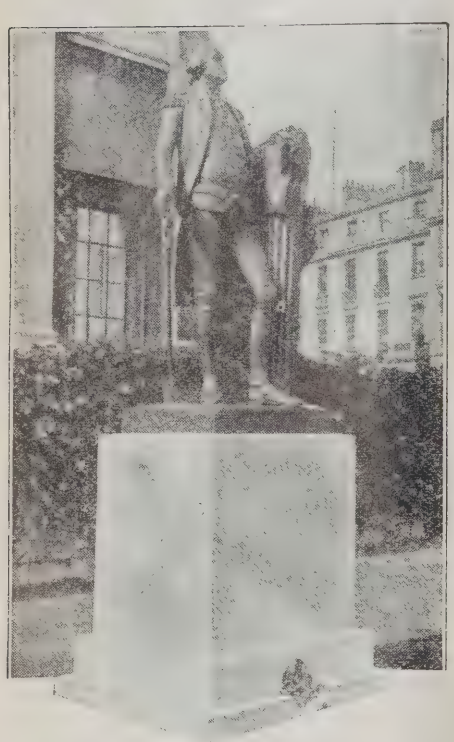
Statistics Extraordinary

A PRISONER in Newgate compiled some curious statistics from the Bible. He found that the word "Lord" occurs 1,853 times; "Jehovah" 6,855 times; "Reverend" once, "Girl" once. The eighth verse of the 117th Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The longest verse is the twenty-eighth of the ninth chapter of Esther; the shortest is the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of John. In the 107th Psalm the eighth, the fifteenth, the twenty-first and the thirty-first verses are alike. There are, in all the books of the Bible, 3,586,483 letters; 776,693 verses; 1,189 chapters.

American Honor Crosses the Ocean

Ancient Churches Contain Memorials of Colonial Days; Monuments of American Presidents Adorn the British Metropolis

By THOMAS TONGE



Washington's statue at National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, London.

AMERICAN visitors to London can find in that great city many associations with their own country, besides the American Club in Piccadilly and the American Woman's Club in Hertford street.

In London's finest square—Trafalgar Square—there is a statue of George Washington bearing the inscription "Presented to The People of Great Britain and Ireland by The Commonwealth of Virginia, 1921," and in the same year a bust of George Washington, presented by American subscribers, was placed in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, where it is surrounded by memorials of Britain's distinguished statesmen, poets, and so on.

Within sixty miles from London is the ancestral home of the Washingtons—Sulgrave in Northamptonshire. In Brington Church, Northamptonshire, are two sepulchral stones, one dated 1611 over the grave of the father of John Washington who emigrated to America, on which his heraldic arms appear impaled with those of his wife; the other covering the remains of the uncle of the emigrant and presenting on brass the simple Washington family shield, with the extraneous crescent, the distinguishing badge in heraldry of a younger son. It is supposed that the stars and stripes of the National flag were taken from the shield of the Washington family as no more than due to the "Father of His Country." In the Washington family coat of arms the stripes are alternate red and white as are those of the American flag and the stars are five-pointed, six points being more common.

At the time of the Revolutionary War only a small minority of men in Britain had votes, Parliament being dominated by the great landholders. With the extensions of the parliamentary franchise in later years and the growth of the press and democracy, British appreciation of Washington also grew.

Lord Brougham, the Titan of the British bar, once said:

"The test of the progress of mankind will be their appreciation of the character of George Washington."

The British historian Green wrote:

"No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. * * * It was almost unconsciously that men learned to cling to Washington with a trust and faith such as few other men have won, and to regard him with a reverence which still hushes us in the presence of his memory."

There is a statue of Abraham Lincoln, the great unique American, facing Westminster Abbey, the final resting place of many of Britain's illustrious dead. Among the distinguished men buried there, with accompanying fine monument, is the great Earl of Chatham who, in the House of Lords, so nobly opposed the fatuous policy of George III and his dominant political clique toward the American colonies, using the memorable words:

"You cannot conquer America. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, never, never, never!"

Chatham would have appreciated Lincoln as highly as Lincoln appreciated Chatham.

Abraham Lincoln's English ancestor was Samuel Lincoln from Norwich, who settled in Hingham, Massachusetts (named after Hingham, Norfolk, England) in 1638.

In the Royal Exchange (dating back to 1566), along with statues of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington and others, there is a statue of George Peabody, American philanthropist, who, having made his fortune in London, left $2,500,000 to ameliorate the condition of the London poor. The statue was inaugurated by King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, in 1889. The money was expended in up-to-date buildings with moderate rents, for homes for the working classes, termed "Peabody dwellings," which proved self-supporting. Mr. Peabody also gave large sums for educational purposes in the United States.

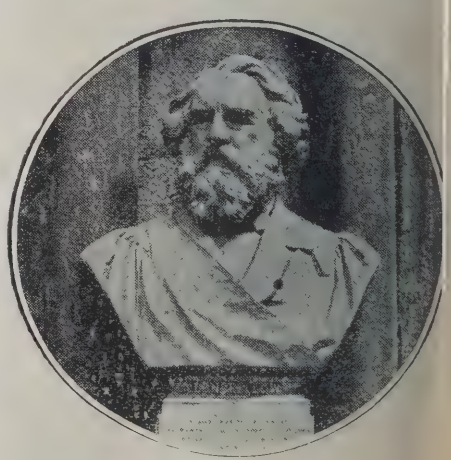
George Peabody's English ancestor was Francis Peabody, who emigrated from St. Albans, Hertfordshire, in 166[illegible] and settled at Topsfield, Massachusetts in 1667.

The Honorable Artillery Company with headquarters in City Road, received its Charter from Henry VIII in 1537, and has occupied its present ground since 1642. Four of its members emigrated to New England and in 1638 founded the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston Massachusetts.

A distinguished American statesman, Benjamin Franklin, had quite an experience in London. Arriving there about 1725 without other resources than his ability to work for his own living, in his emergency he took lodgings in "Little Britain," Smithfield at three shillings and sixpence a week. It was then a center of the bookselling and printing trade and Franklin secured work at Palmer's, a famous printer in Bartholomew Close, the establishment extending into the Lady Chapel of St. Bartholomew's Priory Church, said to be the oldest church in London, dating back to A. D. 1123.

One house in which Franklin lived in London now bears a tablet to that effect.

In the Middle Ages in England a



The bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey.

'franklin" meant a "freeholder" as distinguished from the great feudal landholders and their tenants. Benjamin Franklin's ancestors lived in the village of Ecton, Northamptonshire, for at least 300 years on a freehold of about thirty acres, the head of the family following the blacksmith business, the eldest son being always bred to the trade. Benjamin Franklin's father, Josiah Franklin, emigrated to New England in 1682, the removal being made in company with a small Puritan colony made up in part of dispossessed Nonconformist ministers from Northamptonshire.

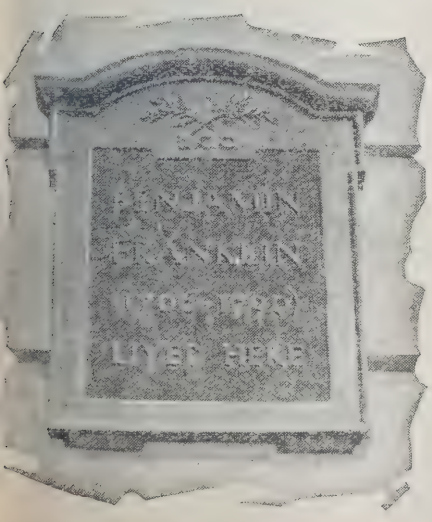
The churches of London furnish many associations with America as follows, beginning with two American residents:

All Hallows Church, Barking-by-the-Tower, dates back to the fifteenth century. The type of the locality is now very different from what it was more than a century ago. John Quincy Adams (afterward sixth President of the United States) in 1794, by appointment of President Washington, was American minister resident at the Hague. While holding that position he visited London where he made the acquaintance of Louisa Catherine Johnson, daughter of Joshua Johnson, then the American consul in London, and they were married at All Hallows Church, October 21, 1794.

The English ancestor of the Adams family, who furnished two Presidents of the United States, was Henry Adams from Devonshire who, with eight sons, settled at Mount Wolleston (now Quincy), Massachusetts, in the seventeenth century.

At the fashionable church of St. George's, Hanover Square, on December 2, 1886, Theodore Roosevelt married Edith Kermit Carow, daughter of Isaac Carow, a wealthy shipping merchant of New York City.

Christ Church (Congregationalist), Westminster Bridge Road, was opened July 4, 1876, the centenary of American Independence. The Lincoln Tower and spire, 200 feet high, shows the Stars and Stripes wrought into the stone and the American Eagle and British Lion at the angles of the tower. The cost of the tower and spire was largely defrayed by Americans in gratitude for Dr. Newman Hall's sympathy with the Union during the American Civil War.



Benjamin Franklin tablet of No. 7 Craven street, Strand.

Pilgrim Fathers' Memorial Church (Congregationalist), New Kent Road, the oldest Congregational church in London, dating back to 1616, was enlarged by American subscribers as a memorial to Southwark men who came to America in the *Mayflower*.

In Westminster Abbey there is a bust of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and a colored window and tablet to James Russell Lowell, at one time American minister in London. They are in kindred company among Britain's illustrious dead, for the Abbey contains the graves of Geoffrey Chaucer, Edmund Spenser, John Dryden, Thomas Campbell, Lord Macaulay, Charles Dickens, Alfred Tennyson and other literary "lights," and busts, memorials or monuments of Shakespeare, Milton, Thomas Gray, Thackeray and others.

Longfellow's paternal English ancestor, William Longfellow, emigrated from Horsford, near Leeds, Yorkshire, to Newbury, Massachusetts (named after Newbury, Berkshire, England), in 1676 and his seventeenth-century maternal ancestors, the Wadsworths, also lived in Yorkshire.

Lowell's English ancestor, Percival Lowell, emigrated from Worcestershire and settled at Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1639.

In the Abbey also there is a tablet, erected by the English-Speaking Union, to the memory of Walter Hines Page, U. S. Ambassador to Britain, 1913-1918, bearing the inscription—"the friend of Britain in her sorest need."

St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, dating back to the twelfth century, has many American associations.

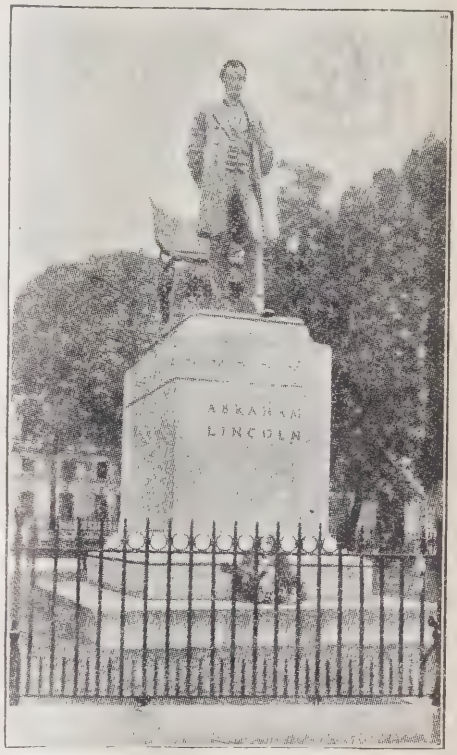
The window over the western door was put up in 1882, at the cost of Americans, to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, the discoverer of Virginia, who was executed (October 29, 1618) in the Old Palace Yard nearby and whose headless body and the body of his son Carew lie buried in the chancel of the church. The following quatrain below the window is by James Russell Lowell:

"The New World's sons from England's breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
Proud of her past, wherefrom our present grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name."

The window memorial of John Milton, at the west end of the north aisle, was the gift of G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and bears the following inscription by John Greenleaf Whittier:

"The New World honors him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her once more sure,
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold, while both worlds endure."

On the south wall there is a memorial window to Phillips Brooks, fifth Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, the cost of which was defrayed by many who held him in honor, both American and English. He was descended from Thomas Brooks who emigrated from England to America in 1634. On his mother's side he was descended from Reverend George Phillips, a graduate of Cambridge University, who emigrated to New England in 1630.



Abraham Lincoln, facing Westminster Abbey.

In Southwark Cathedral, dating back to the thirteenth century, there is a Shakespeare memorial, with recumbent figure and window above, the gift of American and British subscribers. The Chapel of St. John the Divine, in the north transept, was restored at the cost of Harvard students, as a memorial of their founder, John Harvard, who was baptized in the church, November 29, 1607. Part of Harvard's estate was derived from the sale of the Queen's Head Inn, Southwark, inherited from his mother.

In the before-mentioned All Hallows Church, Barking-by-the-Tower, where John Quincy Adams was married, William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, was christened and a tablet has been erected by the Pennsylvania Society of New York.

No medieval church in London has

undergone so quiet and conservative a restoration as All Hallows. All the fine old woodwork of the altarpiece, pulpit, pews and organ case having been scrupulously respected. Of unusual beauty are the railings of wrought brass inclosing the altar, behind which stand those candlesticks whose use has ever been retained in this church, and which in the days of the struggle between king and parliament gave great offense to the Puritan party.

St. Stephen's Church, Coleman street, has special memories. Reverend John Davenport (a native of Coventry, Warwickshire) who, with other refugees, landed at Boston in 1637 and founded the colony of New Haven, Connecticut, in the following year, was vicar of this church from 1624 to 1633. The colony was composed, in part, of former residents of Southwark. There is a tablet in the church to the memory of Reverend John Davenport erected by one of his American descendants.

In St. Helen's Church, Bishopgate, dating back to the thirteenth century, there is a Shakespeare memorial window presented by William Prentice, an American.

In St. Ethelburga's Church, Bishopgate, dating back to the fourteenth century, on April 19, 1607, Henry Hudson (the navigator who gave his name to Hudson's Bay and to the Hudson River), his son John and his ten sailors took communion "proposing to goe to sea foure days after."

Other instances could be given, but the foregoing are sufficient.

Pepys, Recorder of the Ordinary

(*Concluded from page 17*)

wife had commenced to take dancing lessons and "seems to mind nothing but the dancing master, having him come twice a day, which is folly." Yet his anger was always short-lived as a flying shadow and on an instant all is sunshine again, especially if a woman is pretty and smiles at him. One curious incident, which throws a light on customs, has to do with a visit to the theater where, when he was "sitting in a dark place, a lady spit backward by mistake, not seeing me; but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady I was not troubled about it at all."

Put the man down as one glad to be amused, who heartily enjoyed the wholesome exercise of laughter and the good things of life, the honest cakes and ale. His religion, and he was very religious according to his light, did not hold any superstitious fear of incurring punishment if he sought happiness. If he hated anything it was dull stolidity. If he was proud of anything in himself it was of his activity, his genuine interest in his work and his pastime. So his diary is full of such entries as "Up very betimes and at the office by five," "up at four o'clock and dressed by candle-light," "put all my accounts in order," "to dinner with my clerks, my head full of business," "up at three o'clock and to work," "all the afternoon among my workmen," and so on. Between whiles he does all kinds of things; learns to dance; to sing sailor chanteys; to recite Hamlet's "to bee or not to bee," to perform on the harp, the flageolet, the lute, the fiddle, the therbo. He becomes so proficient a musician that there are impromptu performances on occasion. "I took my flageolet," he writes, "and played upon the leads in the garden where Sir Pen came out in his shirt drinking great drops of claret and eating botargo and bread and butter until twelve at night it being moonshine and so to bed very nearly fuddled." Again: "At night to my violin . . . and after to my lute and *I took much pleasure to have the neighbors come forth into the yard to hear me.*" In another place, "To Drumbleby's, the pipe-maker, there to advise about the making of a flageolet to go low and soft; and he do show me a way which to do, and also a fashion of having two pipes of the same note fastened together so as I can play on one and then echo it on the other, which is mighty pretty."

In every way a vigorous, effective man was Pepys, always busy overcoming difficulties and mastering details. Everything is a matter of enthusiasm with him whether it be the study of the multiplication table for the first time at the age of twenty-nine, the purchase of a new camlet cloak and colored cloth suit, the wearing of silver shoe buckles, or the acquisition of a hare's foot to ward off attacks of the "colique."

Of such sort was the man to whose record we turn for our account of those days of change; those days when the stern and repressive rigidities of the Ironsides were thrown aside, but with them much of the Puritan discipline and devotion to duty and moral courage and unflinching integrity; days when, in the world of literature, there was something very much like a revolt inaugurated by the noisy ones and when the freedom of expression of the Elizabethans was exchanged for undeniable coarseness; when simplicity in women was laughed at and when there was ostentatious display of neglect for decent conduct; when the drama became corrupt and artistically poor; when in high places there were found envy, malice, ulterior motives; when a silly sensationalism ruled the roost and vulgar ostentation and rowdy manners marked fashionable society; when the stage ceased to be a medium for the expression of character as in the days of Shakespeare and became a mere amusement and a shallow distraction, a reflection of life quite artificial and sometimes vicious. Indeed in some respects they were days very much like ours.

Some Famous Venetian Bridges

THE Rialto bridge was designed in 1178 by Nicolo Barattieri, and was carried on pontoons. In 1264 it was rebuilt, still in wood, and was carried on beams and could be raised in the middle, as we see it in Carpaccio's picture of *The Miracle of the Cross*. The present bridge was the work of Antonio or Giovanni Contino and was built in 1588.

The Rialto Bridge across the Grand Canal.

The Rialto bridge is one of the most famous bridges in all Venice. It was for a long time the only bridge across the Grand Canal. The streets near here have always teemed with trade and it was the shopping district of Venice. Hundreds of years ago, when few people could read and write, the new laws were read at one end of this bridge. The Rialto mentioned in Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* is the one on the Grand Canal. This canal winds through the city in the shape of a letter "S" and is more than 200 feet wide and two miles in length. Many places of interest are to seen from this waterway, such as the Doge's palace, the church of Santa Maria and St. Marks.

John Burroughs—The Wistful Celt

(*Concluded from page 2*)

steps in self-conquest? Have these no spiritual value?

Closely allied to his longing for the Past, was that for home and family. From these he never became emancipated. He was held to them by an invisible, inescapable prenatal tether. In one of his recorded dreams he saw Carlyle as a little boy, and *then regretted Carlyle's lost youth.* Especially significant this, in that he and Carlyle were so akin in their strong local and filial attachments. In his dreams, Carlyle was doubtless the surrogate of himself.

Mr. Burroughs wrote in a letter in the early nineteen-hundreds:

> The editors of a magazine called VIM have just been examining my head phrenologically. They say I have the greatest development of philoprogenitiveness, and those faculties that give sympathy and love, on record.

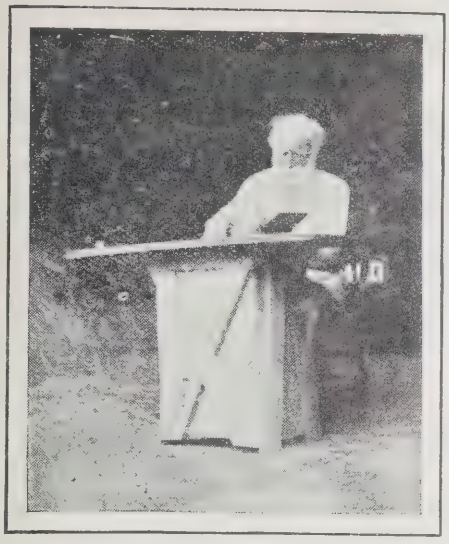
A passage from one of his books is, in this connection, apropos:

> I have missed certain domestic good fortunes, such as a family of many children (I have only one), which might have made the struggle of life harder, but which would surely have brought its compensations. Those lives are indeed narrow and confined which are not blessed with several children. Every branch the tree puts out lays it open more to the storms and tempests of life; it lays it also open to the light and the sunshine, and the singing and mating birds. A childless life is a tree without branches.

He himself was one of ten children; his parents were members of large families, and most of his brothers and

John Burroughs on a camping trip, washing his face in the Tuckahoo River.

sisters had large families, while, as he said, he had but one child. He always rejoiced when he heard of the birth of a child to any of his friends, and always exhorted them to let the good work go on. He was disappointed that his grandchildren numbered only three.



The nature poet in his barn study.

During the years that his brother Hiram was with him at Slabsides, his strong parental feeling had a vicarious outlet. Sheltering and cooking for the homeless one greatly appeased his heart-hunger; and the nearness of his son and grandchildren (at Riverby) relieved it still more. Struggling vainly with his innate yearning when his son went to college, he suffered far too acutely from the partings as each vacation came to an end. During the few years that his son lived but a mile distant from Riverby, he but poorly endured the stretching of the cord that far; while any plan of Julian's that looked toward going farther from home was painful in the extreme to the father.

Doubtless if he had had more effective outlets through early manhood and middle life—more of the sympathy and appreciation that came so abundantly in later years—this centering upon his childhood home and kindred, and upon the Past, would have been much less pronounced. More of the driving force of his nature would have found forward-flowing channels, thus preventing that reflux upon itself, in which his soul forever sought to retrace the path along which it had come,

> "with longings unappeased, and tears
> Drawn from the very source of life."

What bearing had these deep-seated needs, and their meager discharge into natural channels, upon his career? Little, if any, crippling effect is found in his intellectual life. Upon reality he ever kept a firm hold. He wrested strength from weakness, and steadily applied himself to the work which he had mapped out in youth. The most of his creative urge was diverted into his art; much overflowed to the birds and the animals (especially to his dogs), and much to his fellows. There was but little abatement of creative energy up to almost the close of life. The unstinted love he had invested in living things came unstintedly back to him. Thus was that prophetic line he wrote in early manhood fulfilled:

> "And what is mine shall know my face."

Through the homing instinct, then, this Child of Nature found his way back to the primal source of life. From the bosom of the Great Mother he drew his sustenance and, never outgrowing the child's need for guidance, by keeping firm hold of her hand, he also led others back to Nature.

Tracked by Scotland Yard

(*Concluded from page 12*)

not noticing what the sign above the door said. If I had read it I might have ducked, for when I did look at it on coming out I found that it said, Board of Prison Examiners. But I was courteously received there and the gentlemen heard my pitiful tale, took my passport and that odious ticket and went out. Presently he returned and led me to another office across the corridor, while I wondered whether it would be the guillotine or exile to Siberia. A gentleman there took me in hand, first apologizing for being in his shirt sleeves, though on so hot a day in our own country everybody would be in his shirt sleeves, from the mayor up.

"Did you come over first class?" he asked.

"I came in all the first class there was. The ship is what they call a cabin steamer, with only one class."

Then came the leading question. "What did you come to England for?"

"I came to bring a message of love and affection from the Boston Bicycle Club to the Pickwick Bicycle Club of London," I declared convincingly.

It was exactly the proper thing to say. He handed me back my passport, removed the halter from my neck, knocked the shackles from my ankles and the handcuffs from my wrists (figuratively speaking) and I walked out a free man.

About a month later I had another message from the steamship line to the effect that they had not heard from the Home Office about me. I wrote back and told them what I had done, and I was not further annoyed.

But when I was going aboard at Liverpool for the home voyage a quiet looking man who stood beside the ship's officers, and whom I afterward heard was a Scotland Yard detective, looked at me and said, "That's the man we were looking for."

The Lost Art of Walking

WALKING is gradually becoming a lost art in the sense of being practiced as a true health-giving exercise.

The original purpose of walking was for locomotion. The majority of us only use it for this purpose. But walking may be utilized as a means for other purposes. One may walk for exercise, for pleasure, for thought—but not in this day for safety. A young woman once asked a doctor for a recipe for a good complexion. He replied: "Get one pot of rouge, any kind of rouge, and one rabbit's foot, not necessarily a left hind foot. Bury them two miles from home and walk out and back every day, in every kind of weather so as to be sure these articles are still where you buried them."

Walking is indeed the best all-round exercise. It develops health, grace, and beauty of rhythm. It brings one out in the open air. It increases respiration, thereby bringing pure oxygen to the tissues which stimulates every organ in the body. It increases the action of the skin which tends to clear the body of its waste material and poisons. It makes the heart beat firmer. It clears the mind. Thoughts come more readily. One's thinking power is increased. There is a feeling of exhilaration, a sense of well-being which is only appreciated by the habitual walker.

The decrease in the amount of walking done has already begun to show itself in several ways. The number of persons who are consulting their physicians regarding foot trouble is on the increase. Why should this be? Our children are better cared for than ever. The medical profession understands the scientific principles of the feet better. Shoes and boots are more sensibly made to fit the foot. There is one exception. This exception is rather a delicate one to mention and pertains to some of the shoes with high heels worn by ladies. In attempting to argue on this question I have usually found that "Argument" falls defeated to whatever is "Style" at that time. Then why is foot trouble on the increase? The answer is found in the fact that walking is on the decrease. The use of the feet for their original purpose, that of walking, is Nature's means of keeping the feet strong and efficient to carry the body weight.

The North American Indian was noted for the amount of walking he did. He walked miles and miles following the lone trail. Foot trouble among the Indian tribes was practically unknown. The early settlers in America could readily distinguish the difference between the tread of the Indian and that of the white man. The Indian walked with his toes turned in, while the white man walked with his toes turned out. Walking with the toes out tends to favor the foot to rotate outward and to cause the arch of the foot to fall. One should endeavor to walk with the feet as near parallel as possible.

To compensate for the exercise lost by the decreased amount of walking done, the "Daily Dozen" has come into vogue. However, these exercises are not an adequate substitute. For those who do sedentary work, the physical exercise taken should be equivalent to a five-mile walk.

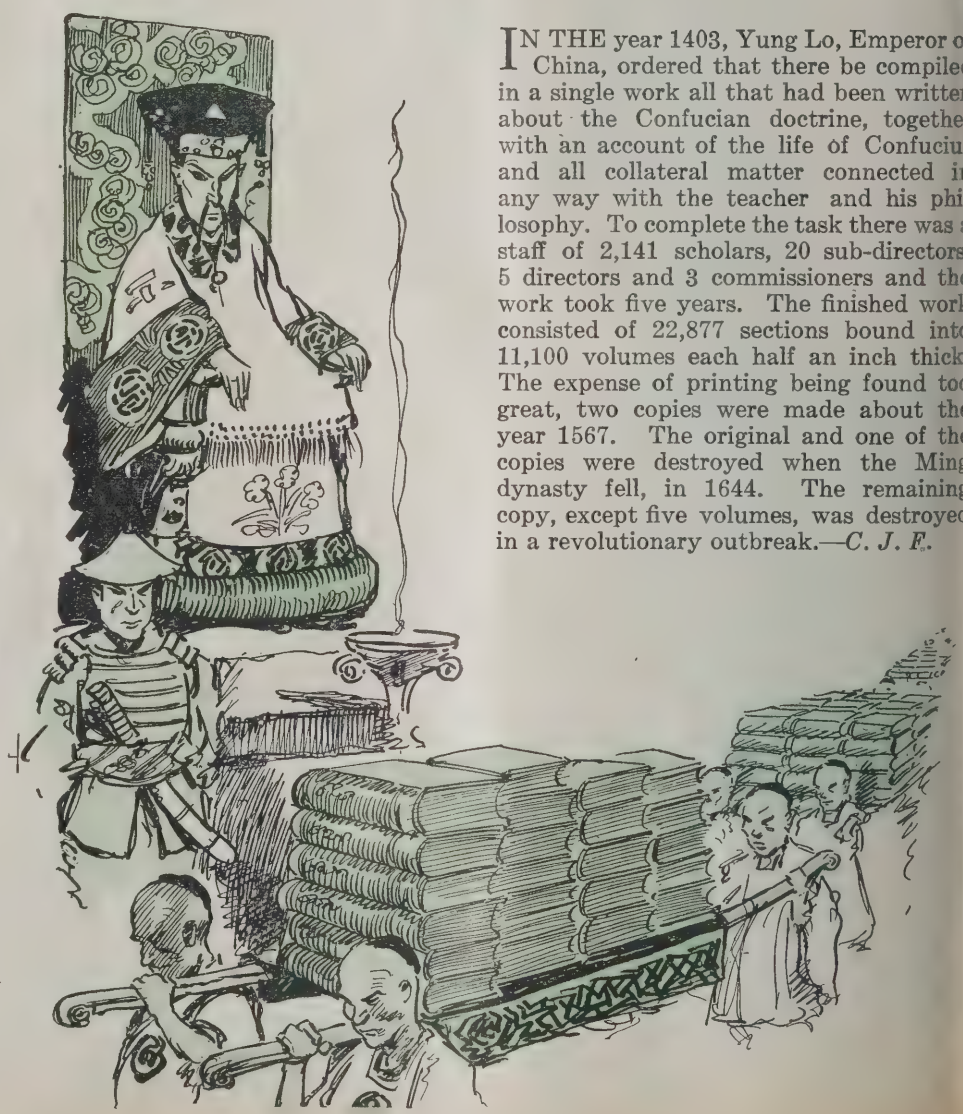
To walk correctly is an art. It is higher developed in the Oriental races than in the Western races. One has only to observe the smooth rhythmical glide of the Oriental as compared to the jerky gait of our own race fully to appreciate it.

Let us consider for a moment the right way to walk. The shoulders should be thrown back, military fashion. The head is held erect. The chest is expanded. Breathing should be regular and deep. The mouth is kept closed, except when talking. All breathing is done through the nostrils. The arms should swing by the sides, not like a windmill but just naturally to give balance and momentum to the body. The legs swing straight forward from the hips, not thrown outward in a circle. The knees bend sufficiently to clear the feet from the ground. The feet are held as near parallel as possible. Boots should not cramp the foot, especially the toes should be free, but should fit snugly to the arch. The heels should be flat and have a wide base to prevent the foot from wabbling and to increase its stability.

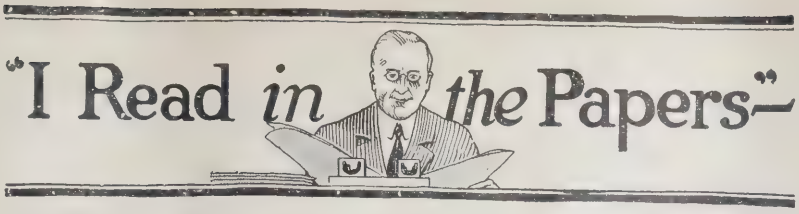
If one tires readily when walking and has no organic disease to account for it, it is certain that he is not walking correctly. True it is an art. We are all apprentices. With a little thought and practice we shall be able to prevent it becoming a lost art.

One is well repaid for his time spent walking. It gives a mental relaxation from the strain of modern life. It exercises every muscle in the body.

The Largest Book in the World



IN THE year 1403, Yung Lo, Emperor of China, ordered that there be compiled in a single work all that had been written about the Confucian doctrine, together with an account of the life of Confucius and all collateral matter connected in any way with the teacher and his philosophy. To complete the task there was a staff of 2,141 scholars, 20 sub-directors, 5 directors and 3 commissioners and the work took five years. The finished work consisted of 22,877 sections bound into 11,100 volumes each half an inch thick. The expense of printing being found too great, two copies were made about the year 1567. The original and one of the copies were destroyed when the Ming dynasty fell, in 1644. The remaining copy, except five volumes, was destroyed in a revolutionary outbreak.—*C. J. F.*



read in the papers ıat a qualified, sym-athetic observer has ıst returned to Que-ec City from a visit) the Labrador Coast. he inhabitants of that leak region depend pon summer fishing, e said, and would ave to leave as conditions were be-)ming increasingly difficult as time ent by. The fishing operations, al-ıough kept up day and night, were nsatisfactory. This would suggest ıat the famous welfare work that has een done in Labrador has perhaps ıerely served to keep people there ho should leave. These intrepid shermen would doubtless be quite ıtisfactory if transferred to the re-ıunerative fisheries of the British olumbia and Alaska Coast. The prefer acetylene. McGill and Toronto universities in Canada and Washington University of St. Louis and Chicago University have done notable research work in this important field.

I read in the papers that a bridge estimated at about 55,000 years old has been discovered near Dortmund in Germany. It is a perfectly preserved footbridge, and is supposed to have been used to enable Ice-Age man to cross a marshy river bed. If scientists are correct in their estimate of the age of this bridge we shall have to revise our judgment regarding the capacity of prehistoric man. The wood used is oak, and as the implements used at that time were made from the teeth of mammoths, the carpenters of the bridge must have had considerable perseverance and skill. Men marvel at the prodigious engineering feats accomplished in the building of the Pyramids, but the bridge at Dartmund is estimated to be ten times as old as the Pyramids.

I read in the papers that the latest fad among fashionable women in Paris is to have masks made of their faces. One well-known sculptor, who was a pupil of Rodin, has made no fewer than 16,000 of these masks. This idea has taken the place of photographs, and the results are considered far more artistic and permanent. This may be perfectly true, but it is well known that all portraits taken in a photographic studio are "retouched" before being submitted to the sitter. The retouching of a plaster mask is a very different thing. Of course the sculptor may smooth out wrinkles and soften contours with all the skill of a "beauty doctor" and more permanently.

"The International Jew" treats of ıe Jewish Question in 4 volumes: The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 ages; "Jewish Activities in the nited States," Vol. II, 256 pages; Jewish Influence on American Life," ol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of ewish Power in the United States," ol. IV, 246 pages. Price: Twenty-ve cents each; complete set, one ollar. Dearborn Publishing Co., earborn, Mich.

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orld has seen more heroic moves ıan this and if large numbers can be rced to move from one country to ıother because of the fortunes of war would seem wise to employ the re-ources of government to transfer ıfortunate people to better oppor-ıities. Welfare work has never solved ı economic problem and Labrador lk cannot live without profitable l-year employment of one kind or ıother.

read in the papers some interest-g news about recent fact-finding in the ld of anesthetics. Our old stand-bys, her and chloroform, have been eighed in the scientific balance and und not only wanting but dangerous hitherto unsuspected ways. Death metimes occurs a week or so after ıe use of chloroform because of tty changes it has caused in the liver. ther has been known to cause that rrible malady, acidosis, which comes hen phosphoric and lactic acids of the ody are discharged into the blood ream whose alkalinity is reduced too w for safety.

Ethylene, propylene and acetylene, ıe latter well known in welding and ıs lighting, are advocated as sub-itutes for ether and chloroform; ropylene is favored by many medical aders because oxygen, a strengthening gent, can be administered along with ıe anesthetic. The Germans seem to

Chanticleer in Bronze

FOR the first time in American history a national monument of granite and bronze is to be erected to a chicken. The approved design is a bronze male Rhode Island Red of great size on a large granite boulder. The monument will be placed in Adamsville, Rhode Island, a fitting tribute to a noble bird.

Seventy-one years ago a sailor, returning from a voyage to the Orient, presented a friend in Rhode Island with a Chittagong cockerel which he had picked up for a pet while on shore leave on the northwestern part of the Indo-China peninsula in what was once a part of Burma and is now in the province of Bengal, India. This bird was a giant size gamecock with brilliant red plumage and black feathers on its breast. It was placed with what had originally been Cochin Chinas, but which had lost some of their original characteristics through crossbreeding with other fowl. The Cochin Chinas came from the southeastern extremity while the Chittagong came from a point in the interior, to the north and west. It is not known who first brought the Cochin Chinas to Rhode Island, but it is an established fact that they came long before the Chittagong arrived.

William Tripp, the man who was presented with the Chittagong cockerel, and John Macomber, a friend, of Westport, Massachusetts, were both marketing eggs and trying to develop better egg layers which would also dress well for the table. They exchanged poultry from time to time. Mr. Macomber received a cockerel and a dozen pullets obtained from the crossbreeding of the Chittagong and Cochin Chinas, in exchange for some of his birds. The new strain was called "Tripp" or "Macomber" chickens and became very popular.

Dr. A. A. Brigham, then director of the Rhode Island agricultural experiment station, recognizing the worth and possibilities of the "Tripp hen," persuaded the owners to standardize the strain. It was then suggested that as they were a Rhode Island product, and were of a red plumage, they be called "Rhode Island Reds."

When first exhibited at the Providence poultry show in 1895 the newcomers carried first prize in every event entered. When the Rhode Island Reds began to be better known many imitations of the stock sprang up. However, the would-be Reds could not compare with the genuine article either in appearance or egg-laying ability.

So These Are the Chinese People?

(*Concluded from page 5*)

obliged to camp outside the town unless —if he happens to be a foreigner or an official—he can persuade the suspicious soldiers who guard the entrance that he has not come to rob the villagers.

Not only are the Chinese resourceful workmen; they are business men of the first rank. The thrift and business astuteness that is so characteristically Chinese is a part of the nation's tradition. Confucius and his greatest disciple, Mencius, taught, in no uncertain terms, that the highest good was that which brought material prosperity. The extent to which this teaching has been built into the life of the country has led to an emphasis upon materialism and a desire for wealth. Anyone who has had dealing with the Chinese will realize that, although scrupulously honest, the Chinese trader knows how to drive the best bargain and will not be content until he has succeeded.

The success of Chinese in economic matters is evident from one bit of China's history. Some centuries ago, in a province of Central China, a colony of Jews was founded. The Jews undertook to make their profits at the expense of the Chinese, but they were beaten at their own game and the colony, finally, was driven into bankruptcy and no longer exists.

Their Promissory Notes Were Two Feet Long

The business history of China is said to run back 2,200 years before Christ. In the Hsia and Shang dynasties—2205 to 1122 B. C.—barter and exchange took place at the ancient wells where the people gathered. Likewise, in front of the temples and shrines of worship, these early traders set up shop and bought and sold at great fairs. It was shortly after this period that Chinese history records trade carried on, with shells used as the medium of exchange. In 1103 B. C., the first mint was established and round coins—the "cash" of present-day China —were cast with a little hole in the center for stringing on a cord. Today, in any city of the interior, one can see coolies carrying over their shoulders enormous strings of this money, using it in much the same way, for much the same things and with much the same dickerings and verbal holocaust as their ancestors thirty centuries ago. Two hundred years before the time of Christ pieces of linen two feet long, having stamped upon them a bond or promise to pay a certain amount of money, were used as currency.

In a previous article I have referred to the remarkable labor organizations that developed with China's economic life. These "guilds," doubtless, provide the most effective basis for Chinese national unity. They are, in the first place, nation-wide. In the second place, they are securing, in many instances, an increasing number of intelligent leaders—men thoroughly awake to the new movements abroad in the world. In the third place—and even more fundamentally—the guild organizations are thoroughly democratic.

The present movement against foreign exploitation in China affects every class of Chinese merely because of the fact that the guilds are enlisted in it. Coolies on the foreign vessels, who know little or nothing of the real purposes of the agitation, go on strike in obedience to the command of those higher up, without question and few dare dispute the authority of the guild. In a guild meeting in Shanghai, not long since, there met—as members of the same organization—an ex-premier, a delegate to the Paris Peace Conference, a former Chinese student from Tibet, a brigadier general, a large number of merchants, a number of clerks, and the president of a labor union. Joined in the membership of this guild these individuals met as absolute equals—equals in a sense that is difficult for the West to understand.

Side by side with the guilds there have developed, in more recent times, a large number of chambers of commerce—unions of business men in which common policies are worked out and matters of common concern considered. There are said to be nearly 1,000 of these chambers of commerce throughout China. In all of the cities of the country they exert a very powerful influence. In the city of Chungking —1,200 miles up the Yangtsze River— many of the officials of the chamber of commerce received their education abroad in England and America. Much of the work of this chamber is of more than ordinary interest. One of its members, for instance, stands sponsor for a large orphanage. Mr. Wang, president of the chamber, is also president of the Friends Guild, which is organized for the young men of Chungking, with club house and program somewhat similar to that of a city Y. M. C. A. in the United States.

Have Watched the West Entering China

The guilds and the chambers of commerce provide the most significant support that any movement in China can win. It is because, to a very great extent, both of these organizations are now backing the anti-Western drive that that drive is proceeding so rapidly in such widely separated parts of the country.

For a century, now, the Chinese have watched Western powers enter China, take over the control of every one of the nation's great ports, establish their concessions in the best locations of the largest cities, patrol China's rivers with their gunboats and claim exemption, under extra-territorial privileges, from Chinese law. In addition, the customs collection, the collection of the salt tax—the most important tax in the country—and the postal service have all been under foreign domination. The accumulation of these encroachments—coupled with the fact that the terms of the Washington Conference have not, as yet, been carried through—combined to win the backing not only of the students but of these labor and commercial organizations as well.

Students Work for a Common Language

Another important factor is making for the unity of China in the present situation. Up to within a few years China has been widely disunited through the use of different languages in different sections of the country. Although mandarin was the official language of the government and spoken, doubtless, by a majority of the people, the remaining millions spoke dialects as different as French is different from English. In Fukien Province, alone it is said that there are 100 dialects.

More recently, however, the students have led a nation-wide movement to bring a common language to the people. The development of an alphabet and phonetic script to supplant the ancient system of character writing has made rapid progress under this student leadership. Scores of magazines are printed in the popular language all over the country. The students, themselves, have sought to carry the new language to the people with the result that vast numbers throughout the whole country, who were formerly ignorant of what was going on are now being instructed and, in the present situation, are learning of developments and of their significance for the nation.

With little question the anti-foreign movement in China will continue until important concessions are made to the demands of the Chinese. A conference of the Powers and China has been suggested, semi-officially, to consider all of the questions at issue. The problem can hardly be met in any other way, and certainly will not be met in conference unless, on all sides, a genuine spirit of conciliation develops. In the meantime, there is a very real obligation upon Americans not only to seek to understand the questions which this conference will consider, but to seek, further, for an understanding of the Chinese people themselves. The future of China may determine the rise or the fall of democratic principles in Asia. The people of the United States cannot escape the responsibility that rests upon them in their relationship with this great power that confronts America across the Pacific.

Famous Fighting Craft Modeled in Miniature Shown at Washington

SOME wiseacre has stated that a ship under full sail is one of the three most beautiful things in nature or in art. As his first choice of beauties he probably had in mind lovely woman, after whom sailing ships were generally named and whom they resembled in graceful lines and movements, and in wealth of draperies. Though he was perhaps thinking of a flower or a cathedral for his third choice, he might have picked out some exquisite ship model for last honors. As the fair child is mother, sometimes, to the fair lady, the model gives an inkling of the grace in form and movement of the ship to be.

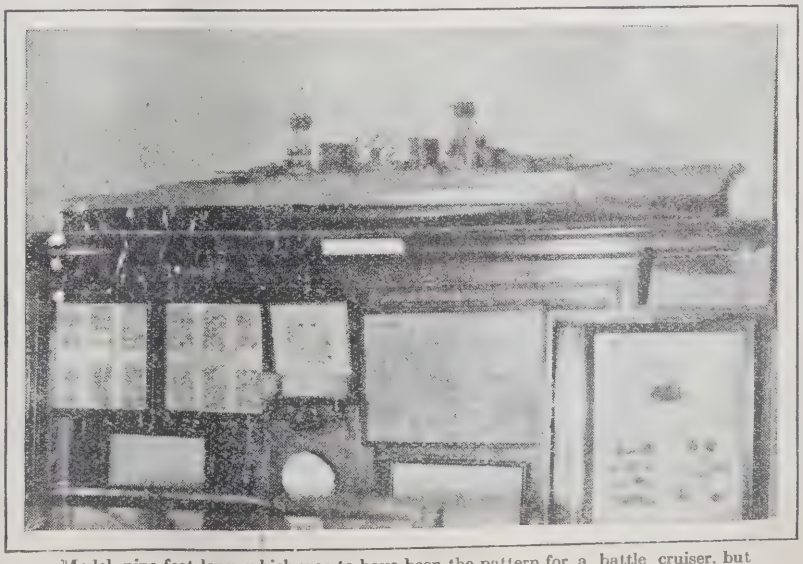
The Navy Department in its Washington offices has a fine collection of models of our up-to-date men-of-war of steam and steel. The Naval Academy's collection on the other hand contains a wide variety of ethnological and historic models. Here we can find a little of everything from Indian canoes and dugouts to "side wheelers" and latest superdreadnoughts. Among these are specimens of Eskimo kayaks, outriggers from Fiji, Ceylon, and the Marquesas, war canoes of the Haida and Tulalip Indians of the Northwest Coast, bark canoes and catamarans from Tierra del Fuego and the Amazon, an African dugout, a Spanish caïque, Chinese sampans and junks, and even a Singapore fast boat. It was from the fine hull lines of the last named that American ship designers got some of their ideas for the famous Baltimore clippers.

But the most interesting and ornate of the Naval Academy models, as of all ship models, belong to the era of sail. Among these is the *Ville de Paris*, a French ship of the line of that name. This model was presented nearly one hundred years ago by the French Government to the United States Navy. The *Ville de Paris* herself was the contribution of the citizens of Paris to Louis XV's fleet and served as flagship of Admiral de Grasse, who came to Washington's assistance at Yorktown. For his timely aid, General Washington in his letters to De Grasse generously declared, "The surrender of York (town), from which so much glory and advantage are derived to the allies, and the honor of which belongs to your Excellency, has greatly anticipated our most sanguine expectations"; and he added "navies have the casting vote in wars."

"A Topsail Breeze." Remarkable model which can actually sail, by Col. W. F. Spicer.

Little Ships in Middies' Museum

By HERMAN F. KRAFFT



Model, nine feet long, which was to have been the pattern for a battle cruiser, but which type was scrapped.

Collection of U. S. Naval Academy's Relics of War of Independence

After years of chipping and filing, prisoners of war sometimes produced models of favorite ships.

But the frigate *Constitution*, better known as *Old Ironsides*, about which center many of our earliest traditions of the sea, has always been and is today the ideal of our own ship modelers. The Peabody Museum in Salem has a contemporary model, presented in 1813 by Isaac Hull, her famous skipper in her duel with the *Guerriere* the year before. At Annapolis there is a large and accurately proportioned model of *Old Ironsides*, which was made by George W. Barnes for the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, by whom it was presented to the Naval Academy. Perhaps the most remarkable miniature of America's historic ship is the Boston Marine Museum's model made by Colonel Spicer. By various ingenious devices this tiny *Constitution* has actually sailed the seas. A photograph of this model, made during its Lilliputian maneuvers, is so realistic that it is little wonder that it has fooled old officers, who had in their youth sailed on the original, into the belief that they were looking at a picture of the real thing. Not only for the ship modeler but for all Americans, *Old Ironsides*, as she has many times since and before Holmes' well-known poem, again occupies the center of the stage today, when there is a movement on foot to let the school children of America restore her to her ancient glory.

The ship modeler's art is as ancient as Greek and Roman coins or even as Phoenician and Egyptian sculpture. The nations that have left us even crude images of ships were those that had commerce in goods and ideas with others—the sources of progress and civilization.

Real ship models owe their origin to a variety of reasons. Some of the earliest were the works of religious devotees, the church models, which were made by sailors to be presented to their home shrine with much ceremony as votive or thanksgiving offerings for safe returns from the fishing grounds or wars. Many such may be seen today in chapels and cathedrals along the coast of Europe from Brittany to Norway.

Again, models often were made by some early minister of marine to show his majesty what

the "kinges shippe" would be like, how she was to be rigged, how her decks were to be laid out and her guns to be mounted, and not least how the elaborate figurehead and counter on the completed vessel would look. To this class belong some of the finest ship models extant.

Besides religious and royal motives for the modeler's work, sailors with their natural love for scrimshaw made models of their favorite ships to while away time. This labor of love has given us many unique specimens that used to adorn the taverns along the water fronts of London and other great ports.

This model of the U. S. S. *Antietam* equals in size a small yacht, but it was not developed beyond this point.

Then, too, shipowners often had models of the argosies that brought them their wealth in their counting rooms or over their fireplaces. For a while merchants were also required to furnish models to the marine insurance companies.

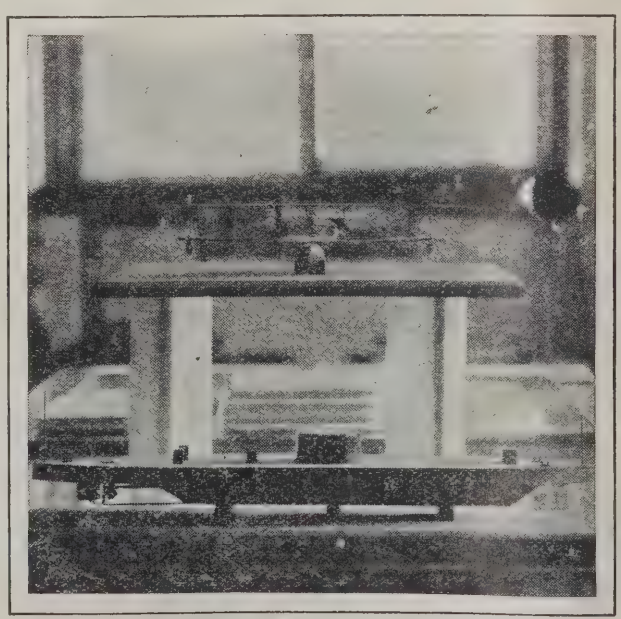
Even today the navies of the world have costly models made to visualize for their experts the forty-million-dollar steel warship, even as the architect prepares a miniature cathedral to show the world how the complete edifice will look.

Many of these priceless relics of earlier days, after the deaths of the owners and the eclipse of sail by steam, found their way to the garret, or perchance to the neighboring pond, a child's toy for a day. Latterly they have been hunted out, restored, and mounted in museums, where they speak to us of the glorious days of sail.

In ship models we can read the whole history of man on the sea. While the Navy possesses few centenarians in its collection, some of these perishable miniatures in European and even in our own museums go back to the fifteenth century. In them we can trace the evolution of the ship from the days of the galley and the one-masted, serpent-shaped, open viking boat, through the early medieval types with their half-dozen castles grafted on and their three masts, through the carack period of Columbus' time when the castles developed into permanent decks, through the epoch of the Dutch East Indiamen and the luggers that tell us of great cargo space and the origin of our American schooner, through the era of the huge ships of the line and clippers with their towering spread of spars and canvas that terminated in the "stun sails," "skyscrapers," and "moon rakers," down to the days of steam, and to oil-burning superdreadnoughts and Leviathans.

To illustrate the evolution of the warship in the United States, the Navy Department since the recent war has had a series of models constructed on scale. This series begins with John Paul Jones' flagship, the *Bon Homme Richard*, and ends with the battle cruiser and the *N. C. 4*, the first ship to do in the air what Columbus had done on the water.

In ship models we can realize then man's struggle to conquer the sea, but we can also see in them rare art objects and costly experiments. During the Tudor and Stuart periods the kings often called to their aid artists like Chrismas and Van Dyke to design the gorgeous figureheads and counters of their warships. The *Sovereign of the Seas*, England's "great ship" during the Dutch wars, has such wealth of elaborate carvings that it required years to make even a model of her. The *Seven Provinces*, flagship of "the



U. S. hydroplane and *The Monitor*. Two of a series of historic models showing development in naval construction.

greatest seaman of the seventeenth century," De Ruyter is a good representative of the ornateness of the man-of-war of this period. A modern copy in silver-plated copper from an original of De Ruyter's ship in the Netherlands museum was presented by the Holland-America Line to the U. S. S. *South Carolina* for her assistance in saving the passengers and crew of their steamer *Ryndam*, off Nantucket, May 26, 1915. This beautiful reminder of the brave but hopeless struggle of the Dutch against the Mistress of the Seas is now one of the Naval Academy collection. Some of the Continental museums have very costly specimens, for example, in the Musée de la Marine of the Louvre the French ship of the line Valmy is represented by a model made of ebony, ivory, and silver, which took six skilled artisans five years to make. In this case the model is more famous than the ship, for the Valmy was destined never to play a part in a real sea fight. While Europe has far more of genuine relics of the days of sail, the Naval Academy collection can boast of what is probably the largest ship model in the world, the *Antietam*. Named after the battle and regarded when her keel was laid as the last word in naval construction, owing to the revolutionary changes brought about by the ironclad, the *Antietam* was practically "scrapped" before she was completed and saw service only as an auxiliary vessel. But her fifty-foot model had already been completed in every detail so that the young midshipmen could actually learn the ropes in miniature. Likewise before other experiments were proved successful or the reverse ship models were called into play. In the history of submersibles from Fulton's time to the German U-boat many an undersea miniature had to be tried out to test the mathematician's calculations. In the Naval Academy collection there is a model of a David, the Confederate type of hand-propelled submarines which invariably suffocated their crews but sleep no Goliath.

In the shipmodeler's skill past and present, we can find some exquisite workmanship that borders on real art. With the products of his handicraft is bound up much of the history, the romance, the tragedy, and the achievement of man on the world's seven seas.

ix-foot model of the U. S. steam frigate Colorado, one
Admiral Porter's fleet at the bombardment of
Fort Fisher, 1865.

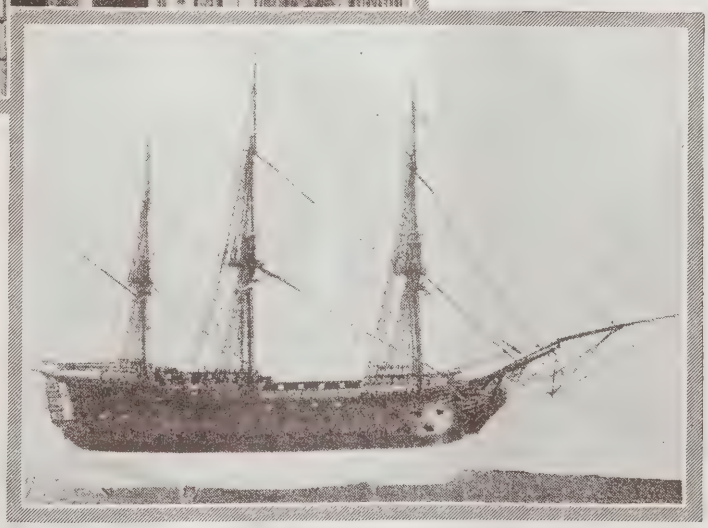
Famous Warships in Miniature

n view at the United States
Naval Academy.

Illustrating the article beginning on page 31.

Dante, *a seventeenth century French model, with 66 guns. Note the decorative stern of the period.*

Left—Old Ironsides, *a fourteen-foot model presented to the Naval Academy by the Daughters of the American Revolution. It is mounted in the Library.*



Above—The Ville de Paris, *flagship of De Grasse, who shut off reinforcements to Cornwallis at a critical moment in the Yorktown campaign. Left—Silver-plated model of the* Seven Provinces, *presented to the U. S. S.* Carolina *for her assistance in saving the passengers of the steamer* Ryndam *off Nantucket in 1915.*

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WHAT counts in a man or in a nation is not what the man or the nation can do, but what he or it actually does. Scholarship that consists in mere learning, but finds no expression in production, just as ability to shoot well at clay pigeons, may be of interest and value to him, but it ranks no higher unless it finds expression in achievement. From the standpoint of the nation, and from the broader standpoint of mankind, scholarship is of worth chiefly when it is productive, when the scholar not merely receives or acquires but gives.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

DEA

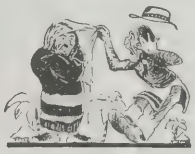
The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 25 No. 47 SEPTEMBER 12, 1 Cents a Copy

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

Bookbinding originated in the incased clay tablets of 300 years B. C., and in the Eastern custom of "binding" inscribed palm leaves with threads of silk. Roman diptychs are among the oldest decorative bindings.



On the third day after marriage the San Blas Indian groom of Panama lifts the veil of his bride and sees her face for the first time.

The college man of today is reading three times as many books as did his father when he attended college 25 years ago, says Asa Don Dickinson, librarian of the University of Pennsylvania Library.

The sixth anniversary of the signing of the Versailles Peace Treaty was observed as a Day of General Mourning in Bavaria.

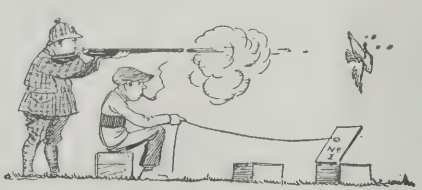
Bethlehem of Judea has a newspaper—*Sow-Ashab* (Voice of the People). It is printed at Jerusalem.

Among the 60,000 inhabitants of Tripoli there are more than 8,000 Jews.

The oldest ant and the oldest wasp known to the world have just been dug from oil shale beds in Colorado.

Damascus was famous in the Middle Ages for its silk and linen fabrics; hence the name "damask."

"Higher and higher buildings and ever greater concentration of business are not so much monuments of business enterprises as they are symptoms of economic waste."—*Harlan Bartholomew*, city plan engineer of St. Louis.



Sportsmen of England who originated trap shooting used live pigeons instead of the clay disc now in vogue.

When sand dunes are encountered in the Sahara Desert, travelers in automobiles are required to lay nets under their cars to secure traction. Frequently it takes thirty hours to go 1,500 feet.

Because he has a prejudice against taking their lives the beggar in the Orient carefully removes the vermin from his body and places them gently on the ground for others to acquire.

Twenty-two states have enacted certification laws for automobile titles, to prevent wrongful disposal of motor cars.

Ten per cent of all life insurance in force in California January 1, 1924, was allowed to lapse during the year, according to the *Underwriters' Report.*

A trick cave in the San Isabel National Forest in Colorado is so constituted that when you drop a straw hat into it a strong boomerang current of intermittent wind forces it from the ghostly cavern to the surface.

Malnourished children in Cleveland schools are gathered into special classes conducted by the nutrition clinics. They "graduate" when they attain the weight required for their age and height.

Dr. C. G. Bostrom, the state railways' eye specialist in Sweden, has found that between five and six per cent of all men are color blind.

The great stock ranches of the Panhandle district are being cut up into cotton farms. Stock land that sold from 50 cents to $2 an acre now brings from $20 to $40 as cotton land.

The railroads of Colombia, South America, are not standard gauge throughout, making it necessary to break bulk at each railhead.

Barbers are not responsible for the hats of their customers, in a decision handed down by a New York judge who held that "the barber is a craftsman laboring for wages, not a capitalist conducting a business of trade and trust."

In wet haying seasons, Norwegian farmers hang their hay up on fences to dry.

The only printed Bible in England four centuries ago was the Latin Vulgate, copies of which might be found chained fast in parish churches.

Guernsey is often called "England's Glass Island," because of the immense quantity of glass used there in the cultivation of the tomato.

The stones making up the royal palaces of Persia, built 2,600 years ago, were cemented together with pitch taken from the same oil seepages which centuries later led the modern oil companies to drill their first wells.

The Santa Barbara earthquake opened subterranean water sources and all streams in the quake zone show a marked increase in flow since the shake-up. If the increased flow continues it will more than pay for the losses suffered by the shock.

Eight to ten thousand earthquakes are recorded every year in various parts of the world.

South Africa has an Asiatic problem. Thousands of Indians are settling in South Africa, undermining the white race by working for nearly nothing and underselling their white competitors. Largely deprived of the franchise they still maintain power in their numbers which are increasing rapidly.

September 12, 1925

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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Vol. 25, No. 47

Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week takes the view that Wages are not exclusively the concern of the wage-earner, but that Business also has an interest in maintaining a high wage rate. (p. 9)

And, by the way, this is a subject that the commonality of people had better be thinking of. Any evil can be mitigated when we all begin to think about it. Most of the things we complain of are mere parasites on our public indifference. When a man talks about reducing wages, he is in a real sense an enemy of his country's safety.

Maybe you think the billy is the robber's favorite tool. Or the jimmy. Or the gun. Wrong on all three. The United States Post Office is! Robbery by mail is the modern method. Robbers allow the limited personnel of the post office to work at a few crimes, while they conduct the hundred crimes. You see if there are 5,000 robbers-by-mail, and 100 of them can keep the postoffice detective and prosecution force busy, that leaves the other 4,900 freedom to work. Most of the robbers-by-U. S. Mail are not Americans. (p. 7)

Possibly you have thrown up your hands at all the talk of crime and wondered "what the American people are coming to!" It is time we rebuked the cool assumption that the American people are becoming criminal. This increase of crime among us is not a *development*, it is an *invasion;* it is not the result of war, but of immigration. There is an editorial on this subject. (p. 10)

Wooden shoes, more romantic to behold than to wear, are out of style in the Dutch settlements of the U. S. where fifty years ago half a million people wore them. An interesting article about this cloggy kind of footgear. (p. 12)

Does a young man choose his occupation, or is he chosen by it? Mr. Benson thinks the former, but his own experience would seem to prove the latter. It is a pertinent subject to those facing the choice of a career. (p. 3)

The fertilizer trust has escaped all the trust-busting activities of recent years. Yet it collects nearer the source than any other trust, and its cost to the people almost equals that of government. (p. 6)

Another close-up study of Mr. Sapiro's methods in hog-tying the farmer, told by one who saw it done. (p. 14)

For fact's sake, read the article on page 20. Crime is not extending, but revolving. Not new criminals, but "repeaters" keep the courts busy. In New York, 66 per cent of crime is caused by men who have "repeated" as high as 50 times. (p. 20)

The delightful Master Pepys who wrote history on the spot, with the result that it has a different flavor than when cooked up by the historians. (p. 16)

P. T. Barnum was a Puritan. It took a professor of English literature to see in P. T. Barnum a foil for modern showmen. Barnum had qualities which are only now being appreciated. (p. 28)

Other articles of personality concern the Signers of 1776 (p. 8), Stevenson whom the Samoans and the world loved (p. 32). Barnum, Pepys, Stevenson, the two Adamses and John Hancock are a notable group to join together in one magazine number.

Then there is travel abroad—to Riga, the Pearl of the Baltic (p. 5), to the land of spices (p. 22) and an excursion into nature, that lively and profusely illustrated book (p. 2). A little side trip to St. Thomas, Canada, where they do things with flowers. (p. 18)

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Nature Is a Book

In Its Pages Tragedy and Comedy Combine

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY S. F. AARON

NATURE is a book that is just beginning to be intelligently studied. It is a volume that thus far has never been completed, yet it antedates everything else in literature. It is poetry, it is prose, it is wit, it is humor, it is drama, it is tragedy, it is song—in fact, it is everything that the word literature implies, and above all else it is *truth!*

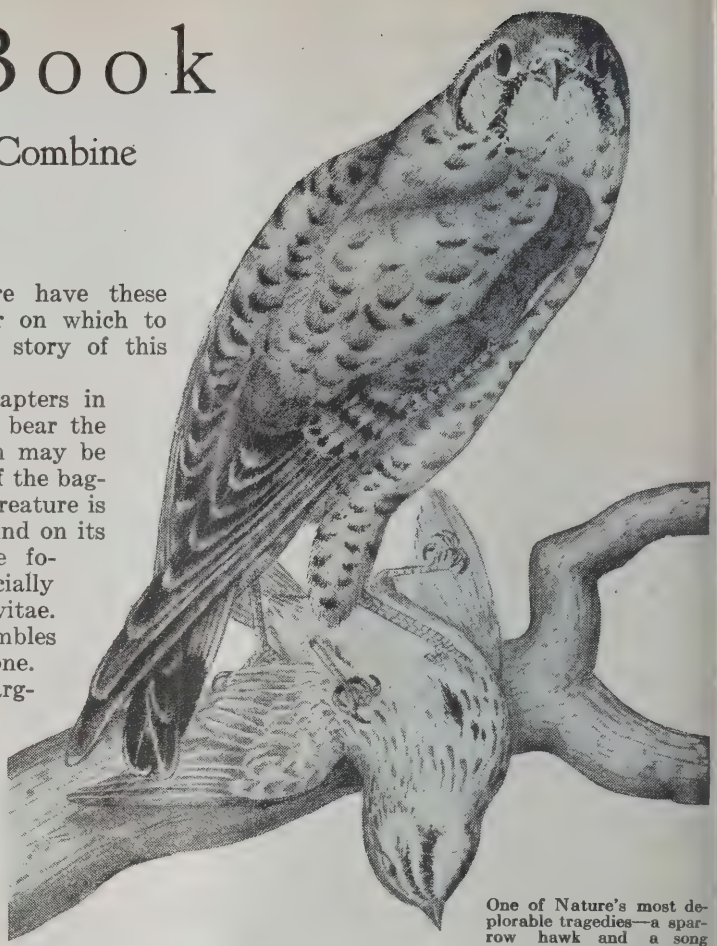
Did you ever notice that Nature often scribbles the same story on one, two or more pieces of paper? For example, in the months of May and June there may be observed in the Eastern United States a certain fungus gall which is produced by one of the pine rusts (*Peridermium cerebrum*). Nature writes this beautiful story on the Virginia scrub pine, the jack pine, the spruce pine, the short-leaved pine, and the old field pine. On these trees the reading appears in spheroid galls, and in the month of May, the golden yellow colors of the galls are marvelous illustrations. Their surfaces are convoluted like the human brain. The galls appear on twigs, branches and trunks of trees. When they set up on young pines, the trees usually die in early life, but when written on older trees the story is void of tragedy. The romance enters into the tale when the millions of tiny orange-yellow spores ride the wind-waves and settle on the leaves of the red, white, and black oaks, giving rise to the rust on these trees.

Shortly after Nature has continued her story on the oak, it is written in little pustules on the surface of the leaves. In about a month the writing on the oak leaves changes to red-brown horns or short fungus filaments. The climax of this charming story is fraught with tragedy, and the romance comes when the spores germinate like seed and bear very small sporidia that swing on the passing winds and return to the parental roof of the pine, setting up new infestations which in time make new galls. Now, should the oak trees be destroyed, that would mean the tragic extermination of this fungus, for it is essential that Nature have these two kinds of paper on which to write the complete story of this pine gall.

Protective larval cases and cocoons of the bagworm, on spruce.

Some of the chapters in Nature's book that bear the suggestion of fiction may be found in her story of the bagworm. When this creature is young it walks around on its head devouring the foliage of trees, especially of cedars and arborvitae. In this shape, it resembles a tiny ice cream cone. As it eats, it grows larger, and its body swings down and soon it looks about, apparently realizing the need of some sort of garment to protect its naked skin. If Nature did not do the thinking for the bagworm, and it could reason for itself, at this stage in its life, such reasoning might be thus: "Gee, how the robins and vireos and other birds are catching and eating my neighbors. I'll just spin for myself a pair of overalls, for no bird has yet been born who will deliberately swallow a tough garment, as tasteless as it is, in order to get a caterpillar for a morsel." So the bagworm begins to spin a garment around its bare body.

Soon thereafter it has finished a neat pair of overalls, which it fits on itself, holding them on by two hooks on the lower end of its body. This garment is usually tougher than the woolen clothes made by man. The front end of the trousers are open, where it exposes its head and feet that it may walk and eat with ease. Birds might drag its bare body out of the tough covering, but with a quick jerk it brings its head safely into the bag and pulls the flap over. As it grows, it might further reason: "Squirrels have strong forelegs, and with their sharp claws they can rip my trousers off. It's up to me to fool them and other animals." So the worm begins to slash off bits of small twigs and leaves from the tree on which it is feeding and these are glued over the outside of its bag. Finished, it is such a perfect camouflage that the worm eludes the keen eyes of the insect eaters. Fiction told in facts!



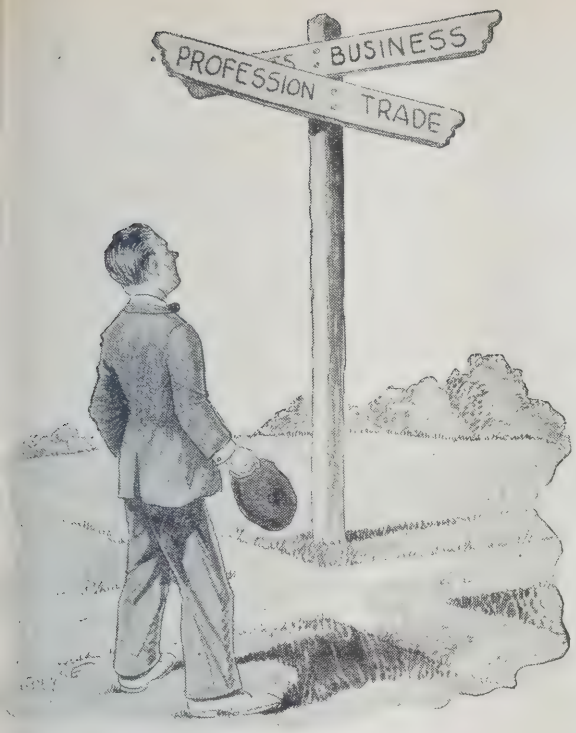
One of Nature's most deplorable tragedies—a sparrow hawk and a song sparrow. This falcon may be considered a useful bird because it destroys many field mice.

Where is the person who has not also read a story just as interesting that is written in tiny pebbles of the fresh water? In the clear springs the caddis worm has built of small stones a complete cocoon so perfectly that no stone mason of the human family can excel it in the art of making rubble walls!

Nature also writes a story that carries a flavor of fiction in the life of the chamelion whose colors so quickly simulate the background where it crawls that the harmony of colors saves its life from destruction.

The reader of Nature's book is compelled to dim his eyes and to muffle his eardrums if he wishes to avoid witnessing the many tragedies. The remarkable thing about it is the ability of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons unconsciously to muffle the eardrums and lightly dim their sight. A great deal of it is due to the majority of the tragedies occurring in the families of creatures too small to attract anything but passing notice, and not often this. Such a practice in regard to the tragic

(Continued on page 26)



"The choice that a young man makes that day settles about everything that is afterward to be settled for him."

The Greatest Moment in a Man's Life

By ALLAN L. BENSON

WHY did nature apparently intend that most men more than 40 years old should be undertakers?

The intention is plain enough. Look at their faces. Go wherever crowds are and study those about you. How many look happy? How many have faces that are utterly blank? One might think they wore masks. Perhaps they do; probably they don't. The real man usually goes into eclipse in his twenties and thereafter emerges only at long intervals and for brief moments.

Some day, when we have settled everything else, it may be worth while to consider why man is such a poor machine for the manufacture of happiness. In his nature and his environment he has the raw materials of happiness, just as the locomotive, in coal and water, has the raw materials of power. The locomotive wastes about 80 per cent of the power that is stored in the coal. We probably realize a smaller percentage of our opportunities than does the locomotive.

What is happiness? Happiness is the establishment of a proper relationship between an individual and his environment. What is a proper relationship? Could it be anything else than a relationship that satisfied a reasonable percentage of the great number of longings and desires that constitute each of us?

Small boys do not fail to satisfy everything of which they become conscious. That is why small boys are so happy. That is why "bad" small boys are the happiest of all. Huckleberry Finn will go down the ages because he was a "bad" boy. He did things. He did nothing bad, but he moved about and satisfied his nature.

That is exactly what men do not do. When they are in their late teens or early twenties, each of them fits himself into a nice straightjacket. Most of them do, at any rate. This jacket is called an occupation—a way of getting a living.

Worse than that, they do not exercise care in choosing the jacket. How much comfort would you expect if you bought your shoes the way most of us choose our occupations? Think of men rushing into a shoe store and grabbing whatever happened to be nearest and then wearing the shoes for life. You would not expect them to walk very well. You would not expect them to be without corns and bunions. Why then should you expect men to realize more than 20 per cent of the happiness they might have so long as they continue to choose occupations as maniacs might choose shoes?

Of course, we do very little choosing. Most of it is left to chance. A boy becomes old enough to work and looks around for a job. Unless he has a well-defined bent toward something, he reads the want ads in the daily papers and takes whatever he can get. Because his first blind gropings are so frightfully out of harmony with his nature, he quits a few jobs, is discharged from a few others and then settles down into one that is just good enough so he can stand it and just bad enough so that it leaves most of his nature unsatisfied. And that is his job for life.

Nor does the boy who is not pressed by poverty stand much better chance. He selects an occupation, and perhaps spends four or five years at highly specialized study, without having any clear idea of what it is for which he is preparing. An undergraduate at one of the greatest engineering schools in the United States recently told me that 60 per cent of the graduates of his school either never practice engineering at all or abandon it within a year or two after graduation. In the city in which the school is situated are two graduates, one of whom is in the ice business while the other sells coal. Almost everybody knows an engineer who isn't engineering, and there must be a great many men who are practicing engineering who should be doing something else. The same may be said of every other calling. Most of the square pegs seem to be in round holes.

How did they get that way? It is quite simple. Most of them had very little to say about the matter. They might have had something to say, but they did not realize the importance of what was happening when they permitted circumstances to drive them into occupations. Those who tried to guide their own steps were poor guides because they did not know the way. They chose occupations without knowing what they were choosing. When it was too late they found out.

Now I know of nothing in a boy's life that is of such overwhelming importance as the choosing of an occupation for life. Beside it, almost everything else becomes relatively unimportant. A man 50 years old can look back and see that everything that has happened to him in the last 30 years is due to the decision he made the day he reached the great crossroads of life and chose an occupation. The choice that a young man makes that day settles about everything that is afterward to be settled for him. After that he merely gets what logically comes to one who has chosen as he chose. Of course, there are a few glaring exceptions—but they are *exceptions*. For the great majority, life is fixed when the occupation is fixed. The occupation determines what longings shall be satisfied and what shall be starved, what tastes shall be developed and which shall be driven back upon themselves—it even determines what one's environment shall be and what kind of neighbors one shall have.

My fate was fixed the day I read the headlines that the telegraph editor of the Detroit *Free Press* put over the account of General Grant's death. Grant died on July 23, 1885. I was a little less than 14 years old. I had intended to be a lawyer. But along

Do we choose our work, or does it choose us? Mr. Benson thinks we choose; others think we are chosen. It seems that Mr. Benson himself did not, after all, choose, but was chosen. However, an article need not agree with us to be a good one, it need only be provocative of thought.

came the *Free Press* with column rules bottom side up to indicate heavy mourning. And those fateful headlines —I can see them now, though I have never seen them since, single column, right-hand side of the front page:

GRANT IS DEAD

The Conqueror of a Nation's Hearts at Rest

Sleeping Peacefully on the Banks of the Hudson

Those lines went through my mind like the roll of a pipe organ—and right on their heels came the thought: "I could write a head like that." So far as the law business was concerned, it thereafter had no existence for me. I went to school, taught school, and fussed around a bit, but in five years, I was in the atmosphere of printers' ink—in which I have been ever since.

But what a way to choose an occupation! It happened to turn out moderately well, but I think it was the wrong occupation at that. I think I should have been a lawyer as I intended to be before that gale from the press room blew me off my course.

Now what I am driving at is this: In the most important event of their lives, boys should not be left to grope their way; much less should they be forced by circumstances into places that they do not fit.

I believe that every school should include a course on occupations, to the end that boys may have definite and, so far as possible, illuminating information with regard to the chief trades and professions. As nearly as possible, boys should be enabled to understand just what it will mean to them if they choose this or that calling. There should be a textbook, each chapter of which should be written by a man who is practicing the trade or profession that he describes. An old lawyer should tell just what it means to establish a law business and practice law, stating facts just as they are, neither better nor worse, noting at their full strength the great satisfactions and the great discouragements. A physician should write a chapter about his profession and so on along the line through the various branches of engineering, including industrial pursuits. Let a factory superintendent tell just exactly what it means to start on a machine and work up to the top.

Wherever possible, local men should be invited to lecture before classes as a sort of supplementary course. Let the pupils ask questions. And, above all, stress each occupation in the terms of satisfactions obtained. What does the practitioner of a trade or profession get out of his work besides money? How interesting is it? How happy is he while engaged at it? What money it produces is relatively unimportant. Everybody must have some money, but nobody should work a minute at a thing from which he gets nothing but money. Every man spends the greater part of his life at work and if he gets no joy from his work he will have very little time to get it anywhere else. The men who are to be envied are those who take a keen pleasure in their work—who are so interested in it that they seem to forget everything else while they are at it. There are not many such, but that is because choosing an occupation is left, for the most part,

Send your mind off into other worlds. Dream!"

to ignorance and to chance.

Whenever you see a man in the right place, you see a happy man. Richard V. Lindabury, a New Jersey lawyer who was thrown from his horse the other day and killed, was, up to his death at the age of 74, infatuated with the practice of the law, always liking, as he said, "a good legal scrap." A few weeks ago I saw great beams of satisfaction radiating from the face of a Negro who manipulated a big steam road roller back and forth on a paving job that was being performed on my street. He was about 50 years old and of giant build. Instead of wearing dirty old clothes he wore a nice, clean summery suit (blouse and trousers) made of some light, striped material. His blouse was carefully buttoned. And no captain of a great ocean liner ever maneuvered his craft out into the stream with more dignity than this black man guided his ponderous roller over the ridges and crevices that it was his business to iron out. He respected his job because he liked it; and one could not help noticing that the white men who were shoveling crushed rock for him to smooth out respected him.

The best occupation for any man is the job that enables him to satisfy the greatest percentage of his inborn longings and desires. To put the same thought in another way, the best job for any man is the job that connects up, with the outside world, the greatest percentage of the longings that are within him. There are but two ingredients of happiness—what is in you and what is outside of you. The job is the link between the two.

I read the other day about a man who, asked what he would rather do than anything else in the world, replied: "Make my business the most efficient business in the world." Reminded that this was not an answer to the question, he added: "I know it isn't. What I would rather do than anything else in the world would be to ride an elephant—right on his neck the way I used to see fellows do in the circus when I was a boy."

There are a few wise men who contrive to ride on the elephant's neck in quite a different way. That is to say, not being wholly enamored of their jobs, they use the jobs as a means to an end and get their great satisfactions at something else. The thoughtful part of the whole world must have glowed at the story of the London hatter who played so large a part in the discovery of the cancer germ. For 40 years he had attended to his hat business until noon and devoted the remainder of the day to explorations with a microscope. He made no reputation as a hatter—though he made the business earn him a living—but what he doesn't know about the use of a microscope, few if any persons know. One might say that he should have devoted his life to microscopic investigation, but considering the fact that he has made such an enormous success of it as a side line, who shall say that he would have done more if he had not been a hatter each day until noon? Perhaps the hat business put him in such a state that he was very eager when he turned to his microscope; and the eager are the ones who do things in this world. They enjoy their work, because they fit it and it fits them.

I don't say that everything there is to do in this world is sufficient to yield great happiness to him who does it. There is a lot of very tedious, dull work that has to be done, though machinery will eventually do away with most if not all of it. But it is unfortunately true that there are in the world a great number of dull persons who are able to do nothing but this dull work. They are late children of the evolutionary urge who have not yet caught up with the procession, and until they catch up they will have to do what they can do. But I believe that the great majority of the human race is fit for more happiness than it is getting. Everywhere we see the race reaching out for more—not always getting it but reaching.

That is the meaning of the unprecedented rush for the colleges. It is a blind rush, for the most part, but its meaning cannot be doubted. The young of today believe that greater happiness lies that way. They are traveling upon instinct rather than upon judgment. Their instinct is right, but they need judgment to guide it—judgment and facts. They go to college to get—what? Something that will get them happiness. What is that something? They do not know. (Concluded on page 30)

Seeing Riga—Pearl of the Baltic

The New Capital of Latvia a Fascinating City of Strange Contrasts

By STANLEY HIGH

TO TRAVEL across Europe—beyond the borders of the larger nations—is like journeying over a crazy-quilt. In order to get rid of the odds and ends of territory left from the war the treaty makers of Versailles, with no particular design, patched together tiny states of all shapes and sizes. As American mileage goes, my recent journey through Europe was not so lengthy. But in European terms I traveled across thirteen different nations and suffered my baggage to be examined at least twice—often more—in every nation. Which meant—in plain terms—that my whole equipment was spread out for survey on thirty-three different occasions, to be examined by thirteen different kinds of customs' officers, in thirteen kinds of uniform, who spoke thirteen different languages and collected customs duty from me in thirteen different currencies.

In no part of Europe is this crazy-quilt arrangement so apparent as in those Baltic provinces that stretch out from East Prussia and include territory from the old empires of Russia, Germany, and Austro-Hungary. A trip from Chicago to Denver with two customs examinations at every state line and a different coinage, language and train in every state would be comparable. My journey from Berlin to Riga might have been worse but for the fact that the porter in my car was an exiled American—or so he called himself. Twenty-five years ago he had come to Chicago. Twenty years ago he returned to Germany for a visit; spent his savings and for the last two decades has been trying to get money enough to return to the shores of Lake Michigan. This friendly porter took my baggage and passport in charge, placated the Germans at the border and reduced the misery to a minimum.

Even from patch to patch of this European crazy-quilt, however, one can note very marked differences. More than language, currency and uniform, for instance, divided Lithuania from Germany. Ten minutes from the German border into Lithuania and the face of the world was changed. The country was undeveloped, like certain parts of Wyoming and Utah without, of course, the mountains or the sagebrush. Unlike the American West, however, conditions were primitive. The towns, in contrast to the spick-and-span villages of Germany, consisted of huts—thatched-roofed and gloomy—grouped in weary fashion in a clearing of the wood. The woods were grown up to underbrush; the fields unkempt and there was little evidence of the industry that was so apparent, on every hand, in Germany.

Above—One of Riga's narrow streets. At high noon our friends would appear in many costumes, selling wares of divers sorts.
Below—Riga's waterfront in winter.

A Lithuanian—with more than an average smattering of English—sat next to me in the compartment.

"Our country," he said, "it is in very bad condition. Three of every five Lithuanians are in the employ of the government."

I could easily believe him. The stations, even at the smallest towns, were thronged with soldiers—in uniforms old and new. Those who were not in the army appeared to be in the employ of the railroad—which is government-owned. A whole staff of employes united to take up our tickets. Everything, in fact, seemed to be done by groups. Thus, every small flock of goats had several attendants and I noticed one mixed herd of three cows, two goats and a horse that was watched over by four alert guardians.

But a few hours' journey brought us through Lithuania into Latvia. Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia have been under Russian domination since the latter part of the eighteenth century. Of these three states only one—Lithuania—has a historical claim to independence. In Latvia and Esthonia the determination to establish self-government is based primarily upon the desire of the people of these provinces to throw off the yoke of foreign exploitation which for centuries had burdened them. Germans, Swedes, and Russians, all, in turn and repeatedly, overran the territory that now comprises these small nations. The peasants for many generations have been subjected to serious oppression. The population of the country, which is approximately 2,500,000, is almost wholly agricultural and in this agricultural community the coöperative movement is making rapid headway.

The old city of Riga—capital of the new state of Latvia and one of the loveliest cities in Europe—was one of Russia's chief industrial centers before the war. It was founded in the middle of the twelfth century by a company of adventuring merchants from Bremen. Fifty years later a community was established and as it prospered, during the succeeding centuries, kings and emperors, bishops and princes fought back and forth across the rich territory that it controlled.

Riga is a jumbled city and unusually fascinating. My hotel room was not all that could have been desired—done in a brilliant red paper with carpets, hangings and upholstery of similar hue. I had one feeble electric light at my disposal, which only served to make the decorations more weird. Then, too, when it came to sleeping I discovered that darkness so far to the north does not set in, nor the quiet of the night-time, until very late. It was nearly eleven at night when my train slowed down at Dvina, outside Riga, and

across the river the smokestacks and minarets of the city's sky line pointed into the dusk of early evening, and the lights of the river vessels had not yet been lighted.

It was at an outlandish hour, therefore, that I found myself—my coffee-and-rolls breakfast finished—wandering through the town. Riga's streets in the old city are alternately wide and narrow. They twist and wind like a knotted fishline and end nowhere in particular. The shops along them are, for the most part, attractive and modern. One may stand before a window and admire the products of American factories and then, in ten steps, round the corner into a Slavic market place.

German enterprise is largely responsible for the smokestacks that share the honors of the sky line with the minarets of Riga's churches. Before the war (one speaks always of "before the war," or "since the war" as of two different worlds) Riga was an industrial city. The vast hinterland

The old Russian cathedral in Riga which is now falling into disrepair because there are no funds to support it.

of all Russia was looked upon as the selling field for the products of Riga's factories. Now that is all "kaputt"—destroyed. Today there is no hinterland to buy from Riga. I talked with an engineer who, before the war, was in a rubber company that employed, in this city, 13,000 men. The capacity of the plant, in galoshes alone, was 80,000 daily. One day's manufacture of galoshes would supply the entire Latvian demand for a year. That factory, consequently, is closed.

Many such plants, however, were closed down before the revolution cut Latvia off from Russia. The site of one factory was pointed out to me, where the entire plant was shipped to Russia and made the basis for three factories there. Every machine in this factory—even the wire cabling—was shipped out of Latvia to strengthen the industry of Russia.

This stoppage of industry has made the task of Latvian rebuilding exceedingly difficult. At present the chief source of national income, (Concluded on page 27)

Fertilizers for Farmers

How Monopoly Controls Prices and Curtails Supplies

By OTTO WILSON

COFFEE and rubber monopolies (discussed in two previous articles) affect all of us, including the farmer. But the farmer has also a little group of necessities of his own, which he must bring from abroad, and each of which he can buy only from one small section of the globe. In each of these industries the output is more or less closely controlled by its small group of producers, and in each this monopoly feature has made the farmer pay higher prices than he would have paid had there been free competition.

Two of these are indispensable constituents of fertilizer, nitrates and potash. Both are to be found everywhere, but by some freak of Nature each has been piled up in great deposits in one general section, the nitrates in Chile and the potash in territory which before the war was all in German hands but which is now divided between Germany and France. In these deposits nitrates and potash can be mined so cheaply that no other natural deposits can compete with them.

The working of the monopoly and the tribute it has exacted from the American farmer were clearly shown by a pre-war incident. Certain potash interests in Germany contracted with American buyers to supply them with potash at lower rates than the potash syndicate was charging. But the syndicate, backed by the German Government, forbade the sales, and the contracts had to be canceled. Since the division of the deposits by the war the old air-tight control by a single syndicate no longer prevails. But evidently the monopoly feature is still to hold fast.

French and German Interests Are Combined

For the French and German interests, as reported by the newspapers, have formed a trade agreement, and to the farmer who loads the bags of fertilizer in his truck or wagon in the spring it will probably make no difference that the monopoly is handled by two sets of interests instead of one.

In the nitrate trade, while there is not such close control over prices as in some others, conditions are such that nitrates cost much more than they would if there were stiff competition. Presently we may build up such competition through our air-nitrate plants—although there will not, indeed, be much gain unless we can guard against a private monopoly at home that will charge all the traffic will bear. Then the mineral nitrates of Chile will quickly drop in price, for other large users of nitrates are developing their own air-nitrate industries, and the United States is the one big market left open.

The third of the trio of "farmer" monopolies is perhaps the tightest and most dangerous of them all—that which controls the sisal, or properly the henequen, fiber which goes into binder twine. This fiber supplies three fourths of the raw material for the twine that binds our yearly crops of grain. It comes entirely from Yucatan, the Mexican peninsula that juts out into the Caribbean Sea. If at the proper time of the year the henequen plantations should be destroyed, or anything else should prevent the export of the fiber, our grain farmers would be helpless. No other fiber could be obtained in large enough quantities to serve as a substitute. With much moonlight labor the farmer might be able to save a small fraction of his crop by the old hand-binding methods of his grandfather's day, but most of it would probably lie wasted in the fields. Many years ago such a calamity threatened. But a United States gunboat made an opportune appearance off the coast of Yucatan, and under its influence the blockade on exports melted away.

Without Fiber Farmers Would Be Helpless

There is always the possibility that other American necessities of life will be added to the foreign-monopoly list. For example, sugar.

"I do not say," said President Coolidge recently, "that such foreign combinations in restraint of trade exist in sugar at the present time, but the whole tendency of the development of foreign sugar production is in the direction of larger holdings. In the long run there lies in this, therefore, certain dangers to the consumer which can only be safeguarded by an assurance of competitive domestic supplies."

Wherever it can be applied, this solution of the difficulty, namely the fostering of a domestic supply to compete with the foreign monopoly, is probably the only one that holds promise of relief to American consumers.

(EDITORIAL NOTE—In connection with the above article it should be remembered that a way to nitrate independence was offered by Muscle Shoals, but this way has been closed apparently by the devious influences of the Fertilizer Trust in conjunction with the Power Trust, operating upon Congress.)

Using the Post Office to Rob

The People Lose a Billion Dollars in Mail Fraud Schemes Every Year

By AARON HARDY ULM

IT IS not extravagant to say that *a million gullible Americans* yearly lose their money and property in mail fraud schemes and that *a billion dollars annually are so lost.*"

The words of a sensationalist? Not at all. They are taken from an address made to the Investment Bankers' Association of America by Horace J. Donnelly, Sr., then assistant solicitor and now solicitor of the Post Office Department. For the last several years Mr. Donnelly has been the chief director of the Government's pursuit of mail fraud operators.

This pursuit has been going on for nearly a half-century. It is based on statutes which empower the officials to deny the use of the mails for the operation of fraudulent schemes and which provide for the criminal prosecution of persons who so operate such schemes through the mails.

In a Texas City Shady Oil Men Steal a Million

Yet it is probable that more fraudulent schemes are put over through the mails now than ever before. The harvest from them may be somewhat less than at the time when the foregoing estimate of a billion dollars a year was made, in 1923. For since that time there has been much apparent curbing of a species of mail-fraud operation that was then taking veritably millions a day from the public. This was the oil stock species, against which Government officials were then making an intensely concentrated campaign. Within a few months' time, fraud orders were issued against more than 100 persons and concerns engaged in selling stock in oil companies. Many were prosecuted criminally, several of the offenders now languish in prison.

Within less than two years, shady oil stock operators in one city in Texas took—in plain language, stole—more than $100,000,000 from the public. The extent of their operations may be illustrated by the fact that, within a month after the special campaign against them was started, postal receipts in that Texas city fell off 50 per cent.

But the operations were only curbed. Oil stock cases have developed regularly since then; several are pending now. The authorities say, however, that the special campaign succeeded in reducing that species of operation to only a negligible proportion of its former volume.

It is the only elaborate campaign of the kind made by the Government since it undertook, many years ago, to keep the mails free of outright thieving. One reason for this is that the regular flow of mail-fraud work coming in due course to those who look after this phase of Government activity is ordinarily equal to or beyond the facilities for handling it. There may be other reasons, but, if so, one of them patently is not lack of scrupulous attention to duty on the part of the officials having to do with this work. The corps of Post Office inspectors, which does the hard work in the premises, is noted for efficiency and energy. The attorneys who handle the cases for the Government become so aroused by the flood of mendacity which pours upon them that they develop a zeal beyond that usually going with official work.

Still the ranks of the mail-fraud operators expand and undoubtedly the volume of their garnerings, though at times checked temporarily, grows. When, a dozen years ago, the Post Office Department estimated the garnerings at $100,000,000 a year, the figures seemed unbelievable. The present estimate of a billion or more is considered modest—and arouses no special interest, except perhaps that of enthusiasm among those who share the spoils of the most insidious thievery common in present-day American life.

Men engaged in this kind of thievery have oeprated for years and have acquired millions—often becoming "leading citizens"—without being, or before they are, disturbed. Only recently a group was indicted in an eastern city on account of operations that had, during a period of ten years or more, yielded several million dollars to the promoters. Many when checked by a fraud order merely shift bases of operation, make changes in names and (though not always) in type of operation, and keep going. Some have continued operations after being sent to—and even from—prison.

Only a small proportion, however, ever land in prison. Despite the special campaigns that had been waged against them during the preceding two or three years, only 152 of the probable 10,000 or more were serving sentences in the two biggest Federal penitentiaries on June 30, last, for robbing persons via the mails.

Only a Small Proportion Land in Prison

A large number of those convicted are let off with fines that usually amount to an insignificant percentage of their garnerings. One of the biggest mail-fraud operators prosecuted in the last ten years—a man who literally got millions from the public—was let off on a fine of $1,000 each on two of numerous counts in an indictment to which he pleaded guilty. *The preparation of the case cost the Government many times the amount of the fine imposed.*

His operations at the time were stopped, however, by a fraud order, which apparently is the most that need be feared by the run of operators. And for reasons that shall be given, the fraud order need arouse no great fear among these schemers.

Fraud orders are issued in only a small proportion of cases. The operator, if at all clever, always can make a sizeable clean-up before, in the ordinary course, the mails will be closed to him.

Long Distance "Astrology" May Be Legal

While the courts usually uphold the Post Office Department, judicial construction of the law is sometimes surprisingly legalistic. Many years ago the Supreme Court laid down the ruling that what is generally held to be a *fallacy* is not presumptively a *fraud.* The case involved the selling of a "magnetic cure" to be administered at long distance for disease. The authorities don't dare hold, for example, that "astrology" is not a science or is incapable of being employed in accurately exploring the future. If in selling a long-distance treatment for disease, or "astrological" readings of the future, you do all that you promise, the authorities will hesitate in closing the mails to you.

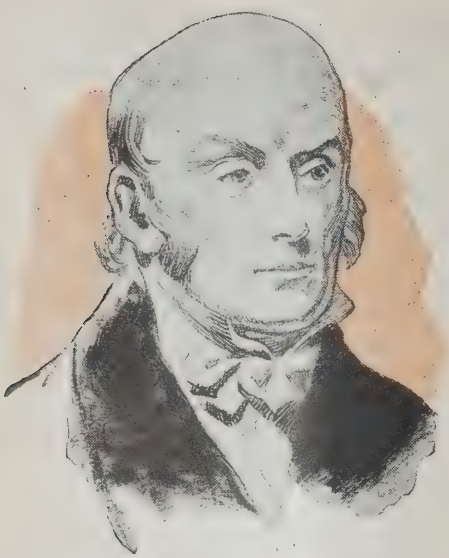
The fraud must not only be a patent one but, also, it must be proved that it is intentional—which is not always easy to do in law even though there be no doubt in common sense.

Hence the cases that are made under the fraud-order statute usually are as clear as purse-snatching. But in many of these, convictions cannot be, or, rather, are not, procured under criminal statutes.

Investigations are made by Post Office inspectors, of whom there are about six hundred. They have manifold duties to perform. Only when special campaigns are made, as in the oil stock cases, are they detailed singly or in groups for the investigation of mail frauds. Only one, an expert in medical fraud cases, gives most of his time to that part of the work, in which only a few become, like him, specialists. When an inspector was asked recently for a report on a case in his district, he replied:

"I have on my hands for investigation not less than 86 mail-fraud cases."

All of them, like the bulk of those in which proceedings are begun, had arisen by reason of (*Concluded on page 27*)



John Adams

The Signers of 177

John Hancock, of Massachusetts, and the Adams Brothe

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

(Copyright, 1925, by Carl Schurz Lowden)

MASSACHUSETTS in the North and Virginia in the South were the strongest backers of the independence movement. They vied with each other for this honor, but they remained friendly rivals. Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee and Thomas Jefferson were Virginia's big guns. Massachusetts had a remarkable triumvirate consisting of John Hancock, John and Samuel Adams.

There was Samuel Adams who had continued his anti-royal activities even to the point of making himself liable to be sent to England for trial on the charge of treason. Governor Gage of Massachusetts had Colonel Fenton go to the patriot's home and make certain promises to be fulfilled when Adams ceased his opposition to the authorities. When the purpose of the visit was revealed, the American pledged the go-between on his word of honor to deliver verbatim the reply he was on the point of giving. Then Adams said:

"I trust I have long since made my peace with the king of kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell Governor Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people."

When Colonel Fenton conveyed this message Gage was so angered that he issued a proclamation of pardon to all offenders except Adams and Hancock.

"In his majesty's name," he announced, "I do hereby offer and promise his most gracious pardon to all persons who shall forthwith lay down their arms and return to the duties of peaceable subjects, excepting only from the benefit of such pardon Samuel Adams and John Hancock whose offenses are too flagitious in nature to admit of any other consideration but that of condign punishment."

The London newspapers apparently expected that the heads of Adams and Hancock would soon be placed on exhibition in that city.

British troops left Boston shortly before midnight of April 18, 1775, with instructions to proceed to Lexington and capture the rebel pair, then go on to Concord and destroy the military stores at that place.

They reckoned not of Paul Revere who was alertly watching for a signal. When the lanterns flashed from the steeple of the Old North Church, he galloped away to spread the warning that the British were coming. He stopped at the Lexington house in which Samuel and John Adams were sleeping.

"Don't make so much noise," the man on guard cried out to the silversmith.

"Noise," the rider replied, "you'll have noise enough before long. The 'regulars' are coming."

The pair escaped. It is often unwise to speculate or say what might have been; but if these two leaders had been captured at that time, the blow might have been sufficient to cause the Revolution to fail.

The British could not handle Samuel Adams. They had attempted to silence him with preferment, a form of bribery; but he proved to be an exceedingly deaf individual. The king wrote pointedly to Hutchinson, then the governor of the colony. Why had Samuel Adams not been "fixed"? Hutchinson became vexed.

"Such," he answered, "is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man that he can never be conciliated by any office or gift whatsoever."

Hutchinson knew him, and his great tenacity. After the Boston Massacre when the residents of the city and the people of Massachusetts were demanding the removal of the troops, Hutchinson and Colonel Dalrymple, the commander, consulted together and the announced that one of the two regiments would be taken away. Samu Adams, who was present during th conference, soon convinced them of th desirability of doing the thing t brown rather than by halves.

"If the governor, or Colon Dalrymple, or both together," h argued, "have the authority to remov one regiment, they have the authorit to remove two. Nothing short of th total evacuation of the town by a the regular troops will satisfy th public mind, or preserve the peace o the province."

Two regiments were ordered ou of Boston. That left the city wit none, a consummation which most o the residents had long devoutly wished

The nation is indebted to Samue Adams for his work in fathering th first Congress. It was his idea, h suggested it to the Massachusett assembly, and this colony then sug gested it to the others. As the Congres resulted in the union and confedera tion of the thirteen colonies, Samue Adams certainly deserved the often heard sobriquet of "Father of th Revolution."

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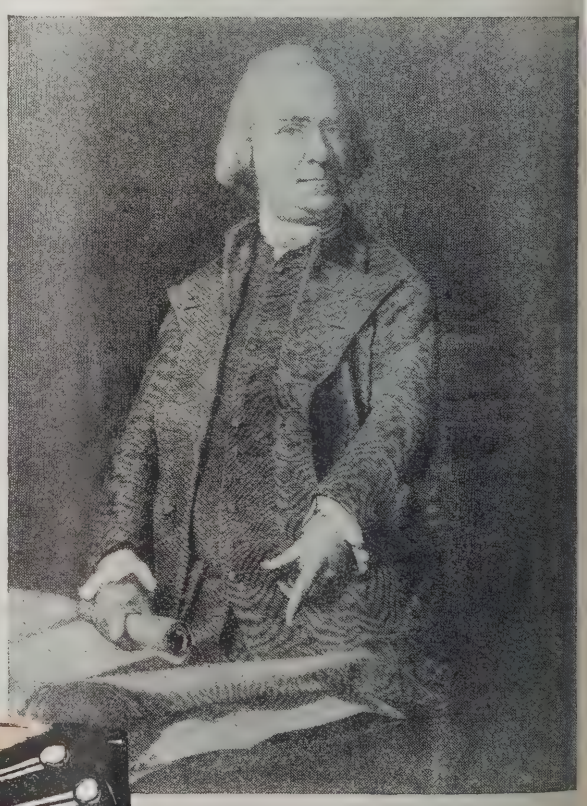


Sam'l Adams

MR. FORD'S PAGE

IN A country where practically everyone earns his living by working, and the majority of workers are wage-earners, a proposal to reduce wages could just as well be described as a proposal to reduce the number of customers; it could just as well be described as a proposal to reduce business. For that is what it amounts to.

But there is a type of business man who will never see this except as a form of words. To him business is not a science but a foray. To him labor is not a social partnership composed of human beings in all stages of life's romance and experiences, it is a nuisance, a drain to be decreased at all costs. He is in business to make money for himself alone; he is not in business to make utility for the user of his commodity; he is not in business to make money for the employes who have houses to build and sweethearts to wed and children to rear and educate. None of these aspects of life, as they run through and vitalize business, have any meaning for him.

When pressure comes his first thought is not to go over the ship and stop the leaks, overcome obstacles by managerial resource, tap new centers of strength. No, his first thought is to reduce wages! What he should take out of his own energy and genius for leadership, he takes out of his men's pay envelope instead.

When this kind of business man is numerous enough, he simply destroys wholesale the purchasing power of the community. An unemployed man is an out-of-work customer. He can't buy. An underpaid man is a customer reduced in purchasing power. He can't buy. What a strange business philosophy that would meet the emergencies of business by creating more emergencies. Business depression is caused by weakened purchasing power. Purchasing power is weakened by uncertainty or insufficiency of income. The cure of business depression is through purchasing power, and the source of purchasing power is wages.

This country could not last any time on the purchasing power of those whose income is independent of what they receive from their work. This country is maintained by work. The evidence of work is wages. The effect of wages is the continuity of work. Reduce wages and you reduce work because you reduce the demand upon which work depends.

No sooner does one contend for a steady wage and a just wage than theorists arise and demand the mathematical formula of a just wage. They want to know how it is arrived at. They want to know how it can be described in terms of political economy. The question is not going to be evaded here, but it is going to be postponed in order that it may not be used to derail the present pertinent statement to young business men.

One may question whether it is worth while to argue this point with a business man. If he needs to be argued with about it, he should not be in business. And if he should not be in business, the natural law of business will eliminate him soon enough.

But this fact requires present emphasis, namely, that *wages is more of a question for Business than it is for Labor.* It is more important to Business than it is to Labor. Low wages will break Business far more quickly than it will Labor. For Labor can support life under conditions that will not mean the slightest support for Business as a whole. If any business man thinks that the successful solution of the wage problem consists in getting wages as low as possible, he should ponder the fact that Business could not possibly pay the lowest possible wage. When things got that low, Business would be unable to pay anything.

There is, after all, a world of wisdom in the parable of the goose that laid the golden egg.

Just now, for no apparent reason, there is a restless movement toward suggesting, at least, a general wage reduction. Whence this stupidity arises is hard to guess. For it *is* stupidity. It is not even greed. It is not even a desire to oppress. It is more stupid than these. Everywhere through the business world it should be asserted that stupidity will not be permitted to start a retrograde movement in this country.

Reduce profits; reduce prices; reduce dividends; reduce costs—reduce anything rather than wages. However, if wages are not reduced, neither will any of the other products of business require to be reduced. The pay envelope does as it is done by—when increased, it increases business. When reduced, it reduces business.

WAGES is not exclusively the concern of the wage-earner; wages is also the concern of Business. It is to the best interest of Business as well as of Labor that wages be kept high. For in a country where everyone works and every worker is a wage-earner, the basis of business is purchasing power, and the basis of purchasing power is wages. An unemployed man is an out-of-work customer. An underpaid man is a poor customer. Business beats itself when it beats down wages. And a mere "living wage" is never sufficient to support a lively business.

EDITORIALS

Are Americans Criminal?

NEWSPAPER readers are now aware that Crime has joined in the headlines of crimes. Side by side with horror stands horrified philosophy asking why crime should be so rife. And a committee has been organized in New York to study the matter.

There are two facts which any committee can find if it wants facts and that few newspapers will care to print because they cannot handle them. First, that crime is not an aftermath of war; second, that crime, in this country, comes mostly from two racial groups which it is not polite to mention.

The outrageous assumption that the American stock is degenerating is made in every penny newspaper. Even the New York Committee will probably begin its labors by deploring that we, the people of the United States, are going to the devil. As a matter of fact and observation, we are not *producing* crime, we are being *invaded by it.* And the crime that we behold is not a lapse, it is the normal level of life in lands and classes from which our criminals come. Our own people are as dependable and straight as they ever were; there has come in among us a type of humanity which has crime in its nature.

Dr. Mayo, the famous surgeon, hit the nail on the head in his reported statement during a recent visit to London. Asked to explain the "wave of crime" in the United States, he said, "The dark-skinned people are killing each other—and the more the better." He let it be clearly understood that the "crime wave" was not "American," but racial and transatlantic.

Our crime statistics have no reference whatever to the war, but to our immigration statistics. Before the war was thought of and immigration was free, the crime indicator began to mount. The registers of our courts are sufficient indication that the American has not gone wild, that the solider peoples who merged in the founding of this nation do not figure in the "crime wave." Nothing has happened to *the American people.* They have not turned highwaymen and murderers, nor even bootleggers. These criminal classes are recruited from aliens who brought their criminal proclivities with them.

Nothing more damnable has been attempted in this country than the deliberate insinuation that this crime increase is American.

New York State furnishes a precedent in truth-finding. The governor there is asking $100,000,000 for more jails and more insane asylums. The politicians won't inquire who fill the jails, but the doctors—always a more courageous breed—have inquired who fill the asylums. Is American New York going insane? No. The insane are the aliens, shipped over here and "inspected" at the rate of eight a minute, to fill our public institutions and become charges on taxpaying Americans. The doctors of New York have made that fact clear.

Of course, America has been the dumping ground of the world. The pitiful stories we read of intending immigrants crowded and stranded in distant ports, because refused admission to the United States, must be read with another fact in mind, namely, that those people cannot even return to the country of their birth *because they are not wanted.* They leave their native land for a port to embark to America. They are rejected. Their native land refuses to have them back—feels well rid of them. That is what America has been getting these last twenty years. Certain European governments have periodically cleansed their countries of crime and insanity by sending the criminal and insane to the United States!

It is to be hoped that committees and newspapers will sufficiently respect the facts to permit a few of them to appear. If crime in America is to be investigated, let it be thoroughly done, and by Americans.

Love, Honor and Obey

BISHOP Irving P. Johnson is strong for "obey" in the marriage ceremony. He bases his position on the sound foundation fact that every institution must have a head, and that the home is no exception. The Bishop is not likely to have great success with his teaching because the whole atmosphere of "obedience" has changed for this generation. There has been so devastating an experience with authority minus wisdom, with power minus justice, that the inoffensive "obey" of the marriage vow has quite innocently and ludicrously become the point of attack. People who bow to every other obedience, some of it quite justifying repudiation, assert their sense of independence when approaching that highest form of cooperation, the obedience given to honor and love. "To love, honor and obey"—in such a trinity "obey" may be excised a thousand times; it trails on just the same—provided the love and honor stay.

However, there needs no addition to the verbal reaction which the Bishop's attitude will cause. Every home has a head, whether the man or the woman. Few married souls are of equal age, and if they are, they lack equality in the insights and endurances that are so necessary to a beautiful life. Fronting the world the head of the house is the man, recognized so everywhere. But in the home the head of the house is, by common agreement, the woman. In an age when people were more conscious of order and authority than now, "obey" had its place. In this day the sense of order is in the veins of all good folk, who obey "love and honor" and render their obedience freely and joyfully to these, whether the ceremonial says so or not. For far deeper than the prayerbook is the power of "love and honor" to bring obedience in their train.

Rights and Duties of States

LITTLE given to self-praise, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is nevertheless proud to think that it was instrumental in reviving throughout the country the sense of the Rights of the States to Home Rule in matters not delegated by the Constitution to the Federal Government. The wild rush toward bureaucracy, centralization, prussianization of the whole country, a rush encouraged by those who can more easily control politicians than they can the people, has been stopped. Efforts will still be made to take away the Rights of the States, but the people are awake and that course will not prove so easy in the future.

However, that is not all. Rights *may* be taken away from the States and *are* taken away when States refuse the Duties which Rights imply. No State, in the name of its Rights, can throw itself as a barrier across the path of the nation's progress. When it does, its right to do so is removed. Recent discussion has retained to the State its rights over its schools and to the families of States their rights in their own children. This has been done by showing what is proposed and would be possible under the so-called Child Labor amendment to the Constitution and under the proposed Federal Department of Education. Those who want to control all children under 18 from a Washington Bureau, those who want to put all the district schools under a Bureau at Washington, based their strongest argument on the neglect practiced by the States—neglect in protecting tender children from barbarous labor conditions, neglect in fostering an adequate educational system in backward districts.

Insofar as these charges were true (and to a minor extent in a few neglected places the first was true; to a minor extent but in more places the second was true) it called attention to the neglect of State Duties. The conclusion drawn was wrong, of course. Because a State neglects a matter is no reason why it should be immediately dissociated from all rights and duties in that matter by having the Federal Government appropriate it. Home Rule with less efficiency is more valuable to this nation than Federal Rule with more efficiency. That statement would be true even if Federal Rule were more efficient than Home Rule, which *it is not.* When a State neglects its duties, the procedure is to wake it to its responsibility and through education and urgence bring its people to a vigorous handling of their own affairs.

If there are states which permit little children to go to work, or youth or women to toil under hurtful conditions; if there are States which neglect or forget the district school, they may expect constant assault on their Rights to control the conditions under which their children live, and their Rights to control their own educational system. The Right of the State to Home Rule depends on the State's fulfillment of its duty to rule at home in accordance with the best interests of all its people—especially the multitude of plain people.

Are Men Growing Smaller?

THERE must be something wrong when big men have to form themselves into a Union for the purpose of getting a square deal in the amenities of life. By "big men" we mean those men whose physical latitude and longitude are above the average, not the men whose names are linked with "big business" or great achievement.

What are they kicking about? Simply this: Hotel beds are too small, chairs are too short in the legs, and doorways and other openings are so constructed that they are apt to knock their heads on the transom.

There is a popular delusion that a six-foot man can sleep comfortably in a six-foot bed. The fact is that, geometrically speaking, he has to convert himself into the diagonal of an oblong area before he can sleep at all. Otherwise his feet would be projecting several inches beyond the foot of the bed.

Does this persistent catering to the wants of smaller men suggest that the race is physically deteriorating? Probably not, although some think that it is. The fact that tall men are becoming vocal in clubs and unions may indicate just the opposite, that the physical proportions of the race are increasing. Certainly the conditions of life today make for larger physique.

Lined up for the photographer after school in Domberg.

The Passing of Wooden Shoes

Once Worn by the Thousand, They May Be Soon Classed as Antiques

By DIRK P. De YOUNG

I HEAR that wooden shoes are going out of style—at least in the United States. About twenty years ago there were more wooden shoes worn in Chicago, Grand Rapids, and Kalamazoo, than in the city of Amsterdam, Holland. I wore them myself when I was a boy. My father wore them. My mother, no she never did—she is a born Yankee—but many other women in the United States wore them at that time, while an uncle of mine, now the president of a large bank and the principal owner of a very prosperous manufacturing business—who can afford golden slippers at present—formerly courted his wife in his wooden shoes. In Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, and Nebraska, where thousands of Dutch settled in the period from 1850 to 1900, wooden shoes were as much of a staple as pork and corn. During that era as many as a million pairs a year were imported from Holland for their use.

In Nebraska, where I lived, the country schoolhouse which I attended was called the "Wooden Shoe School." As Whittier said, it still stands by the roadside, "a ragged beggar sunning" where we as children—some of us in wooden shoes—"went creeping slow to school, while storming out to playing." That is a very old school in the southeastern part of Lancaster County, of which Lincoln is the county seat. That section is all of Dutch descent, even today, although the language is no longer spoken much among them. There is a neighborhood legend about one of the pioneer schoolmasters of that country school, which will bear repeating, although I do not guarantee its truth.

The teacher, himself a Dutchman, wore wooden shoes. It was the custom when such footwear was in style for the wearer to leave them outside on the porch, stepping into the building in his stocking feet. But this gentleman, so the legend goes, was a very studious, absent-minded man of learning. Thus it happened that he did just the opposite occasionally—put on his shoes when he entered the schoolhouse and walked home in his stocking feet.

This is rather personal, and somewhat beside the story. Perhaps the editor will blue-pencil it and perhaps he will not. I know that he prefers to have the teller of a story keep himself in the background. But when I grew up, shortly after I finished college, I was appointed to the American Consular Service, with a billet at Amsterdam, Holland. I always suspected that my early connection with the "Wooden Shoe School," and the fact that I was then wearing the baggy trousers of the "peg-top" era influenced the State Department in selecting me for that particular post.

A contented Hollander, who has worn wooden shoes since infancy.

But I did not wear wooden shoes when I later attended the Queen's Ball at the Royal Palace at Amsterdam. Neither did my wife—nor the Queen herself—nor any of the other guests. Wooden shoes are not numerous in Amsterdam—even there they are passing out of style. They are seldom seen in the larger cities of the Netherlands except on the feet of boatmen on the canals. In the country, and in the small villages of the lowlands, however, they are still worn quite as much as formerly. Aside from those manufactured in the country itself, 2,300,000 pairs were imported for local consumption in 1924, while the exports are now negligible. Thus only in the rural districts of Holland, where the people have not changed their styles in much of anything since the time of William the Silent, wooden shoes remain in vogue.

Some years ago there was some sentiment in favor of producing wooden shoes by machinery, but it has never been tried in Holland to a very great extent. In 1910, however, German capital started about a dozen plants, thoroughly equipped with up-to-date woodworking machinery, which were installed in different favorable sections

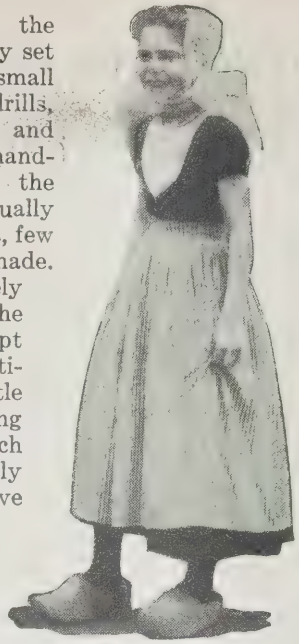
of the Netherlands. But they failed absolutely and closed down a few months after they began operations.

The machines were unable to finish the shoes up to requirements and as a certain amount of work had to be done by hand anyway, it was found cheaper to do it all in the old way. At present, with a few exceptions, the local product is handmade. Some of these handworking factories employ many men and carry stocks of as high as 200,000 pairs in reserve.

In the ready-made articles there is keen competition, principally between Belgian and Dutch manufacturers. As a consequence, wooden shoes sometimes glut the market, and prices go down, causing heavy losses in the industry. The number of pairs actually consumed annually in Holland, like the sands on the seashore, cannot be computed. They imported, as before mentioned, more than two million pairs last year. They manufactured many times that number locally themselves. From six to eight weeks is the life of such a shoe when constantly worn.

Naturally, wood is the raw material from which wooden shoes are made. Willow wood was formerly the principal kind, unless the wearer is exceptionally muscular and wants a pair hewn out of oak, with a weight of about five pounds and a long harpoon toe. But owing to the scarcity of willow timber in recent years, poplar is now being used more and more in its stead. Some Russian and Scandinavian woods are also used, while much of the lumber for the industry comes down the Rhine from the forests of Germany.

The lumber is purchased in the log, in the longest possible lengths, and entirely sawed at the factories. A very ordinary set of tools, in the shape of small saws, round chisels, drills, draw and hook knives, and similar equipment for handworking them, comprise the kit. These tools are usually made by local blacksmiths, few of them being factory made. After the shoes are entirely hewn out they are set in the sun or wind to dry—except in some instances where artificial heat is used. Little care is taken in packing them for shipment, as such shoes are neither easily broken nor soiled. I have seen them both in Holland and in the United States, strung up on exhibition just outside the stores, like dried apples on a string.



A smiling Dutch maiden.

There are both high and low wooden shoes. The low styles are mostly for women and children, as well as for what might be called the white-collared rural gentry. The high ones are worn by laborers and farmers. The low shoe has a latchet and is usually more stylish, at the same time being much more comfortable on the foot. Most people who wear wooden shoes have a real smartly decorated pair for Sunday wear.

Wooden shoes are seldom repaired, resoling being impossible, while polishing of any sort is exceptional. Occasionally a real fancy pair of Sunday shoes, with much carving and other scenery worked thereon, are varnished to keep them shiny and bright, but on the whole the only touching up they get is from a scrub brush and a douche of lye water.

Some of the wooden shoes imported in the United States came as souvenirs—brought hither by tourists from Boston and other Yankee sections, who do not know that they are on sale in almost every Dutch community of this country—in small quantities—even yet. Others came—and still come in reduced amounts—for the Hollanders living in the Dakotas, Minnesota, Nebraska, Illinois, Kansas, Iowa, and farther west. In that great region, even as recently as fifteen years ago, it was estimated that there were 500,000 persons who wore wooden shoes—and the imports at that time seem to tally with it. But now wooden shoes have all but passed out of fashion in the United States. In Pella, Iowa, where my own forbears originally settled in the year 1850, and where my grandmother at the ripe old age of 94 still lives—and she wore wooden shoes when she was a girl, too—they are all of that generation of Dutchmen. When my great-grandfather landed there, about eighty years ago, he not only brought along with him an immense supply of wooden shoes for the family, but also brought along stones—so they tell me—all the way from Holland to hold down the sauerkraut in the huge pickling urns, also a part of the then Dutch immigrant's household utensils. Those stones, brought along from Holland to the Hawkeye State where were already so many "niggerheads," are still joked about, and attracted much more attention on his arrival in the then wilds of the Wooly West than his assorted baggage of wooden shoes.

It is good form in the best rural circles of Holland—and was in the United States, too, when wooden shoes were the prevailing mode—for the guest to call in his wooden shoes, slip them off at his host's doorstep, and walk into the parlor in his stocking feet. Sometimes house-slippers are carried along instead, exchanging the "houten klompen," as the wooden footwear are called in the Dutch language, as he enters his neighbor's home. Where wooden shoes are worn, the people go to church and to school in them, leaving them outside the buildings in orderly rows, according to sizes and shapes. This is in fact a necessity—imagine what a noise all those wooden shoes would make on so many pairs of feet in a public building!

But all the same wooden shoes are passing, like the peg-top trousers.

Something fine and large in a Dutch shoe store.

When Sapiro Did Not Cooperate

He Refused Plan of American Cotton Association He Had Formerly Indorsed

By HARVIE JORDAN

THE American Cotton Association was organized at New Orleans, Louisiana, in May, 1919, six months after the World War and during a period of the highest inflated values for American farm products, including cotton, ever known in the history of the Nation. For nine years the cotton growers and their allied business interests had been without the guiding supervision of a broad and comprehensive interstate association, the Southern Cotton Association having accomplished its main purpose and retired from activities in 1910.

The American Cotton Association, like its predecessor, embraced within its membership cotton growers, merchants, bankers, manufacturers, and other professional and business interests allied directly or indirectly with the cotton-growing industry. Its membership is, therefore, cosmopolitan and free from domination and control of any distinctive class or class prejudice.

All Interested in Cotton Were Eligible

The constitution of the association provides that "*all individuals who are interested directly or indirectly in the prosperity of the cotton producing industry and the cotton producing sections shall be eligible to membership in this Association.*"

J. S. Wannamaker, St. Matthews, South Carolina, at that time one of the largest individual cotton planters east of the Mississippi River, a successful banker and supply merchant, was chosen president of the association, which position he has continued to hold by the unanimous vote of the directors in their annual meetings. The board of directors as constituted, each cotton state being represented on basis of production, was organized with forty members, chosen from leading representatives of growers, bankers, and merchants. The president and the entire board of directors, executive and finance committees, serve the association without salary or other emolument, personally paying their own expenses attending the conventions and conferences, rarely any member ever having presented a bill for traveling cost or hotel expense. Their motive has been the highest patriotic desire to render service to the cotton-growing industry. The president was voted a salary by the board of directors, effective January 1, 1924, at $10,000 per annum. The monthly pay roll of the association, with its full corps of employes, rarely exceeded $1,000 a month for several years after organization, economy of expenditures for salaries being a cardinal principle of the work. The association received its state charter as an eleemosynary institution, without capital stock or dividend-earning organization, on August 22, 1919, and established its original headquarters at Atlanta, Georgia.

The Association Receives Its State Charter

To the ultimate and successful carrying out of certain broad and and plain economic principles relating to the practical departments of the cotton-growing industry, the association, its officials and widespread membership were fully committed through the inauguration of a South-wide educational and constructive campaign.

Fifteen cotton states enlisted under the banners of the American Cotton Association and took active part through their respective representative leaders in creating and perfecting the interstate organization.

The by-laws of the association were so drawn as to provide for the first unit of representation to begin in the township or militia district and from there reach up through the various cotton counties to the State Subdivision and finally to the National Association. This gave a distinctive republican type of government patterned after the Constitution of the United States. Practically all of the 800 cotton-growing counties were represented in the organization with a direct and affiliated membership reaching several hundred thousand.

Some of the Ground Which Was Covered

Leading officials and representative delegates of the association attended the second World Cotton Conference held in this country, in New Orleans, October, 1919, and took an active part in the five days' proceedings of the Conference. Thirteen countries were represented, delegates attending from practically every country in the world where American cotton is manufactured. A World Cotton Congress was organized at that Conference and the American Cotton Association was enrolled in the membership.

With all of the cotton states and counties fully organized and equipped for the great educational and constructive reforms which had been undertaken, the first annual convention of the association was called to meet in the city auditorium at Montgomery, Alabama, April 13-16, 1920. More than one thousand representative delegates from fifteen states were registered and enrolled upon attendance at the conference.

To give an idea of the broad field of work undertaken by the association, a list of the general committees, composed of from twenty to thirty selected men on each committee, and who attended the conference, is hereby given as follows: *Banking and legislation; warehousing and operation; cooperative marketing; tare and statistics; finance, organization and membership; seed improvement and diversification; cost of production; high density gin compression; cotton acreage and price recommendation; patents, improvements, inventions and processes; education* and a number of special committees on affiliated subjects.

Among the leading subjects for discussion before the convention were: *Diversification, cooperative marketing, economic reform in baling and handling cotton, warehousing, cotton statistics.*

Cooperative Cotton Marketing Became an Issue

The leading theme which commanded the most urgent and thoughtful consideration of the board of directors and the delegates attending the convention was the matter of beginning field activities, issuing propaganda and developing on a South-wide scale the organization of Coöperative Cotton Marketing associations. It was felt that the greatest opportunities for economic reform in the cotton-growing industry would be found in the advocacy and adoption of better baling methods; a more economic system of distribution, developing closer trade relations with the spinners and control of production, could be had through the effective organization of the growers into sound and efficient State Coöperative Cotton Marketing associations.

The American Cotton Association thus became the pioneer and leader in the first comprehensive South-wide movement ever practically presented for extended organization of the growers to market their crop by combined coöperative effort. That the association would take this advanced step in its constructive, educational work had been broadcast over the country in its preconvention publicity regarding subjects of vital importance to the growers that would come on for discussion and action during the Montgomery Conference, April 13-16, 1920.

President Heard That Sapiro Would Attend

It was due to this extended broadcast publicity that the president of the association received unsolicited advices from the Pacific Coast that

Aaron Sapiro would attend the convention and seek an opportunity to address the delegates on Coöperative Cotton Marketing. Mr. Sapiro had not previously expressed or implied by person or communication any interest whatever in the American Cotton Association until the question of coöperative marketing became a subject of special activity in the councils and literature of the organization.

Receives Half-hour to Address the Meeting

The official program of the Montgomery Conference provided for several addresses by prominent speakers of national reputation, on the leading subjects of coöperative marketing, warehousing and economic reform in baling, but no place on the program had been officially assigned to Mr. Sapiro. He reached Montgomery from his far western home, three thousand miles from the Cotton Belt, and at once sought and obtained conference with President Wannamaker and insisted that he not only be heard before the convention but that ample time for an extended address be granted him. Every moment of the nine sessions of the three-day convention was filled with the subjects for discussion and the invited speakers were present. After repeated conferences it was finally agreed that Mr. Sapiro should be allotted thirty minutes. He exceeded his time by more than an hour.

In this connection it should be emphasized that before Mr. Sapiro delivered his address he found opportunity, by appearing before the general committee on marketing, talking with executive officials and fully investigating the plans of the association on the subject, to become fully posted on the methods the association would pursue.

Mr. Sapiro Indorses Plans of Association

These plans were made known to Mr. Sapiro soon after he reached Montgomery on April 13, 1920. In the stenographic record of his lengthy address he repeatedly indorsed and approved the plans as advocated for adoption by the American Cotton Association for organizing State Coöperative Cotton Marketing associations, and especially did he emphasize the use of the American Cotton Association as the publicity driving power behind the building of the new system of coöperative marketing and the use of *Cotton News* as the circulating medium for the entire membership when the coöperatives had been properly organized according to the plans proposed. Notwithstanding the fact that every executive official, every delegate and every invited speaker who attended the Montgomery convention paid their own traveling expenses and hotel bills, Mr. Sapiro made out and presented an expense bill covering his journey from San Francisco to Montgomery and return and violently insisted upon its payment by the American Cotton Association, although he came there largely on his own invitation and forced a lengthy period for his address on an already officially filled program.

The American Cotton Association appointed a special committee of thirty outstanding men at the Montgomery Conference to begin at once to draft plans for a comprehensive system of coöperative cotton marketing associations. Among the members of this committee was Carl Williams, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. The committee perfected its work and submitted its report to a largely attended called meeting of the American Cotton Association held at Montgomery, Alabama, September 2-3, 1920. The report was unanimously adopted, ordered published in pamphlet form and thousands of copies were mailed out over the cotton belt, preparatory to the active campaign work for organization to be started by the association in 1921.

Mr. Sapiro Came to Oklahoma

In November, 1920, shortly after the publicity campaign of the American Cotton Association had been under way to stimulate the growers and prepare them for organizing coöperative marketing associations, Mr. Sapiro left the Pacific slope, came to Oklahoma City, where he was joined by Carl Williams, and the Sapiro plan for organizing coöperative cotton marketing associations was prepared and actively begun in Oklahoma. Sapiro and Williams formulated their plans without conference with officials of the American Cotton Association, but by beginning the active work of organization first, pushed their plans forward and in two years thereafter had all the leading cotton states federated into the Sapiro Cotton Growers Exchange, with Williams as president and Sapiro as leading counsel and advisor.

Thousands of farmers believed when joining the Sapiro organizations that they were founded upon the plans laid out by the American Cotton Association and that it was an active part of the Sapiro chain of coöperatives. This misapprehension on the part of numerous grower members of the Sapiro organizations has resulted in considerable unfavorable attacks on the association because of dissatisfaction at times by members with the operations of the coöperatives.

In February, 1922, after the organization of the American Cotton Growers Exchange by Sapiro as the overhead directing organization of the State Coöperatives, officials of the American Cotton Association appeared before the trustees and executive officials of the American Cotton Growers Exchange, at Atlanta, Georgia, and presented a proposition to bring about mutual coöperation along the lines laid down at the Montgomery convention in April, 1920, and which Mr. Sapiro and Mr. Williams both so fully endorsed at that time. But the suggestions were refused and, consequently, there has been no coöperation between the American Cotton Association and the Sapiro chain of coöperative cotton marketing associations as now dominated and controlled by the American Cotton Growers Exchange.

Never Have Controlled Ten Per Cent

The Sapiro coöperatives have never in any year controlled 10 per cent of the cotton production, nor have the organizations marketed cotton direct to consuming mills to any extent. The organizations have made no apparent effort to ascertain the cost of cotton production by their membership or to seek effectively to secure prices that would net their membership cost plus a reasonable profit above cost. To the outsider, the Sapiro system has only succeeded so far in creating additional cotton-selling agencies, multiplying more middlemen, with the advantage over other cotton merchants, in that the contracts of the membership require delivery of all the cotton produced in five-year periods.

The American Cotton Association has the distinction of being the only agency that has ever undertaken to ascertain the average cost of production each year in advance of harvesting the crop, and recommending a minimum bulk-line price that would pay to the growers cost plus a reasonable profit.

The first minimum price recommended to the growers as right and proper for their staple was in September, 1919. The price recommended was received for the crop. Each year since then, except in the drastic deflation of the autumn and winter of 1920, the minimum price recommended by the association has been reached and paid to thousands of growers who took advantage of the market quotations as they prevailed from time to time. Without definite knowledge of the cost of production and determined effort to secure a price that will represent a reasonable profit, the interest of the growers will never be subserved under any system of marketing spot cotton.

And Now It Is the Boll Weevil

The educational and constructive work of the American Cotton Association has been largely directed since the beginning of 1923, to the operation of a South-wide Boll Weevil Control Campaign, the intensive culture of cotton, soil improvement, rotation of crops and planting abundant food and feed crops so as to make each cotton farm self-sustaining. The association has operated under its supervision nearly 3,000 ocular cotton demonstration farms for boll weevil control in the eleven cotton states, furnishing free to the farmer operators of demonstrations, the necessary poisons and machinery for applying same.

Master Samuel Pepys—His Diary

Things Not in History Are Sometimes the Most Historical

(Second of Series)

By CHARLES J. FINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

"When from being a common clerk he climbed into fashionable circles and he set down the shortcomings of those about him."

YOU must have been struck by the fact that Pepys seems to stand as an observer placed a little higher than those about him. Somehow he seems more modern than his contemporaries, certainly more dignified, simple and businesslike. He appears as a strong and originally powerful mind not easily submerged into the froth and ripple of life, but with some buoyant spirit, exquisite and fine, all his own. Not that he was a saint by any means, for his actions were, at times, petty, even sordid and mean. But he realizes his shortcomings and steps out more brisk, following a livelier inspiration. To my thinking, all this was because he had touched hands with wise old spirits and so was determined to nourish a fine life of his own.

When from being a common clerk, as he styled himself, he climbed into fashionable circles, he was no sycophant to hide or disguise what he saw, and he set down the shortcomings of those hedged about with pomp and circumstance just as he set down the shortcomings of his man Tom who annoyed him by whistling as he walked the streets, or by going about with his coat hung over his arm. Thus, he sees the king at table and exclaims in wonderment at "my lord Barkshire waiting on table and serving the king drink, in that dirty pickle as I never saw man in my life," a picture that well matches another given by Father Trixier who, having seen the same king supping with Louis XIV and the two queens at Compiègne, wrote that "every time Marie-Therese spoke to the English king he lifted his hat to her, and by the end of the meal his hat was most terrible dirty."

But a reader wonders at the dirty pickle of my lord Barkshire, for if we have made definite progress anywhere it is in the direction of personal cleanliness. Consider. Pepys is very explicit as to his gettings up and his goings to bed, his clothes, the physic he took, how he had his house boy comb his head, how he cleaned his face with pumice stone, how the housemaid washed his feet, but there is a reticence when it comes to bathing. Indeed, from a passage or two we gather much that affords food for serious speculation on this score, as, for example, this passage: "My wife is going with her woman to bathe herself after her long being within doors, so that she now pretends to a resolution for being hereafter very clean. How long it will hold I can guess." Clearly, comment is needless.

Himself a man thrifty and orderly, not for a moment given to habits of idleness, Pepys is astounded at the mingled pride and neglect and luxury and beggary of the court. "Mr. Evelyn," he writes, "tells me of several of the menial servants of the Court

"Women painted red on the cheeks, which makes me sick."

lacking bread that have not received a farthing wages since the king's coming in." In another place he tells of a visit to Lady Peterborough, one of the court ladies, and makes this entry: "The woman is a very wise woman, and is very plain in telling me how her plate and jewells are at pawn for money, and how they are forced to live beyond their estate, and do get nothing by his being a courtier." That poverty touched the department in which Pepys worked, in time, and he tells how things at the office were in sorry case, those there "having little to do but to bemoan under the want of money; and indeed, little is or can be done, we not having received one penny for service in many weeks, and none in view." Of the English ambassador in Spain he writes: "I was . . . discoursing about the ill state of my lord Sandwich, that he can neither get to be called home nor money got to maintain him there; which will ruin his family." Foreign envoys were in no better condition judging by an entry telling of the Russian representatives who "have none of them clothes which are their own but taken from the king's wardrobe and which they dare not bring back dirty or spotted, but clean, or are in danger of being beaten." As for the king's own wardrobe, note this: "I was witness of a horrible rateing which Mr. Ashburnham, as one of the Grooms of the King's Bed Chamber, did give him (Mr. Townshend) for want of linen for the King's Person; which he swore was not to be endured, and that the King would not endure it . . . the King having this day no handkerchers, and but three bands to his neck, he swore. Mr. Townshend pleaded want of money and the owing of the linen draper five thousand pounds; and that he hath of late got many rich things made—beds and sheets and saddles, without money, and that he could go no further . . . When he was gone, Townshend told me that it is the grooms taking away the King's linen at the quarter end as their fee, which makes this great want; for, whether the King can get it or not, they will run away at the quarter's end with what he hath had, let the king get more as he can. . ." And this: ". . . there is not an officer in the house almost but curses him for letting them starve, and there is not a farthing of money to be raised for the buying them bread."

His eyes opened to the disorder about the royal premises, Pepys soon discovered the feet of clay under the front of brass and became filled with

dark suspicion. His loyalty and respect sagged under the strain. So down went his reflections in this manner: "Having heard the King and the Duke talk, and seeing and observing their habits of intercourse, God forgive me, though I admire them with all my duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men." Obviously, standing on his pedestal of self-respect, the man overtopped his lord. His royal master was deficient in hero stuff and on close scrutiny the halo vanished. The man saw straight and set down what he saw. Describing a meeting at a royal hunt where drink was spilled freely, Pepys tells of the company "all a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, the Duke of York the King; and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were." Then come entries recording many strange things that throw strong light on fashionable society of the day: a woman who poured a pint and a half of wine into a "pye" and drank it all at a draught; the goings and comings of Nell Gwynne, women painted red "on the cheeks which makes me sick"; the doings of other mistresses of the king; quarrels concerning illegitimate offspring of the king, wild doings at court balls where dancers smeared one another's faces with soot and tallow; the affairs of the Lord Mayor, "a talking, bragging and buffle-headed fellow"; the king being at Lady Castlemaine's lodgings "a-dancing with fiddlers all night almost and all the world coming to take notice of it": or, "how loose the court is, nobody looking after business, but every man his lust and gain, and how the king is become besotted with Mrs. Stewart that he gets into corners with her half an hour together kissing her to be observation of the world."

Very naturally with such a central luminary, there was imitation among the satellites, and the foremost of the court ladies played strange pranks, going about as common orange vendors for adventure sake much as Rochester and Sedley became amateur innkeepers so that they might debauch the wives of farmers. Writes Pepys: "What mad freaks the Mayds of Honour at Court have; Mrs. Jennings one of the Duchesses Mayds the other day dressed herself like an orange wench and went up and down crying oranges; soon falling down, or by some accident, her fine shoes were discerned and she put to a great deal of shame; that such as these tricks being ordinary, and worse among them, thereby few will venture upon them for wives."

"One of the Duchesses Mayds the other day dressed herself like an orange wench and went up and down crying oranges."

Literally, not figuratively, Pepys goes from high to low, from king to butcher, baker and candlestick maker and always presenting pictures with photographic accuracy. In evidence of that accuracy and meticulous care I point to the scene with the shepherd, and his boy, sunburnt and graceful, in rough clothes, reading the Bible "which he did with the forced tone with which children usually do read, that was mighty pretty and I did give him something." Or, again, where he records a visit to the butcher and quotes the tradesman's remark thus: "Look how fat it is, the lean only appears here and there a speck, like beauty spots." The man is like Robert Burns with his eye for the small things—a mouse, a daisy upturned. So it is plain that we can accept without question the testimony of one who sets things down with such particularity, extraordinary though that testimony may be. And strange tales of brutality, of wild sport, of ruffianism he gives. We learn of street fights that are really battles with flags and pistols and swords, between the followers of the French and the Spanish ambassadors, in which men are killed; of duels to the death on the slightest provocation; of riots between rival guilds or trade companies; of prisoners on trial flinging stones at the judge and the judge using the incident as occasion for a *bon mot;* of people hiding their money in back yards for safe-keeping; of an actor falling into such ecstacy in his dance that he broke his leg while on the stage; of a child torn to pieces by stray dogs in the town of Walthamstow; of prize fights where men fought with naked sharp swords; of crowded entertainments at bear gardens with the sport "very good." The account of that last is of strange interest.

"To the bear-garden, where now the yard was full of people and most of them seamen, striving by force to get in, that I was afraid to be seen among them, but got into the ale-house, and so by a back way was put into the bull house, where I stood a good while all alone among the bulls, and was afraid I was among the bears, too; but by and by the door opened. I got into the common pit and there with my cloak about my face, I stood and saw the prize fought, till one of them, a shoemaker, was so cut in both his wrists that he could not fight any longer, and then they broke off; his enemy was a butcher. The sport was very good, and various humours to be seen among the rabble that was there."

But though Pepys went to that half-ashamed, there was no such shame, no covering his face with his cloak at the more fashionable entertainment of a public execution. He records his attendance at one or two, but more particularly at the execution of a Colonel Turner, found guilty of robbery. "To get a place to see Turner hanged . . . and seeing people flock in the city, I enquired, and found that Turner was not yet hanged. So I went among them to Leadenhall Street . . . near where the robbery was done; and to St. Mary Axe where he lived. And there I got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart, in great pain, above an hour before the execution was done, he delaying the time by long discourses and prayers, one after another, in hopes of a reprieve; but none came, and at last he was flung off the ladder in his cloak. A comely looked man he was, and kept his countenance to the end; I was sorry to see him. It was believed that there were at least twelve to fourteen thousand people in the street."

Reading that, it is a little difficult to imagine anything refined and noble in a man who would stand for an hour on a cart wheel to see a wholly unlovely and dramatic affair, one of thousands bawling and sweating and blocking a narrow street.

"And there I got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart above an hour before the execution was done."

A corner of the St. Thomas Horticultural Society's trial gardens where thousands of gladioli are tested yearly.

Making Better Citizens With Flowers

By L. B. BIRDSALL

THE picturesque little city of St. Thomas, in the province of Ontario, Canada, has gained international distinction from two sources. One is the St. Thomas Horticultural Society, the largest organization of the kind on the North American Continent; the other is Dr. Frank E. Bennett, the president of the society. The two are synonymous.

Speak to an Ontarian about the society and ten to one he will say: "Oh, yes, that's Dr. Bennett's organization!" or refer to Dr. Bennett and you'll receive the response: "Sure, I know him! He's the head of the St. Thomas Horticultural Society." The affinity between the organization and the organizer has existed for fifteen years and together they have gained for St. Thomas the title of "The Flower City of Canada."

Dr. Bennett is as well known in Canada's banner province as its premier and in the United States he is perhaps better known—and all through his horticultural activities. He is a tireless worker and a supreme optimist, often described as "a man who thinks, talks, dreams, and acts florally." A dentist by profession, for years he has sacrificed that profession, that he might devote his time and energy to civic beautification and the advancement of horticulture in all its branches. Almost single-handed he has developed the St. Thomas society from a few dozen amateur gardeners to an organization of over three thousand active members with an annual revenue of nearly $25,000.

In appreciation of this flower-idealist's efforts, the executives of the American Gladiolus Society made him their president. He was the first Canadian to fill that office. The largest gladiolus hybridizer in California recently named one of his latest and finest creations "Dr. Bennett," while the Dominion Department of Agriculture has recognized his ability and worth by designating the society's extensive gardens in St. Thomas as official trial grounds. There thousands of varieties of gladioli, irises, and other flowers are grown each year, and in August and September those grounds are the mecca for floriculturists from miles around.

It is in his native city that Dr. Bennett has achieved the most remarkable results. St. Thomas is a railroad center, the Canadian divisional point of three big American roads. The average railroad city is not usually a thing of beauty and a joy forever and St. Thomas, ten years ago, was in every sense of the word an average railroad city. The environments of the yards were largely ugly waste spaces, the repositories of rubbish. Today those unsightly places have entirely disappeared.

A wide expanse in front of one depot on the main business street that was a sand-lot for years and years is a lovely little public park with cinder walks meandering through the shrubbery. Paralleling the railroad tracks that dissect the city, north and south and east and west, are miles of velvet lawn, dotted with orderly flower beds and shaded by tall maples. Where the buildings adjoining the tracks are disorderly, high ornamental fences have been erected, flanked by thousands of flowering shrubs. One thoroughfare that bore the title "Railway Street," had the name changed to "Princess Avenue." It is now one of the show streets of the city.

Dr. Bennett received his inspiration to engage in this line of civic endeavor at a convention in Rochester, NewYork, many years ago. Stretched across the convention hall was a huge banner, flaunting the words of the late Elbert Hubbard: *Do Nothing, Say Nothing, Be Nothing.*

"My resolve to devote more of my energies to public service," said Dr. Bennett, "found expression in horticulture. I have always loved flowers. When I am among them I have better and nobler thoughts. I saw in them the immeasurable medium through which I could brighten lives. If flowers had an elevating effect on me, if they dispelled pessimism and made me see how beautiful the old world really is, would they not have the same effect on others? I asked, for in the final analysis, human natures are very much alike.

"My deductions proved correct. Horticulture is a common meeting ground through which men get to know each other better. It creates enthusiasm, an appreciation of the beautiful and a civic pride, and in doing that, it can't help but make better citizens."

Circle—Dr. Frank E. Bennett. Below—Showing the method of treatment of tracks on a divided traffic street.

The Transformed County Fair

Progressive Movement Sweeping Away "Shady" Attractions

By GEORGE M. GAHAGAN

PLACED in a position where fair men bring their troubles, talk shop in season and out of season, urge reforms and uphold the old order, glow over new institutions and decry the changing, and canvass every phase of making agricultural shows into greater successes, the writer at the editorial desk of a fair publication must see some things that impress and cause enthusiasm. It would be no tribute to the man with the blue pencil to say that he did see; he would be blind, indeed, if he did not. Yet, speaking with a fair degree of expereience from the standpoint of a handler of such a clearing house of fair manager's ideas, the writer believes that the position brings one into somewhat of a judical frame of mind. One handles the evidence, weighs it, takes the opposite side, considers the argument, and then, with his figurative scales balanced, tries to reach a decision—and usually succeeds.

Of course, there is no decision handed down from the bench in many instances, for in the court room, which consists of the pages of his journal devoted to the advocacy of certain ideas by managers the world over, the case is most often left to the great jury of the public for the decision, without charge from the judicial chair. And who, with the history of all great movements before him, will say that the public does not generally, at least, reach a verdict fair to the majority?

All of which is preliminary to the convincing feeling that in general the fairs, state, district and county, are moving forward; that out of the warring opinions of the managers; the conflicting interests of the legitimate concessionaire and the crooked and salacious concessionaire; the progressive ideas of the modern-minded exponent and the stuck-in-the-rut man who believes that because things have been they are right and prudent—that out of all these things, threshed out to a great degree through the press devoted to fairs and attachments of fairs, there is a steady movement for the betterment and advancement of these institutions so linked with agriculture.

The world does move assuredly—and so does the higher state of the farmer come year by year with a forceful reaction from the old ways that is evidence of the rising intelligence of his sphere. And the world's movement is not of that forced nature which was conceived by the Celtic sewer digger, who was interrogated one day by a kindly old gentleman of philosophical nature. The gray-haired one had been informed that Pat was well informed, despite the lack of an education, and he tramped across the street, smiled benignly upon the perspiring one in the trench, and waited for him to look up.

"It's hot down there in that trench, isn't it?" remarked the gentleman.

"It is, sor," returned Pat, wiping the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand.

"And the sun—it's a wonderful thing, too, but isn't it a hard thing to work against? Let's see, who was it that commanded the sun to stand still?"

Above—"The Lure That Was" — but now is the minor attraction — even where it remains.

Right—The happy winner of the blue in the baby beef contest at his home home town fair.

Pat reached back for his pick. "Oi don't *know* who it wuz, but Oi'd make a giss that it wuz some murdherin' divil av a contrachtor who wanted t' git a big day's wurruk out av his min."

Analyzing the present situation of the county fairs, one is struck with the readiness to adopt praiseworthy ideas which appear to dominate the managers. If one cares to bring into concert the relation of the upward-looking managers to the material success which is manifest on numberless grounds about the country, one can readily establish convincing evidence that the determination to run a clean fair, a fair with progressive ideas, with an ideal in view, is fruitful of money at the gate, the grandstand and the other sources, whence comes the sustenance from year to year.

Among the fair men of the country there is general agreement that Ohio is near the top—if not the real leader—in county fairs, and the situation in the Buckeye State to one who has noted the growth and development of the modern idea is strongly favorable to the movement which must be termed here—for want of something more dependable for suggestion—the progressive movement.

In this movement—and perhaps it is unnecessary to specify it—the principle of fair-and-square dealing is foremost. In short, the claim is for a clean fair, and the management makes good on the claim. The men of these fairs believe that because crooked games were permitted in the old days, and because salacious exhibitions drew throngs in other years, these are not legitimate claims for the patronage of the present—and the future, also.

For years there has been a decided movement away from the farms. The city with its bright lights, glamour and gayety has been the goal. The turn from the humble highways and byways of the productive regions has been strangely contradictory of a movement urged by our best scientific men to greater advantages for health. But youth is headstrong and easily lured. Many succeed in the city—many do not. It is idle to say that every boy or girl born on a farm should stay on a farm through life, and such a theory is not compatible with the proposition to present the dignity of the farm, the possibilities, the rising opportunities, the approach of urban advantages to the farmer's door. There are great buildings in many cities teaching various trades to the young; why should not the farming communities teach better farming, the beauties and charms of farming—teach it more thoroughly than agricultural colleges can teach it with their inability to reach many of the growing generation in the country?

How About the Human Derelict

Psychiatrists as Social Engineers Do Some Strenuous Salvage Work

By HOWARD W. BOWMAN

MENTION was made in a previous article of the manner employed by psychiatrists in delving into the minds of men and, by the use of certain defined tests, ascertaining the mental ages of individuals. To date the largest socio-psychiatric delinquency study to be made of any group was conducted in the psychopathic clinic of the Municipal Criminal Courts of Detroit, and for that reason a survey of this work in Detroit may be safely taken to be representative of similar work in other like clinics in America.

Detroit has at the head of its psychopathic clinic Dr. Arnold L. Jacoby, who is recognized as an authority. His assistant is Dr. Jessie M. Ostrander who, like himself, is the author of a number of articles on psychological work in connection with crime. The office force includes three social workers, who gather statistics and histories concerning the subjects, and a physician who makes the customary physical examinations.

Cases referred to the clinic are studied and examined first by the physician, then by a psychologist and a social worker. A complete record is made of the subject's past performances from all available sources, his responses to the various standardized psychometric tests, the results of his physical, neurological and psychiatric examinations. These facts are then considered at a staff conference in which the case is discussed, diagnosed and a recommendation outlined. A report of the result of the examination is then submitted to the referring authority.

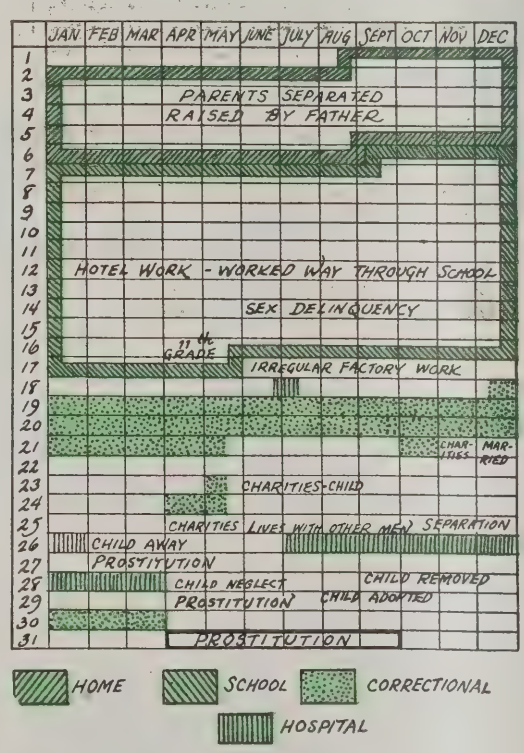
The clinic adheres strictly to the medico-social viewpoint, although there can be little question that should a judge act along the lines recommended by the clinic the legal phase of the offender's case would be affected. In the clinic the crime for which the individual is arrested is regarded as a symptom of that individual's make-up, and the object of the study then is to determine what underlying disorder or defect of the personality exists which may have contributed to the production of the individual symptoms for which he was arrested.

All human behavior, including criminal behavior, is regarded by the psychologists as having a cause either in the personality of the offender or in his social environment. Therefore, Detroit's clinic concerns itself with attempting to find the cause. Having found the cause, the next consideration is the determination of what is the best thing to do to prevent a recurrence of that symptom or other anti-social symptoms.

With this viewpoint, Dr. Jacoby points out, little or no consideration is given to questions of legal responsibility in the clinic's work. The question of whether or not a particular offender was legally responsible for his criminal act is held to be no help toward the understanding of his case.

Likewise, questions of differentiation between sanity and insanity are regarded as of very secondary importance. The clinic considers the offender before it as a problem demanding solution and it does not believe that the arbitrary declaration of sanity or insanity, responsibility or irresponsibility, helps in any way toward its solution.

The reports upon cases which are submitted by the clinic to the courts contain a short statement, usually no more than a paragraph, setting forth the deviations from the average which the individual has shown, either in his nervous and mental make-up or in his so-called adaptation to society. The second paragraph then contains a short statement as to what is deemed the best thing to be done for the individual.



This chart is that of a thirty-one-year-old girl, a common prostitute, who showed, upon examination, a normal degree of intelligence but a very serious emotional disorder which had been much accentuated by her early environment. She was not to be classed as insane and thus treated in an insane hospital, but she was much in need of mental hygiene and treatment under the closest sort of custody and supervision. While this woman is not insane, in that she is suffering from acquired mental disease, she is utterly incompetent to compete satisfactorily with the rest of society industrially and hence she cannot make a living for herself in legitimate ways. Much of this history of her life might have been avoided had she been adequately treated during her school period.

"The crime itself is seldom an accurate index of the amount of treatment or confinement which the individual needs to insure the safety of the community," says Dr. Jacoby. "A case to illustrate this point was that of an embezzler who stole $1,800. His friends and family made good the money he had stolen and the case was dropped. He returned to society with the same industrial inadequacies which had been responsible for his first offense. A few months later he was again arrested, this time for the theft of $4,000 from another employer.

"The average cost of a study is about $25. The average cost of a single felony trial is said to be about $500. It can be readily seen that the prevention of a single felony trial brought about by a thorough study of the individual, and the administration of proper treatment, as a result of that study, would pay for several examinations."

We find in a perusal of cases in the psychopathic clinic and in discussions with the psychiatrists that it is apparent *the criminal problem is not kept alive by the occasional offender, but by the repeated offender.* The question, therefore, arises: Is the established machinery of our law a failure and is the psychopathic clinic a correction? Let us see.

In connection with the discussion of "repeaters," or recidivists, as they are termed by the psychiatrists, perhaps no better idea can be obtained of just what part they play in our social scheme than to refer to a survey made of the Detroit clinic somewhat recently by Dr. Jacoby, Dr. Theophile Raphael, Dr. Ward W. Harryman and Mary M. Raphael, A. B., assisted by Mrs. W. W. Harryman and Dr. and Mrs. M. A. Gore.

Detroit's criminal courts, with seven judges having jurisdiction over all adult criminal offenders, hold trials of all manner of felonies and misdemeanors, ranging from mere traffic violations to the major crimes. The 1,918 cases examined were selected for study-analysis because they were considered sufficiently complete and were bona fide court cases; that is, cases not referred for special examination from other agencies than the court.

There were among these cases 1,509 males and 479 females, this

roup representing three times in umber the group previously studied y Professor Bernard Glueck at Sing ing Prison, and twice the number re- orted from the Boston Municipal 'ourt by Professor V. V. Anderson. 'ollowing is the table of recidivism ccording to mental status as prepared y this committee:

'ondition	*Per cent Recidivist*
nferior	49.7
'eeble minded	41.3
)ementia praecox	14.1
Maniac depressive insanity	40.0
'aranoid state undifferentiated	0.0
Alcoholic psychosis	45.4
Alcoholic deterioration	63.2
Neuraxial syphilis*	61.7
enile or cerebral arterio- sclerotic psychosis	40.7
Epileptic psychosis	62.5
'sychopathic personality	31.3
'sychoneurosis	20.5
'sychosis with drug addiction	56.5
Undiagnosed	27.3

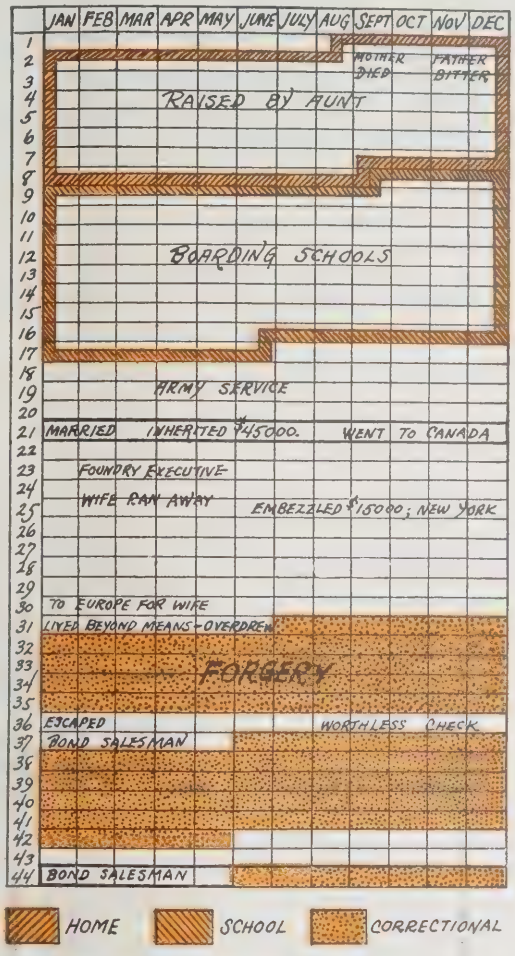
The New York State Commis- ion on Prisons recently invited the National Committee for Mental Hygiene to conduct a survey of the ounty jails and penitentiaries in he Empire State. This work was onducted by twenty-one psy- hiatrists, assisted by a staff of sychologists and psychiatric social vorkers who examined 1,288 pris- oners.

The survey included an in- pection of each jail and peniten- iary studied, a physical, neuro- ogical and psychiatric examination f each prisoner, a psychometric xamination of selected prisoners, nd a study of the records in each ase. As a result it was found that *'66 per cent were recidivists*—the rrests numbering from two to more han fifty; 23 per cent were normal —defined as those who were at east of average intelligence as de- ermined by individual tests, who were ree from nervous or mental disease, nd whose 'personality' showed no utstanding pathologic traits; 77 per ent were psychopathological individ- uals of well-recognized types; 64 per ent of those arrested only once were nentally abnormal; 90 per cent of hose arrested four or more times were nentally abnormal; and 37 per cent vere under thirty years of age.

"Insofar as the prisoners in this tudy are concerned," says the report, n part, "and it is believed they are epresentative of county-jail popula- ions generally, the problem of de- inquency is a problem of recidivism, nd recidivism is a problem of psy- hopathology. It is clear that in the nain one is not dealing with a group f 'normal' individuals, but with a roup least likely to profit either by nodes of punishment or by well- ntentioned but largely misapplied efforts at 'reformation' . . .

"Severe punishment, probation, the ndeterminate sentence (as now pro- vided), parole, occupational training, all assume that the average prisoner is a 'normal' individual who may profit either by punishment or by the op- portunity given him to 'reform.' An examination of the prisoner does not warrant such an assumption . . . The crux of the situation is ignored and recidivism is the result."

*Not including tabes without psychosis.



This chart illustrates a man's life. The years of his life are given in the vertical, left-hand column, while the months of the year are indicated across the top. He was studied on the occasion of his arrest in his forty-fourth year for obtaining money under false pretenses. He showed himself to be of rather superior intelligence, but quite lacking in his appreciation of social values. No effort was made to understand why he committed crime and to correct the difficulty in his personality with the result that one notices, as he grows older, that his imprisonments come closer together, and he is less able to keep from crime. This criminal career might have been prevented by psychiatric study and treatment along mental hygiene lines very much earlier in his life.

The recommendations made by this committee are as follows:

"1. That steps be taken looking to the abandonment of county jails as places of punishment.

"2. That there be created: (a) Well planned and adequately financed diagnostic clearing-house facilities where sentenced jail prisoners may be sent for a period of observation and study . . . . (b) Institutions adequately equipped for vocational training. (c) Industrial farms, or institutions for vocational training, sufficiently diverse in plan and method to meet the diversified needs of those to be trained . . . A system that assumes that all prisoners are alike, presumably 'normal,' and that all will profit if given 'opportunity,' fails before it begins.

"3. That provision be made for truly indeterminate sentences. It is hardly intelligent for a judge, who knows nothing of a prisoner (the chances being more than three to one that he is feeble-minded, psychoneurotic, with mental disease, or a pathological personality) except that he is guilty of a certain offense, to prognosticate that by an incarceration for three months or six months the prisoner will have been sufficiently punished to have learned his 'lesson,' that society will not tolerate such conduct, or that in some miraculous way in the process of sitting idly about for a similar period he will have sufficiently reformed as to wish to live a socially accepted life . . .

"4. That disposition of prisoners be based upon the needs of the prisoners as revealed by adequate observation and examination . . .

"5. The time for the parole of a prisoner cannot be determined mechanically by calendar and clock . . .

"A prisoner should be paroled only when the problem he presents —whether it be the comparatively simple one of occupational training for a 'normal' individual or the more complicated problem of mental disease or defect, or pathological personality—has been sufficiently, well met to warrant the belief that he will be able to adjust himself suitably in the community.

"The one exception to this rule that should be made is provision for the parole of certain carefully selected prisoners to psychiatric out-patient clinics for treatment. In such instances the length of parole should not be automatically determined, but should continue until such time as, in view of those who have had charge of the treatment, the prisoner is able to resume his life in the community.

"6. A prisoner when placed upon parole and even at the expiration of his parole is a convalescent . . . Even after the most painstaking and successful treatment his health is not robust. He still requires treatment, not so much medical as social. Suitable employment should be found for him and skilled and understanding supervision on the part of a psychiatric social worker should be maintained for the first few months of his return to the community."

And to this Dr. Jacoby adds that if at this time a psychopathic analysis were to be made of the prisoners at Jackson Prison, one of the municipal penal institutions of Michigan, and the recommendations of psychiatrists making such an analysis were to be followed, at least 500 prisoners who have yet their sentences to serve out would be released, and that 500 of those about to complete their terms would be held for an "indefinite duration." The system works both ways.

Photos reproduced by permission of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum.

Cinnamon peelers at work in Ceylon. These present much the same appearance as their primitive ancestors.

The Romance of Spices

Stories of the Sweet-Scented Riches of Cathay

By THEODORE MAISCH

LONG before the first stray wisps of history were cut into stone a long caravan of camels, "with their silly necks a-bobbin' like a basketfull of snakes," plodded eastward. They passed through cities now long buried and forgotten. They left bleaching bones on the burning desert sands.

They penetrated the gloom of thick jungle. Ever eastward they toiled. They fought through the craggy mountain passes of Afghanistan, they bathed in the waters of the Indus and struggling on met the slant-eyed dwellers of Cathay. All for a few pounds of cloves, cinnamon, pepper and other Eastern wares.

Such is the antiquity of our modern spices.

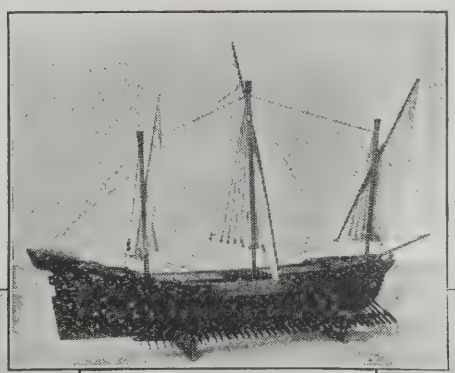
They came to us down a royal road indeed—royal because bloody, bloody because royal. Spices, reckoned today at a few cents a pound, in ancient times were worth more than their weight in purest gold. Lives were lost, kingdoms made and overthrown, the New World discovered, in the struggle for the precious stuff. But the secrets of their sources were guarded by Orientals for thousands of years. In the fifteenth century, Portuguese efforts to locate these sources furnish an example of crafty secret-service work that rivals in thrills the masterpieces of mystery fiction.

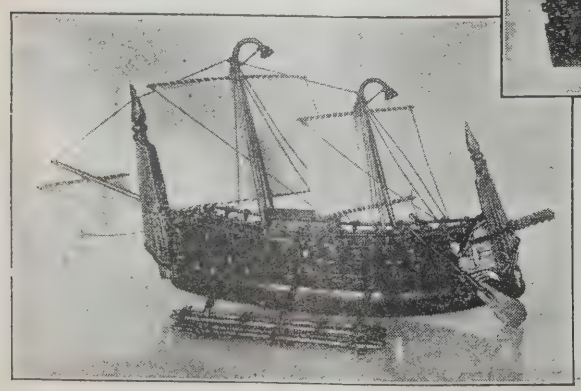
The earliest caravan starting points of which we have any record were Balsun, on the Persian Gulf, and Mocha, on the Red Sea. In those times, and clear up to the thirteenth century, all trade routes to the Orient were overland. And they were infested with thieving tribes who either levied great toll or pillaged all who passed. Caravans were heavily guarded; expeditions of war they really were. Despite all precautions many vanished for all time in the mysterious East. Those that did return brought weird tales of strange peoples and of opulent Eastern cities. But the spices that came through represented so high a cost in lives and equipment that on the royal board alone could they be found.

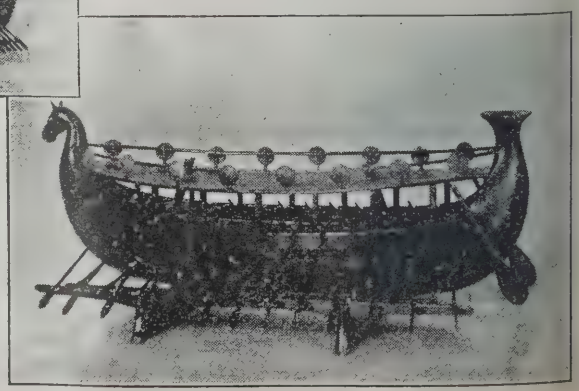
Manifestly, the control of those routes was worth fighting for. The toll collected was enormous. Just as modern wars are waged for supremacy so did those ancient city kingdoms and tribes war among themselves for power. Power is wealth. Wealth is trade.

Probably the earliest authentic records of spices are those Old Testament references to tithes of cumin and anise. Joseph's jealous brothers sold him to a loaded caravan returning from those distant places, a sale which greatly influenced the subsequent history of Egypt.

With the shifting of the early kingdoms the trade centers also changed. Babylon was the first of record, followed by Tyre, Sidon, Alexandria, Syracuse, Carthage, and finally Rome. But the fame of spices traveled far beyond Rome. The semi-barbaric Visigoths must have had a taste. They prized them so highly that Alaric, the Goth, when he conquered Rome in 408 B. C., during the reign of Honorius, did not neglect to include, among other indemnity, a tribute of 3,000 pounds of pepper from the fallen city. Probably the Romans considered it a terrible ransom. Presently, about 350 years later, we find this fragment from the time of Augustus Caesar, " . . . . unto the East, under the rising sun, to fetch rough pep-







Left—Indo-Javanese outrigger. Reproduced from Buddhist temple at Boroboeder, Java. Above—Venetian gallease. Right—Babylonian sea horse. This model was constructed from a bas-relief at Nineveh commemorating the expedition of Sennacherib against the kingdom of Elam, 649 B.C.

r and pale cumin seed for Roman
res."

After a time the trade center shifted
Constantinople where it remained
til "like an exhalation from the deep"
nice was born.

The later crusaders, centuries after,
t into this port and used it for an
barkation point. The converging of
many armies of different nations gave
a prominence which was used to
at advantage in the development of
commerce. When she gained com-
te control of the Mediterranean by
defeat of the Genoese fleet in June,
80, she entered into the greatest pe-
d of her history.

Fortunately some of the early mer-
ntile and warehouse records have
en preserved and they show a heavy
ffic in pepper, cinnamon, nutmeg,
ice, cloves, and ginger. It is esti-
ated that the annual Venetian trade
those days totaled, in spices alone,
0,000,000, a remarkable sum for those
ys. It must be remembered, too,
at Venice was only a city of small
ea.

But the merchant princes of the city
l not obtain the spices from their
urces. After the thirteenth-century
oorish merchants brought the Far
stern products by water to the Ara-
an and Red seas to the port of Suez.
aravans then carried the goods to the
le, whence they were taken by boat
wn the Nile to Alexandria. It was
obably from this point that the Vene-
n galleys picked up their cargoes of Eastern spices.

It Was the Golden Day for Venice

To support and carry on so heavy a marine trade 300 great galleys were erated by the Venetians; in ad-ion, 45 war galleys patrolled the seas, rnishing a protection sorely needed ainst the swarms of pirate draft, who re not always Moslem rovers. The war galleys were manned by a total 11,000 seamen, the 300 merchant lleys required 8,000, and 3,000 small aft (10 to 20 tons) required 17,000. he shipyards employed 16,000 men, hich brings the total maritime popula-n at that time to more than 50,000 en. There were also numerous arch-s and oarsmen. It was indeed the lden day of Venice. The Venetian g was a familiar sight anywhere on e Mediterranean, and on the west ast of Europe clear to Bruges and ndon. As banker and money-lender ylock could not have found a busier ace, for on the Rialto, the center of e commercial life of the city, gathered e merchants of Lombardy, Navarre, uscany, Bavaria, Hungary, Florence, atalonia, Germany, Brabant, England, d Flanders.

The trading was highly organized. nd foreign merchants were made to el that it was a privilege for them to ade with the citizens of Venice. The ate placed them under strict super-sion so that neither the state nor the cal merchants should be cheated.

The spices and other wares intended for Germany were transported over the snow-clad Alps by heavily guarded pack-trains. Those intended for Western Europe and England were sent yearly by fleets of galleys. On the way the galleys touched at Pola, Corfu, Alicante, Almeria, Cadiz and Lisbon. The terminus of the journey was Bruges where merchants of the Hanseatic League and of the Fuggers took charge of the further distribution. A few of the galleys went on to London and Southampton.

A Bale of Cloves Was Worth Five Dollars

There, in England, the trade was becoming organized. In the beginning of the fourteenth century King Edward granted certain privileges to the merchants. The document bore the title "Charta Mercatoria," and it mentions particularly "spices, gross spices or groceries as well as minor spices." The "Fraternity of Pepperers" at that time changed their name to the "Guild of Grocers," and promptly added six cloves to their coat of arms. At that time a grocer was a merchant adventurer. He carried on international trade, fitted out ships and sold spices in large lots only. The "Pepperers" were the little corner-store merchants who sold to the family trade in small parcels.

But prices were still out of all reason. A bale of cloves (500 pounds) at that time was worth 2 ducats (about $5) in the Moluccas, where they were grown. It was worth 14 ducats by the time it reached Malacca, and 500 ducats in Calicut, and by the time it reached London it was worth nearly 2,000 ducats! To this high cost of spices can be assigned largely the reason for the obsession which had taken hold of all maritime nations at that time to find a direct route to the Oriental source of these precious wares. This motive, entirely selfish, was responsible for the discovery of the New World which Columbus thought was one of the Spice Islands. After him came Da Gama, Magellan, the Cabots, Vespucci, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Drake and others. But it was Vasco de Gama who first reached the land of spices.

When Marco Polo Sailed Strange Seas

A map and a voluminous treatise more than a hundred years old was directly responsible for this sudden interest. More than a hundred years before this time a navigator, Marco Polo, sailed strange seas. Childishly crude charts and maps, and freakish distortions of facts of his wanderings, were compiled into this voluminous work. This lay quietly in Venice; probably the Venetians didn't take it seriously for no one took the trouble to disturb it and the dust lay thick upon it. Early in the fifteenth century Prince John, a son of King John of Portugal, returning from a visit to Venice gave a copy of this work to his brother, Prince Henry.

The immediate effect of this gift was the establishment of a port on Cape St. Vincent, the southernmost point of Western Europe, where Prince Henry surrounded himself with navigators, cartographers and mathematicians. Portugal had entered the competition for the control of the spice trade. Centuries of bloodshed and unspeakable atrocities were to ensue. Beginning in the year 1418 he sent out an expedition each year for forty years. Besides gaining the approbation of Pope Martin V, discovering the Cape Verde Islands, the Azores, the Canary Islands, and charting more than 1,000 miles of African coast line, he won the monopoly of the grains of paradise, or Melegueta pepper.

About this time King John of Portugal also took a hand. But he was a crafty monarch. Secretly he sent an emissary to the Orient to bring back full information concerning the point of origin of the spices and to determine the best possible sea route. The messenger failed through a lack of knowledge of the Arabic language, which was the language spoken by the Moorish merchants. Two other gentlemen adventurers, Pedro Covilham and Alfonso de Payva, were then sent on the same errand, but in addition they were also to locate and visit the land of Prester John, a fabulous Christian monarch who was believed to have established a powerful empire beyond the fringes of the desert. Amazing tales were told of his wealth.

Where Pepper and Ginger Were Growing

The adventurers, or secret-service agents as they would be termed today, took ship to Alexandria, thence followed the Nile to Cairo. A caravan took them to the Red Sea. Here they met some Moorish traders who had just returned from India. They accompanied the traders to Aden where Payva left them to continue on to Abyssinia. Covilham, still disguised as a Moorish merchant, escaped detection at the hands of the Moors and finally reached Calicut, on the Malabar coast of India, thus winning the distinction of being the first Portuguese to have sailed those seas. With exultation he saw pepper and ginger growing. And he further obtained important information concerning cinnamon and cloves. At great personal risk, for as a spy detection would have resulted in summary execution, he had successfully carried out his work. An equally arduous task was awaiting him on his return to Egypt. There he learned that Payva, his companion, had been murdered while enroute to Abyssinia. He dispatched a messenger to his master, the king, with letters fully recounting his adventures and the information he had obtained, and then continued on to Abyssinia to complete the work of his murdered companion. He reached that country but was destined never to return to his native land for he made himself so useful to the native king that he was constrained to remain. He rose to honor, meanwhile serving his former master by periodically sending com-

Nature Is a Book

(*Continued from page 2*)

tales that lie in the background of every page of Nature's book enables one to see and appreciate the beauty. I am not sure but that such a practice in studying our fellow man would also bring as pleasant results!

One Sunday while in a wooded country, I observed a beautiful white bird flying through the air. Its long, expanded wings made it look as if it had a spread of wings more than six feet. How the savage nature sprang up within me, and how I yearned to have that bird, dead or alive! But in a moment its swift flight had been lost to view. A few more minutes and the sound of a gunshot reached my ears. Thirty minutes later an old woodsman was seen approaching along a woodland path, carrying the same white heron which had only a few minutes before passed over! What a sweet poem was instantly tragedy!

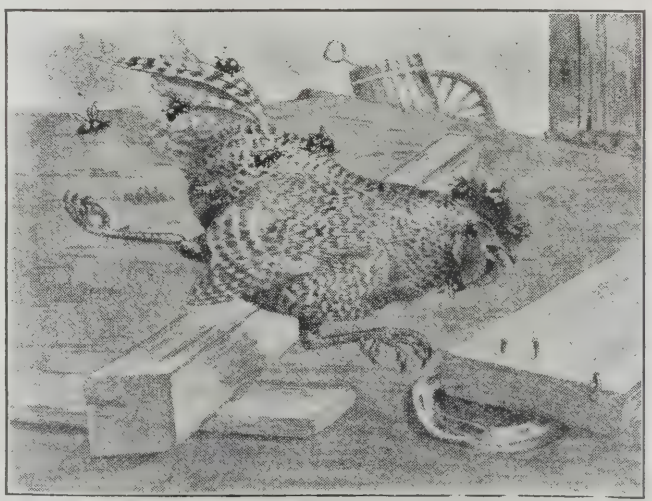
Many chapters in Nature's book teem with humor, and the humorous veins may often be read in her selections of both prose and poetry. When members of the human family think of humor in Nature they almost invariably think of apes and monkeys, but humor is written across other pages.

I was spending the summer in the country with my uncle. In his corncrib near the small door lay a half-gallon tin can. A queen bumblebee had chosen this can for raising her young. A slight disturbance of the can was answered by humming threats that left the impression that the can contained thousands of bees! My aunt had a hundred or more grown and half-grown chickens; also a large Plymouth Rock rooster, the captain of the flock. These fowls frequented the space around the front crib door to receive their allotment of shelled corn. While the fowls were busily engaged in picking corn on the ground, the can containing the bumblebees was upset. The enraged bees emerged and swore vengeance on the fowls. As they soared round and round, every now and then an angry bee encircled the head of a chicken, with a threat to alight on its red comb. This wholesale soaring and buzzing puzzled the chickens completely; it was beyond their comprehension. Nature seemed to refuse to do their thinking for them in this instance.

At frequent intervals the fowls' attention was drawn from the corn on the ground, and as a bumblebee encircled the head of one of them, the chicken made an attempt to keep its eye on the whirling culprit, moving its head round and round and pecking violently at the infuriated insect. The fowl's failure to hit the target had a tendency further to irritate the bee, whereupon it lit astride the chicken's red comb and began to sting. At this stage of the performance, the chicken would duck its head and then with the claws of first one foot and then the other, make vigorous but vain attempts to rid its head of the pain-producing insect. Failing in this, in a half-squatting posture, the fowl made a mad race for an old building under which it sought safety. Picture to yourself a hundred such spectacles as this one, and you may form a partial conception of the depth of the comedy!

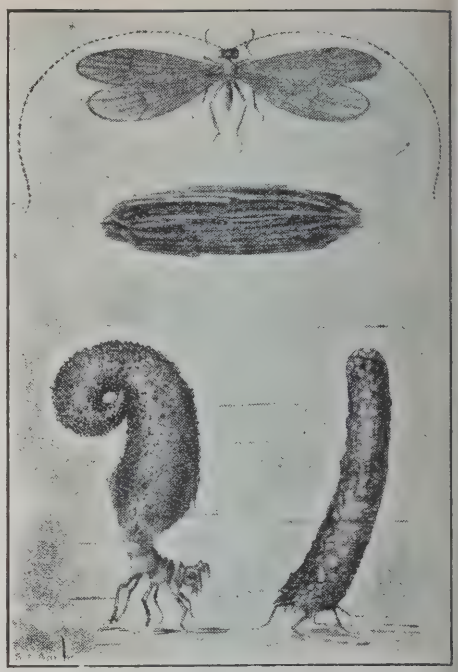
To reach the old building under which the chickens and hens sought refuge, they had to pass the spot where I stood, or was hiding. As each one went by, traveling at the most rapid fowl pace I have ever witnessed, I observed from one to three bumblebees riding on her comb, and two bumblebees seated on the tips of the tail feathers, holding on with a tight grip, bobbing up and down like the float on a fishing line in a swift stream.

One by one the bumblebees drove every fowl away, except the large rooster. He had pecked a thousand times and had missed his target equally as many times. With his head he had drawn circles in the air for so long a time that surely he must have felt as void of equilibrium as a drunken man. Circles would have danced before a human being for weeks, had he gone through the same performance



One of Nature's comedies. Bumblebees giving chanticleer the worst of it.

This old veteran had been the head of the flock for many months, had protected them, and the flock had confidence in his courage. How could he afford to allow himself the humiliation of being defeated by such a small creature as a bumblebee? Whether he had any thoughts like these, I do not know, but he put up a good fight long after all the rest of the flock had deserted the ground. Finally he gave up and took to his feet, moving as swiftly as any member of his family which had preceded him. As he passed by me, I observed three bumblebees crouched on his comb; one was swinging to a wattle loosely, jostling about as if it were about to lose its hold; two bumblebees were riding on his back where decent folk should ride; and three were holding on with main and might to his tail feathers! He, too, sought safety under the old building, but just what each one did on reaching the spot I do not know. It was an hour before they emerged!



Caddis fly and larval cases of allied species. Upper—bits of grass stems fastened to the silk in an underwater cocoon. Lower (left)—Case of silk and sand for protective camouflage. Lower (right)—Silk cocoon case covered with fine pebbles.

At the zoo in Atlanta, Georgia, in Grant Park, one Sunday, I spent an hour watching the human-like behavior of certain monkeys and apes. If these animals could speak, they would doubtless change the name of Sunday to Peanut Day. They were kept quite busy receiving the gifts of roasted peanuts, and arms were stretching through the bars constantly, begging for more. I had been talking to a respectable looking ape when a woman quietly approached, holding some peanuts in one hand. Placing his body tightly against the cage, this ape reached out for the tempting bit of food. As he was in the act of removing it from her hand, she quickly withdrew the left hand which contained the peanuts, and threw the right hand in its place. Around her wrist was twined a good-sized snake whose tongue was splitting the air. When the ape saw the serpent so near his paw, he fell back into the cage turning a complete somersault backward! The poor creature nervously arighted his body, ran up a small dead tree in its cage and then ran out on to the end of the highest branch. From his distant position he stretched his body, and wrenched his

neck painfully in an effort to get a glimpse of the woman's hand which she was concealing behind her. The frightened ape never came down as long as the woman remained in sight. The instinctive fear of snakes, even with apes and monkeys, adds a humorous page to this book of Nature.

It would doubtless have been just as easy for Nature to have made green apples palatable, but her plans for the success of her species would have been threatened with extinction. If green apples were as tasty and appetizing as ripe ones, how many of such fruits would reach maturity? A fruit grower tells me that he has found one apple which is sufficiently appetizing while green to make it tempting to be devoured. The flickers and some other birds discover the fruit is tasty which leaves him few apples of that variety for maturing. Nature could not guarantee the perpetuation of her species of fruits if she did not act cautiously. But when the boy is tempted to eat green apples, Nature gives him such a severe lesson in "stomach ache" that as he rolls and tumbles and groans, when he utters, "Never again," Nature wins her objective—a promise never to molest her fruit until she has matured both seeds and pulp!

The birds watch for the coloring up of small fruits, especially cherries and grapes and berries. Some of the birds, however, do not seem to be able to tell when white grapes are ripe. One of my friends grows white grapes, and he is a great lover of birds. He specializes in white grapes because he declares that his bird friends sit by for weeks patiently waiting for his white grapes to ripen, and in the meanwhile he harvests his crop!

The poetry of Nature! How many styles of composition, how sweet the rhythm, how accurate are her measures! There are poetic expressions all about us. In the heavens, in the atmosphere, in the sunshine, in the breeze, in the brook, in the song of birds, in the movements of the insects, in the tree tops, in the meadows, in the blossoming flowers, and sometimes we read a sweet couplet scattered here and there throughout her prose writings.

If it were possible for a man to live a thousand years, though he were a genius enough to remember everything he reads in Nature's book, at the conclusion of his reading, he would still find her interesting pages leading him on with just as fresh and crisp stories as those he had passed over. We can no more hope to complete this book than we can hope to memorize the contents of any large volume written by man. There are no more reasons for a nature lover trying to see and identify every bird, every plant, every tree, every insect, every leaf, every stone, every star or every animal than there is for him to make an effort to read every book and pamphlet that has been produced since the invention of the printing press!

Using the Post Office to Rob

(*Concluded from page 7*)

complaints from the outside, from persons who had been "stung."

There are scores of frauds in which no complaints ever are made by victims. Among these is the probably worst class, that of the fake medical cases. Nobody ever complains on the score of being defrauded by the most sinister of all mail swindlers, those who prey on the sick and ignorant and poor. These cases have to be developed independently of the dupes, who sometimes stand by those who defraud them with an ardor equal to that displayed by religious fanatics.

Recently, a fraud order closed the mails to a quack who had made a fortune by selling, through the mails only, a preparation of alcohol, olive oil, flavoring extracts and water as a certain cure for every known disease. When he was tried in the courts, a crowd of his dupes made such a fervid display of protest and defense that the jury acquitted him!

There has been some curbing of such operations but millions still are made out of them—and thousands of persons who trust to the "cures" thus distributed go to untimely graves from which, but for these deceptions, they might be saved.

Outside agencies, like the medical associations, have given aid, chiefly in the form of exposures, in curbing medical frauds. Other agencies, such as the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs and the Better Business Bureaus now maintained by local advertising clubs in most of the big cities, also have given aid in developing many kinds of cases.

It is patent, however, that the field is not covered. In fact, it is so insufficiently covered that one may wonder if what is done really helps in the long run. For it probably causes many persons to believe that the mails are reasonably well protected from imposters who frequently make use of the public impression to that effect.

When the special campaign against the oil stock operators was on, a bold performer sold a lot of stock in a fake oil concern by emblazoning his literature with statements like the following:

"Present-day investors are protected by close supervision of all offerings by Federal investigators and by the enactment of a super-strict blue-sky law.

"With the closing of the mails to the fraud artists, the way is opened for the legitimate operator who would never attempt to compete with the flamboyant misrepresentations of the professional 'skin game' exponents."

Officials who have followed frauds for years declare that *the run of persons who fill the coffers of swindlers by mail are confirmed "suckers" who are made easier marks by being stung.*

> "Operator after operator in worthless stocks," says one, "has told me that mere lists of names, no matter how carefully selected, are worthless in their game. What they pay big money for are *the names and addresses of persons who already have been swindled.* One list of that kind I happen to know sold for $10,000."

It was for operations with such lists that a famous man was recently convicted and given a long term in prison. He pretended to "merge" into one big combine the companies in which the dupes had bought worthless stock. He offered new stock in exchange for the old on condition that the dupes send in more money. The big "killings" in fake oil stocks were made through "merger" operations of that sort, in which only those who already had been defrauded were solicited.

The "sucker list," say investigators, is the Aladdin's lamp of most big swindling operations via the mails.

But advertising, either directly by mail or through newspapers and other publications, is no doubt the controlling factor.

In a following article I shall show the assistance rendered by advertising skill to defrauders of the people.

Riga—Pearl of the Baltic

(*Concluded from page 6*)

doubtless, is from shipments of wood. These shipments go, for the most part, to England, where the wood is used for paper pulp and in construction work. But the woods of Latvia are being devastated by this commercial exploitation. It is said, in Riga, that ten years will see the end of such extensive shipments, unless some methods of conservation are introduced.

From an economic point of view, however, one wonders how successfully Latvia or the other Baltic States will be able to establish prosperity without some sort of working commercial alliance with Russia. At present, in fact, no such prospect is on the horizon. Nothing could be further than that from the expressed intentions of the politicians of Latvia. But, in private, one hears it frequently said that the future is certain to see some sort of an Entente of Baltic States with Russia, for commercial if for no other purposes.

No fact is more apparent in Riga—as in most places in Europe—than that the problems of building a well established state depend, almost wholly, on the matter of international coöperation and good will. Lithuania and Latvia and Esthonia—if they can bury their respective hatchets—can set up the machinery for economic coöperation that will solve their major difficulties.

Barnum, the Showman

Puritan New Englanders Who Succeeded

P. T. BARNUM.

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

MR. H. L. MENCKEN'S greater predecessor in the art of consistent and self-conscious humbugging was the Connecticut Puritan, Phineas Taylor Barnum. One important difference between them must not be overlooked. Mr. Mencken enjoys the critical jokes that he plays upon his youngling victims because he likes to bite. Barnum enjoyed his jokes because he had a lively pleasure in a good-natured laugh.

It is probably well within the truth to say that, up to his day, Barnum was the greatest entertainer that the world had so far seen. No one could have been less a man of the sour face than Barnum, and yet he was a typical Yankee, a typical Puritan. He was brought up in the religious fashion of his New England. He liked to go to church and Bible school. He studied the Scriptures diligently and made himself well informed with regard to them. They were a matter of interest to him, as almost everything that came to his notice was a matter of interest. Although less soberly, he was like his greater Yankee predecessor, Benjamin Franklin, in that matter.

Barnum's life began with a joke played upon him by his maternal grandfather. At his grandson's birth, Phineas Taylor gave the boy's mother in trust for his namesake five acres of land, "Ivy Island." The boy dreamed of this as the basis for the fortune that attained to manhood. He was not given an opportunity of seeing the bit of land until he had passed from boyhood into youth. Then he learned that the five acres made a piece of worthless waste land in a bog. He learned also that he had been the victim of the family fondness for practical joking.

Barnum's face is an interesting study. There are ripples waiting about the mouth, but the lips are not in the least loose or flabby. They are such lips as can give a decided yes or no under twinkling eyes. They have the Puritan determination, the Puritan steadiness of will. It is easy to believe that Barnum was not a man to surrender to the first chance wind of adversity. He was a man to smile on occasion as if nothing mattered, and at the same time to set his foot solidly on the forward track because the goal was still a thing to warm the passion of his desires. He lost his fortune more than once, but he lost neither his geniality and good temper nor his tenacity. He recovered from his losses always with astonishing rapidity.

Barnum entered definitely upon his career as a showman with the purchase of the American Museum in New York in 1841. He was then 31 years old and had already gone through a variety of experiences, including sixty days in jail for libel. This imprisonment was a triumph of a sort, because he was the object of general sympathy such that his jail room was carpeted and papered for him and he was taken home at the end of it in a coach with an accompaniment of speeches and a brass band.

Whether this feeling for him among his fellow citizens was rooted in their conviction that he was not the sinner that the court had pronounced him or in the humanitarian tendencies characteristic of the Puritan cannot be told. Beyond their reasoning judgments, however, something in the man gave fervor to the occasion. He was earnest and he was not one to strike his colors. At the same time he was not a man to make a long face when he saw some one else hauling them down. They might go up again. It was a natural expectation with men of his race and kind that they would again be flying at the top of the pole.

There is nothing in existence now like Barnum's American Museum. It was a museum first, and the eagerness of t New England c sire to kn something about everything to be se on the planet found there its mo affluent manifestation. It was also lecture hall, and the desire to lea what could be communicated by wo of mouth was there given a degree satisfaction. Then again it was theater, and those who wished to amused without being offended could sure of getting the worth of their mone

In a fine way Barnum's bringi Jennie Lind to America was probab his most important achievement. presented her, not at the Museum, b at Castle Garden, September 11, 185 The receipts for the first concert f only a little below eighteen thousa dollars. The first ticket sold broug two hundred and twenty-five dolla Barnum promptly offered her bett terms than her contract called for, a her American tour went throug triumphantly beyond all expectation

Jennie Lind succeeded because s was a great singer, at once a remarkab voice and a no less remarkable perso ality, but she succeeded also becau Barnum was an experienced and gift advertiser. Advertising was not science in those days. Man had n been studied in the laboratory as body of psychological reactions. directly sympathetic understanding human nature was needful in any o who wished to persuade the public buy his wares. That was one of Ba num's great endowments. Connecti in his day, intellectually aristocrat under the eaves of Yale University, no doubt it was, was politically one the most democratic spots on the glob

Barnum's American Museum (from a contemporary photograph).

Ward, the Humorist

Making Laughter an International Emotion

The Puritan faith lived in the assertion of the individual and in the minimizing of his subjection to a formula. Interest in individual men and women, their characteristics and their motives and impulses, flowered out of this soil of the mind as naturally as violets out of a sheltered hollow where the water trickles earliest in the spring.

The maxims of successful conduct by which a man determines his progress toward a goal are important items in any process of personal evaluation. Barnum's evocation of fortune out of difficulties grounded itself in some affirmations and bits of advice that are simple platitudes and that yet are far from universal motives and incentives. A few of them illustrate clearly enough the natural activity and force of the man.

The foundation of success in life is good health.

Whatever you do, do it with your might.

Use the best tools.

Read the newspapers.

Preserve your integrity.

The last three of these admonitions represent happily three several aspects of the Puritan temper. The man who insists upon using the best tools is so far one of the aristocrats of those who do things. Insistence upon the value of the newspapers is a mark of that breadth and catholicity of spirit that only the socially unadvised have failed to see in the Puritan. The man who preserves his integrity maintains himself—his own individuality, his own gifts and powers—in the face of whatever may be alien to it in the world. Nothing could be more unequivocally Puritan. Nothing could more mark the finely patrician temper in a world of plebeian compromises.

JENNIE LIND.

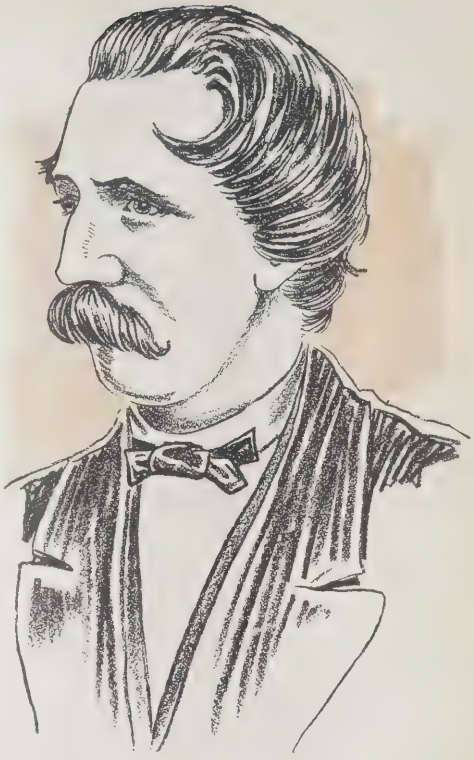
It was from Puritan New England that our first full-throated literary laugh was heard about the world. Of the three humorists whom we may properly consider as most notably the predecessors of Mark Twain, "Josh Billings" (Henry Wheeler Shaw) was born in Massachusetts, "Petroleum V. Nasby" (David Ross Locke) was born in New York State, and "Artemus Ward" (Charles Farrar Browne) was born in Maine. Of these only Artemus Ward achieved an international reputation. He joked with words as Barnum joked with anything that came to hand. His name itself was a sort of joke, being the signature to letters that he wrote for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

Barnum could have found his collection of wax figures, his snakes, and his lone tiger poor stuff for exhibition purposes, but his assumed price of admission was only fifteen cents. That small tax appears continually in his accounts of his show business. He held to it strenuously, and in his fictitious visit to Salt Lake City he reports himself as having somewhat violently opposed the efforts of some Mormon women to secure free entrance on the strength of a "revelation" accorded them to that effect. With relation to the prophet's eighty wives he had asked Brigham Young, "How do you like it as far as you hev got?" Young had replied, "Middlin'," but Ward found the blandishments of the women who wanted to see his show without paying for it not so satisfying. "I girded up my Lions and fled the Seen," is his report of his escape.

Browne's humor was at once rather broad and rather obvious. It was not coarse in a gross way, but it certainly was not affected by any refinements of subtlety. It had its source of exaggeration, extravagance, and overstatement. Its kinship with the more polished humor of Charles Dudley Warner and Oliver Wendell Holmes is somewhat remote. None the less it is essentially and characteristically American. It has the abandon that in some ways marks our American temper. Owen Wister's *Virginian*, telling the frog story to a crowd of completely fascinated disbelievers, plays upon the same American delight in the incongruous preservation of the sober face. Browne is reported to have said absurd things in his lectures, unrelated bits of nonsense, without so much as the betraying shadow of a smile.

Browne died of tuberculosis before he had quite filled out his thirty-third year. Other men, of course, have made some place for themselves in the world at that age, but it takes gifts of no mean order to gain the attention of the world, to establish a reputation, and to win the respect of some of its more thoughtful minds at that age.

He was in his twenty-sixth year at



ARTEMUS WARD.

work on the *Plain Dealer* when his salary was advanced from twelve dollars to fifteen dollars a week. The following year he went to New York to edit *Vanity Fair*, but that periodical failed. His income from his writing was so small that he was almost driven to the lecture platform. He got together a random body of comicalities, gave the lecture the title, *The Babes in the Woods*, placarded New York with announcements that

ARTEMUS WARD
will
Speak a Piece,

and on a stormy night in December, 1861, faced a small audience, that did not pay expenses, with his drollery. Despite this inauspicious beginning, he went on with his work on the platform, gaining more and more hearers. His most successful lecture was *Among the Mormons*. The tickets were themselves part of the antic humor of the occasion. They read:

ADMIT THE BEARER
AND ONE WIFE
Yours truly,
A. Ward.

Only a little more than five years after his first lecture appearance Browne was dead, and yet in that time he had made an enduring place among American humorists. It was indeed not a great place. Mark Twain overshadows him immeasurably. Perhaps we laugh with him and then forget him as we forget Twain, but he had made them laugh in London, as he had made them laugh in New York. No other American humorist had succeeded so far before. Moreover distinguished men in England had given him their friendship, and men of taste and literary discrimination in America, such men as

William Dean Howells, had come to appreciate him and love him.

The persistence of the humorist's outlook in him, as well as his native courage, appears in something that is told of his last hours. T. W. Robertson, the dramatist, author of *Caste, Home, School,* and other well-known plays of the mid-Victorian period, was with him. Browne had gone to Southampton, hoping to make the voyage home to America. His strength had failed. Robertson, in attendance upon him, tried to persuade him to take some medicine in a glass of water.

"My dear Tom," said Browne, "I can't take that dreadful stuff."

"Come, come," Robertson urged him; "do take it for my sake. You know I would do anything for you."

"Would you?" Browne asked.

"I would, indeed," Robertson assured him.

"Then you take it," said Browne.

This equability of temper seems to have marked the man's whole life. He had the Puritan control of his emotions. That gift in him enabled him to maintain a solemn countenance in the presence of the violent laughter of those whom he was entertaining. He was not a clown unconscious of the occasion for amusement in what he said. When he was writing it out he was sometimes fairly hilarious himself, pounding on the desk before which he sat and otherwise exhibiting his enjoyment of his own fun. He was thoroughly human in fact.

The genial laugh is our American manner. Humor of that sort is the great solvent. It is easier to laugh shams out of existence than to strike them down with the sword. That was the advantage that Cervantes had over the knight of his creation, Don Quixote. Moreover, the man who laughs, whether Cervantes or Barnum or Artemus Ward, is safer from the explosive effects of egotism than either Don Quixote or the more modern crusading knights who are splintering their lances in the face of the calm ridicule of the world.

How "Dazzy" Vance Was Named

Arthur (Dazzy) Vance, Brooklyn pitcher, who is the most valuable player in the National League, or was last year, is a product of the sand plains of Nebraska, where they breed good, rugged men and women. The nickname "Dazzy" is a corruption of "Daisy," and it came about in this way. When Vance was a boy he used to visit at the home of an old friend plainsman near Hastings, Nebraska. This friend had all kinds of cowboy paraphernalia—guns, chaps, lariats, saddles and spurs. Vance would express his pleasure at the various articles by saying, "Ain't that a dazzy?" He meant "daisy." It was a common word with him and as he used it at school the boys began to call him Dazzy, and the name has clung to him through all his remarkable career.

The Greatest Moment in a Man's Life

(Concluded from page 4)

The fact that almost a burning question among college presidents has come to be "Why do so many college graduates fail?" indicates how blindly the young are groping. What do they mean by "failing"? Does any man who really tries ever fail? It would seem as if the college and, along with it, all of society had failed, instead of the young man. More light should have been thrown upon his path. He should have been given better information with regard to the exact nature of the business he set out to master.

Oh, that wonderful hatter in London! There is hope for the world so long as even one man can do what he did. But until we develop enough intelligence to flood the crossroads of youth with a great light, one cannot help feeling sincerely sorry for the young as they flounder about in the dark at the crucial moment of their lives. They don't know what they want to do because they have never lived before and have no knowledge of what the world holds. They don't know what is inside of them that, if they are ever to be happy, must be brought into touch with the world. Older men could help them, if only they would think to do so.

Get in the closest possible touch with the life about you. Send your mind off into other worlds. Dream. Become more and more of a self-starter. Don't be dependent upon others for your happiness. Make your own and shed a little, if you can. As Emerson said, "Keep your friendships in repair." Friends are the most important things in the world, the most to be desired—and the hardest to get if they are worth while. Reach out in every direction for things to feed that tireless bit of gray up in your loft that can stand anything better than dullness. Avoid dull persons. Try not to have others keep away from you on that account. Get what money you need to live decently and forget the rest. Only your mind counts. Satisfy its legitimate longings and you are happy. The only way to satisfy it is to feed it. It likes more things than there are on the menu of an ocean liner and no elephant has an appetite that can compare with it. It is all you have and all you need with which to be happy, but you have got to give it what it wants.

Since each of us is the composite of all of his ancestors, one of your ancestors may now and then call for something you ought not to have, but the other ancestors, if you will listen to them, will set you right. Your mind can go wherever thought can go—and that is everywhere. Make the most of what you have upstairs and you need not worry about the rest of the world. Do work that you like to do, but don't stop with your work.

Why It Is Called the Monroe Doctrine

THE Monroe Doctrine is so call because it was first officially set o about a century ago by Preside Monroe. The term has been popular used for a variety of principles intend to explain or to define the policy of t United States toward Latin-Americ countries. America, besides includi the United States and the Domini of Canada, comprises a number nations of Latin origin—Mexico, t Argentine, the United States of Bra and other Central and South Americ countries, most of which had original been settled by Spain. In 1823 mo of these countries had broken aw and were founding their own gover ments, even as the United States h done.

Spain, however, disliked to lo her colonies. About this time the was an attempt made by sever European powers to effect a reconque of the New World. A combination Central European powers, common called the Holy Alliance, after crushi several attempts at liberal gover ment in Europe, turned its attention Spain and to the Spanish colonie A French army, with the mandate the Holy Alliance, in 1823, overra Spain and restored the royal despot power. The Bourbon monarch aske for the application to these revolte colonies of America. Metternich, t grand master of the Alliance, thoug well of the idea and it was discussed the Congress of Verona of 1822. Ame ica, even at this early date, had bee practicing the "Policy of Isolation, which was early laid down by Was ington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Adam and other statesmen. Its purport w that the United States had no share i European political combinations, w not a party to European wars an would pursue the policy of developin itself as an American state. From thi policy it was an easy transition to th complementary doctrine that Europea powers should keep hands off America affairs. George Channing, Foreig Minister of Great Britain, now steppe into the field and suggested to ou Minister in London, Richard Rush that the United States join in Englan in a declaration against intervention Monroe was inclined to accept thi proposal but after long Cabinet dis cussions John Quincy Adams, the Secretary of State, convinced Monro that it would be better to make a independent declaration. This prin ciple was therefore laid down b Monroe, that while the States had n interest in European politics, they would not allow any interference b other countries in the affairs of Ameri can countries.

The Signers of 1776

(*Concluded from page 8*)

To this patriot is also attributed the lea of the non-importation plan which e persuaded almost all of the merchants the colony to adopt. Thereby the tamp Act was effectually opposed.

The idea of forming committees of orrespondence to prepare for the evolution was probably born in the rain of Samuel Adams. Virginia aims it for her son, Richard Henry ee; and Massachusetts claims the onor for Adams. It may have been multaneous; anyhow, there is glory nough for all. Boston was the first wn to adopt the plan after Adams ad suggested it; and a few days later irginia became the first colony to adopt it.

Samuel Adams and the Taxes of England

When representatives were sent to England to protest against the unjust stem of taxation, the hand of amuel Adams directed their course; e was the man who wrote their inructions.

Is it surprising, therefore, that amuel Adams seemed in British eyes ntirely too obnoxious to have the rivilege of pardon extended to him?

He early perceived that the colonies ust fight for their rights, or possess one. He looked forward longingly to he test. Then came the Lexington irmish preceded by the narrow escape Hancock and himself. He felt hat the die had been cast, that he turning point had arrived at last.

"This is a fine day," he told a friend.

"Yes," answered the man, thinking hat Adams meant the weather, "very leasant."

"I mean," he patiently explained, this day is a glorious day for America."

In a letter penned in April, 1776, e expressed himself as perfectly tisfied of the necessity of a public, efinite declaration to break the tie nding the colonies to Great Britain. e wondered what good reason could e offered against such action.

"Will it widen the breach?" Adams uizzed. "This would be a strange uestion after we have raised armies nd fought battles with the British oops, set up an American navy, imrovised other vessels to capture ships, esignated them the enemies of the nited Colonies and torn into shivers heir acts of trade."

The prospect of victory had been onsiderably dimmed in 1777 when ongress got scared and resolved to eet next at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. hortly afterward Adams and a group the members informally discussed he outlook. He was characteristically heerful, but the others were downearted.

"Gentlemen," he commented, "your pirits appear to be heavily oppressed y our public calamities. I hope you o not despair of our final success."

"The chance is desperate."

"If this be our language," Adams swung out roundly, "it is so indeed. If we wear long faces, they will become fashionable. The people take their tone from ours. If we despair, can it be expected that they will continue their efforts in what we conceive to be a hopeless cause? Let us banish such feelings and show a spirit that will keep alive the confidence of the people rather than damp their courage. Better tidings will soon arrive. Our cause is just and righteous. We shall never be abandoned by Heaven while we show ourselves worthy of its aid and protection."

Samuel Adams earned the name of "Father of the Revolution." John Adams was the "Colossus of Congress," a title apparently invented by Jefferson who said:

"He was our Colossus on the floor. Not graceful, not elegant, not always fluent in his public addresses, he yet came out with a power both of thought and expression that moved us from our seats."

Jefferson, generous in his praise, gave credit where credit was due. He had written the Declaration for Congress, but John Adams had read it to Congress and then had done much more.

"John Adams," the future third President said, "was the pillar of its support on the floor of Congress, its ablest advocate and defender against the multifarious assaults it encountered."

These two men were candidates for the presidency to succeed George Washington. Adams won by a very narrow margin, so narrow that he often dubbed himself, "President of three votes." Four years later Adams tried for a second term, and Jefferson was again his opponent. The supporters of Jefferson were violent, but he assuredly did not hesitate to rebuke them.

"Gentlemen," he protested, "you do not know that man. There is not upon this earth a more perfectly honest man than John Adams. Concealment is no part of his character, of that he is utterly incapable. It is not his nature to meditate anything that he would not willingly publish to the world. I know him well, and I repeat that a man more perfectly honest never issued from the hands of the Creator."

A Friendship Which Lasted Till Death

Jefferson was the winner on this occasion. Unfortunately Adams failed to be a good loser; for many years he remained bitter toward his political rival. As time went on the people characterized him more and more as "noble old John Adams." Finally he had the pleasure of seeing his son in the White House. He and Jefferson resumed their friendship; they wrote letters to each other as long as they lived. And when death came, it came to both on the same day, the fourth of July, 1826, precisely fifty years, or half a century, after their beloved Declaration of Independence had been adopted by Congress sitting in Philadelphia.

John Adams achieved one distinction that no other man in our history has held: he was the only President to have a son serving later in the same capacity. John Adams and John Quincy Adams constituted the presidential exemplification of "like father, like son."

Could Not Bribe John Hancock

For eleven years John Hancock had been the wealthiest man in Massachusetts.

Until the time of the Boston Massacre there was much doubt as to John Hancock's attitude. He had a truly magnificent equipage; especially upon public occasions and at other times, too, he rode with six beautiful bay horses and servants in elegant livery. His clothing was sumptuously embroidered in gold, silver and lace. He liked dancing, music, card parties, social dinners and luxurious festivities.

Efforts were made to bribe Hancock, but he repulsed these overtures just as firmly as Samuel Adams had. Offered a commission in the army of the enemy if he would declare his allegiance to the king, he spurned the suggestion in strong language.

"I would rather be a private against tyranny," he protested, "than a field marshal for the king."

On the night before the Battle of Bunker Hill the American commander, General Joseph Warren, a physician by occupation, and Elbridge Gerry were restless bedfellows. They had been intimate friends for many years and both were high-minded patriots.

"Doctor," Gerry called after Warren as he went off to his troops and to his death (as it happened), "give them plenty of ball."

Warren shouted back that he would. And he did. But he lost his own life in the bloody battle.

General Washington is said to have depended on no one with more confidence for the promotion of his plans than he did upon Elbridge Gerry. And the army fondly called him "the soldier's friend" because he was ever looking after the welfare of the men.

Robert Treat Paine, a fellow signer of the Declaration with Gerry, also died in 1814; but he had attained the ripe age of eighty-three. He was a staunch admirer of General Washington for whom he served ably during the entire Revolution as chief cannon-buyer. He was also one of the principal agents in supplying the American troops with powder and ball. Like Gerry, he proved himself a true friend to the soldiers.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the Man Samoans Loved

Robert Louis Stevenson as a poet.

THE United States has a rich and beautiful territory in the islands of Tutuila and Manua in the Samoan group, 4,200 miles southwest of San Francisco. The other two islands in the group, Sava and Upolu, until the World War in 1914, were in the possession of Germany.

It was in the Island of Upolu that Robert Louis Stevenson lived for the last and the happiest years of his life, for in the calm climate and the tropical sunshine he found comfort, and in the lives of the natives and in their activities he found unending interest. The Island of Upolu is one of the most beautiful in the world. It is rich and fertile, and the trees and farms are luxuriant in their greenness. The natives are Polynesians of the highest type, simple, brave, kindly people of surprising intelligence.

Robert Louis Stevenson as the hero of Southern Sea fancy.

The population of the Samoan group numbers around 39,000 persons. Although the natives live simply, almost primitively, they are clean, honorable and generous to a remarkable degree.

It was among these natives that the great Scottish poet and novelist lived for so many years. The older men of Upolu still remember him and speak of him with love and reverence. During the years that Stevenson lived in Samoa he acquired a great influence with the natives, took an active interest in all their affairs, and attended their councils where he sat in state, one of their great men.

Stevenson chose as the site for his house one of the most beautiful spots on the islands. At the foot of Mount Vaea, it overlooked a scene of tropical splendor, and here he lived in contentment for many years. It was to the door of the house which stood on this site before he built his new home, that the natives, in love for him, built a road. It was in this house that Stevenson wrote many of his later novels.

The love of Robert Louis Stevenson for his wife, Mrs. Osbourne, is one of the most perfect love stories in literary history. In 1879 Stevenson met his wife for the first time. For a number of years he did not see her, but he wrote to her and their affection grew. Then he learned that she was ill in California. He was then in Edinburgh, Scotland, his home.

He came to America, making the trip in spite of the hardship of the voyage and the fact that his health was then at its worst. He married Mrs. Osbourne and took her back to Scotland with him, and during all the hard years that followed she traveled with him, seeking a place where he could find rest and health. When they found Samoa she was as delighted as he. Here they lived in perfect accord until he died in December, 1894. When he died he was carried to the grave by sixty of the natives who loved him so well. To lay him at rest on the spot he had chosen on the top of the mountain, the natives cleared a pathway, being times compelled to pull themsel and the casket up by means of ro so steep was the ascent.

On the simple tombstone is car his own beautiful *Requiem:*

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will

This be the verse you grave for
"Here he lies, where he longed to
Home is the sailor, home from sea
And the hunter home from the hi

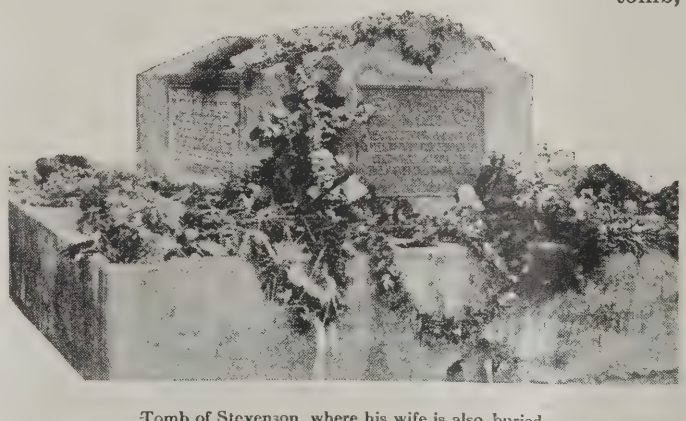
There is now a path, well worn the feet of many pilgrims, which we its zigzag way up the mountain si making the climb as easy as possi Here and there along the road are re ing benches, the gifts of lovers Stevenson's works, and usually bear the names of the donors.

Various hands have attended d ing the passing years the tomb and little plot of ground. At no time h it been neglected, not even when ci war raged beneath it and shells fr great warships in the harbor tore t hillsides, and one plowed its w through the Stevenson home belo Samoans, Germans, British, and N Zealanders have seen to it that Stevenson lover could visit the pla and charge that it was ill-kept.

When Mrs. Stevenson died 1914 she was buried in the sar tomb, and the last verse of the poe her husband wrote to her graven on the monument:

"Teacher, tender comrad
wife,
A fellow-farer true throug
life,
Heart-whole and soul fre
The August Father ga
to me."

And there they rest that lone mountain ove looking the salt sea murmu ing its requiems among th coral reefs. United though fa from the land of their birt



Tomb of Stevenson, where his wife is also buried.

Stevenson's Land of Enchantment

The famous novelist sought health and happiness on beautiful Upolu, one of the Samoan Islands in the South Seas.

A GROUP of natives, servants and guests appear in the above picture, surrounding Robert Louis Stevenson and his family, at a party in honor of the author's birthday. He was called "Tusitala," which means "Teller of Tales."

THE Island of Upolu is wild and luxuriant in its greenness. In the oval above, some native women are shown at a waterfall.

HOUSE that Stevenson designed, and in which he produced his later works, appears above. He experienced difficulty in getting through the island's tangled undergrowth, hence the natives built from the sea to his door "the Road of the Loving Heart."

THE Native Square on market day, at the right. Stevenson was often part of such a picture. The United States has a rich territory in two of the four islands in the Samoan group.

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THE world is his who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold, is there only by sufferance—by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.

It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into Nature; that the world was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of His attributes as we bring to it.

Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage. . . . We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other.

Trust thyself—every heart vibrates to that iron string. Act singly, and what you have always done singly will justify you now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances and you always may.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

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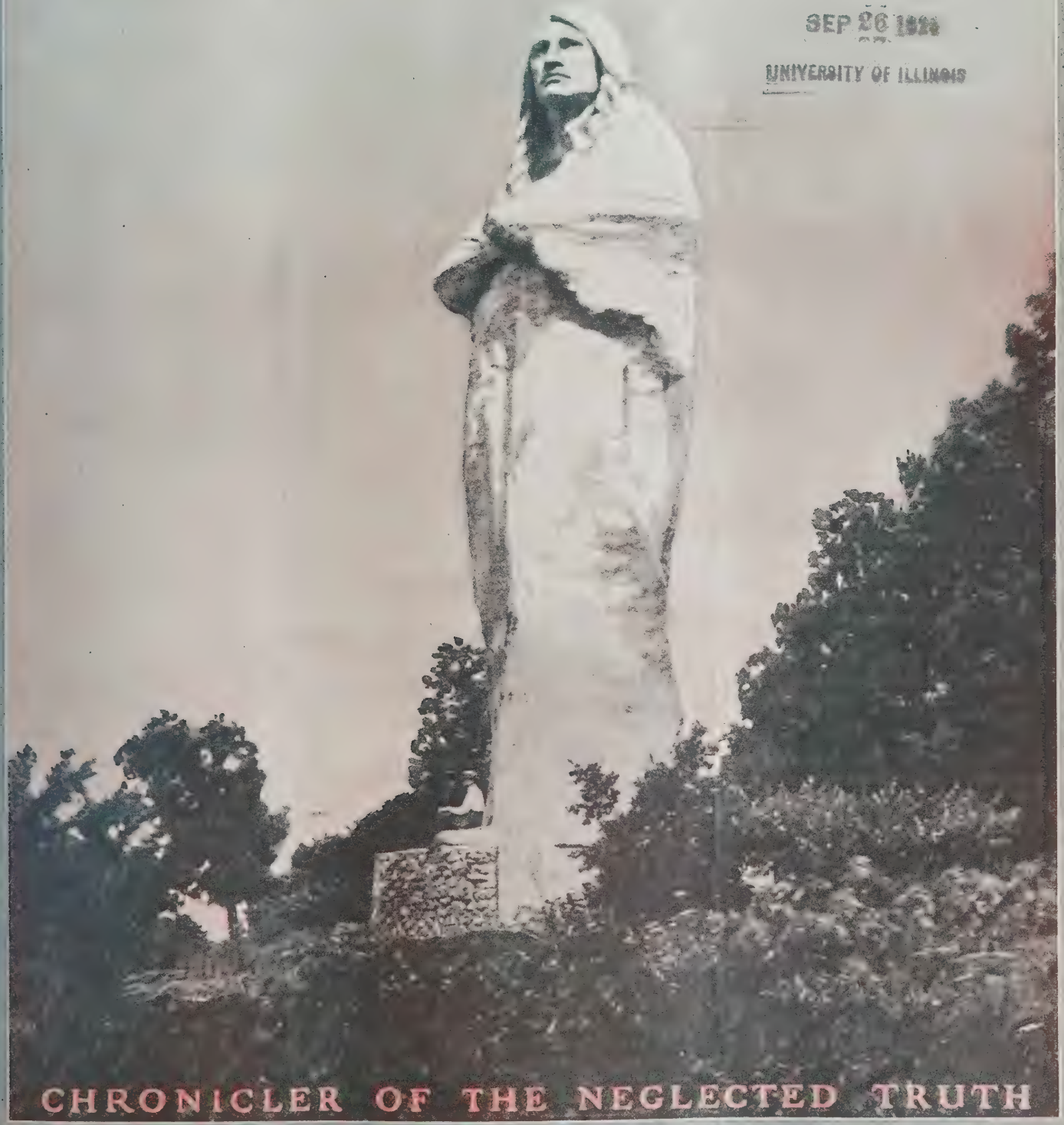


CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

"Anglo-Saxophone" is a word coined abroad to describe the speech of Americans who know but one language and who raise their voices to foreign waiters as if noise would increase their intelligibility.

In George Washington's time ice cream was a novelty but the average United States citizen now eats two and one-half gallons a year.

The manuscript of Scott's *Antiquary* sold recently for $10,000. It brought $200 when sold 93 years ago.

A grave in Arlington Cemetery bears a plain white wooden marker, on which in black letters is this inscription:

Lot 3121
Wm. J. Bryan
Col.
U. S. Vols.

Chauncey M. Depew was a member of the New York Legislature when the Civil War began.

An ancient Persian ambassador to France every morning before the day's business saluted a turf of earth dug from his native soil to remind him of the loyalty due his country in all the transactions of the day.

The poet Byron had a clubfoot which caused him untold embarrassment. Talleyrand was also clubfooted.

Photography has been substituted for typewriting in the office of the *Register* of Chicago, where a great saving is anticipated.

Though the barber shop private shaving mug is almost gone, many old-time shops still have many old individual cups that are no longer in use, some of them belonging to estates and unclaimed by their owners.

To the query of one church paper as to whether there is a shortage in ministers, another irreverently replies: "Yes; decidedly; but not in preachers."

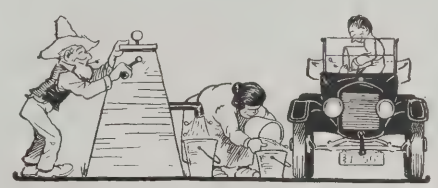
It is surmised that the epistolary xxxxx's, for "kisses," originated in the ancient custom of placing crosses (x's) on the dead, as a salute from friends.

Native Maori women of New Zealand salute their friends in the street by rubbing noses.

The Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor reached America, as the gift of France, on June 17, 1885. Frederic Auguste Bartholdi was the sculptor.

Although there are three million more persons in the cities than in the country, there are two million more children under ten years of age in the country than in the cities.

Tom Moore, the Irish poet, was a grocer's son, short of stature and of insignificant appearance.



Residents of Fredericktown, Missouri, are pumping gasoline from their wells instead of water. This combustible fluid is pure enough to be used in automobiles just as it comes from the earth, after straining out the sediment.

A government censor is present in every newspaper office in Italy. Some issues have to be "made up" five or six times before they are approved. The result of this suppression is a secret press opposed to Mussolini.

A statue to Lafayette in New York bears the inscription, "As soon as I heard of America's independence, my heart was enlisted."

Germany is the most heavily taxed nation, 26 per cent of the national income going into the public treasury. Next is Great Britain with 22 per cent and Japan with 21.8 per cent. France turns in 17.8 per cent of her revenue. The United States is taxed 10.5 per cent of its national income.

The movie rights for one of Mark Twain's least important stories recently sold for $25,000, for a six-year agreement.

Though the goose that laid the golden eggs may long since be dead, the American hen produces more wealth in a single year than all the gold and silver miners in the world.

In the villages just out of Monte Carlo, the women and girls carry large and beautifully shaped copper jugs to the village pump for their water supply.

The principal and 13 teachers at Moody's Northfield Seminary have resigned, but it is denied that the action of the trustees in lifting the ban against dances at the school had anything to do with it.

Napoleon said, "Men are hogs that feed on gold"—a statement whose truth would be increased if it began with "some."

Under the metric system a mile a minute or 60 miles an hour becomes 1.609 kilometers a minute or 96.54 kilometers an hour. Same speed but more figures and longer words.

A man may legally spank his wife under certain circumstances, in Georgia, according to a ruling made by the superior court of that state.

The municipal authorities of Berlin took over the American expression "to park," and this has caused many attacks to be directed against them for introducing further foreign expressions into the German language.

The old city of Athens is to be torn down and archeologists will excavate twenty-five feet beneath the surface in search of centuries of deposits. Forty American colleges plan to assist in the expectation that the work will yield more important disclosures concerning classical civilization, history and art than resulted from the excavations at Pompeii.

September 19, 1925

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Vol. 25, No. 48

Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week asserts that there is no theory" or "standard" of wages, that both are in the making.

Reminiscent of Thoreau and Emerson is this little tale of a trip on one of the country's storied streams. Concord River has a secure place in our literature and history. "The Cruise of the *Nina* on the Concord River," by Florence Taft Eaton, gives us some delightful impressions of an old New England locality. (p. 2)

When taxes become extortionate and confiscatory, loyal men speak out. Our various government units take half a billion a year, that they have no moral right to collect. Royal S. Copeland, United States Senator from New York, speaks his mind on this matter. (p. 3)

New York as a "pagan" city has long been a common theme. But that a great many of its Christian churches have had to be put on the same list as that through which missions to the heathen are financed is not so commonly known. New York is now a Mission proposition for Protestant churches. Most of them are supported by the contributions of persons who do not attend them. (p. 5)

The Boxer indemnity, which was generously returned for educational purposes, is being repeated in the case of Persia. The restitution made for the death of Major Imbrie is to be returned for the education of Persians. The story is vividly told. (p. 6)

Kansas voices its own opinion through its own press. It is not part of a foreign press syndicate. It is time we were thinking about New York "boiler plate" journalism which robs various sections of the country of their own power of expression. (p. 7)

In the church of St. Clement Danes in Old London is Dr. Samuel Johnson's pew. It is now a memorial to the great lexicographer. Just why this was done makes an interesting tale. (p. 8)

Lorado Taft, the American sculptor, shows in his work a mystic vision. An illustration of the American quality of this mysticism is shown on the cover of this issue. Mr. Taft's opinions on the future of American art are full of interest. (p. 12)

Taking the census of bears, mountain lions, wolves and other denizens of the Western wilds is a rather unusual job. (p. 15)

Delightful Master Samuel Pepys in the dual role of connoisseur and book lover. (p. 16)

A market for brains exists, just as for wheat and cotton. The cotton men, however, think they are paying too much for the kind of brains that is sold by Aaron Sapiro. And the returns they have been receiving for cotton seem altogether disproportionate. (p. 18)

A nation's history baked into pottery and other articles of clay, illustrated on jugs and mugs and dinner plates, is sometimes illuminative of facts that print cannot present. Many American scenes and scenes in American history are to be found on the old Staffordshire ware of our grandfathers. (p. 20)

The frequency with which criminals are paroled or pardoned, and the considerable sums of money that are forthcoming to cover lawyers' services to crooks, are aspects of the crime situation deserving attention. Where does this money come from? This question is answered in a comprehensive article. (p. 25)

"All the world loves a lover," and many love to see pictures of lovers. Catherine B. Ely writes about this. (p. 32)

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"Old North Bridge."

Cruise of the "Nina on the Concor

By FLORENCE TAFT EATON

HIT IS a lovely summer morning and we are starting on an all-day trip on the Concord River—loveliest of streams! "We" are father, mother, and six children—from little Tom, aged three, to big Harold, of the mature age of fourteen. A tiny black dog, who makes up in valor what he lacks in size, completes our party. The *Nina* is a staunch, round-bottomed rowboat of the "family" type, holding us all easily, and including, each trip, a small guest chosen by a different child. Material here, all told, for a merry day!

We are going down river today and Davis Hill is our destination. How could Concordians exist without their river! Canoe parties and picnics in summer, paddling at twilight and in the moonlight—who can tell how many romances are here brought to a happy ending! In winter, skating, ice boating, skate-sailing, and hockey throng the river—now expanded into a broad lake covering the meadows—with merry parties of children, young people—and their elders!

Paddling under our first bridge—Concord is a town of many bridges—we round the corner on which stands the gray, vine-covered former home of Frank B. Sanborn, one of the very last of Concord's famous circle of authors and philosophers. Here, until the end of his life, could he be seen, a picturesque and interesting figure, tall, somewhat bent, with flowing hair and tie of cheerful hue, working in his little garden patches among his corn and peas, or doing his best to wrest his marshland from the river. With his mass of erudition, his phenomenal memory, his connection with the abolitionists and his spectacular shelter of John Brown and consequent arrest, he is one of the interesting features of his time. As we rounded the point we saw a beautiful pale yellow iris, stretching delicately from a pile of ashes and debris on the river bank. It was unlike any I had seen, in garden or marsh. Was it a tribute of Nature to a unique and intellectual personality?

Our next bridge is the Nashawtuc—the flattest arch in the state, with Nashawtuc Hill on the left, a beautiful green slope with a rounded top, from which can be seen a wonderful view—Wachusett and the New Hampshire hills on the west, the "Cliffs" rising abruptly from Fairhaven Bay, Nobscott and other green hills toward the south, toward the east the village, its main street stretching along the river, and the gilded dome of the old "First Church" shining among the trees; and toward the north the river, winding like a blue ribbon through the meadows, and a glimpse of the "Minute Man" and the old "Battle Ground."

Looking downstream.

Paddling under another bridge the North Branch unites with the Sudbury, on whose placid bosom we have been gliding, forming the Concord. Musketaquid or Grass-Grown River was its old name. A beautiful high point of land called Egg Rock because, as George Bartlett remarks, it was once "laid there," covered with fine trees and carpeted with soft green grass, juts out between two stones. This has been a picnic ground from time immemorial, and I suppose more picnic parties have gathered here than in any one spot in the country! I remember a meeting of the old Saturday Club, one of the oldest and most noted of the m clubs of the town, and of which Er son, Alcott, Louisa M. Alcott, Sanborn and many other celebri were at one time honored memb at Egg Rock, many years ago. contents of the lunch baskets w first enjoyed, but Concord picnics w then nothing if not literary, and, a our supper, each member had to c tribute an original poem, a bit of s timent, or—must I confess it?—a g joke, for the entertainment of the co pany. The young bride whom passing years have changed into white-haired matron could comp the lunchbasket end fairly competer but I well remember her trembl dread of her part of the liter program!

On the face of one of the ro where the two streams meet the following beautiful inscr tion:

"On the hill Nashawtuc, at meeting of the waters,
And along their banks,
Lived the Indian owners Musketaquid
Before the White Men came."

A little farther up the No Branch is "Gibraltar," a la rock near the boat landing Edward W. Emerson, son of t poet, whose hospitable home on Lowell road, a short distar back from the river. Few cele rities, from home or abro visit Concord without payi their respects to this worthy a gifted descendant of the poet and charming wife. As we paddle dow stream we pass under the "Red Bridg —fondly so called, although not for many a long year—and a few mo strokes bring us to (Continued on page

Toward Nashawtuc Bridge.

Federal Taxes Should Be Cut Half a Billion a Year

By ROYAL S. COPELAND
United States Senator from New York

Royal Copeland, United States Senator from New York.

OUR national, state, and municipal governments are all great offenders against the people. They are collecting ney in the form of taxes that they ve no moral right to collect, and ending money that they have no ht to spend. Most of the states d cities are also borrowing money at they have no moral right to borrow. No private business could keep out bankruptcy if it were run as our rious governments are conducted. ockholders and bondholders would use to put up money to continue ch waste and such extravagance. the people of the United States only lized it, they have, in this matter, eto power as great as have the stockders of a corporation. They can ve billions of dollars that are now ng wasted each year and lower es if they will but make a determed drive at the polls to do so. But accomplish this task, the people will ve to be alert all the time—when y are voting for national officers, en they are voting for state officers, d when they are voting for municipal vants. Because not all of the money wasted in Washington, great as the ste in the national capital is. The tes and the cities also are terrific enders.

The people are awakening to the iousness of our situation. I hear ir complaints wherever I go. An cle of mine celebrated the one ndredth anniversary of his birth, other day. I was one of 120 relaes who helped him do it. Most them were Republicans. But mocrats and Republicans both eed that the most important ject in America today is exsive taxation. Every one of m felt that our various governnts were taking from him ney to which they had no moral e.

They were right, of course. rely because a government has legal power to tax, it does not ow that it has a right to impose essive taxation. *And all taxa is excessive,* and therefore hout justification, *that goes bed the bare cost of government* en honestly and economically ninistered.

I have nothing to do with te and municipal governments, so far as I have power in the tional Government, I am going ve as hard as I can for economical ernment and lower taxation.

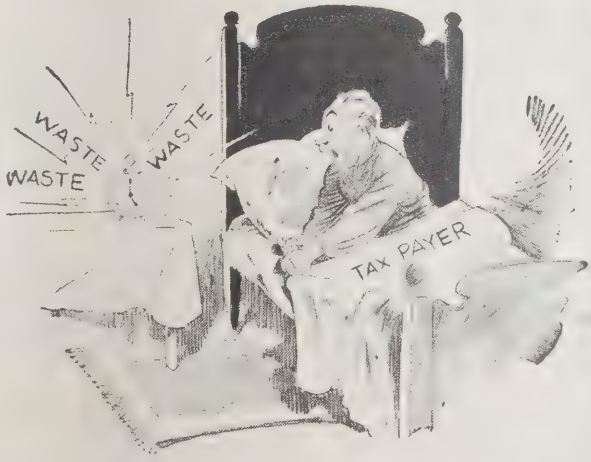
I believe Congress should go about it, as speedily as possible after the beginning of the next session, to cut off $500,000,000 a year from the taxation that the people are now bearing.

I believe the surtax should be cut from 40 to 10 per cent, that the automobile and other nuisance taxes should be wholly done away with, and that both the inheritance and gift taxes should be repealed. I would also exempt from taxation those whose annual incomes are less than $5,000.

I would reduce the surtax upon large incomes because business must have a chance if it is to keep in business. It cannot function well if the Federal Government is to take almost half of its profits and the other governments some more. Moreover, men taxed so heavily seek legal ways to avoid some of the tax and these measures do not help the public. For instance, money invested in tax-exempt bonds does not provide employment for workingmen. I believe a surtax of 10 per cent is enough to put upon any business or any man.

The nuisance taxes should be done away with because they *are* nuisances. We do not need the money they produce and those who produce it do need it.

The inheritance and gift taxes are the worst of the lot. What possible basis is there in ethics for the collection of a tax upon inheritances and gifts? The collection of such taxes reminds me of nothing so much as the holding up of passengers on a train by highwaymen. The government simply



The people are awakening to the seriousness of our situation."

wants the money and takes it.

Does it take it because the man who has just died owed the government some money? That cannot be, because if such had been the case the government, presumably, would not have waited for the man to die to recover what he owed to the National Treasury. How could the man have owed the government anything, anyway? He had paid his Federal income tax, which represented not only all that the government should have collected from him but more. So long as he lived, the government did not pretend that it had a title to a single cent that he possessed.

What is there about death that gives even the United States Government the right to claim title to wealth that it did not pretend to own so long as its accumulator lived? The moment he stops breathing, the National Government claims to own 40 per cent of it and if he has property and offices in 45 of the other states, they claim 20 per cent more of it.

Of course, the death of nobody gives the national and state governments the moral and ethical right to claim anything he possessed to which they had no right so long as he lived. Death is merely seized upon as an excuse for raiding estates and collecting more money to waste. Breathing or crossing the street might as well be the excuse for taxation.

No excuse is needed for taxation that is necessary. Any excuse is good enough. But when the governments, national and state, do not need extraordinary sums of money, such holdups are unjustified. Nor should any estate at any time be subjected to such a tax that the payment of it might take the estate from its owners. It has been publicly asserted that this is exactly what occurred to the estate of the late John Wanamaker. It is said that the taxes upon this estate have taken it all—or will take it all unless the heirs win suits that are now in court. I have also heard it asserted in the United States Senate that other

estates have been wrecked by the various inheritance taxes imposed upon them.

I would also repeal the tax upon gifts. This tax was imposed to prevent men from seeking to avoid the inheritance tax. The same reasoning applies in this matter that I applied to the inheritance tax. Either a man owns certain property or he does not. Either the government owns an interest in this property or it does not. If the man owns the property and the government has no interest in it, why has not the man a right to sell it or give it away without paying tribute to the government? Of course he has such a right. In collecting such taxes the government simply puts itself in the position of saying: "I have the power to rob you and I am going to do it."

"Merely because a government has the legal power to tax, it does not follow that it has the right to impose excessive taxation."

There is no question of the government's power. But neither is there any question of the right of the people to order their national and state governments to cut out the super-tax business.

Some persons, of course, justify the raiding of estates on the ground that too much money should not be permitted to accumulate in anyone's hands. I do not know whether this reasoning is sound or not. I do not look at the matter quite that way. I do not see that the mere fact of ownership amounts to so much. I am more concerned as to *what the man does with what he owns*. If he does badly, from the point of view of the public welfare, I would not wait until he died to apply corrective measures. I would apply them while he was still living and in the midst of his anti-social acts. I would hedge him about with laws that would give him no choice but to go straight. And so long as a man goes straight—so long as he uses his wealth in a manner that is helpful to society—I do not see that it makes any difference how much property he owns. But no matter how much anyone owns or may own, the people always have it in their power to lay down the conditions under which he may use his wealth. If they do not know how to use this power, that is something for them to study. But it is certainly wrong to hold up a good man who wants to give away some of his property and it is stupid merely to tax a bad man who wants to do the same thing. Of course there is no sense in the gift tax law because it was enacted merely to give effect to another unjust law—the taxation of inheritances. In this world it usually follows that one wrong act compels resort to another act equally wrong.

I am further opposed to breaking up fortunes, merely because they are large, for the reason that my experience in Washington and my observations throughout the world have led me to believe that such action instead of doing good would do harm. In other words, I believe that those who have accumulated great fortunes are more capable of handling them in such a manner that the public will derive some benefit therefrom than are any set of public officials in the country. If an extra billion were to be dumped into the Treasury at Washington, what would happen? It would be wasted. But if a billion were added to industry it would provide work and wages for a good many persons. Some rich men keep reinvesting their profits in business, thus creating employment for others. Perhaps there is nothing better that one person can do for another than to provide him with the means of earning a comfortable living for himself and those who are dependent upon him. But of course there are other ways of using money in such a manner as to benefit others. I came upon such an instance in Warsaw, where I was ta to as fine a laboratory as I ever sa my life outside of Rockefeller Insti in New York. I asked who provi the money for such a splendid inst tion in such an out-of-the-way p and I was told that Rockefeller did

"Not all the money is wasted in Washington—the states and the cities also are terrific offenders."

As long as rich men use their mo as our rich men do, I would rat they would keep it than to break their fortunes and let our politici take hold. They are no more to trusted with great riches than m are to be trusted in a box of cheese.

I am, therefore, in favor of reduc Federal taxation at the next session Congress at least to the extent $500,000,000 a year. Secretary Mel is obsessed with the idea of pay off our national debt as soon as possi but I think he is wrong in this. Dur the last five years we have reduc the national debt to the extent five billions, leaving a balance about twenty-one billions.

I believe this is paying the d too rapidly. I am in favor of leavi part of the burden for future gene tions to bear. We can reduce Fede taxation $500,000,000 a year and s reduce the national debt to the exte of $300,000,000 a year, which wou discharge the debt in about 60 yea This is what I think we should do. will be enough for the present generati

This generation has already pa extremely heavily for the war and w have to keep on paying until it di We paid about $40,000,000,000 wh the war was in progress. We ha paid $5,000,000,000 since it ende We have $21,000,000,000 yet to pa If we were to pay $300,000,000 a ye on the principal that would amount, 20 years, to $6,000,000,000 mo Twenty years will cov the remainder of t productive period of tho who were 25 years o when the European w began. The present ge eration should not taxed to death to cle off a debt that it was n wholly responsible for i curring.

We who are still aliv have some rights. Bus ness men who are sti alive have some right I do not feel that busine men have been give either a fair or an i telligent deal by thos who made existing ta laws. Politicians had to much to say in makin them. They taxed busi ness too heavily becaus they believed such taxa tion would make them popular. Poli ticians always have their eyes on th largest groups of voters. It mean nothing to them to tax big incomes a high as 60 per cent. Only a few hav such incomes and they have but on vote each. Ninety-

(Concluded on page 29

Mission Mite Boxes for Pagan New York

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

NEW YORK the Wealthy—New York the Powerful—the Babylon of the Western world—is on a par with China and frica so far as Protestant churches re concerned.

Protestant churches in New York re for the most part supported by issionary collections taken up in her parts of the country.

Not only has the number of those urches startlingly decreased, but ose that remain are less and less le to maintain themselves.

New York is now on the Mission ap of the great Protestant denomina-ons—along with India, Zululand and urkey.

This does not mean that New York non-Christian. Its large Catholic ligious census of more than 2,000,000 d its 423 Catholic churches would revent that.

Nor does it mean that New York non-religious. Its large Jewish re-gious preference of nearly 1,900,000 ith their 1,127 synagogues (1918) ould prevent that.

It means that its 1,941,847 Protes-nt population (figures of 1920) are ot sufficiently interested in religion support the diminished number of rotestant churches that remain in at city.

Presbyterians, Baptists, and Metho-sts have all sent out S O S calls for lp. They have dipped deeply into eir World Mission funds to support ew York churches that are slowly ying.

People in other states who think ey are giving money to convert the eathen probably do not know that e mission field, which part of their oney goes to cultivate, lies much nearer ome—that New York, the mecca of merica's finance, literature, art and shion has become the graveyard of rotestant churches.

Out of 40 Presbyterian churches, 1 are being supported by missionary nds.

Out of 26 Methodist churches, 21 re being supported and maintained by missionary funds.

Out of 21 Baptist churches, 12 are being supported by missionary funds.

Taking the larger area of New York City, Methodist figures show the large number of 51 churches being supported by missionary funds.

And all this in face of the fact that there are 36 fewer Protestant churches in Manhattan than there were 25 years ago.

And more than half of the churches still surviving have a budget of about $4,000 a year.

Almost overnight New York City, or Manhattan, to be exact, has become the world's great Mission Field.

A folder published by the Baptist Church Extension Society of Manhattan has in big black letters the title: "GREATER NEW YORK THE WORLD'S STRATEGIC MISSION FIELD."

This folder starts off with a statement by Walter Laidlaw, a noted statistician.

"New York City in Colonial days was Teutonic in race and Protestant in religion. Today it is Latin, Slavic and Semitic in race and dominantly Catholic and Jewish in religion. . . . .

"In thirty years Protestantism's potential population has fallen from nearly one-half to slightly more than one-third the city's population; the Roman Catholic population has shown a reduced percentage at every census period; while the increase of the Jewish population has been larger than the Protestant decline."

Mr. Laidlaw said: "Within ten years Manhattan will be a Jewish city, due to increased birth rate alone, even if we do not have any additional immigration of Jews."

Statistics already show this remarkable situation; that nearly half the population of New York City (45.3 per cent) is of Southern European origin; while 87.32 per cent of the city's total increase between 1910 and 1920 is of Southeastern European origin.

To put it in an even more simple fashion, here is the statement so familiar and true as to have become almost trite:

New York is the world's largest *Jewish City.*

New York is the world's largest *Negro City.*

New York is the world's largest *Italian City.*

New York is the world's largest *Irish City.*

On Manhattan Island the number of Protestant churches and missions, English speaking and white, which are receiving help from money that the churches of America outside of New York send in to that Mission Field are:

Presbyterian 21.
Methodist 21.
Baptist 12.

Those *not* receiving help are in the minority in these three great denominations as the following statement shows:

Presbyterian 19.
Methodist 5.
Baptist 9.

Take the Methodists, easily reckoned the most virile, at least the largest of the Protestant denominations, yet the figures show that of all the Methodist churches on Manhattan Island only five are independent of Missionary money raised by the rest of the denomination.

Charles Stelzie says that within thirty years, below 30th street, 46 churches have sold out their holdings while the population has increased 300,000.

Another statement is made by Dr. Christian Reisner:

"There are 36 less Protestant churches on Manhattan Island than there were 25 years ago. Not a single outstanding new church has been created in Greater New York in 15 years, while 56 per cent of the present Protestant churches in existence work on an annual budget of $4,000."

"Do you mean to say that fifty-six per cent of the (Concluded on page 27)

Another Indemnity—This Time Persi

Major Imbrie's Murder—Once More a Foreign Nation Must Satisfy American Hono

By CAMERON WILKIE

WALLACE SMITH MURRAY boarded the *Sphinx* at Beyrout. The news spread quickly that he was the American who negotiated the settlement of the now famous Imbrie murder case; that he was on his way to Washington to report to the State Department; that he and his young wife had raced for three days and nights from Teheran across the desert to catch this French liner in which we are cruising around the Mediterranean.

In several fascinating conversations with this young representative of the New School of American Diplomacy, a quiet-voiced, careful, well-trained chap, I heard one of the most stirring stories of modern diplomatic relations, which it would not be proper for me to quote. The State Department has its wise rules in these matters, and Mr. Murray has not as yet made his official report to Washington. However, here is the story that American archives will hold for the use of future historians.

The People Resent Being Photographed

Due to the resignation of Rabbi Joseph F. Kornfeldt, of Columbus, Ohio, who was the Minister to Persia, by appointment of President Harding, and who now lives in Toledo, Mr. Murray has been the *charge d'affaires* in Persia since September 1, 1924.

Robert W. Imbrie, American Consul in Persia, was murdered a year ago on July 18 by fanatical Persians because he attempted to take a photograph of a miraculous fountain in Teheran.

Imbrie was a Scot, a graduate of Yale, and, while a rough and ready, adventuring sort of fellow, according to his fellow members of the Diplomatic Service, he was in nowise a fool; and he did not in any manner thrust himself into this dangerous situation, as most American newspapers have stated. He had been the American Consul at Angora, the Turkish capital, and came to Teheran from that turbulent city of the new Turkish Government.

Imbrie had been out and out in his fight against the new influx of Bolshevists into Turkey. He had been in Russia when the Bolshevist movement broke out there and had rendered great aid in saving bonds and property of Americans. In Angora he had come into contact with Bolshevism as a full-fledged power. It is hard to resist the conclusion that his antagonism to Bolshevism had something to do with his tragic end.

The fountain in Teheran, where Imbrie was murdered, had been the scene of a recent miracle. A Protestant sect of the Mohammedans called Bahais—which incidentally has many adherents in Chicago, Illinois—had believed that this fountain was sacred because of this miracle.

The miracle was this: a man had cursed the orthodox Mohammedan religion and the Prophet himself and his eyes had dropped out at this very fountain! This was widely believed among the Bahais and the place was regarded as holy. People came by thousands and brought their sick and afflicted to be cured by its waters.

Major Imbrie drove up with a friend to take a picture of this fountain for use in the *National Geographic Magazine*, whose Near East correspondent he had been for some time. He had with him an American prisoner named Seymour. Seymour had been sentenced to serve eighteen months for murderous assault on a fellow American oil driller in the Persian oil fields. Imbrie had taken pity on him and was taking him out for a ride in his carriage. They were not close friends. Neither of them realized the danger into which they suddenly ran.

Major Imbrie stepped from the carriage, which he had hired, and focused his camera on the fountain. The fanatics protested against his taking the picture on the grounds that there were Mohammedan women present, not on the grounds of religion. Even veiled women are not to be photographed in Persia. The evidence in the trial proves that Major Imbrie did not take the picture but the crowd thought he did because they heard the click of his camera as he shut it, without having exposed the film.

The crowd started toward him and he and Seymour jumped into their carriage and drove rapidly away to avoid a clash. Then some agitators in the crowd started to shout: "He has poisoned the waters of the fountain and has caused the death of many Mohammedans."

Attacked by the Mob in Jail Yard

This stirred the mob of fanatical Mohammedans to fury and they started to run after the fleeing men. However, the mob was on foot and the carriage managed to reach the police station nearest at hand where the Cossacks were stationed. Major Imbrie had difficulty in making the policemen understand who he was, and, during this time the crowd caught up with him just as he was writing on a card his name and the fact that he was the American Consul. The crowd dragged him out of his carriage and beat him severely. Seymour, in the meantime, escaped into the wall the police station.

By this time the cry was spread through the crowd that Imbrie committed murder. As the mob swept through the streets between the miraculous fountain and the po station it had been joined by sh keepers and bystanders until it n bered about five thousand, none whom knew what it was all about few of whom were in the original gr that had started after the victims the fountain.

By the time the soldiers got Imb into the jail yard these five thous infuriated men had gathered about gates, and, upon being harangued leaders they broke into the yard again assaulted the two America Some of the policemen took part the assault; one of them was la executed for doing so. The po station was at least a mile from fountain where the trouble began. policemen, paralyzed by the size a the fury of the mob, were helple For twenty minutes Major Imb fought alone.

Murdered While on the Operating Table

nally, however, C sacks rescued bo Americans and them to a hospi and sent for a surgeon. At this ti neither man was seriously wounded.

The mob followed their victims the hospital, and while the two Ame cans were on the operating tables ha ing their wounds dressed, a Moha medan named Seyed Hossein, a dire descendant of the great Prophet, ag 24, got up on a box in front of t hospital and addressed the alrea demented mob, urging them to bre into the hospital and kill these Ame cans.

Infuriated further by this appeal t mob broke into the hospital and a tacked both men as they lay helple on the operating tables having the wounds dressed. One young Moha medan boy about seventeen years o tore the flagstones up from the floor the operating room and beat in t face of Major Imbrie. Both this bo and Seyed Hossein, who harangued th crowd in front of the hospital, wer executed for their part in this crim Seymour owes his life alone to the fa that the mob saw him stretched ou on the table and thought he was a ready dead.

They sent for Mrs. Imbrie and sh arrived just as her husband died, a hal hour later. He had more than 18 wounds on his body.

The government of Persia declare martial law within two hours an that martial law (Concluded on page 31

Kansas Generates Its Own Opinion

In Freedom From Foreign Influences the Press Finds the Secret of Service

By FRANK M. CHASE

I AM always glad when I can put Kansas in the title of an article. People generally seem to take an extra interest in what the Sunflower State is saying and doing. The mere mention of its name starts a pricking of ears nearly anywhere.

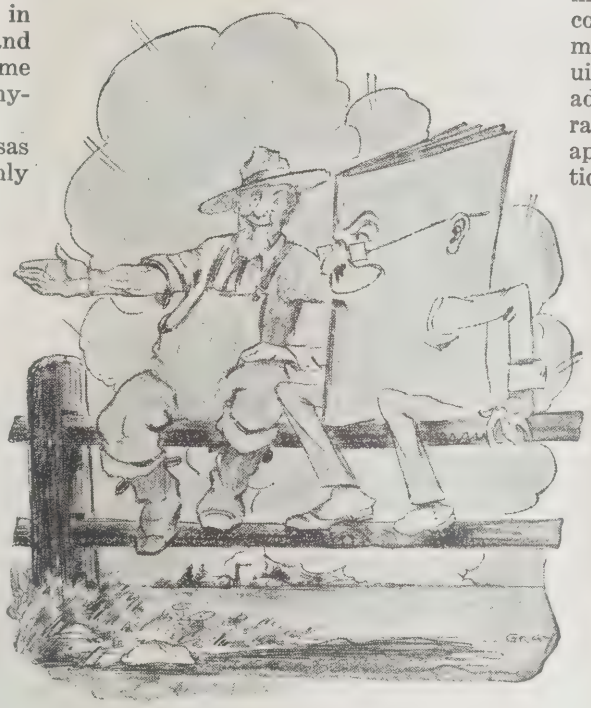
For this state of affairs the Kansas press is largely responsible. Not only do the newspapers of Kansas broadcast its name and fame, but they are the chief agency in the formation of a public opinion that is eagerly read by the rest of the nation.

In the manner in which this opinion is developed lies much of the explanation for its wide appeal. Kansas newspaper opinion is handmade, homemade, and from the "grass roots." It is formed and spread by small papers, each answerable to its own community and not subservient to a capitalistic management half the width of the continent away.

"It has always been true of the Kansas press that it has kept in close touch with its patrons and given preference to the local drift of things," said Captain Henry King, for many years the distinguished editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. "This is probably the main secret of its strength and its utility, and there is to be derived from it an important lesson in journalism. The tendency of too many newspapers is toward the remote and universal instead of that which directly concerns the average reader. It is all very well to tell what is going on in different parts of the world, and to expatiate profoundly about events and issues that have the enchantment of distance, but it is better to make a faithful report of proximate occurrences and to editorialize on themes that have to do with the practical life of a given community. The paper that devotes most of its space to its own town and state has the true idea of its mission and its limitations."

These words are as true today as when they were spoken in the course of a commencement-day address at the University of Kansas nearly twenty years ago. The Kansas press is essentially a local press. The newspapers of the state are numerous and small. With a population of approximately 1,800,000, Kansas has a total of 648 newspapers and periodicals, or one paper for each 2,600 inhabitants.

The Kansas editor is close to his readers. He forms his opinions out of his own reading and contacts, and is held to account for them by the man whom he meets on the street the next day. What he writes is the man-to-man expression of one trying sincerely to serve his neighbors and fellow beings.



The Kansas press always keeps in close touch with its patrons.

Kansas is practically free of chain newspapers, or syndicates, as they are sometimes called. In but one instance—Arthur Capper's Kansas City *Kansan*—is a Kansas daily under absentee control, and this was started at the request of the residents and business interests of the city. As W. Y. Morgan, one of the state's prominent editors, said in a letter to the writer while this article was in preparation, "Kansas papers are developed individually and each of them stands on its own legs and talks or howls as it pleases."

The chain newspaper, in fact, finds little favor among Kansas editors. It does not fit in with their notion of an untrammeled press.

> *"I think one man should run one newspaper and no more,"* said William Allen White, the famous editor of the almost equally famed Emporia *Gazette*. *"A chain of newspapers must be very much like a chain of wives. Unless a man gives his whole heart, he doesn't give anything to his wife or his newspaper."*

With his usual incisiveness, Mr. White struck to the core of the chain newspaper question. A worthy newspaper is an exacting mistress. Material resources alone do not build it. In addition, there must be vision, purpose, initiative and loyalty, service and adaptation to the community. Even more than adaptation, a deep-rooted confidence and interest in the community is essential. And these requisites do not flourish to the best advantage under chain control. The rarity with which chain newspapers approach even a semblance of distinction is evidence of the blighting effect of the syndicate system.

From the reader's point of view, in fact, it is difficult to see that the chain newspaper has any well-defined advantage over the papers individually owned. Its advantages are mainly commercial. Through the reduction of overhead and standardization of policies and methods many savings are undoubtedly possible. This standardization, however, is not confined to the counting room. It is all too evident in the editorial columns of most of the chain papers.

> *"The chief fault of chain newspapers,"* writes Ralph E. Stout, managing editor of the Kansas City *Star*, *"is a certain machine-made, canned aspect which seems to me to be common to all of them.* They lack the individuality which is an attractive feature to most newspapers printed by an individual in his own town. I doubt if they can ever fully fill the field or rise to the full opportunities that each newspaper has."

"Chain newspapers are a fine thing for the man who owns them," said Henry J. Allen, owner of the Wichita *Beacon* and former governor of Kansas, who took a few minutes between talks to journalism classes at the state university to give me his views on the subject. "In America today they are very prosperous. By means of their large organizations and standardized procedure they are enabled to save a great deal of overhead expense as compared with the individually owned papers.

"But for the reader and the community in which it circulates the chain newspaper is not so good. In most instances it is simply a merchandising proposition, and real publishing is more than merchandising. In its relation to the community, indeed, the chain newspaper is not unlike the chain store. The chain paper may give good news service, just as the chain store may sell good goods. But both lack the pulsing, human relationship of the business that has

(Concluded on page 23)

Dr. Johnson's Pew in Old London

In the Old Church of St. Clement Danes His Memorial May Be Read

By HUGH A. GRANT

IT WAS Bernard Shaw who remarked, many years ago, that in no other country than England and in no other city than London would two buildings like St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Danes be allowed to stand, as they have done for two hundred years and more, right in the middle of the busiest street in the city. It is safe to say, however, that no matter how serious the congestion of traffic in the Strand becomes these two beautiful examples of Sir Christopher Wren's architecture will never be removed.

St. Clement Danes is especially dear to English people and to many millions throughout the world, because, here, over one hundred and fifty years ago, was wont to come, Sunday after Sunday, and often on a weekday, too, "that much enduring man," as Carlyle calls him, Dr. Samuel Johnson.

In the north gallery of this church there is a pew which is more revered and respected than the "squire's pew" was wont to be in many a country church, in days gone by. Nearly a century and a half has passed since the death of Dr. Johnson, yet, in the soft light and amidst the high back pews of St. Clement Danes, one has no difficulty in recalling his presence. A plain plate of brass fixed to the back of the pew reminds all and sundry that here the great essayist and lexicographer used to kneel in worship. "Westminster Abbey," as one writer puts it, "can show his grave, and St. Paul's his monument; but here is preserved the memory of the sacred place where the rugged but sensitive man used, for many a long year, to ask for strength and grace."

It has been remarked that Boswell shows us Johnson in his chambers, in the clubs and in the streets but his own confessions enable us to understand him at church.

The remark is true enough. Listening to him on a Saturday night, maybe, at the "Mitre" or the "Turk's Head," we might wonder at his rude and even fierce replies, his unreasoning prejudices, his domineering and despotic intellect. We might find it difficult to see in him a man of deep religious feeling, but when the bells of St. Clement's echoed through the little courts and narrow alleys around about Inner Temple Lane the Temple porter would regularly open the gates to let out the scholastic large-wigged "Mr." Johnson on his way to church.

Dr. Johnson's pew in St. Clement Danes.

On by the posts of Fleet street, touching each as he goes, rolls, rather than walks, Mr. Johnson the dictionary-maker. He seems more solemn than usual, and the sound of the church bells deepens his pensiveness into an abiding melancholy. It is a strange transformation. He, who was the center of everything the night before, enters the church as though anxious to avoid notice, and moves heavily up the old staircase to his accustomed seat in the gallery by the pillar. He has told us how he strove to solve the great problem "how to purify and fortify my soul, and hold real communion with the highest." That pew in the north gallery of St. Clement Danes is the actual scene of the great struggle. Here he sat after his good resolution "to go to church every Sunday and read the scriptures," and here he came in the last year of his life, at the age of seventy-five, to return thanks to God for his recovery from an illness which had laid him low a hundred-and-twenty-and-nine days.

And so, in the year 1851, some inhabitants of the parish of St. Clement Danes, whose grandfathers, maybe, had known the great writer in the flesh, put up this simple memorial to his former presence as a worshiper in their parish church. The inscription runs:

> "In this pew and beside this pillar, for many years attended divine service the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, the philosopher, the poet, the great lexicographer, the profound moralist, and chief writer of his time. Born 1709, died 1784. In the remembrance and honour of noble faculties, nobly employed, some inhabitants of the parish of St. Clement Danes have placed this slight memorial, A. D. 1851."

And so it is to this day, the pew and the pillar, the light and the silence, much as it was years ago.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

CLEAR vision confirms the view that to maintain wages at a high level is as important to Business as to Labor. Even more important, since Labor can outlive Business in a contest with adversity. The volume and value of exchange rests upon purchasing power, and purchasing power upon the adequacy of the pay envelope. That must always be true in a nation of workers who are slaves neither to aristocracy nor low-level communism.

This magazine is constantly receiving letters asking what is meant by a "just wage" or an "adequate wage," the desire evidently being for some statement of *a theory of wages.* It is a false theory that at present there is any standard of wages, or can be. The whole matter is still in the making, and the new theory must be based on a new practice.

The old theory, which still persists in business, is that the rate of wages depends on the bargaining power of the worker as against the monopoly power of the employer. Business is a pitched battle with wages the terms of armistice. Under that theory both sides lost. Under that theory labor unions rose and organized war began, with boycott and lockout as the weapons. Nothing more is needed than these results to prove the theory false. Yet it is clung to by old-line Management and old-line Labor with equal tenacity. They both are wrong.

THERE is at present no theory of wages because the old theory has been destroyed by progress and justice, and the new one is still in the making. The true theory of the wage rate must be found as the tensile strength of materials is found, by tests. Wages, regarded as an armistice between capital and labor, can yield no basic principle. But when regarded as one of the principal products of a business —as the dividends of production—there is hope of finding what they ought to be. "All that the traffic will bear" has never yet been applied to wages.

The acceptance of a theory like that, as if it were a natural law, has hindered our progress in discovering the true basis of human relations. It needs to be driven home to men's minds that such a theory represents nothing but the accommodation of their logic to their errors. They give sanction to selfishness and glorify greed by writing them learnedly into a book and calling them "political economy." The *theory of wages* in the past has been merely a description of the predatory spirit that actuated money-making at the period in which the theory was formed.

References to a "living wage," or the "American standard" are attempts to establish a new theory. But even a "living wage" may be very low. A business may be so useless to the public, or so badly managed, as not to be able to pay even a "living wage." To make that the standard is to court experiments in low-level living.

The "living wage" in America happens to be fairly high. The reason is found in the energy and intelligence of Labor, and the ability of management in Business. The two have coöperated toward useful production which in turn has been rewarded by wide purchase and use.

In a very important sense, then, there is no standard wage except that set by the energy, ability and character of all who are engaged in the business, managers and men. The political economists and social theorists have no basis on which to erect a theory of a standard wage. The basic fact is that the standard wage is what management and industry can make it. Upon managers more than upon political economists rests the responsibility of furnishing data for the new theory of wages.

A business that does not include a steady and profitable wage scale among the good things it produces is not a very productive business. A business where the dividends are out of all proportion to the wages is perilously lopsided. Yet a business which should divide every last surplus dollar into wages would be in danger of extinction.

There are three factors in the situation: the manager, the employe, the business. The business as a going concern must always be considered. There stands Industry like the University, like the Church, an institution valuable in itself. It provides the worker with an outlet for his activity, the public with commodities and utilities. Thus the Industrial institution itself commands consideration in all questions of profits and wages. Its stability, its protection against emergencies—*its own wages,* so to speak, is a charge upon the income. To injure such a medium by wrong wages, wrong prices or wrong profits is to commit a social crime.

When management understands that wages are water on the business wheel, and are to be regarded as profits rather than costs (that is, they are desirable to increase rather than decrease), then we shall begin to see what wage possibilities are. Until we try it, we do not know. Until we know, we can formulate no theory or standard. Until then we must work on to create the best conditions we can —not the best conditions for one class only, but for all. A true theory can be erected only on the best attainable common social benefit.

"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

A Good Mixer

THESE money-grubbing Americans! There are times when the American traveler abroad feels that he must hang his head in shame. Surely, judging by what he hears, his must be a nation of hard-faced overlords wringing the last cent from an oppressed lower order which toils ceaselessly, slave-like. He is not conscious of having spent his life gouging his fellow men; and he does not recall that the face of the Western world is covered by crawling creatures, enslaved by capitalism.

After a while he shakes himself free from this superimposed view of things, and looks back upon America with his own spectacles and not through the jaundiced lenses of the European. He remembers lines of motor cars parked before a construction job, where even eight-dollar-a-day hodcarriers may have rolled up to work in their motor cars.

Then he may open the *Times Trade Supplement,* in London, perhaps, and discover a column of figures telling him a graphic story of Britain's life.

In England the bicycle industry makes more than 10 per cent on the money invested; while the motor industry, despite prices that would stagger the folks at home, returns a bare 2½ per cent. The workingman who can afford to own a good bike considers himself fortunate.

The most profitable trade for the Briton is *tobacco,* with a return of 17½ per cent; and second is *brewing,* at 11 per cent. Sheffield steel and Welsh coal have been synonymous with Britain's world trade supremacy for years; yet coal, iron and steel are returning her investors savings bank rates only today.

The most profitable major industry is that of textile manufacturing, which shows an earning capacity of 10 per cent, but this is a low wage calling and the general level of the population is not lifted radically by its prosperity.

Having digested these facts and recalled to mind some of the glimpses he has had of the lives of peoples of Europe, the Yankee traveler is ready to do a little George Cohan flag-waving by now.

"This hated American dollar is, after all, democratic, a good mixer—circulates around," he says. "We grub for it, hey? Well, why not? But it isn't the dollar we want: it's bathtubs, and healthy children, and better houses education, fun, motor cars—and even trips to Europe."

Tolerance and Intolerance

CHARLES E. HUGHES has studied to combine impressiveness with unsatisfactoriness. He has the habit of assuming an attitude of great breadth as the basis of a rather narrow special pleading. In his able address before the American Bar Association he took occasion to read a lecture on tolerance, or, to be more accurate, a lecture against what he called "the spirit of intolerance." He had a magnificent occasion and a time to speak when his words could have commanded national attention, a theme that offered opportunity for a new Monroe Doctrine of the mind. But he threw it away from sheer inability to understand what is proceeding in this country.

The danger in which this nation stands is not tolerance or intolerance, but indifference. The thing that passes for tolerance in this country today is a spineless and unmoral mushiness that doesn't care. The thing that passes for intolerance is in many instances the first reactions of an awakening consciousness toward certain powerful trends now operative in the nation. What we call intolerance has this advantage over indifference, that it represents mental activity, however incomplete, while indifference represents deadness. You can deal with intolerance on the basis of the facts, because its mind has been stabbed awake, but on what ground can you deal with indifference until disaster overtakes it?

We need intolerance in this country, an intolerance of subversive racial propaganda, an intolerance of group activity at the expense of society, an intolerance of special interests of all kinds, be they financial, political, ecclesiastical, racial or what not. And we need an intolerance of all intolerance that does not advance to a better understanding of what arouses its fear or favor. For there is an intolerance of favor as well as an intolerance of attack, and usually one begets the other. Indeed it may be taken as a rule, when you find one intolerance, look for the other.

On the other hand we need a broad tolerance that sees in all these constructively intolerable things an era of growth which may be overpassed. We need a tolerance of all the various *isms* and *ists* striving to attain ex-

pression. But tolerance without an alert understanding and appraisal of what is going on is not tolerance at all. It is mental laziness and indifference.

This was the message to whose great height the mind of Charles Evans Hughes failed to reach. He took one side of the matter. A more accurate and statesmanly view is that taken by Professor Abbott, of Harvard, an excerpt from whose excellent and arousing book, *The New Barbarians*, is printed as a motto on the back cover of this issue.

So Now It's Prosperity!

IT IS marvelous the results we get when what we call the national mind makes itself vocal in the newspapers. The great game nowadays is to produce opinions at a second's notice on subjects proposed by the reporter—be it crime, religion, business, government or art. It is crime just now. Mysteriously down the line the word has run—discuss crime. Of course, crimes and criminals have been discussed all along, but now it is crime. And the cause of crime—it is to discover that that newspapermen now comb the town's talkers for opinions.

Most unique of all the causes of crime thus far reported (and it is to be hoped that all are being properly numbered and classified for later exhibition) is that of prosperity. We are too prosperous, say many, therefore we are criminal. Just what that means is not at once clear. Is it that the robber is so prosperous that he goes out to play highwayman? Or is it that we citizens are too prosperous and that we therefore tempt the poor highwayman? Would reducing the robber's prosperity cool his tendency to steal, or would reducing our prosperity reduce the temptation? It is an important matter and should be made clear. Poor thieves might become honest, and poor citizens might win security of person. That would be a case of Blessed be Poverty!

We trust that this explanation of crime will not be taken too seriously by those gentlemen who are already nervously considering suggesting a reduction of wages. It would be rather difficult to prove that high wages turn the working class into the criminal class. It would be rather embarrassing if a reduction of the prosperity of the wage-earners would also result in a reduction of the prosperity of the wage-payers, for it might indicate that prosperity had a criminal effect on employers also.

Someone with a mind to do it could prove that crime decreases as prosperity increases, that it is not prosperity but criminality that demands attention. The crime of the country is committed by a comparatively small class, easily described and controlled. If all the criminals were congregated in one spot we should be surprised at their small numbers. But they are very energetic, systematic and organized. Equal energy, system and interest on the par of the crime-combating agencies of society would speadily curb the excess.

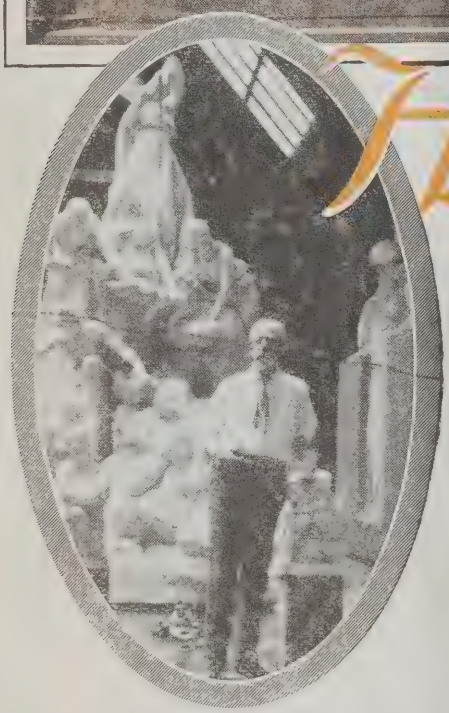
The Liberal Obsession

THE good old Liberal name, like some decent old neighborhoods, has suffered much. The wrong kind of people have adopted it. Liberalism and looseness have come to have too much in common, as labels. The true liberals of other days were Americans of the progressive type who did not conceive themselves to be the enemies of Americans of the conservative type, but who fulfilled their destiny in casting about to build a road for further advance while the conservatives maintained the right of way that had already been won. They were one army, one people, with one ultimate object, but with different though complementary services. Cavalry and infantry, so to speak.

The so-called liberals of today, however, are mostly servants of alien propaganda. The point that they do not know they are agents and that they shriek at you when you say they are does not alter the fact. They may be forgiven for ignorance of their being dupes, but they surely are blamable in not knowing that their stock-in-trade is of alien origin. The attempt to fasten the irregularities of one racial strain on the regularities of another has never been successful, but has been most harmful to those who have made it.

Our sham Liberals have allowed themselves to be made tools for the prostitution of a grand old term. The things they stand for are not to be named in the same day with true Liberalism. The "liberals" themselves (even those who can speak English) are so far outside true Liberalism that they have never known its fundamental principles. They stand outside the path of progress and they have no conception which way this high race of men is moving.

Yet so noble was the Liberalism which this country nurtured that even now the name has power, and this power is being used to silence those who wonder at the false propaganda put forth in its name. "What! would you contend against Liberalism!" The way to meet that challenge is to deny to these dupes the name of Liberal. It doesn't belong to them. Those most entitled to the term have least to do with those who claim it.



Lorado Taft's "Fountain of Time" in Washington Park, Chicago, and (in oval) the sculptor in his studio.

He Carves Mysticism Into Stone

Lorado Taft, Apostle of the Modern Renaissance

By J. V. NASH

IT WAS during the luncheon hour that I dropped into the studio of Lorado Taft—a group of low, rambling buildings built round a remodeled stable on the southern side of Chicago's Midway, with its World's Fair associations, and within the shadow of the majestic Gothic towers of the university.

In a little room to the left of the main entrance hall, serving as a refectory, the master sat at table surrounded by his assistants and students in a delightful atmosphere of informality and familiar companionship. It seemed for all the world like the household of one of the great artistic craftsmen of the Italian Renaissance in the days of Benvenuto Cellini transplanted into twentieth century America.

Just outside the door of the refectory stood a snowy plaster model of one of the greatest of Lorado Taft's sculptures, "The Fountain of the Great Lakes," facing a sunken pool, on the edge of which the studio pussy lay dreamily regarding the goldfish slowly gliding to and fro in the shallow water.

Lorado Taft is a man of simple and democratic manners, with a winning smile and a Lincoln-like friendliness which immediately puts the visitor at his ease. He is of slender build, rather tall, and despite his graying hair the youthfulness of his personality and bearing would never suggest his age as being round sixty-five.

While laughingly deprecating the inroads upon his time by the constant stream of interviewers, sight-seers, and general visitors to the studio, he expressed himself as very happy to discuss with me his work and his views on art for the benefit of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT readers.

And so, after he had posed for a couple of photographs beside the goldfish pool, we sat together for some little time on a bench by the wall while he told me about some of the things that are nearest to his heart.

But first for a bit of background. During a period of many years Lorado Taft has been one of the most vital forces in the cultural life of America. He is a native product of the Middle West, for, though of New England ancestry, he was born at Elmwood, Illinois, April 29, 1860, and was graduated from the University of Illinois in 1879, at the early age of nineteen. For several years, beginning in 1880, he studied art at the famous École des Beaux Arts in Paris. In 1886 he became an instructor in art at the Chicago Art Institute; he has been a lecturer on art at the University of Chicago since its establishment in 1892, and he is also a nonresident member of the faculty of his Alma Mater, the state university.

He is the author of two important books, *The History of American Sculpture* (1903), and *Recent Tendencies in Sculpture* (1921), besides numerous special articles on subjects connected with art. He is a fluent and popular lecturer, and is much in demand on the public platform. One lecture alone —"Processes of Sculpture"—out of his varied list has already attained a record of more than a thousand deliveries.

During the war period, Lorado Taft spent several months in uniform, giving popular lectures to the men of the A. E. F. in France.

Asked how he happened to become an artist, Mr. Taft replied: "I chose art for my life work because as a small boy I had a little facility in drawing and I took pleasure in hearing my mother talk about it to the neighbors and listening to their praise. At the beginning we are all little prigs and frankly selfish, but that is the way art begins; it comes from the pleasure of

oing things and having hem appreciated. When was sent away to school, nd met a thousand other ttle 'smarties,' I found wasn't so wonderful. n Paris I was protected y my ignorance.

"Then I returned to merica, and in January, 886, I established my tudio in Chicago. I ound, however, that no- ody wanted me or my rt. They felt they had o particular need of culpture there."

Appreciation came lowly, but Lorado Taft vent quietly about his vork, constantly improving his tech- nique.

Then in 1893 there was held n Chicago the great World's Colum- bian Exposition, popularly known as the World's Fair. It was here that his first vork of national importance was xecuted.

He undertook the decoration of the reat Horticultural Building. His two nagnificent groups, "The Sleep of the Flowers," and "The Awakening of the Flowers," on either side of the main ntrance, won instant recognition and ed to many other commissions for oteworthy sculptures. Lorado Taft oon sprang into prominence as one of he leading American sculptors, and is fame has been quietly but surely rowing ever since.

When I inquired of Mr. Taft his iews on the place of art in our ational life, he said:

"There is nothing that merica needs so much today s art. It is the thing that has een left out of our inheritance. here is no civilized country in he world that is so lacking in hose traditions as America. I eel that art is the only thing hat really explains life. It is hat accretion of beauty, de- eloped and handed on from one eneration to another. Take hat away, and there is nothing hat explains the life about us— t is all mystery. That is my reed."

"Just what, Mr. Taft, does rt seek to express?" I con- inued.

"Art," he answered promptly, 'should express one's highest deals, the things that mean nost to the individual. It is n expression of emotion and spiration."

"Art, then," I suggested, 'is closely allied to religion?"

"Why, yes," he rejoined, "I hink the joy of living is part f religion, and that is inherent n art."

"What are your principal nterests just now?" was the ext question.

Lorado Taft is a modern sculptor who has incorporated the ideals of the Old Masters with the artistic vision of today.

Among his works of more than nation-wide fame are the colossal "Fountain of Time," on the Midway Plaisance, Chicago, and the great figure of "Black Hawk," which embodies in a powerful manner the Indian personality.

On the cover of this issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is a picture of this majestic statue, in which the Indian is represented "Unflinchingly, erect, with the pathos of the past in his face, the tragedy of the future in his eyes, but with the dauntless courage of a man in his figure and in his whole attitude."

"I am greatly interested," said Mr. Taft, "in community work, in the beautifying of our cities, and particularly in bringing art before our school children in a practical way." He went on to explain some detail of his work in connection with the public schools, by means of which the rising generation is being given a first-hand acquaintance with and appreciation of sculpture.

"Then, too," he resumed, "I am exceedingly interested, here in Chicago, in the establishment of a new museum of architecture and sculpture in the building formerly occupied by the Field Museum. We have already been promised the use of the east wing for that purpose, and I trust that the plan will go through successfully."

My next question was this: "Do you think that America has achieved a distinctively national art of its own?" He reflected a moment and then replied:

"Most art that we have has been an imitation of the arts of the past. Our art has not been developed from our own experience and emotions. As a people we haven't sufficient acquaintance with these other arts to do them real justice. We are the heirs of the ages. Our art, however, is largely a jumble of motifs borrowed from the past and without special significance."

Some of the most significant of Mr. Taft's later works include the following: "The Solitude of the Soul," at the Art Institute of Chicago; "The Blind," an ideal group inspired by Maeterlinck's drama of the same name; the sculpture of the Columbus Memorial Fountain at Washington, D. C.; "The Fountain of the Great Lakes," Grant Park, Chicago; the Washington Monument at Seattle, Washington; "Black Hawk," and Ogle County Soldiers' Memorial, at Oregon, Illinois; the Thatcher Memorial Fountain at Denver, Colorado; and, most interesting perhaps of all, the colossal "Fountain of Time" group on the Midway Plaisance, Chicago.

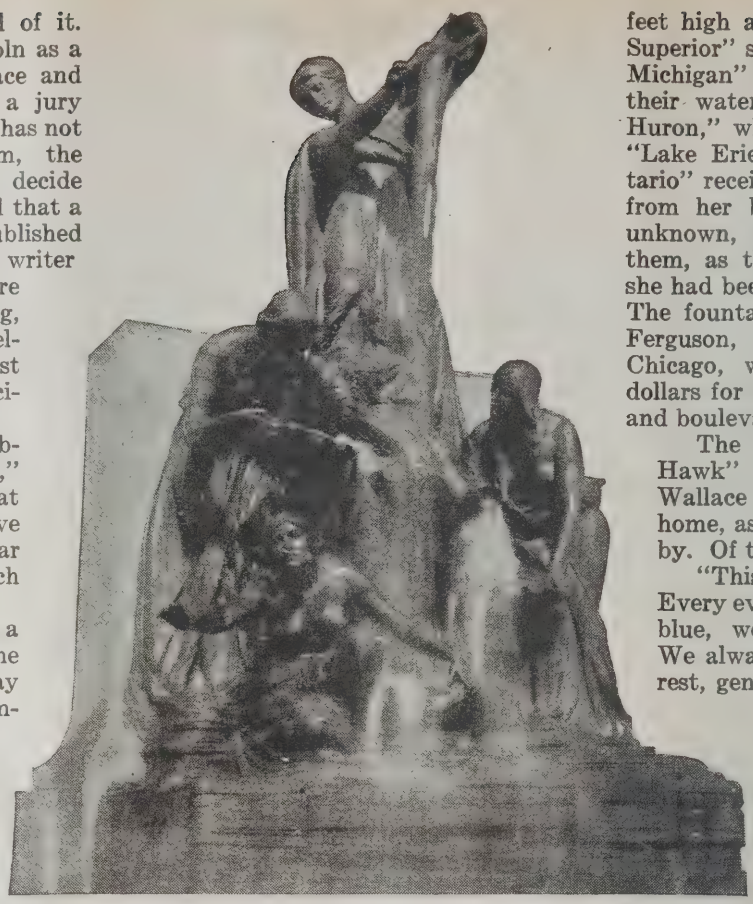
Mr. Taft is also working on a statue of Lincoln, and while in his studio I

"The Blind," by Lorado Taft, a nobly sculptured group full of subtle meaning.

was privileged to see a model of it. The conception is that of Lincoln as a young lawyer, with uplifted face and outstretched arms, addressing a jury in the court room. As the work has not yet assumed permanent form, the sculptor saying that he might decide on certain changes, he preferred that a photograph should not be published at this time. To the eye of the writer the whole bearing of the figure seemed beautiful and inspiring, without the suggestion of melancholy which lingers about most other statues of the Great Emancipator.

Of recent Taft creations, probably "The Fountain of Time," "The Fountain of the Great Lakes," and "Black Hawk" have appealed most to the popular imagination. A word as to each of these masterpieces:

"The Fountain of Time" is a part of a comprehensive scheme for the decoration of the Midway in Chicago. Mr. Taft's plan comprises a great canal which will run through the existing depressions in this broad boulevard, the canal to be spanned by three bridges of monumental design, dedicated to the three great ideals of the race, and to be called, respectively, "The Bridge of the Sciences," "The Bridge of the Arts," and "The Bridge of Religions." Along the roadways upon either side of the canal will stand statues of the world's greatest idealists, ranged at half-block intervals and treated as architectural notes, connecting the bridges with the fountains and uniting the various features of the decorative scheme. At the eastern end of the Midway will rise a sculptural group to be known as "The Fountain of Creation," while at the western end there now stands completed and dedicated "The Fountain of Time."



"Ferguson Fountain of the Great Lakes," by Lorado Taft.

"The Fountain of Time" shows the human procession passing in review before the great, immovable figure of Time, represented by a rugged, mysterious shape, apparently reviewing a throng of hastening figures combined in a series of waves.

"The Fountain of the Great Lakes" stands in Grant Park, just south of the Art Institute. The figures are ten feet high and cast in bronze. "La[ke] Superior" stands on high, with "La[ke] Michigan" at the side, both pour[ing] their water into the basin of "La[ke] Huron," who passes the waters on [to] "Lake Erie," from whom "Lake [On]tario" receives them. "As they esca[pe] from her basin and hasten into [the] unknown, she reaches wistfully af[ter] them, as though questioning whet[her] she had been neglectful of her charg[e]." The fountain is a memorial to B. [F.] Ferguson, a public-spirited citizen [of] Chicago, who bequeathed a milli[on] dollars for beautifying the city's par[ks] and boulevards.

The great figure of "Bla[ck] Hawk" stands on land owned [by] Wallace Heckman, whose summ[er] home, as well as Mr. Taft's, is nea[r] by. Of this work, the sculptor say[s]:

"This is the way it happene[d]. Every evening as the shadows turne[d] blue, we walked over this blu[ff]. We always stopped at this point [to] rest, generally taking an attitude [at] once restful and reve[al]ent. As we stood ther[e] we involuntarily folde[d] our arms, and it can[e] over me that generation[s] before had done so. An[d] so the figure grew ou[t] of the attitude, as w[e] stood and looked o[n] these beautiful scenes. I did not stud[y] any one type or race of Indians. It [is] a composite of the Foxes, the Sacs, th[e] Sioux, and the Mohawks, and, in short [it] it represents the Indian personality. [We] have left off the usual Indian trappings[,] the feathers and buckskin and othe[r] conventional signs. There is even [a] hint of the old Roman in the face, whic[h] was necessary to make it suggest a spiri[t] unconquered while still the conquere[d] race. To be suggestive rather tha[n] direct is what I aim at—to do that i[s] the great joy of the sculptor."

In his dedicatory address, Edgar A. Bancroft said of the statue:

"There the sculptor has placed im[-] perishably the Indian—not sullen, no[t] resentful, not despondent, not sur[-] rendering; but simple, unflinching[,] erect, with the pathos of the past in hi[s] face, the tragedy of the future in hi[s] eyes, but with the dauntless courage o[f] a man in his figure and in his whol[e] attitude."

The statue is a solid mass of con[-] crete weighing many tons.

Mr. Taft always has a number o[f] students working under his supervisio[n] in the studio, but he tells me that it i[s] all by informal instruction and persona[l] arrangement. During his career as [a] sculptor, he has discovered and devel[-] oped much latent artistic talent, a nota[-] ble example of which was the young French miner whom he came across a[t] the World's Fair and who later rose to fame in artistic circles.

Mr. Taft enjoys a charming do[-] mestic life with his wife and daughters. Incidentally, he is a brother-in-law of Hamlin Garland, the great writer.

Cider Time on the Farm

DO YOU recall in the old days, along about the middle of September and from then on into October the cider pressing period? Grandad would come in some night from the orchard and remark that tomorrow we'd take the first apples to press. Next day he would hook the team to the wagon and putting on the big box would hie to the orchard. There was plenty to do then. The old wagon box would be filled to overflowing with delicious apples, fully ripened on the tree. No windfalls in that bunch. The apples would then be stored in some shady, cool room, there to acquire more saccharine matter while losing a considerable quantity of watery juice.

Along about the latter part of November, when the mornings were frosty and clear, the apples were taken to the old tumble-down cider mill, worked by waterpower at the stream that ran through the little village. Here the juice was pressed from the fruit and run into barrels. For a week we were permitted to drink it. Then when vinous fermentation commenced the barrels were taboo—at least for the children. Vinegar was the ultimate result.

If grandad lived in the present he would be able to store the cider for future use, secure in the knowledge that it would be as fresh in the following spring as the day it came from the crushing rollers of the old mill.

A process has been developed for concentrating sweet cider which consists essentially of freezing the fresh apple juice, grinding the frozen product, and then, by means of a centrifugal process, separating the essential solids from the frozen water, in much the same manner that cream is separated from milk. Five gallons of cider can be reduced by this process to one gallon of sirupy cider concentrate.

A Census of Bears and Lions

How the Inhabitants of the Pacific Wilds Were Classed and Enumerated

By HARRY H. DUNN

ONE of the most unusual attempts at enumerating the inhabitants of any section of country has just been completed on the Pacific Coast of the United States in the taking of a census of the larger wild animals and birds of California by a department of the state government. It is not to be apprehended from the title of this story that every grizzly bear, mountain lion, deer or antelope was hunted down by the census-taker and made to tell the number in its family, their ages, and so on; nevertheless, the results of the work done amount to about the same as they would have had this method been followed.

DR. H. C. BRYANT

The director of this census was the California Fish and Game Commission, and the active census-takers were Dr. H. C. Bryant, professor in the zoölogical department of the University of California, and chief of the educational department of the fish and game commission, and George Neale, executive secretary of the commission. Possibly they did not interview every bear, mountain lion, antelope and deer, but they have what they regard as an accurate enumeration of the wild animals and larger birds, so accurate that it contains less than one per cent of error.

The census has required more than a year in the taking, in which Mr. Neale, who has hunted and fished over every county in the state, retraced his steps through most of them. Dr. Bryant sent out blank reports to be filled out by hunters, trappers, fishermen and ranch-owners in the mountain ranges; while Jay Bruce, the professional mountain lion hunter employed by the state, made an exhaustive survey of the mountain lion population, and, incidentally, of the deer herds, on which the lions feed almost exclusively, except in the vicinity of the cattle ranches, where they kill a few calves and now and then a sheep or hog.

Bruce's report is one of the most interesting natural history documents since Gilbert White, of Selbourne, penned his celebrated notebooks. He found that there are about 600 mountain lions in California; that they are increasing at the rate of about 100 a year; that each mountain lion kills an average of one deer a week, or 50 deer a year, for a total of some 30,000 deer are destroyed by this agency alone every year.

Bruce also learned that there are approximately 100,000 deer in California alone, exclusive of the blacktails, whose habitat is rather limited to the lava beds of Modoc County in Northern California, and which are being reduced in numbers by the inroads of mountain lions, men, and an occasional killing of a fawn by an eagle. Hunters killed more than 12,000 deer in California in 1923, but the increase considerably exceeded the total destruction of 42,000 by hunters and mountain lions. Bruce himself trails down and kills 30 to 40 mountain lions a year, but admits that he is unable to keep up with the increase.

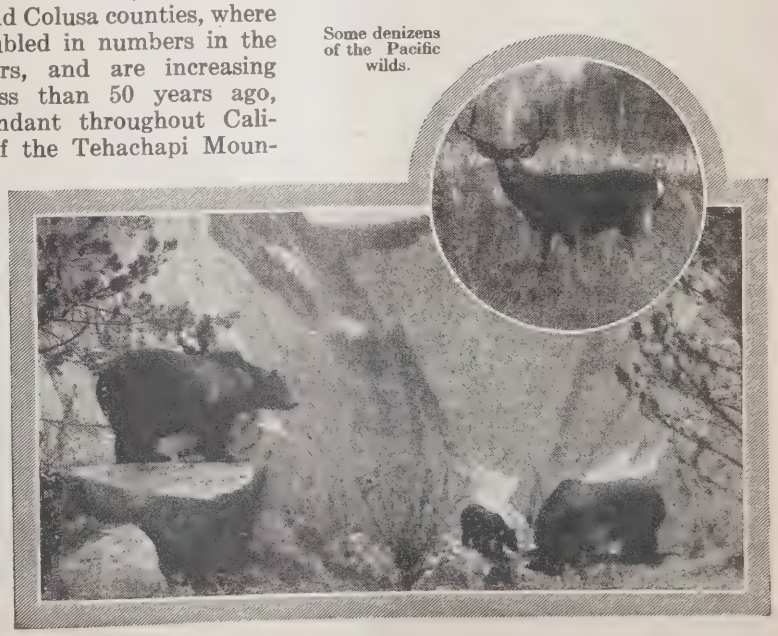
Reports from Wyoming, Montana, and Eastern Washington and Oregon, where there still are grizzlies, indicate that they are increasing there. Their extinction, however, is only a matter of time, since the grizzly is a very different animal from the black bear, being possessed of a homicidal complex which impels to attempt to wreck every man with whom he comes in contact.

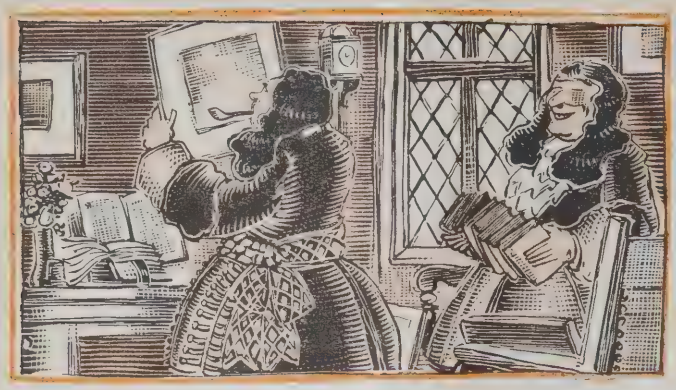
It was not generally known until this first animal census revealed the fact, that there are two kinds of elk still living in wild freedom in Northern California. They are the Valley elk and the Roosevelt elk, and they roam at will over more than 30,000 acres in Lake, Glenn and Colusa counties, where they have doubled in numbers in the past five years, and are increasing annually. Less than 50 years ago, elk were abundant throughout California north of the Tehachapi Mountains, which divide the state a little bit south of the center.

This unique census also showed that the bounty placed on the killing of coyotes—small wolves common to all the western states—had resulted in so reducing their numbers that the rabbits, on which the coyotes prey at all seasons of the year, had become serious pests in some of the fruit-growing sections. The State Supreme Court declared this paying of bounties to be unconstitutional, and some of the counties began paying it themselves. Now, however, the bounty has been removed in most of the counties, due to the fact that the skins of the coyotes are becoming valuable as furs, and hunters are pursuing them for this reason. The result is that the coyotes have returned to their balance of power over the rabbits, and the fruit-growers are again protected. This is an interesting demonstration of the economic balance sheet presented by Nature to man whenever he interferes with her animal life.

The mysterious California condor, the largest bird native to North America, and larger than the celebrated condor of the Andes, was believed to be extinct until the recent animal and bird census was completed, when it was shown that there are still a number of pairs making their homes in caves in inaccessible cliffs in the higher mountains of the coast ranges. These huge birds lay but one egg a year, so that their rate of increase is slow, but they are now strongly protected by state law and by the patrols of the state fish and game commission, as well as by forest rangers, so that the prospects are they will one day regain the numbers they had when the Gringo came to the Pacific Coast. Though large, powerful and capable of sustained flight at great altitudes, the condor is harmless and should be saved from the fate which overtook the great auk, the passenger pigeon and the Labrador duck.

Some denizens of the Pacific wilds.





"And I kept him with me all day hanging things and setting up my books."

Pepys, Connoisseur and Student

Concerning Sundry Speculations in Books and Divers Matters of Entertainment

By CHARLES J. FINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

THE Pepys who believed in the value of things beautiful and rare; books, pictures, music—the Pepys with great interest in things of the mind—Pepys the scholar, quiet, attractive, genial—that Pepys can be best imagined by those who have seen the collection kept at Magdalene College, Cambridge University, the diarist's library. For in it the man's personality is expressed in many ways, and, with proper spirit, the library is much as Pepys left it. There are, in all, some three thousand books, contained in eleven carved mahogany bookcases. That it was a vision of beauty and delight to its owner cannot be doubted, and there was certainly joyfulness and ardor about the man when he made the entry at the time he housed his volumes in their new home. The comfort of it all enraptured him; he was always stirred by the picturesque. Nor was he ashamed to talk frankly and unaffectedly about his feelings. So:

"Up and dispatched several businesses at home in the morning, and then comes Sympson to set up my other new presses for my books, and so he and I fell into the furnishing of my new closet, and taking out the things out of my old, and I kept him with me all day, and he dined with me and so all the afternoon till it was quite dark hanging things, that is my maps and pictures and draughts, and setting up my books, and as much as we could do, to my most extraordinary satisfaction; so I think it will be as noble a closet as any man hath, and light enough,—though indeed it would be better to have a little more light."

On the whole, the library is more the collection of a lover of the curious than of the tools of a student, as might be expected. The man could never resist the appeal of the quaint. As an example of his curious habits there is the case of Butler's *Hudibras*, a doggerel poem of ten thousand or so verses ridiculing the Presbyterians and Independents, a piece of frank burlesque meaning less to us of today because dealing with party feeling and ephemeral things. Still, it had a success in its day in spite of its affectations. Pepys tells of a conversation he had with a Mr. Battersby, then "falling into discourse of a book of drollery in use called Hudebras," decides that he "must needs to find it out, and met with it at the temple; cost me two shillings and six-pence. But when I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to

"There bought an idle, rogueish French book."

the wars that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for eighteen pence." So he was rid of what he considered a bad bargain. But before long he hears it praised, for the king was reported to have been very fond of it, and at once Pepys is ashamed that he should have been ashamed so "bought Hudebras again . . . I am resolved once more to read him."

Similar springs of action moved him in the case of Hobbe's *Leviathan* (1651), a harmless enough book according to our notions, having for its argument that the theory of a divine right of kings and priests should be destroyed, and supporting the idea that power lodged in rulers by the people could not be taken away by the people, that the end of all power was the commonweal. It was a book o speculative philosophy, and a dull on at that, but it made a stir. Nevile i his *Dialogue* and Herrington in hi idealist romance, *Oceana*, the first sup porting a monarchy, the second a democracy, leaped into the ring con tending that all secure government was based on property, and presently the bishops took a hand. Thus the book had that fictitious value resulting from dispute and Pepys grew keen to possess it. "To my booksellers," he says, "for Hobb's Leviathan which is now mightily called for; and what was heretofore sold for eight shillings I now give twenty-four shillings for, at the second hand, and is sold for thirty shillings, it being a book the Bishops will not let be printed again." Another side light on his bookish loves is revealed in this entry: "To the Strand to my booksellers and there bought an idle, rogueish French book, which I have bought in plain binding avoiding the buying of it better bound, because I resolve as soon as I have read it, to burn it, that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them, to disgrace them if it should be found." Rochester's poems too he possessed, but the licentious imagination of the roysterer so worried Pepys that he expressed his shame at keeping it in his collection, yet could not bring himself to part with it, so salved his uneasy conscience by having it lettered *Rochester's Life*. And, sometimes, it

"To my chamber and there to ticket a good part of my books."

would seem that he enriched his library much in the manner in which the court grooms furnished their wardrobes. If not, what is to be made of this: "To St. Paul's Churchyard and there bespoke Rushworth's collections, and also Scobell's Acts of the Long Parliament, which I will make the king pay for."

But Pepys was also a reader. Of that there is indisputable evidence both in the library and in the diaries. Sometimes, when his eyes began to fail, his wife read to him, and in return for the service he taught her what he knew of astronomy and mathematics. Before that weakness grew upon him, most of his reading seems to have been done in the morning, his rising hour being sometimes as early as two. "Up very early to read the Seaman's Grammar and Dictionary, which do please me very well," he writes, and there are many similar entries. Still, for the most part, he seems to have been one of those for whom the delight came in buying a book, carrying it home with a kind of growing affection, feeling a thrill when he placed in on the shelf, then dipping into it occasionally and at random when he fell to arranging his shelves. So we find entries relating to purchases of odd things and rare—"To my booksellers and there took home a book on Microscopy," or "Bought at a shop Cardinall Mazarin's Will, in French," but learn nothing further. Once indeed he went to his booksellers, "kissed the booksellers wife" but that ended the transaction. At other times he bought largely but makes no mention of his purchases, thus: "Paid my bookseller six pounds for books I had from him this day."

He was an eager purchaser as well as reader of anything connected with antiquarianism and old ballads. In the library are prints and drawings, portraits of well-known men, maps, topographical data, and his method of guarding these treasures is revealed by the entry: "To day, my brave vellum covers to keep pictures in, come in, which pleases me much." There are also many broadsides bound

Sometimes, when his eyes began to fail, his wife read to him.

in five folio volumes, on the cover of the first of them written, in his own hand, this note: "My collection of ballads, begun by Mr. Seldon, improv'd by the addition of many pieces older thereto in time; the whole continued to the year 1700, when the form till then peculiar thereto, vizt, of the black letter, with pictures, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside, for that of the white letters, without pictures." Like William Morris he seems to have been heavy-hearted at the passing of a rich heritage of beauty.

In his collection are news-letters, Scottish ballads, many sea-tracts, the pocketbooks of Sir Francis Drake and of King James, old novels, "loose plays," books on shorthand, naval matters, geography, hydography and data concerning the furnishing of the Spanish Armada. Of rare books he had a copy of the first book printed in England, *The Game and Playe of the Chesse* (1474), of which only ten copies are in existence—of *The Booke of the Ordre of Chyvalries or Knighthode* (1483-85), one of four known copies—*The Historie of Reynart the Foxe* (1489), the only known copy. He had also copies of the first and second editions of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Each volume had its book plate neatly inserted, and he had three kinds of them. Two have the Pepys portrait, the other carries his monogram and two ship anchors. The patient care of the man is shown by his careful catalog work, by the numbering and the listing, the arranging and rearranging. He was never satisfied, always trying to do the thing a little better, a little more orderly, a little more precisely. "To my chamber," he says, "and there to ticket a good part of my books in order to the numbering of them for my easy finding them to read as I have occasion." And he had a curious way of arranging his volumes, placing them according to size from small to large, sometimes raising the little books to a level with their neighbors by placing carefully cut blocks of wood, gilded, at their bases. For economy's sake the books were arranged in two rows on each shelf, the smaller ones to the front.

Fine working qualities had Samuel Pepys, taking him all in all—a man with the sense of adventure, looking for unaffected intercourse with his fellows, full of an ardent generosity of life, no pompous nonsense about him, sometimes petty and foolish and whimsical, but at his best sharp-edged, clean-cut, brave in his individuality and self-respect.

South Sea Islanders as Sailors

By WILLIAM LEE CALNON

ABOUT the easiest victim in the world when it comes to seasickness is the average South Sea Islander when he travels on a steamship. In a small boat he is able to go hundreds of miles over the open seas, without the slightest inclination to *mal de mer*. White sailors who never get seasick on shipboard sometimes succumb when caught in high seas while out in small boats.

The South Sea Islander depends on the pau-pau, the bonita boat and the "pulling boat" of large size.

For service in bays, lagoons and close inshore in good weather the Islander uses his pau-pau, a very narrow and swift canoe of the dugout type with outrigger attached. Even the outrigger does not always keep him from tipping over, but a simple twist

Samoan canoe with outrigger.

rights his boat again and he clambers back in.

The bonita boat is used for fishing trips well out at sea. This boat is a cross between a canoe and a small rowboat, is quite light and is propelled with paddles. The usual sized bonita boat will hold three or four passengers. It is always gaily painted.

For inter-island trips and others including many passengers, the big pulling boats are used. These are wide enough for two rowers to sit side by side and sometimes are made long enough to carry sixty to eighty persons. Every village has one or more pulling boats, so that all inhabitants can leave when occasion demands. Races between boats representing various villages or islands form one of the most popular South Sea Island sports.

"Brains and Talent" at Sapiro Prices

What Were They Worth to Cooperative Cotton Marketing Annually?

By JOHN MARSHALL

THE movement to bring about coöperation among the cotton farmers in the production, handling and marketing of their great staple, that is to say, the American Cotton Association, was organized independently of Aaron Sapiro and without assistance from, or reference to, anything he had done in the matter of organizing the farmers of the country.

In 1920 this Association, after much preliminary educational work, held a largely attended meeting, composed of representatives from its various state organizations, in Montgomery, Alabama. While many men, prominent in one way or another in agricultural endeavors, were selected to speak on the prearranged program of this convention, Aaron Sapiro was not among them. In fact he was scarcely known to the leaders of the organized cotton movement in the South.

However, Sapiro was not the man to allow a good cause to suffer for lack of an introduction, even if it had to be a personally conducted one. It came to pass, therefore, that very soon Sapiro was busy seeking to impress the president of the American Cotton Association with an understanding of his (Sapiro's) fame and accomplishments as an organizer of farmers in California. He let it be known he would like to be present at the Montgomery Convention, and be accorded a place on the program. Notwithstanding the fact that these overtures aroused no enthusiasm and received scant response, Sapiro was in Montgomery bright and early, still insisting that he be heard. With characteristic racial enterprise and taste, he bearded, so to speak, the president of the American Cotton Association at his breakfast table, on the convention morn, with reiterations of his demand that he be allowed to speak. Through some means, farmers, who were attending the meeting, were stirred up to unite their voices with his, running to the office of the president of the Association with requests that Sapiro be allotted time on the program.

Agreed That Sapiro Should Have Thirty Minutes

It was finally agreed that Sapiro should have thirty minutes in which to exploit himself and his views.

The time he actually consumed was nearer two hours.

There is available a stenographic report of his address on this occasion. It affords interesting reading to one familiar with the cotton industry, in that it demonstrates the fact that Sapiro may have known something about what Merritt and others did in organizing the raisin industry, but that he was amazingly ignorant of the details of cotton production and its needs. The speech is notable, also, as a comparison, between what Sapiro said should be done in coöperative cotton marketing, and what organizations, subsequently fathered by him, did, and are now actually doing.

To have heard the address, since he was introduced as having "come all the way across the continent from California" where he was said to have "made a great success in the organization of Coöperative Marketing associations," one, ill-advised, would have thought Sapiro had organized the raisin industry (an impression easily conveyed); and that consequently he was the logical organizer of the cotton, or any other branch of agriculture.

Anyone who underestimates the keenness and subtlety of Sapiro's mind makes a serious mistake. Quick to catch on, he caught on at Montgomery with the celerity of an accomplished mental prestidigitarian. He was seeking leadership, and he meant to be satisfied with nothing less. Men who had devoted years of intelligent study to the cotton farmer's problems—men who were keenly interested in a prosperous Southern agriculture did not figure, save as stepping-stones, in the Sapiro movement; or, as they became stumblingblocks in his pathway.

Paying Tribute to Genius of Wannamaker

The American Cotton Association went into this Montgomery gathering with definite, constructive, well-digested ideas. The Association had long been rendering intelligent and profitable aid to the cotton planters; and at a minimum cost. Its plans for the future looked to the *permanent improvement of a great industry.* For instance, diversification of crops; making the farm self-sustaining; the improvement and enlarging of warehousing facilities; the broadening of the market for raw cotton; the solution of the cotton farmer's transportation problems; the standardizing of grades; gin compression; and better marketing.

Sapiro was quick to catch on to all this and stated in his address: "Now, I just want to say a word of compliment for your American Cotton Association. You men have done a much vaster thing than you think you have done. You have made the South think of cotton from a National standpoint. . . . . I pay the highest tribute to the genius of Mr. Wannamaker for what, I think, is the biggest work done in the South. . . . . But now you have work to do. You have got to back up Mr. Wannamaker. You have got to do with cotton what he has indicated should be done with cotton."

Thus one beholds Sapiro giving Wannamaker credit and indorsing his ideas, and the ideas of those who were working with him—either because they were sound or because of the paucity of his (Sapiro's) own—and declaring all these suggested improvements and reforms should be accomplished.

Some Professions Versus Performances

But facts show that since Sapiro became the guiding genius of the American Cotton Growers Exchange and the legal guide, philosopher and friend of all the State Coöperative Cotton Marketing associations upon which it is superimposed, the parallel between his protestations and his performances is tragic as well as deadly. For there are the professions of faith of the Montgomery address that may be checked up and off in detail against the record of things done and undone by the various existing coöperative cotton marketing organizations, which Sapiro was instrumental in bringing into existence; and of which he served as the legal adviser.

A few specific instances will graphically illustrate.

Sapiro at Montgomery: "You understand what I mean. It cannot be formed successfully unless you have forty per cent of the cotton behind you."

Again: "You provide that the whole thing is conditional, that it does not go unless forty per cent or thirty-three per cent, or whatever you figure is the right minimum of all the cotton production of the United States, sign up these contracts; in short, you would make the whole thing conditional upon getting real control of the national marketing unit. If you sign up thirty-three and a third per cent of the cotton of the country you have it." (Applause).

Of course there was "applause"! —that was exactly what the American Cotton Association believed and was working for.

If words mean anything at all the quoted statements mean that Sapiro believed that coöperative cotton marketing associations must control a minimum of thirty-three and a third per cent (possibly forty) of the cotton, or they could render no effective aid to the farmers.

But the records will show that *Sapiro subsequently did organize Cooperative Cotton Marketing associations that have never controlled more than ten or twelve per cent of the cotton of the*

South. He organized them at an extravagant cost; they are being conducted in an expensive fashion—controlling, as mere sales agencies, during the season of 1924-25, some 924,000 bales out of a crop of 13,600,000 bales. That is a percentage of about eight, rather than thirty-three. It is an amount of cotton that can be mishandled to the everlasting detriment of individual cotton farmers, but it is certainly not one with which the price of cotton may be dictated.

Directors Given Power to Speculate

In that Montgomery address Mr. Sapiro vented much virtuous indignation upon the heads of gamblers and speculators. It was both right and politic to do so. Subsequently in the constitution and by-laws of coöperative cotton marketing associations it was stated that one of the major purposes of their organizations was to decrease speculation in cotton. That also is a worthy and pious purpose. All these are worthy sentiments and would be more conducive to edification were it not common report that certain Sapiro coöperative cotton marketing organizations have, themselves, sold cotton on call, and delivered the cotton without fixing the price. And the offense was certainly not minimized by the fact that this pathetically absurd form of speculation was engaged in with cotton held in a species of trust.

It is scarcely to be credited that the charters of the Sapiro coöperative marketing associations vest their boards of directors with the power to speculate on the market with any part of the cotton confided to their care by their membership. In default of such a power being vested in them, it would be interesting to learn whether boards of directors have not vitiated their charters by such acts.

As a matter of fact, this very question is in a fair way to be brought to an issue through the medium of a suit entered by the South Carolina Coöperative Cotton Marketing Association against a well-known firm of Jewish merchants for the recovery of a very large sum of money. This is a suit for the recovery of damages, on various allegations; and it is highly probable that this matter of selling cotton on call and delivering it without fixing the price will come in for a great deal of investigation and discussion. Efforts have been made to stop this suit. If carried to its legitimate conclusion the suit would open up an endless vista of investigations. It only remains to be seen what pressure those who disapprove the suit can bring for its abandonment.

A Remarkably Significant Circumstance

A remarkably significant circumstance in connection with the suit took place in New York. An official of the South Carolina organization had gone into one of the greatest banking institutions in the country to talk about financing the cotton crop of 1925. The subject of the suit was almost immediately introduced. Disapprobation of it was expressed. Just how the bank learned of the suit is not known. It may be that its information was consequent upon the fact that only a few days previously leading officials of the Cotton Growers Exchange had been in New York, on their way to Europe. But in any event it is difficult to understand why the suit itself should have been a matter of such vivid interest to these particular bankers, who, generally speaking, had nothing whatever to do with it.

So long as the movement to promote coöperation in the marketing of cotton was in the hands of the American Cotton Association it was conducted at a minimum of expense. Since it has been taken over by Aaron Sapiro, and those who accept him as their leader and legal advisor, it has become a most remarkably expensive affair. Just how expensive probably no one knows. The mere organization of the existing Sapiro group in South Carolina is reported to have cost between sixty and seventy thousand dollars. Ten or more organizations having been formed, and South Carolina being one of the smallest of the cotton states, an idea may be had of the initial expense.

The American Cotton Growers Exchange is now operating at an annual expense of $350,000. With the state organizations, this would foot up something like two and one-half million annually for the salaried, office and departmental expenses of mere sales agencies engaged in the marketing of considerably less than one million bales out of a total crop of 13,600,000. It is left to the imagination how much it would cost to handle, after the Sapiro fashion, 40 instead of 8 per cent of the crop.

"Brains and Talent" Which Were for Sale

To do justice to the agricultural Moses, who went to Montgomery to lead the Gentiles of the cotton patches of the South, out of the wilderness of agrarian difficulties into the land of milk and honey, it should be said that he told his hearers in that memorable address that they should buy for themselves the best "brains and talent" that were to be had. He said their business was to produce the cotton, and leave all else to the purchaseable "brains and talent."

Whether the "brains and talent" so far employed, by and with the consent of Mr. Sapiro, is the best to be had may be a matter of opinion, but there is no question about their having been employed in wholesale numbers and at very fashionable prices. There is, for instance, C. B. Howard, general sales manager of the American Cotton Growers Exchange. Mr. Howard had been connected, not altogether successfully, with one or more commission houses in Atlanta. He was out of a job and was seeking one in Savannah when called back to participate in the organization of Georgia coöperatively. It is a matter of mere passing moment that while yet in the commission business he had declined to join with the American Cotton Association in its aspirations. At that time Mr. Howard wrote to the Association to say that he was not in sympathy with its coöperative plans as they would be contrary to his existing business interests. But, subsequently, as a matter of employment, Mr. Howard did consent to aid in organizing Georgia as a coöperative cotton marketing unit; and almost immediately thereafter he became the general sales manager of the American Cotton Growers Exchange at a salary of $50,000. There was, subsequently, some effort made to get the Howard "brains and talent" at a cheaper price; but the records for 1924-25 will show that, with salary, assistants, and traveling expenses, and all, Mr. Howard is still costing the Exchange between $40,000 and $50,000 per annum. His contract for the future seems to call for $18,000 for the first 750,000 bales handled jointly by the state and overhead concerns; two cents per bale extra on the next 250,000 bales; and one cent per bale additional on anything over a million bales. There is also an item of about $11,000 allowed him for assistants.

Some Good Prices Were Realized

Then there is Dr. B. W. Kilgore. Dr. Kilgore's "brains and talent" had been employed in an educational way in North Carolina. He was made head of the Extension Service in that state, at a salary commensurate with his abilities. In the meantime Carl Williams, of Oklahoma, originally foregathering with Mr. Sapiro in the formation of Coöperative Cotton Marketing associations, had been made president of the American Cotton Exchange, and subsequently, rather unexpectedly to himself, had been made "president emeritus," whatever that may mean, of the Cotton Growers Exchange, Dr. Kilgore being elected to succeed him.

What Happened Regarding Dr. B. W. Kilgore

During this period the question of electing an honest-to-goodness "dirt" farmer as a member of the Federal Reserve Board came up. Dr. Kilgore was considered as an available candidate for the place; and it is even reported that friends of Kilgore sought Mr. Sapiro's influence as a stepping-stone to that important position. The same report has it that Sapiro said he was willing to do anything in his power for the Doctor, but that he had something better in mind for him. However, Dr. Kilgore did not become the "dirt" farmer member of the Federal Reserve Board, but he did

(Concluded on page 30)

American History in Earthenware

Old Staffordshire Dishes as Records

City Hotel, New York.

Much of the early history of the Republic is printed and pictured upon this unique chinaware, a use that is reminiscent of the baked clay tablet records of ancient Babylon.

Harvard College, Boston.

By M. L. FENTON

IF THOU hast two loaves of bread, sell one and buy hyacinths, for bread nourisheth the body, but hyacinths delight the soul." Americans in increasing number are recognizing the wisdom of heeding that friendly counsel of Seneca, and are spending more time and thought than was formerly the custom of the country upon securing beautiful and interesting articles with which to surround themselves; objects to delight and nourish the soul.

One of the manifestations of the interest is to be found in the widespread impulse to discard the ugly, badly made furniture and utensils of the past forty years, and to substitute for them the simple, well-made objects that had been in use during the years when we were still the colonies of Great Britain and up to about 1830, before, that is, the arrival in our midst of the childish craze for ornament and the indifference to good workmanship which constitute "Victorianism" and the "golden oak" era.

The desire for early American things arises, of course, from more sources than that from which the love of beautiful possessions springs, it comes, in part, from an affection for our forbears for the history of our country, and from a desire to have visible contact in our homes with what was most worthy in our past national life. It involves a respect for ourselves and for that from which we sprang.

The objects which we have learned to prize and to go "antique-ing" for are of many sorts, from mahogany highboys to Currier and Ives prints. One of the most essentially valuable and interesting of these more than "fifty-seven varieties" is Staffordshire ware, particularly the plates. They are among the most difficult of Americana to secure, but it still remains true of them as of other things, "if ye seek, ye shall find." The search for them is to be recommended because they have esthetic charm, due to their strong, deep blue color and to the general excellence of their design. They have, also, great historic value.

Upon them are depicted, in its entirety, the America of the years during which they were made; public buildings, inventions, heroes, landscapes, private houses, sections of cities; nothing was overlooked. There are more than two hundred and fifty subjects. One can make a complete sight-seeing tour of this land as it was at that time by means of a full collection of Staffordshire ware. And it so happens that one can do it by means of no other pictorial representations, for the plates antedate cameras and all comprehensive use of illustration. They furnish indeed the only visible record of much that was interesting, and has since disappeared, in early America.

"Mendenhall Ferry, on the Schuylkill River."

Staffordshire ware emanated from a cluster of towns in that midland English county; Burslem, Cobridge, Hanley, Stoke-upon-Trent, Tunstall, where the direct and collateral descendents of the early potters are still found making tableware, and whose modern aspect has been made pleasantly familiar to most novel readers through *Clayhanger* and *"The Old Wives' Tale.*

Most of the plates which we term "Staffordshire" were made during the years between 1812 and 1828, although the making of them had been begun earlier, in 1780, by Stevenson and Dale at Cobridge. They are distinguished by their remarkably satisfying blue color, by a decorative border, which varies with each manufacturer, and, chiefly, by the "view" of an American scene in the center of the plate. They were made of common clay, in a fairly rough and ready manner, and were sold in America at prices as low as fourpence, and no higher than a shilling. That price included the cost of transporting them from the center of England across the ocean, and thence inland to the dealers in tableware in the various cities.

The potters having determined to make the decoration a matter of views of America set about securing good and representative ones, which they did from (Continued on page 28)

The Cruise of the "Nina"

We met a party off for a day's sport on Concord River.

(*Continued from page 2*)

the famous "Old North Bridge," celebrated in history and song, the Old Manse, and the Battle Ground, visited each year by thousands of reverent—and otherwise!—tourists from all over the world. Here was also the scene of the village tragedy which, it is said, Hawthorne immortalized in his *Blythedale Romance*. A young girl, weary of life, sought for release in the quiet stream. Her hat and shawl were found by Hawthorne and Curtis under a tree; and, later, at midnight, her body, with peaceful face upturned to the stars.

Under still another bridge, and we are off through the meadows. Minot Pratt, the noted botanist and lover of nature, tilled the old Pratt Farm, and many are the shy and delicate plants he has naturalized in the woods and fields. As we paddle along we find many rare river plants and flowers which "keep his gentle memory green." Here is the yellow iris, and the curious water-chestnut (*Trapa natans*) with its hard, black spiked seeds, from which one enterprising young lady devised a head for hatpins, to be sold as Concord souvenirs! Emerson finds

"Violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green flag, half-mast high;
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony;
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier roses—dwelt among."

Farther down we paddle close to the shore to see at closer range the showy and beautiful rose-colored flowers of the river-mallow or hibiscus, loved by Thoreau, and frequently mentioned in his *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*. With what a tender and seeing eye does he note its beauties—all invisible and unnoticed by the ordinary frequenter of the woods and meadows, and, with his magic pencil, makes them ours! Other rare flowers which he notes on the same journey are the rose-colored polygonum, the arrowhead (*Chelone glabra*), the arethusa, which Hawthorne calls "one of the delicatest, gracefullest, and sweetest of the whole race of flowers," and the lovely purple geradia. The brilliant cardinal flower (*Lobelia cardinalis*) flaunts its glowing beauty in a few lonely spots, and, like all rare things, is therefore the more admired.

Our camp for the day is a charming spot in a beautiful grove on a hillside, just above the river, with the "Great Meadows" stretching beyond us. Here we lounge and read, pick flowers and berries for dessert, and feast our eyes on the blue river and green fields. How good our chowder tastes, made in a kettle over an improvised oven in the chink of a wall! Surely no blackberries were ever so good as those we find on the top of the hill, sun-ripened and deliciously flavored! A furry little wood animal—genus unknown—is discovered and brought to bay by our valiant Peter, to the great excitement of the children. Diversions are unnumbered, and our enjoyment is in like proportion; we are never ready to start for home! All too soon the long summer day is over and we are on the river again, paddling upstream. Twilight is falling and the moon is rising. As we glide along we pass a lone fisherman tending his lines. As we watch his bites, so few and far between, we are humorously reminded of the olden times, when the river was so full of shad and salmon that an old ordinance stated that "no apprentice should be compelled to eat salmon more than five days in the week!"

Startled by our paddles, a solitary bittern rises from the rushes and soars away, his long legs stretched behind him. A canoe, its load suggestive of a couplet from George Bartlett's *Floating Hearts*—

"The boat is as full as a boat should be,
With nobody in it but you and me!"

comes drifting downstream, its occupants forgetful of time and tide. A strain of merry song floats down to us, and presently we come upon a picnic party, whose gay voices make the silence vocal. Home is reached, and that day's cruise of the *Nina* over!

As the "Wayside," "Old Manse," and lonely "Ridge" on Lexington road speak of Hawthorne, the square, dignified white house, shaded by tall, dark pines, of Emerson, so do Walden Pond and the Concord River speak especially of Thoreau. Hawthorne and Thoreau are known to my generation by their books, the tributes of their friends, and by the loving traditions of the village. Emerson was a familiar figure in the village streets when I first came to Concord. He had a lofty, dignified presence, but a kindly smile always accompanied his courteous greeting. He would stop to give a nod to a baby in its carriage, he delighted in a real conversation with his friends, and he was always the courteous and delightful host. He was beloved by the townspeople, and after his hold of this world had loosened and the gigantic intellect began to cloud, they affectionately sought to protect and help the revered seer who was also the kindly friend who still enjoyed his daily pilgrimage to the "Milldam"—the old name still retained for the business part of our little village. His relations with the townspeople and his farmer neighbors were close and intimate; and many are the anecdotes which have attained the best sort of immortality—that of tradition. His learned philosophy and sometime mystical erudition was regarded with kindly tolerance by some of his former neighbors—rich in their own peculiar practical lore. "I suppose," says the inimitable "Sam" Staples, one of the latter, "that Mr. Emerson *thinks* he knows a good many things that I don't! but I *know* that I know a darn sight of things he doesn't!"

As to Henry Thoreau, he is Walden and the Concord River, and Walden and the Concord River are Thoreau's own. The river is connected with a thousand associations of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and many others of undying fame, who loved it and lived near it; but especially is it connected with Thoreau, that unique, lonely, stoical hermit, who is more and more interesting to thoughtful readers as time passes; that Thoreau, child of Nature, who was only an average student at Harvard College, but who took a *summa cum laude* degree in the

"By the ancient hemlocks, grim and gray."

teachings of "running brooks," stones, woods and wild creatures; who stopped making pencils when he had produced one to suit him; taught school and was a boy with his boys, leading in sports and tramps—the fastest runner, the best swimmer, the quickest berry-gatherer of them all. At home all influences were unconventional but lofty; his surroundings and daily living were of the simplest; to use the picturesque phrase of Bazalgette, his French and most admiring biographer, the "family table was no banquet, for they had *neglected to be rich!*" Could any words better express the comparative unimportance of riches in the family code? This may be the more easily understood when we hear that if a pupil—for he was school-teacher at this time, and the family housed and boarded out-of-town boys—found it hard to pay his tuition or board, he was "kept" and taught without charge. "Time enough to talk about money later!"

He began early to be associated with the meadows, woods, and especially the river of his dearly loved Concord. "Why travel," he says, "when you can find everything at home?" His most intimate friends were the birds, plants, and wild creatures, and he esteemed the time spent watching them as nothing if it brought him into more exact knowledge of their habits and habitat. A hunt for arrowheads on Clamshell Bluff was a thrilling adventure; a paddle on the Assabet for fish might produce fish but—of much more avail—it brought him the delight of meditation, acute observation and annotation.

Sailing Into the Lone Haunts of Nature

A carefully kept journal, brought up to date every evening, clarified and preserved—fortunately for his later audience—his thoughts and experiences.

In a boat of his and his brother's construction, Henry and John took numberless trips on the same river on which the *Nina* later happily cruised. Every bird, wild flower and fern, water plant and lily-dotted inlet has been minutely noted by his gifted pen. The solitary bittern which we start up and excitedly watch as he takes his arrow-like flight over the river and meadows, is doubtless a descendant of one he has carefully chronicled. He has made a poem of the fairy dance of the blue dragonflies who dart over the lilies, and the muskrat who leaves a thread-like trail down the river. The turtles who sun themselves on the rocks and clumsily splash into the water as we pass, the elaborate nest of the Mother Bream among the weeds, and the pickerel who splashes a glittering cascade of spray as he jumps out of water for a minnow—all speak of Thoreau; he has lovingly watched and noted every one, times without number.

In his *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*, Thoreau lets us into his secrets. He unveils the spirit of stream and meadow, tells us a thousand attributes of flower, insect, and bird, opens our eyes to unimagined beauties of Nature; nothing too minute to escape his loving inspection; nothing too unimportant to be carefully observed and noted. "The sight of a marsh-hawk in Concord meadows is worth more to me than the entry of the Allies into Paris," he writes; and he notes the flight, habits, and peculiarities of that same marsh-hawk with the most loving accuracy. As for his knowledge of the Concord and neighboring fauna, it was minute, affectionate, and perfect.

Thoreau and Others Who Were Ramblers

His disposition, personality, and attributes were so unique as to make him an impressive figure even in those times, when the "Giants" made Concord famous. "I should not like to exchange any of my life for money," he writes; and he condescended to earn or use only enough of it to supply his simple wants. He chose to take extended tramps into the surrounding country and especially through Maine, easily walking his thirty miles a day, because he considered that he could do this more quickly and easily than he could earn the money to pay fares. He "collects dry wood for the fires as the weather grows cool, and feasts when he gets hungry—not till then!" He builds with his own hands the smallest and simplest of huts in Walden woods, where he can study, meditate, observe, and write. He makes most of his scanty furniture, "thanking God that he can sit and stand without the aid of a furniture warehouse!" He provides three chairs—"one for solitude, two for friendship, and three for society!" He plants his beans for his main sustenance and renounces all the privileges, and also the claims, of community life and the ordinary obligations of society and politics.

"Few lives contain so many renunciations," it has been said. He was a Harvard graduate, but the fields, woods, and meadows were his Alma Mater. "Education," he says, "often makes a straight ditch out of a free, meandering brook."

A double, triple personality is that of Thoreau. He is the friend of Alcott, whom he helps with pickaxe and spade while he is locating at Hillside, communing meantime of lofty philosophy and intricate problems; of Hawthorne—although they were never closely akin; of William Ellery Channing, Henry's crony in his rambles and tramps, and whom he compliments—if we can speak of compliments in connection with that rugged, straightforward personality—as "the only one who doesn't throw a blot on my afternoon landscape!" and of Emerson, the seer and prophet. He is the good son, brother, and housemate, who helps build the house, who plants the garden, digs the potatoes, and takes part in the innumerable diversions indulged in by the lively Thoreau family.

Also the Crony of the Odd-Job Man

He is also the crony of the odd-job man, the farmhands, the fishermen and loafers, and delights to have a "dish of talk" with them and enjoy their humble but picturesque philosophy—and they adore him! Still another side is shown to the social aristocrats and the ceremonious of the village, with whom he stiffens and freezes at once and who judge him as "queer," "conceited"—in present-day parlance, a "freak."

But it is in his solitary hut in his adored Walden woods, or paddling alone or with the beloved John or a congenial companion that he is the true Thoreau, of whom the river speaks to us, and to all who glide over its placid surface with the love of Nature in their hearts.

How the Indians Made Sugar

THOMAS CONANT, a writer of four decades ago, discovered how the Jesuit Fathers learned the art of sugar-making from the Indians. There was the annual tapping of the sugar-maple, although the Indians did not have iron kettles for boiling the sap. How did they manage to boil down the juice without a kettle?

They tapped the trees with their tomahawks and inserted a spile to conduct the juice from the tree to a vessel underneath. This spile was simply a piece of dry wood, grooved on its upper side. The process was indeed crude, yet they produced a considerable quantity of sugar.

Their buckets consisted of a roll of birch bark, sewed at the ends with deer sinews or roots. No doubt the sap caught in such vessels was as sweet as that gathered in our own bright tin pails. The sap was carried from the trees to the boiling place, where there was a large caldron made of sheets of birch bark. Beside this caldron a fire was built, in which was placed a lot of stones. As soon as these stones were heated to a red heat, they were dropped into the birchen caldron. As the stones were cooled they were taken out and hot ones were put in. By repeating this process, slow as it was, the sap finally boiled. The boiling was continued until the sap was boiled down and sugar was the result.

Thus sugar was made without the aid of a kettle. Mr. Conant seemed to foresee doubt in some minds, and assures us that his forefathers who came to his province in Canada handed down in family tradition the story of the Indian method of making sugar. Indeed they were eyewitnesses themselves. When settlers came, the Indians learned a better way, and traded their furs for iron kettles and began making sugar much as it is made today.

Kansas Generates Its Own Opinion

(*Concluded from page 7*)

made its own way in its own community. They are not an integral part of the community's life.

"I would rather see ten papers owned by ten honest, sincere publishers than the same number under a single control, despite all the superior resources in men and money that the group management might place behind them. All the gods of the local owner and editor surround him—his family, his home, his friends, his business, his burying ground. To these he feels his allegiance and devotes his energies. The editor of the chain paper, on the other hand, surrounded by forces emanating from a distant office and holding his position under it, has a divided interest, and his views are likely to come from the same office along with his salary check. Because of these conditions the public opinion of states shot through with chain newspapers is never so genuinely representative as where the newspapers are individually owned and edited."

The ingrained personal nature of the Kansas press is perhaps no better exemplified than by its unusual custom in crediting clipped material. To the Kansas editor the editorial in the Iola *Register* is not simply the *Register* speaking but its editor, Charley Scott. Hence such credit lines as "Herb Cavaness of the Chanute *Tribune*," "Rolla Clymer in the El Dorado *Times*," and "George W. Marble of the Fort Scott *Tribune-Monitor*" appear throughout the state. As a result many Kansas editors are widely known and enjoy a prestige which they would not otherwise have.

"Probably the first reason why Kansas has no chain papers," said Mr. Marble, one of the most frequently quoted of the state's editors, "is because there are so few cities in Kansas that constitute a field large enough to attract them. I have a notion, however, that it might be difficult for a chain or syndicate paper to get far in Kansas owing to the peculiar aversion the average Kansan has to even a suggestion that he is being exploited, either politically, industrially, or with respect to his reading. My observation is that the average Kansan has a notion he is important enough in the general scheme of things to be allowed to form his own judgments and act on his own initiative. That's why a politically controlled paper or one whose ownership smacks of political interest or design cannot get anywhere in this state.

"I have had opportunity to observe pretty widely, and I am sure there is no state in which the press is so generally courageous on political issues and so universally independent of political or party traditions. This no more reflects the trend of the editorial mind than it does the state of the public mind in Kansas. I cannot imagine the people of any city in Kansas tolerating a chain newspaper whose editorial policies came down from New York or Philadelphia or Kansas City; nor whose profits were regularly reduced to New York drafts and mailed out of town. Much less would a Kansas constituency tolerate suggestion from some outside source of power as what she should believe in politics or how she should vote."

Mr. Marble, who recently completed a term as president of the National Editorial Association, has been around a good deal and his statements relative to the impertinence of syndicates in Kansas are not the boasting of a provincial. On the other hand they reflect a freedom of thought, on the part of the people as well as that of the press, which is one of the distinguishing marks of the state.

Is there not, indeed, a lesson in the Kansas press?

People seem to take an extra interest in what the Sunflower State is doing and saying.

A very efficient machine for the owner.

In the large centers today the great dailies, through consolidations and the spread of chain newspapers, are coming more and more under the control of a few rich men. Hearst, Munsey, Scripps, Curtis—these names are the identification tags of great chains of newspaper properties, some of which dominate the journalistic field of entire cities.

Is this a sound state of affairs? Are such organizations conducive to the best development of a free and healthful public opinion? Do they permit of enough individual expression that the mass of people they serve are adequately represented?

It is significant that Kansas, with its highly representative and distinctive press, has felt the influence of neither chain newspapers nor wholesale consolidations. True, a number of the state's papers have disappeared as a natural consequence of rising publishing costs, but the professional dealer in newspapers has been pleasantly absent. There has been in Kansas no such killing of papers as New York has witnessed the last decade, nor such consolidations as have reduced the newspapers of Chicago nearly one-half within a generation.

It has often been observed that democracy works successfully in the rural regions. This is not, as Jefferson thought, due to the possession of any naturally superior political wisdom by rural people, but to their better opportunity to know the facts concerning their local government. The people of Kansas, through their 600-odd newspapers, locally owned, free of foreign influences and dedicated to their respective communities, have a means of determining the facts upon which wise government is based and of expressing their opinion that the people of New York and Chicago have not. This is the lesson of the Kansas press to journalism and to the nation.

Outside control of newspapers and external influences in shaping their policy have played too great a part in influencing public opinion. A home press, actuated by regional aspirations, is the voice of the people. Too frequently it is the voice of alien purpose springing from a self-centered source.

"I Read in the Papers"

I read in the papers that a minister hereabout has been charged with heresy. It would almost pay ambitious ministers to induce someone to charge them with heresy. Otherwise they may never be heard of. In this instance the charge grows out of a perfectly harmless sermon on Darwin. Perfectly harmless. Nothing whatever to distinguish it from thousands of other sermons delivered twice every Sunday. But it surprised some people. It surprised them to hear that the pastor believed in evolution. They had not known it before. They had listened to him for years and had not guessed it. The surprise was a shock and ended in charges being preferred. It doesn't make any difference to me what any minister believes, but it is rather important that there should be anywhere in the church a tacit deception of the people. It need not make any more difference to a man's Christianity whether he is an evolutionist than whether he is a Democrat, but since multitudes in the church think it does, true Christianity would seem to require considerable outspokenness on these subjects.

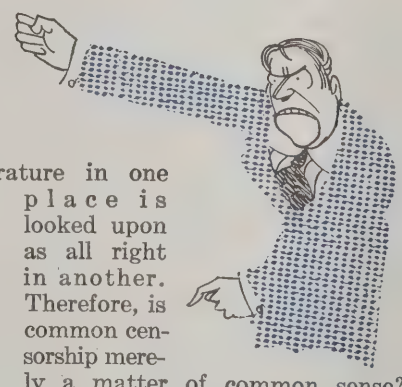
I am convinced that this general condition exists of the pew not suspecting what the pulpit believes. It is notorious in the denomination to which belongs the minister above referred to, that a declaration by the ministry of their beliefs would shake if not destroy the church. There has been just that much concealment about it. The conventional old evangelical terms are used with new and modern and unorthodox meanings—pulpit weasel words; the old tone of piety and the old formalism are retained; and with it goes what I usually feel to be a mock pious concern not to "hurt old and unlearned believers' faith." I always think it is more to prevent a row in the church and a possible change in the pastorate. I wish there were more frankness and less concern with "the faith of the ignorant." A Catholic priest whom I know met that attitude on the part of a young buck who was tarred with a specious modern "liberalism" which he was carefully keeping from his old Irish mother because, as he said, "he did not want to shake her faith." "Try it and see if you can," said my priest friend. There's something in that. Faith is not shaken. Illusion may be, but not faith. The whole heresy business, which led to this comment, has nothing to do with faith, nothing to do with knowledge. It roots in ignorance, universal ignorance, which frankness and honesty would make tolerable and even honorable. For I believe that a certain ignorance is one of God's mercies to us.

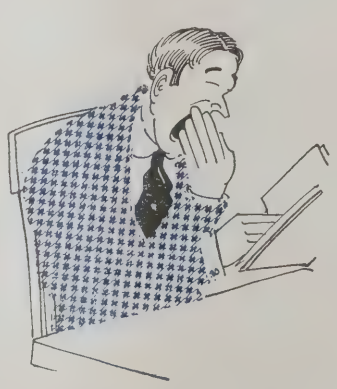
I read in the papers that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the chief agency in the upbuilding of that marvelous community, has demanded that the three railroads operating so-called limited trains from Chicago at an average speed of only thirty-three miles an hour shorten the schedule half a day and arrive in the morning instead of afternoon. These trains under a so-called time agreement between the carriers that abolishes real exertion in the service of the public now leave Chicago after dinner and arrive, sixty-eight hours later, in Los Angeles after lunch on the third day. The amazing increase of travel from the Midwest to Florida has doubtless made the Los Angeles chamber awaken to the need of faster trains even though the railroad managements are lazy and indifferent. Limited trains at a speed of 33 miles an hour suggest Russia or Spain rather than America.

I read in the papers that a distinguished French advocate who attended the convention of the American Bar Association at Detroit says that there is no post-war increase of crime in France. He did not attempt to give reasons, he merely stated the fact. He even said there was a decrease of some forms of crime. The reasons, however, can be supplied. First, crime is not a necessary phenomenon of years following the war. To say "Crime is the outcome of the war" is one of those sayings which, given currency, run on and on and settle the question for the unthinking. Professional pacifists welcomed it, and those classes which supply most of our criminals welcomed it more. The press spread it and the pulpit preached it, with no reason to do so except that someone started it in motion. If crime is a necessary post-war development, why did not France experience it? The second reason is that France is one people. A national unit with the elements of character does not go to pieces on a sudden. Germany experienced a post-war crime increase but it did not indicate the degeneration of the German people, for after the war Germany became the dumping ground for the same classes which are providing most of the criminal actions in the United States. France, on the other hand, kept her borders fairly clear and has come through clean. To say that in America our own people are suffering moral breakdown as a natural aftermath of war is a slander upon the American character. What has happened is that we have been invaded by hordes of those who are criminals in whatever part of the world they live. If the various commissions appointed to investigate crime push their work to the end, and do it fearlessly, they will be able to make some interesting disclosures to the American people.

The International Jew treats of the Jewish Question in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: Twenty-five cents each; complete set, one dollar. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.—Dearborn, Mich.

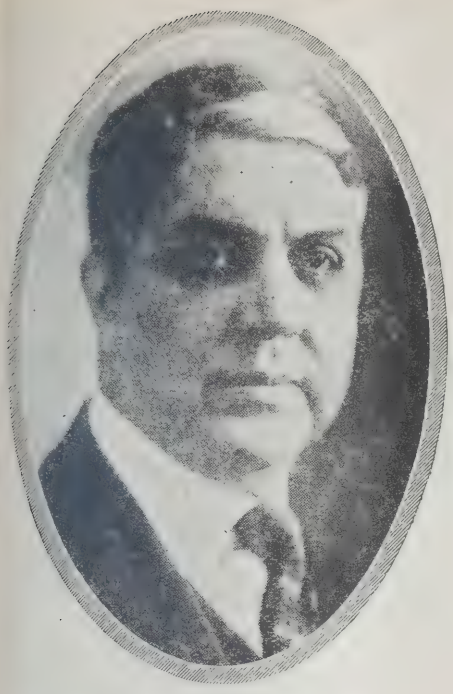
WAS there ever a censor that satisfied everybody? Censorship is to a large extent governed by local sentiment and psychology. What is considered undesirable in art or literature in one place is looked upon as all right in another. Therefore, is common censorship merely a matter of common sense? Thomas L. Masson discusses this question in next week's issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. He throws much light on the methods by which some books are passed as "good" while others are condemned as "wicked."





Underworld Will Pay $100,000 to Free a Man

By NORMAN BEASLEY



Ex-Governor Harry L. Davis, of Ohio.

GEORGE "JIGGS" LOSTEINER is a "lifer" in the state penitentiary of Ohio.

In an interview, given while he was governor, Harry L. Davis referred to Losteiner in this fashion:

"He is, undoubtedly, one of the worst criminals in the history of Ohio. His career of lawlessness, prior to his life sentence, extended over twenty years and included almost every serious crime on the statute books, including a $25,000 bank robbery, in which one official was killed; a $23,000 pay roll robbery, in which two policemen were wounded, and a $60,000 bank robbery which resulted in his last arrest. Outside of a reformatory sentence, and some fines, he was never punished until 1916 when he was given a penitentiary sentence.

"Upon his release, he committed two murders and four robberies in which more than $200,000 was stolen. Yet, when he was tried for murder, though he was found guilty in the first degree, the jury recommended mercy and thus saved him from the electric chair."

Losteiner has served less than five years of his "life sentence." The average "life imprisonment" term in the State of Ohio is something less than eight years. However, before becoming too critical of Ohio, bear in mind that the average "life imprisonment" sentence in the United States also hits in the immediate neighborhood of that same average—eight years!

Police officials in several cities in Ohio tell me that there isn't any question in their minds but that the "underworld" has the purpose, the methods and the people to raise $100,000 inside of a period of ten days, any time, if they have reason to believe that they have a chance at bringing about the liberation of Losteiner, or any other prisoner in whom they are especially interested.

In Ohio, alone, an average of eight criminals are released daily on pardon, or parole, from the state's penal institutions. In the course of a year the number of criminals thus let out in the United States runs into tens of thousands.

This, of itself, would not necessarily be an abuse of the pardon and parole systems. Its very existence, of course, contemplates the release, from time to time, of deserving prisoners where it is felt that they are no longer a menace to society, and are entitled to another chance. Besides, without a parole system, the penal institutions of the country would be clogged, to overflowing, with inmates.

But, if the power of money and other influences allows confirmed criminals to go free then the parole and pardon systems fail of their purpose.

Not infrequently there are individuals who, justly or not, have the reputation in the "underworld" of being able to "grease" paroles. As a result such persons get the bulk of this business. Those hired in parole cases can be roughly divided into three classes:

1. Those who accept cases, usually at interesting fees, pretending fictitious influence—political or otherwise—but really propose to do nothing, hoping, only, that in the ordinary course of events, the man may be paroled. When such an event occurs these persons pocket the additional fee that is measured with "success."

2. Those who accept cases with accompanying financial rewards and undertake a systematic and carefully conceived campaign to obtain freedom for certain prisoners, without openly appearing; they secure others, frequently men of responsibility and impeccable characters and motives, to go before the pardon board.

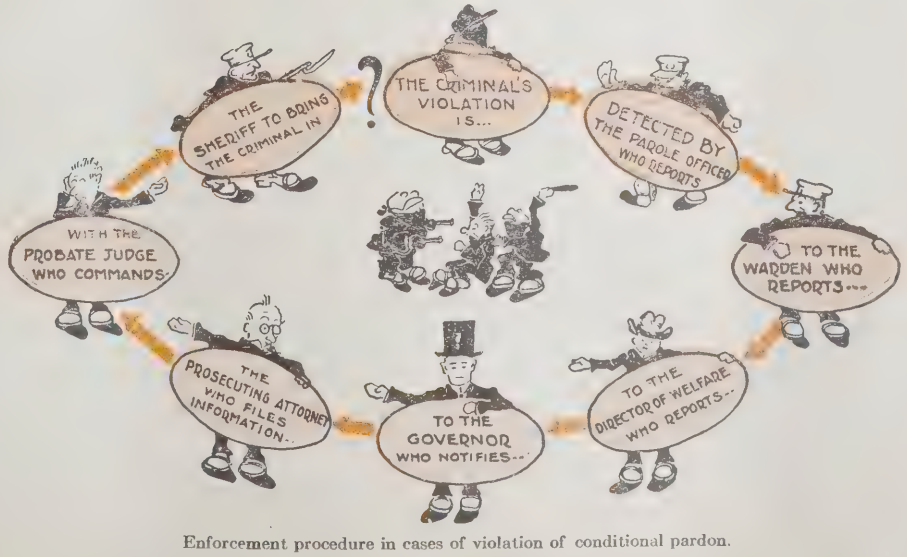
3. Those who take parole cases, for a fee, and seek to gain their ends largely through sources of official influence and pressure.

After naming these three customary methods it is but fair to say that practically all the money that goes into efforts to secure pardons, or paroles, is used up in attorneys' fees, traveling expenses and other kindred items which are legitimate in themselves.

The financial power of the "underworld" is felt from the moment a criminal, who is a member of of a gang, is arrested. Police officials and state executives that have been interviewed refute the thought that there is such a thing as "organized crime." There are "organized gangs" and the fight against society is largely a matter of "gang protection" with any connection between gangs being largely casual and indirect.

However, the gang usually is bound

"PASSING THE BUCK"


THE SHERIFF TO BRING THE CRIMINAL IN
THE CRIMINAL'S VIOLATION IS...
DETECTED BY THE PAROLE OFFICER WHO REPORTS
WITH THE PROBATE JUDGE WHO COMMANDS
TO THE WARDEN WHO REPORTS...
THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY WHO FILES INFORMATION..
TO THE GOVERNOR WHO NOTIFIES...
TO THE DIRECTOR OF WELFARE WHO REPORTS...

Enforcement procedure in cases of violation of conditional pardon.

to rally to the defense of any member when he is apprehended by the police. Usually they provide the necessary funds to employ counsel. The raising of this money means more crime. I have been told that the raising of any fund by a prisoner's criminal associates is usually a case of blackmail. The knowledge by the "underworld" of crimes can be used as a club to force tribute from those who committed them.

The workings of the "system" are simple enough. An important arrest is made by the police. The prisoner is identified as a bank burglar and he is taken into custody. A date for his trial is set.

Watch the "system" go to work—

When the case is called, what type of lawyer is on hand to defend the prisoner?

Does the court have to assign a lawyer, as in the cases of indigent prisoners, where the state, itself, bears the expense of providing legal defense?

Is it a lawyer receiving a small fee and without an earned reputation?

Gangsters Are Defended by Best Lawyers

The answer to these three questions is—"No!"

Invariably you will find "gangsters" defended by some of the best legal talent obtainable.

From the time of the arrest, money is provided by the "gang." The trial results in a conviction. What happens? Appeals are taken—and it costs money, under such circumstances, to carry the case to a higher court, or to secure a retrial. But, again, the prisoner is convicted. He is sent to prison. It may be life, or it may be ten or twenty years. But there is never a let-up in the fight for freedom. Every conceivable effort to free the prisoner is made. And, if the word goes out that there is a chance for release, money is no object.

In the State of Ohio a certain criminal—a member of a desperate gang—was awaiting electrocution in the death house. In the final days word was sent to his confederates that there was a possibility of preventing the execution. A sum said to have been $100,000 was raised in an effort to save the man from the death chair. The efforts proved unavailing.

"I am positive," declared former Governor Davis, "that the men intrusted with running the business of this, or any other state, are honest. I am well aware of the fact that there have been one or two bad 'messes' in which high officials of other states have been implicated, but, remember, there are forty-eight states and there have been hundreds and hundreds of public officials. The 'slips' of the very minute minority rather prove the rule. In addition, pardon boards are not implicated. I have had some experience with pardon boards in this state, as well as in other states, and the men who comprise them, I sincerely believe, are inherently honest."

In other words, the money element ends where influence starts—and influence starts somewhere near the top.

In order to work up a case for his client the lawyer is compelled, first of all, to see to it that the case will have a strong appeal for the pardon board or parole authorities. Considerable time is likely to be spent weaving this end of the political rope which is to be thrown over the prison walls. The campaign is carefully mapped out and persons are interested who are presumed to have control of certain voting strength. The governor is, of course, elected by popular vote and it is logical for the lawyer to think in terms of political influence. In fact, it is expedient that he so do. Parole boards are, in turn, appointed by the governor.

Arrangements are made to have the prisoner appear in his most favorable light and word sifts through to him that friends are working on the outside. The prisoner obeys every rule and mandate of the warden and the guards. He becomes a model prisoner. The warden, getting reports from his subordinates, reads where "convict 40,018" has turned over a new leaf—in prison.

"Industrious, obedient to rules, making something of himself . . ." everything that goes toward the making of a fine report on "convict 40,018" is in the warden's hands. The warden, when called on, makes his statements accordingly. He cannot do otherwise. The warden's report becomes a paragraph in the prospective pardon, or parole. The chaplain makes similar observations.

The prisoner's life history is combed. It is found, perchance, that, in youth, he was hit on the head by a baseball. He is mentally deficient, decides the lawyer, and begins his trial of circumstantial evidence accordingly. It is shown that "as a boy, the prisoner never had a chance to go straight! . . ." all the heart throbs that can be put into a report are embodied in it. By the time the proposed parole, or pardon, is ready for submission it has been carefully edited and then turned over to the influential persons for action.

Improving His Chances of Escaping

Generally, this carefully worked-out plan succeeds. If it fails there usually follows an effort to have the prisoner transferred to some other section of the prison—other than the one he has been in—or to some other prison.

The reason for this is to improve the prisoner's chances for a pardon—under new surroundings—or, *to improve his chances of escape!*

"Is one prisoner on an equal footing with another when it comes to granting pardons?" I asked Mr. Davis.

"You know there is a difference," he snapped. "The prisoner without influence, or money, stands a good chance of serving his full term unless the warden, for some reason, interests himself in the case. I recall one case that may help to illustrate my point.

"For many years it has been the custom in most states to pardon a criminal in honor of some big holiday. While I was governor, a request for a holiday pardon for a certain criminal was laid before me. A delegation presented the request for the man's release.

"I had the man's record brought to me and found it a bit out of order. I urged the delegation to select a more deserving prisoner but to no avail. It was pointed out that the man of their choice had come from a wealthy family, that he had a wife and daughter and that these relatives had made arrangements to start the convict in business in a distant state.

"I argued the wisdom of letting a man of this type go free but they were insistent.

" 'We have never before been denied our choice,' they said. 'We have made it and we propose to stand by it. Custom has given us the right to pick our own man. We want the release of the man we have selected.'

" 'Will you assume personal responsibility for the future conduct of this man?' I inquired.

" 'Surely,' they said, and signed an agreement to that effect.

"An amusing follow-up resulted. I was criticized by the newspapers for granting this pardon and the head of the committee that had waited on me denied, in the public prints, all responsibility for the freed man.

Pardons Should Be Free From Politics

"My conclusion, based on my experience with the crime problem, is that the pardoning and paroling of prisoners should be as far removed from rapidly changing political authority as possible.

"As respects pardons in capital cases, as well as in all others, the greatest power in all creation is the power over life and death and freedom. In most of the states, this direct power is delegated into the discretion of one man—the governor.

"It is my contention that no single human being should have vested in him such an unqualified and sweeping power; for, virtually, it becomes an individual responsibility. And that is an unthinkable condition.

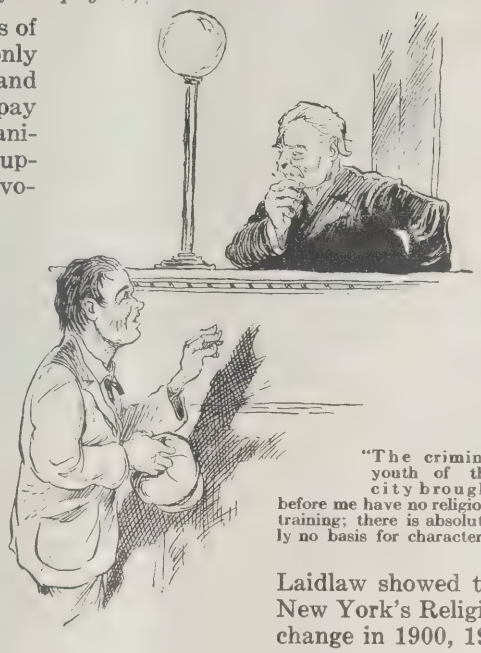
"I am a strong believer that the chief executive's unchecked authority to grant freedom to prisoners should be taken away. Unwise and indiscriminate use of the pardon—or, for that matter, parole—power is one of the really serious elements contributing to crime conditions.

"If the criminal is made to realize that this one avenue of evasion, or, at least, possible evasion, of the consequences of his crime is closed to him, it is bound to act as a deterrent influence.

(Concluded on page 31)

Mission Mite Boxes

(Concluded from page 5)



"The criminal youth of this city brought before me have no religious training; there is absolutely no basis for character."

Protestant churches of New York City only have four thousand dollars a year to pay their preachers, janitors, heat, light, upkeep, and benevolences?"

"I mean exactly that very thing! New York is a Mission Field and the sooner the church world realizes that fact the better they will understand the problem here and what becomes of a lot of their money given for Missions.

"If that statement startles you," continued Dr. Reisner (and no man in Manhattan knows the city better than he) "let me call your mind to the fact that from 114th street to 260th street, a distance of seven miles, between Harlem and Hudson rivers, with a population of 400,000, there are only four churches, Jewish, Catholic, or Protestant, which seat as many as a thousand people.

"Go into the real residence section, in the Washington Heights region, where more than 200 apartment houses have been erected within a year and a half, and where is located the largest high school in the world, and where the Columbia University Medical Center will be located—this residence section has only one completed church! The rest are only chapels or roofed-over foundations, with basements. There is one section that has 50,000 persons without even a Sunday school of any denomination.

"There are one million young people in this city who are growing up with no more religious education than if they were reared in the jungles of Africa; 800,000 never see a Bible. Chief Magistrate McAdoo says, 'The criminal youth of this city brought before me have no religious training; there is absolutely no basis for character.' "

In the course of my investigations for this article I visited every denominational headquarters in New York City, including the headquarters of the Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Protestant Episcopals; the four denominations really doing outstanding work in New York. The Congregational church has only one or two institutions in Manhattan, due to an ancient church agreement.

When I talked with Dr. Walter Laidlaw, who is recognized in church circles, and quoted by men of every denomination as an authority, he said:

"New York City is the greatest Mission Field in the world, equally for Catholics, Jewish and Protestants. The fact that these three groups are about equal in number is *unparalleled in all the history of the world.*"

He further added: "It is more difficult to make progress here even than it is in India, or China."

Then Dr. Laidlaw showed the following table of New York's Religious Composition and change in 1900, 1910, and 1920:

	1900	1910	1920
Greek Orthodox -		56,764	91,459
Jewish - - -	597,674	1,252,135	1,643,012
Protestant - -	1,629,240	1,785,366	1,941,847
Roman Catholic -	1,210,288	1,672,618	1,943,730
Totals - - -	3,437,202	4,766,883	5,620,048

Dr. Millard L. Robinson, of the New York Methodist Society, clearly recognizes New York City as a Mission Field:

"When a local church can no longer maintain itself our society accepts the title of that property, assumes its financial obligations, and carries on its work."

"How do you carry on that work?"

"With the aid of Missionary money," he replied, simply, and as a matter of long established fact.

"Just how many churches of that type do you now support?" he was asked.

"In this territory we have 51 churches, including 4 colored, 4 German, 3 Swedish, 1 Chinese, 1 Japanese, 1 Korean, and 1 Italian. The rest of them are so-called American churches but all of which are made up of members born in foreign lands or whose parents were."

In a book entitled *The Case for New York*, issued by the New York City Society and the Board of Home Missions of the Methodist church, the opening paragraph says:

"The educational work of the great Centenary Campaign of the Methodist Episcopal church, revealed to the membership of the Church at large, throughout the country, that New York City had become *America's Greatest Missionary Field.* (Italics are the author's.) This was a disappointing surprise to many people who had always thought of New York City as an embodiment of wealth and prosperity and achievement. People could scarcely believe the facts presented so complete had been the change in the religious situation in Old New York.

"Enough money has been pledged and paid in so that we are now bringing to completion wonderful new, modern buildings for this work, costing about $350,000."

"Do you mean that $350,000 of Centenary Missionary money has been poured into New York City?" I asked the secretary.

"More than that," he replied.

"Actually how many self-supporting churches have you in Manhattan and the Bronx?"

"There are only four self-supporting Methodist churches in Manhattan and the Bronx," was his reply.

Then he added: "I mean by that, the larger churches. They are Madison Avenue, St. Paul's, Grace, and Washington Heights. There are a few small churches in the country districts which get along in a meager way. But thirty-eight churches are receiving help either from Missionary money or endowments."

The Northern Baptists put out a pamphlet in which they tell of their needs in New York City. This is a pure appeal for Missionary money:

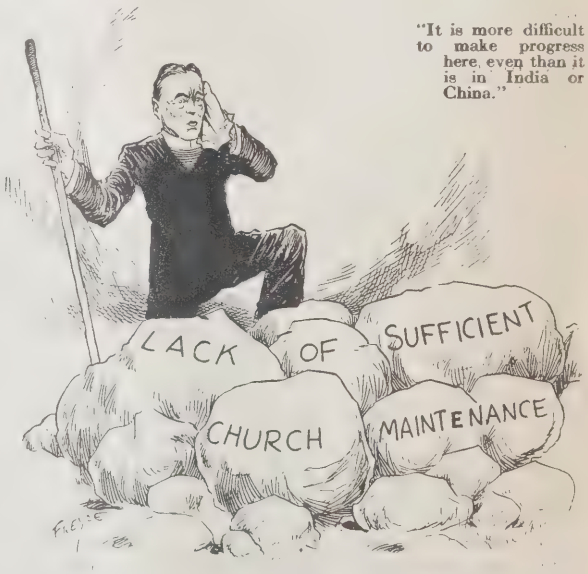
"We need $100,000 for Church Extension in the New York City Area."

"We need $150,000 to Build a Christian Center for Chinese and Negroes."

"We need $150,000 for renovation of downtown churches in New York."

"We need $50,000 for equipment of two foreign language works."

"We need $116,500 to pay off mortgages on Baptist properties."



"It is more difficult to make progress here, even than it is in India or China."

Church leaders frankly and openly admit the situation. New York has been drawing on the denominations at large—upon Kansas farmers, and California fruit-growers, and Chicago workingmen, and the nation and churches out in what New Yorkers call "The Provinces"—for help.

American History in Earthenware

Detroit from the river.

(*Continued from page 20*)

three sources: from some volumes of the *Beauties of America* which were popular in England at the time, from the sketchbooks of English gentlemen who had crossed the seas to look upon those beauties for themselves, and from the sketches of their own artists whom they sent over to supplement the subjects that had been procurable in England. We know the name of one of these men, W. C. Wall, Esquire, from Dublin, who came to New York in 1818 to make sketches for the Stevenson pottery at Cobridge. When a housewife bought a Staffordshire plate she had an accurate picture, and she had, moreover, scenes from every part of the country, Dan to Beersheba, from which to make her selection. The sketches were engraved upon copper and then transferred to the clay by means of wet impressions made on tissue paper with prepared colors mixed with oil. So that, in effect, the plates are copper engravings upon clay, the work, by hand, of artist artisans.

The ware was sold in America in huge quantities. Every house required dishes, there were no potteries in America, this ware was cheap, was reasonably strong and unbreakable, it looked well on shelves and upon white tablecloths, as it still does, and it satisfied man's desire to look upon portrayals of his own and Nature's handiwork, it was interesting to eat off "Fairmount Water Works on the Schuylkill," "Marine Hospital, Louisville, Kentucky," or "Mt. Vernon, the seat of the late Gen. George Washington."

At the great bicentennial in 1820 of the landing of the Pilgrims, while Daniel Webster spoke fervently and oratorically of that landing the guests could look down upon their plates and behold the scene depicted there, Samoset and Squanto on a rock ready to be cordial to the Pilgrims climbing out of a little boat, the *Mayflower*, riding at anchor in the distance.

The principal makers of Staffordshire were Enoch Wood, of Burslem, a friend of John Wesley, whose bust he made in 1781; Joseph Stubbs, of Burslem; Andrew Stevenson, of Cobridge; R. Stevenson and Williams, of Cobridge, whose plates are of artistic excellence; Joseph Clews, a very successful potter of Cobridge who tried to start a pottery in America at Troy, Perry, County, Indiana, in 1836; the Ridgeways, father and sons, at Hanley, and Joseph Heath at Tunstall. The latter is best known as the maker of tableware which depicts the "Residence of Richard Jordan."

Richard Jordan had been a famous Quaker preacher who resided at Newton, Gloucester County, New Jersey. Upon his death in 1826 a number of his friends ordered the tableware made in his memory. It was bought in large quantities throughout New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania where he had been revered. The scene portrayed is a charming and peaceful one, the house, the barn, a quiet lane, and Richard Jordan himself in the foreground. William Mason, a Philadelphia drawing teacher, made the sketch. It is a plate well worth finding.

The border, a characteristic feature of all Staffordshire, served, in a manner, as a trade-mark for the individual potters, so that one knows the potter by his borders. Those which one comes most readily to recognize are the sea shell and mosses border of Enoch Wood, the rose leaf medallions arranged in trim fashion by the Ridgeways, James Clews' fantastic one in which he tried to do honor to everything in heaven above and the earth below, flowers, stars, fruits, patriotic emblems and the very names of the fifteen states which comprised the Union; the Stubbs border is distinguished by its eagles at regular intervals, and that of R. Stevenson and Williams by its arrangement of oak leaves and acorns.

The district of England in which the pottery was made was then much as Arnold Bennett describes it still to be: "a region of pitheads, chimneys, and kilns, tier above tier, dim in their own smoke." The manufacturers were, as portraits of them clearly indicate, industrious, upright men, whose main interest in life was their work, which they did well. All the Staffordshire plates are worth looking at, worth possessing. One particularly diverting and instructive one is that of Boston Common by Stubbs. It has the border in which eagles are interspersed with flowers, and within it has a well-composed picture of the heart of the Boston of 1812. The Common is in the foreground, trees and cows and winding paths upon it, in the clear distance are Beacon Mall and Park Street, leading to the state house. To the right and left of the state house are accurate drawings of the houses which stood there; on the right those of Joseph Coolidge, Thomas Amory, Governor Gore; on the left, immediately beside the state house, is John Hancock's mansion, next it is that of Dr. John Joy, rising behind Dr. Joy's house is that of Thomas Perkins, and at the very edge of the plate is the house of the first mayor of Boston, the father of Wendell Phillips. They are all handsome,

Lafayette at Castle Garden.

speaking clearly of pleasant and cultivated ways of living. Their owners possessed extensive libraries, sent their sons to Harvard College, of which there are fine Staffordshire plates, observed the amenities and patronized the abundant lecture courses for which even then Boston was renowned.

New York Hotel Where Victories Were Celebrated

The mixture of the primitive with the sophisticated that is evident and delightful in the plate of Boston Common is equally so in that of the City Hotel of New York, at the time the most important and finest hostelry in America. There the victories of the War of 1812 were celebrated, Lafayette made it his headquarters when he was the guest of the nation in 1824, there Dickens was given a festive dinner while Washington Irving acted as toastmaster. It was built in 1792, a skyscraper of five stories and seventy-eight rooms, visible from New Jersey and Brooklyn. There it is, depicted on the plate, in front of its splendor a cord of wood ready to be sawed into usable pieces and right there on Broadway, convenient for all, the pump.

Then urban places still retained some of the charm of the rural. The uncrowded, marvelously safe street is almost more acutely indicative of the distance in time between that New York and the present one than are the pump and the cord of firewood. Trinity Church, whose spire is seen in the distance, is all that is today left of the scene. The plate was made by R. Stevenson and Williams of Cobridge, and bears their border of oak leaves and acorns. The plate was made at the time of Lafayette's visit to America and the almost simultaneous completion of the Erie Canal, accordingly, for generous measure and to tempt the housewife, there are in the upper border the portraits of Washington and Lafayette, and, in the lower, a picture of the Erie Canal bridge at Little Falls.

When Lafayette Landed at Castle Garden

The completion of the Erie Canal was the signal for the issue of plates depicting it as extensive as the appearance of spring hats at Easter, and no housewife, apparently, felt quite *comme il faut* without one. There was some justification for this. The Erie Canal was as great a feat of engineering skill and daring as had been the medieval cathedrals and the aqueducts of Rome. Moreover its erection was of enormous significance to the country. In effect the United States had been not one nation but two until the canal afforded the connecting transportation facility between the east and the west. The Alleghenys had made transportation from one to the other impossibly difficult, with the result that Philadelphia was the commercial center of the East and the West congregated its cities and villages along the waterways connected with the Ohio and Mississippi and used those rivers as a means to reach New Orleans which the West used for importing and exporting.

Alone, under the leadership of De Witt Clinton, New York State financed the building of the canal and she derived her reward, for it made New York City the commercial center of the entire country, East and West. The Rochester plate of the canal by Enoch Wood shows the stone aqueduct which had been built to carry the canal over the Genesee River. The plate deserves to be particularly prized for it was made by the man who is often regarded as the father of British pottery, it commemorates the building of the canal that made the United States an economic unit, and it presents the picture of a fine aqueduct which has been destroyed and should have been preserved as a monument to the heroes of a great and peaceful project.

The most dramatic of the plates is "The Landing of Lafayette at Castle Garden" made by James Clews at Cobridge. Guns boom from the battery, horsemen are galloping about in great self-importance, flags are flying, the harbor is as full of craft as it can hold —on a plate. It is no doubt a true representation of the stir and bustle that existed in New York on the day when the *Cadmus*, a sailing vessel of which also there are plates, after a fifteen-day voyage appeared in the harbor with Lafayette, who had arrived to be the honored guest of the nation, on board.

When Detroit First Became American

Comparable to it in stir is the plate of Detroit, the city which had flown three flags, the French, the English, the American, and had only recently, by the victory at Put-in-Bay, been made definitively American. The whole town seems to be on the plate, some of the houses are still within the stockade that had withstood an eleven-month siege by Pontiac. The river is as uncomfortably full of varied craft as the Detroit streets now are of motor cars.

"Prosperity" Was Brought to Staffordshire

One of the quietest plates is the Stubbs, one, with its border of vegetables and flowers, of "Mendenhall Ferry on the Schuylkill River." Here are portrayed the inn, the rope ferry and two sedate residences on the hill among the trees. Already we have country life in America and the Philadelphia flavor.

Quite certainly a few hours with Staffordshire plates gives one such a generous feast of early American life and history as nothing else in existence can. And that is singular when one considers that these plates were made by Englishmen in England very shortly after two decisive defeats of their country by Americans. At first it seems somewhat ignoble that men should portray their country's enemies as heroes, should make money out of their country's losses. But upon deliberation and upon looking at portraits of the potters themselves, Wood, Clews, Stevenson, one is moved to conclude that they may have been showing high good sense.

What quarrel had these diligent Staffordshire potters with George Washington and Commodore Perry, and what good had rulers with imperialistic tendencies ever done them? The better and incontrovertible fact upon which they acted was that whatever kind of tableware the Americans would buy brought prosperity to the Staffordshire towns. No harm was done to anyone. And we have a volume of history depicted upon plates.

Federal Taxes Should Be Cut Half a Billion a Year

(*Concluded from page 4*)

seven per cent of the population pay no income tax at all.

That is to say, they pay no income taxes directly. As a matter of fact the 97 per cent who pay no direct income taxes furnish almost all of the money with which the other 3 per cent pay all of the income taxes that are paid. I think the people are beginning to understand this. That is why they are so interested in the subject of taxation.

The truth of the matter is that every business man includes his taxes, of all sorts, in his cost of doing business and does his best to pass the whole thing along to the people in the form of higher prices for the things they buy. If this were all that happened not so much harm would be done as wages would necessarily have to go up to cover the increased cost of living. But this is not all that happens. The money that is raised by taxation, in excess of the cost of honest government economically administered, is wasted.

When waste is carried too far it ruins him who practices it. Waste is always harmful to the extent that it is permitted to go on. If it be kept this side of ruin it nevertheless hurts. Waste in governmental expenditures does much to make the struggle for existence as hard as it is. Three per cent of the population furnish most of the money that our National Government wastes, but the burden is spread over the other 97 per cent. Something is added to the price of everything they buy to provide the money that is wasted in Washington.

I shall do all I can to reduce taxation at least half a billion a year and keep Federal expenditures within our income.

Fort Washington

OLD Fort Washington, lying between Fort Washington and Pinehurst avenues at One Hundred Eighty-third street, New York City, is soon to be demolished and the ground occupied by modern apartment houses. This old fort is a relic of Revolutionary times and was occupied first by the American and later by the British armies. Farmers living in this vicinity during the past century gathered several wagonloads of cannon, cannon balls, and other metal that belonged to the original camp, and sold them to a Spuyten Duyvil foundryman. Amateur archeologists have found many relics of Revolutionary times while "excavating" near the surface. A monument commemorating the fort stands on the line of its eastern ramparts. Here a small plot of ground has been set aside, so that the buildings about to rise will not disturb it.

The British and Hessian huts were built near the Fort, and in one camp near Two Hundredth street remains of more than fifty such huts have been found. The officers' quarters were inside the fort and they were of better material. The old fireplace with its equipment and bricks was found, together with pieces of fine china, spikes, hinges, barrels, buttons, and old coins of British mintage. The bricks were of Colonial pattern. The old fireplace has been taken up and rebuilt on the lawn of Washington's headquarters where it may now be seen.

A Nautical Mile

A NAUTICAL mile is called a knot. Originally a knot was an actual knot on a ship's "log-line." The log line was a long line attached to a log which was thrown over the ship's bow. The log remained practically stationary and the time required for the vessel to pass by the log from bow to stern determined the rate the ship was going. This practice was known as "heaving the log." Upon this log line, at intervals of 1/120 of a geographical mile, were tied knots.

The distance between any two knots was the distance the ship would move if traveling at the rate of one sea mile per hour, during, say, half a minute. One man counted the knots in the rapidly passing line while another stood turning a sandglass, somewhat similar to an hourglass, measuring the time. When the sandglass was emptied the log line was stopped and the knots counted. Thus was the ship's speed determined. If fifteen knots had run out, the ship had been doing fifteen sea miles per hour, or, as a seaman would express it, she was "doing fifteen knots." The rate at which a vessel sails, or can sail, is usually given in knots per hour, the admiralty knot or measured mile being 6,080 feet.

"Brains and Talent" at Sapiro Prices

(*Concluded from page 19*)

later on give up his position with the Extension Service; and later still became one of the most important officials of the American Cotton Growers Exchange—a place where Sapiro evidently preferred him than on the Reserve Board.

Consider also the case of C. O. Moser. Mr. Moser's "brains and talent" had originally been employed in a county demonstration way in Texas, at a not excessive salary. Quite recently he was made general manager of the American Cotton Growers Exchange at a salary of $18,000. But the coöperative five-year contracts running out shortly in Texas, he has been returned to that state to assist in retaining the old membership of its organization in line.

It is enough to say that the salary lists of the Sapiro coöperative organizations fairly bristle with the names of gentlemen of "brains and talent," but of comparatively little authority in the cotton world, at salaries whose total strangely contrasts with the benefit of it all to the cotton farmer.

Mr. Sapiro himself should not be omitted from the list of "brains and talent" which, admittedly, cost money. It would seem that he originally got, as retainer fees, $20,000 from the Exchange, and $1,200 annually from *each* of the state associations. These were retainer fees only. For each specific piece of work he did he rendered a bill. For legal services in the railroad rate case now in the courts, for instance, there is allotted $15,000. When he drew the contracts under which his coöperative associations were to borrow money from the War Finance Corporation his bill to each state association is reported to have been $1,800. So that it is difficult to say with any degree of certainty just what the "brains and talent" of Mr. Sapiro are estimated to be worth to coöperative cotton marketing annually.

What the fees, for drawing the contracts with the War Finance Corporation, were paid for, is even more a matter for speculation. Under these contracts Eugene Meyer, Jr., then head of the corporation, which was formed to assist the agricultural interest financially, agreed to lend the Southern Coöperative Marketing associations money at six per cent, *provided they enter into an iron-bound contract with the corporation to market one-eighth of all the cotton in their possession each month.* That such a contract was uneconomic and contrary to the very purposes contemplated by coöperation itself would seem to be apparent to a schoolboy.

Charging Cotton Men More Than the Banks

It subsequently developed also that while Mr. Meyer lent money to the cooperative organizations at six per cent, he lent it at five per cent to the banks that were doing business with the cotton farmers.

The banks could and did borrow money from the Federal Reserve Bank at four and four and a half per cent.

When these facts became accidentally public there was considerable stir about the matter. There was even some semblance of an investigation. Mr. Meyer was asked to explain—he was especially asked to explain why he charged the coöperative organizations one per cent more than he charged the banks, when cotton was the basis of the collateral in both instances. *He said he did it at the request of the co-operative organizations themselves;* and because he did not wish to interfere with the business of the banks. These explanations that were likely to prove highly unconvincing to *the agriculturalists for whose aid and comfort the War Finance Corporation was specifically set up.*

Some Little Things in Need of Explanation

It would not be unreasonable to ask just why Mr. Sapiro drew a contract by which the organizations, for which he was so largely responsible, and for which he was retained as legal adviser—organizations whose special mission was supposed to be the conservation of the financial interests of the cotton farmers—should be required to pay one per cent more than a bank next door.

That he should, in addition to this, have drawn a contract by which one-eighth of all the cotton in the co-operative warehouses came on the market each month as "distress" cotton, would seem to be beyond belief, were it not a matter of record.

"Brains and talent" are, of course, as Mr. Sapiro said at Montgomery, very valuable assets in any industry. But much depends upon the question of whose interest they are employed in. And Mr. Sapiro would have to be even more ignorant of the cotton industry than at times he has appeared to be, to convince one that he thought such a contract, as that he drew between Mr. Meyer and the coöperative associations he had organized for the ostensible purpose of getting a higher price for cotton, was a good one for the farmers who had confided their cotton to his organizations for handling.

And if it is true, as Mr. Meyer said, that the one per cent higher rate was charged with *the consent*, if not actually at the *request*, of the Sapiro Coöperative Cotton Marketing associations, upon what grounds do these gentlemen, selected for the specific purpose of safeguarding the interests of their membership, defend themselves against the charge of either not knowing how to perform their duties wisely, or else of not caring how they are performed?

Another Indemnity—This Time Persia

(*Concluded from page 6*)

was still in force at the time Mr. Murray left, a year later. A military tribunal was at once set to investigate this crime and punish the guilty parties. The government of Persia realized the seriousness of the situation. Nothing like it had occurred in a hundred years and the Persians were humiliated beyond measure, particularly as the victim happened to be an American. For more than a hundred years the Persians have liked America and Americans more than any other nation on earth.

American missionaries had been in Persia for nearly a century. Morgan Shuster, an American, had rehabilitated their finances; their greatest international friend had been America. They have a sort of a mystic reverence for America and Americans.

The government put the country under military régime, and put this trial into a military court because they wanted speedy results. The State Department of the United States acted in a dignified and admirable manner. There were no unjust demands. There was no suggestion of undue threat. There was a demand for redress, speedy trial, punishment of the murderers, and a fair indemnity.

Imbrie was assaulted at eleven a. m., was dead at two p. m., and the nation was under military law by sunset.

The trials lasted from July to October. Hundreds were tried. Thirty-four were condemned to prison sentences, and three were executed. One of the condemned was a major in the army, and from this major down to privates no mercy was shown.

The Persian Government considered the soldier who confessed to having assaulted Major Imbrie as the worst of the culprits, due to the fact that, as a soldier, he should have protected him. The soldier gave as his defense the fact that he had been swept away with religious fury. He was the first to be executed, and Mr. Murray saw him shot at sunrise a month before the others.

When Seyed Was Shot at Sunrise

In the case of the direct descendant of Mohammed, Seyed Hossein, the tribunal asked for clemency. It is an extremely difficult thing in a Mohammedan nation to have a Mohammedan executed for the murder of a Christian, due to the belief of a Mohammedan that to kill a Christian is an act of grace, and merits reward instead of death. Indeed a Mohammedan who kills a Christian is expected to receive special favors in heaven when he dies.

The request of the tribunal for clemency in this case presented a serious diplomatic situation. Mr. Murray handled it skillfully, like a diplomat who has right on his side and the United States Government back of him. The Persian Government was finally informed that the State Department at Washington had instructed Murray to leave Persia if clemency was granted to this Mohammedan who had incited the mob outside the hospital walls. It was a tense moment, but the Persian Government defied Mohammedan traditions, and ordered the Seyed shot, along with the seventeen-year-old boy who had beaten Major Imbrie's face in while he lay helpless on the operating table.

Mr. Murray, according to his orders from the State Department, with his staff went to a prison outside the walls of Teheran, on the morning of November 2, 1924, and saw the Mohammedan, Seyed, and the boy shot by a firing squad, afterward inspecting the bodies to see that full justice had been done and that no substitutions had been made. The execution of this Mohammedan is a rare case in diplomatic history.

U. S. Government Demands an Indemnity

In addition to the execution of the murderers, and the imprisonment of 34 others the United States Government demanded an indemnity of $60,000 for Mrs. Imbrie, the widow of the murdered consul. This was promptly paid.

The second demand of our State Department was that Persia should pay all of the expenses of the trial, and those of shipping the body to America. In addition to this the Persian Government was to give the body the proper salutes and honor due the remains. Our government sent a warship, the *Trenton*, to carry the remains home, accompanied by Mrs. Imbrie. This cost $110,000. Persia paid it immediately. Then came a stroke of genius in American diplomacy.

At the suggestion of Mr. Murray, the *charge d'affaires*, this money covering the expense of transporting Imbrie's remains to America, has been set aside by our government to educate Persian boys. It constitutes a trust fund to be administered in the United States. The $110,000 has been paid over to Mr. Murray and this autumn the first of the Persian students will come to American schools.

Our State Department made no unjust or autocratic demands in this case, but it made quick decisions, and by the final allotment of the indemnity for an education fund we have demonstrated to Persia, as our use of the Boxer Indemnity demonstrated to China, that peace and enlightenment mean more to us than any show of power. The moral influence of these two acts of international kindness are two of the great chapters in American diplomacy—chapters that will be remembered as an integral part of American history.

Underworld Will Pay

(*Concluded from page 26*)

"I believe that the vesting of the pardoning power, and indirectly the paroling power, in the State Supreme Court, would serve justice and the interests of society to much better advantage.

"1. There are many reasons for my belief. The terms of office of supreme judges are for a longer period than that of the governor.

"2. They are removed more remotely from the effects of political influence.

"3. As trained judges they are better qualified to weigh the merits of each case, and besides, in many instances, they have passed on the legal aspects of the case.

"4. Even the paroling power of the supreme judges—granting they had it—should be curtailed so as to prevent the pardoning of any life prisoner prior to his having served twenty years.

"5. The sole authority that should remain vested in the governor, connected with the pardoning power, is the right to grant reprieves and not more than two of these to be granted at any one time.

"I would make it compulsory in connection with the granting of pardons by the Supreme Court, that its vote be unanimous for a pardon. By this method I would eliminate the item of influence because the circle of influence is the vicious circle that starts and ends in the granting of unwarranted pardons.

"As for paroles, I would have a board established of two members appointed by the judges of the Supreme Court for terms of six or eight years, with salaries commensurate to the responsibilities of their duties—such members, however, being removable at any time by unanimous vote of the supreme judges upon charges and a trial before that court.

"In that way, we could come nearer to removing the parole system from the detrimental influences that have long been its curse, and establish it on a basis where the obscure prisoner would have a chance to gain his freedom if he deserves it. But, the real reason for such a system would be to protect the public against the release of out-and-out crooks—gangsters whose gang will commit crime and compel crime to raise funds with which to get their members out of prison and back into the gang.

Some Suggestions for Pardons and Paroles

"And, chief of all, I would have a law preventing the granting of any parole, or pardon, to any but first offenders. In the case of life prisoners I would require, as I have said, that they serve twenty years before being eligible for parole; in the case of second or third offenders I would require that they serve at least three-quarters of their terms before they could be considered for pardon, or parole."

The Lady Playing the Theorbo, by Gerald Ter Borch.

Lovers as Painted by Famous Artists

By CATHERINE BEACH ELY

The Meeting on the Lake, by Arthur G. von Rambeau.

THE wooing of maidens and the dreams of lovers strike a major chord in life, and also in art, which is life's reflector. On the canvases of famous painters of every nationality lovers sigh, rejoice, long for one another, pledge their fealty with eyes and song, with impassioned words and eloquent silences. The New York Metropolitan Museum shows us sweethearts as the painter sees them—American, Dutch, Italian, French and Austrian lovers of high social rank, and in rustic setting, in moments of happy anticipation, and as congenial pairs, whispering tender vows.

The Trousseau, an American painting by Charles W. Hawthorne, portrays a girl who meditates upon her coming marriage with an expression of awe at the great step she is about to take into an unknown future. Behind her stands her mother absorbed in measuring a delicately tinted garment against her daughter's shoulder; at the table sits a neighbor sewing upon gleaming satin. The scene is conceived in the rather austere mood of a New England country village. Color and composition reflect the attractive reserve expressed by the faces and postures of the women.

This painting has the insight into character and mood which is the acknowledged attribute of Hawthorne, one of our leading modern American painters of *genre*. Although he has traveled and lived much in foreign countries, his paintings give us real American types, like this demure little native-stock maiden dreaming of her lover amid the shimmer of her trousseau.

We have another American type in *Celia's Arbor*, by Lilian Westcott Hale. The artist does not tell us by an explicit title that Celia awaits her lover, but we may assume from the festiveness of her toilet and the coquettish poise of her head that such is the case. However, Celia, as a self-reliant American young women, would not weep if her lover were ten minutes late, and, if he did not come at all, she could find other sources of entertainment.

The picture has the spirit of the happy unclouded moments which stir the heart of youth just as the spring breeze touches the light foliage of the trees in the background of the scene. It is painted with the atmospheric charm and facility of composition which characterize the work of one of America's leading women artists.

The scene changes to Holland in *The Lady Playing the Theorbo*, by Gerard Ter Borch, a love-painting presented in the faithful detail of seventeenth century Dutch art. The artist was thinking fully as much about the pattern on the tablecloth as he was about the lady's sentimental smile or her admirer's tender absorption in her and her music. No doubt she is singing for him a little Dutch love song punctuated by her adoring eyes, while her happy lover sits on the table in an attitude of passive beatitude.

The artist gallantly turns the highlight on the fair one, while her lover sits in shadow. How Ter Borch did enjoy painting the gleaming light on her satin robe and white throat and on her plump fingers tripping over the lute-strings! A wholesome young couple, this—just the pair to make a contented home.

Two centuries later than Ter Borch, Josef Israels, another great painter of Dutch life, chose the frame of poverty for his scenes. In *The Bashful Suitor* the young peasant couple is portrayed against a background of flat Dutch country with peaceful cattle resting and stunted trees brushed by a gentle sea breeze. They walk without looking at each other, their childlike faces touched by timid joy and an almost religious absorption in the great event of being together.

In *The Rendezvous*, A. Simonetti wields an Italian painter's brush with facile charm. The little picture is impregnated with the bright atmosphere of Italy. The young woman in her charming *froufrou* of silk, lace, feathers and flowers expects her lover at the trysting place in the niche of a sunny wall near a marble fountain. Her pretty face expresses wistful awaiting about to break into a joyous welcome of the beloved.

The Trousseau, by Charles W. Hawthorne.

The Intended, by Etienne P. Berne-Bellecour, is staged with the strictest French decorum. The fiancé in military costume holds his lady's skein with soldierly rigor, while she, at the other end of the lovers' bench, looks demurely down at her ball of worsted. Those were the days when to be popular with young men a girl must be shy. The couple is dutifully chaperoned by father and mother. Father looks as if he might be roguishly listening in on the young pair and mother seems to be telling him to read his book.

It is a happy family scene, as French as can be, painted in a charming grove with properly arranged trees and the inevitable marble pillar. The ladies are beribboned and bemuslined, the men bewigged and in knee breeches. The coloring of the painting has pleasing refinement, the composition opens up avenues of light in the foliage.

Bellecour painted this decorous betrothed French pair at a period when simple romance and graceful art-technique had not yet been invaded by the white light of scientific realism which was to destroy for the time being so many delicate *nuances* in life and art.

Arthur G. von Rambeau's *Meeting on the Lake*, with its obvious sentiment of the nineteenth century Teuton school, ends our brief ramble among love-paintings by nationalities. This picture is full of old-fashioned romance presented with Austrian fervor. The blond lady, whose voluminous pink gown and black lace mantilla are in striking contrast to the boyish outing costume of the modern girl, has evidently been taking her daily dozen as the rower of a little boat on the lake; so also has the swain wearing the jaunty Tyrolean hat.

The two boats with their mutually enamored occupants are drawn up side by side in a shady cove under the willows, while the lover clasps the lady's hand and seeks to look into her downcast eyes. The calm lake holds the shadows of the mountains in its clear depths, and the calm face of the lady is shadowed by a coy timidity.

We leave our pictorial lovers to the joyous preoccupations of youthful romance. Into the stern realities they have brought a few bright strains upon a theme as old as life itself.

Lovers in Famous Paintings

"The Intended" by Etienne Berne-Bellecour.

"... Bright strains upon a theme as old and as perennial as life itself."

These reproductions from celebrated pictures are in illustration of the article by Catherine Ely facing this page.

"The Rendezvous," by A. Simonetti, at right.

"Celia's Arbor," by Lilian Westcott Hale.
Right—"The Bashful Suitor," by Josef Israels.

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THERE is another characteristic . . . . of this peculiar land. It is what is called toleration. It is the product at once of America's temper and her complex population. It has its finer side—its disinclination to persecute, its sympathy with manifold elements and opinions. It has its worse side—its carelessness and indifference to abuses. It has its worst side—the appeal to endure attacks upon the fundamental principles of American life and institutions under guise of "liberal" and "broad-minded" sentiments. Despite the assertions to the contrary, Americans tolerate many things which seem to many other people intolerable. Partly from good-nature . . . . partly, no doubt, from the fear of arousing the animosity of minorities bent on their own interests and ascendancy, Americans suffer certain evils which a more homogeneous people would resent and destroy—as they have done and are doing.—

WILBUR C. ABBOTT, Professor of History, Harvard, in *The New Barbarians* (Little, Brown and Company) 1925

September 26, 1925
* * *
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Change of Address

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Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the phrase "in ıe long run." (p. 9)

This is a serious paper doing a serious work. But ·ious articles are not heavy, dull ones. They're the ıly interesting ones. They freshen and exercise the ind. A number of such articles appear in this issue. 'e don't hesitate to say to anyone—learned or un- arned—that his mind measurements will be stretched ıd his brain cells pleasurably exercised, his knowl- lge increased and his ideas of public affairs enlarged and alanced by reading *all* of the articles noted here.

A member of the Washington bar disperses the fog hich hangs around the Constitutional amendment elating to religion. That document says that *Congress* ıall not establish or prohibit the free exercise of religion. ongress, but not the States. It is left to the States to rotect or regulate religious liberty. (p. 3)

And Max Bentley's story ıkes us down to Texas, where ıey sell the golden fleece, ot according to Aaron Sa- iro's method, either! (p. 21)

When we seek justice we on't have to hire a judge or a ıry or a bailiff, but we do ave to hire a lawyer. And ıe quality of justice meted ut will depend somewhat on ıe quality of the lawyer. ıd that quality harks back o price again. Therefore, What price justice?" (p. 8)

I am not exactly sure hose attention to direct to Number One Logs" on p. 4—the plain citizen, who has nly indignation to use, or ıe forestry officials who can o something about it. Any- ay this is one of the few ımber articles I have seen hat really bite in.

We Americans rightly feel hat we are a straight, decent eople. But in South America 'e are regarded as crooked nd indecent. There's a eason. Things are being one in our national name that we would never allow in our personal names. Un-American, alien, international bankers use our name as a mask. If you want to know *why* we are distrusted in some countries, read the story which begins on page 7.

Of course the Indians have no appeal except to our consciences. And it is right that we be pricked in our consciences by such showings as are made on page 20. We liberated the Negro and still oppress the Red Man.

And then there are our dependent Samoans. The difference between the British and the United States Samoan brings shame to us. A British Samoan can come as a freeman to the United States. A United States Samoan is arrested if he leaves his island. Who is responsible for this stupid policy? (p. 13)

Censors will never be a satisfactory substitute for sense. The situation that calls for censors calls for something more drastic than censorship can supply. It is easy to go off half cocked on this subject. Tom Masson has some ideas that will bear threshing over. (p. 12)

Altogether in contrast with the above subjects, because altogether pleasant, is Mary Harrod Northend's article on The Wayside Inn at Sudbury. The writer is an antiquary of renown and the subject is "an ancient hostelry as any in the land may be," a combination which insures a delightful view of the old tavern. (p. 31)

This article takes us to the water, to Portland Harbor, where we see "The Gentle Art of Trawling." (p. 2)

And this story takes us afield with the katydid. Do you notice the excellent drawings by which Mr. Aaron illustrates his work? (p. 5)

Everyone should have his work for the world—the plus sign he writes after the work he does for a living—and Judge Henry Neil has his. It concerns those most important individuals on the planet—the children. (p. 24)

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An island fisherman.

The Gentle Art of Trawling

By MAY B. WHITING

A TRAWLING trip is no place for a novice. All the island fishermen of Maine will tell you that. They will speak vaguely of the early start long before the break of day, of the tedious "laying by" or waiting, of the blazing sun, of the heavy swell, of the long hours of hauling in that mysterious region "way offshore" where they go. They will tell of the chilling fogs that roll in, of the sudden squalls, and of the necessity of finishing the day's work and getting the catch to market, no matter how great the discomfort.

Many an afternoon I have stood by the fish house door and watched the work of baiting. I have seen the frozen shad or herring taken from the barrels, sprinkled with salt, and cut into pieces an inch square. The trawls are 500 fathoms long with a hook hung every six feet, making 500 hooks to a line. As the trawl is baited it is coiled in a barrel with the baited hooks laid neatly in rows on one side when it is finished. Usually three or four men use the same fish house, and as they work they exchange stories of the wonderful catches they have seen or of who is the fastest baiter ever known in Casco Bay. I have often heard of an unfamed Houdini of the islands, who, by coiling his line first and arranging the hooks, could do the trick in sixteen minutes. Ordinarily it takes nearly an hour to bait a trawl, and each little boat carries at least four.

Many a time, at three o'clock in the morning, I have been awakened by hearing the punts scrape down over the rocks, followed by the rhythmic sweep of oars. Soon a swaying lantern appears in the harbor, and you hear the throb of the engine and know that the little boat with its solitary occupant has headed out for that alluring fishing ground "way offshore." I have seen, late in the afternoon, the boats return. I have heard the questions shouted across the water, "How did you stock this trip? Who's high liner now?" and wished that I might have seen, with my own eyes, the events of that long, long day.

In midsummer the forts in Portland Harbor sent out warning that there was to be target practice for a week and that the fishermen must keep out of range of the guns. There was some grumbling and a few of the rash ones went out just the same, only to return well humbled, for it is no light thing to be alone in a motor boat with shot splashing about your bow. But the ill wind of the fishermen blew me good luck, for my neighbor decided to set his trawls "inshore" whence it would be possible to come back to the cove and so break up the day, and I was invited to go along. That night as I looked at the stars I thought, "Tomorrow I shall know how you look, not arrayed for all the world, as now, but shining for just a few lone fishermen in the pale hour before break of day."

At half-past three I was stirring, and at four, when the punts began to scrape down the beach, I was on the bank, the chill wind of morning whispering discouragement in my ears. But once in the boat, with the cheerful "chunk, chunk" of the engine and the water rippling from the bow, there was all the thrill of a new adventure. The Great Dipper looked down queerly from an unwonted angle, and there was that uncanny stillness that just precedes the dawn. Ahead of our prow the point of Jewel Island rose dimly in the starlight. My neighbor felt the witching hour and began to tell some of the fisherman tales that never lose their fascination. The character of the region, half-legendary now, is "Old Man Chase." A generation ago he flourished alone on Jewel, a pirate and a horribly cruel man. All among the islands there are stories of skeletons found beneath his barn, of boats lured on the rocks by fires at night for their spoils, of strangers who visited the islands never to return, and of how, at night, his voice howls in the tempest.

By the time we reach the inshore fishing ground the stars have paled and dawn has risen. The fisherman sights a mark from the point of Jewel Island and the light on Half Way Rock, mid-distance (Concluded on page 23)

Entering the harbor.

This Is a Christian Nation, Not Atheistic

Says the Supreme Court of the United States

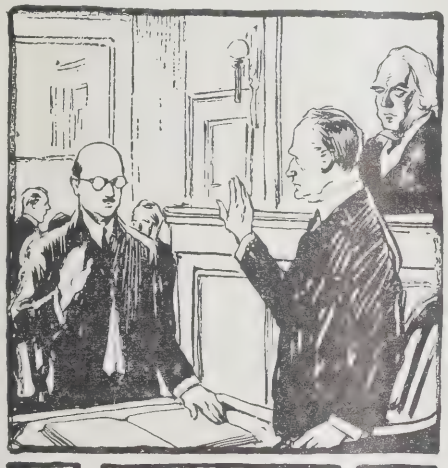
By IREDELL MEARES

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

THE opinion is held by many persons that the Constitution of the United States protects citizens in their religious beliefs. The reverse is true. The Federal Constitution provides by its First Amendment that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," but it does not prohibit the states to which, in the enjoyment of religious freedom, the people must look for protection.

The Supreme Court of the United States in a series of decisions has held that "the First Amendment, like others proposed and adopted at the same time, was not intended to limit the power of state governments in respect to their own citizens, but to operate on the National Government alone. . . . The power for that purpose was originally placed there and has never been surrendered to the United States. . . . . They left the authority of the states just where they found it and added nothing to the existing powers of the United States. . . . . The Constitution makes no provision for protecting citizens in their respective states in their religious liberties; that is left to the state constitutions and laws. Nor is there any inhibition imposed by the United States Constitution on the States."

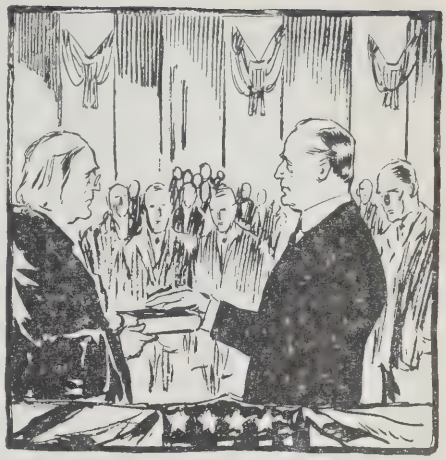
Permoli vs. First Municipality, 3 Howard, 609, United States vs. Cruikshank, 92 U. S. 552, and Turner vs. Williams, 194 U. S. 292, from which the above quotations are made, are some fifteen cases in which the Supreme Court of the United States has held that religious liberty is to be protected by the states, not the National Government, although Congress is prohibited from making laws "respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Congress can make no law, therefore, establishing a religion or abridging the free exercise thereof, while the states might do either, if not in conflict with their constitutions. If Congress were to enact such a law, it would be in violation of the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.



The Oath

Leon H. Wittner, who is a clerk in the United States Treasury Department at Washington, where he has been employed for several years, has recently achieved publicity by bringing a suit in the Supreme Court for the District of Columbia vs. the Treasurer of the United States, and others, to restrain them from paying the salaries of Dr. Frank W. Ballou, the superintendent of public schools, and Professor W. P. Hay, head of the department of biology and chemistry, because of a clause in the appropriation bill passed by Congress, which prohibits the use of funds appropriated for schools in the payment of salaries to teachers, who teach disrespect of the Bible, and alleging that Dr. Ballou and Professor Hay teach and permit to be taught certain scientific studies, like the theory of evolution, which are in contradiction to the plan of creation, as contained in the Bible, and, therefore, in disrespect of that sacred book.

Mr. Wittner in a public interview, which appeared in the Washington *Post* of July 23, 1925, said he was "not an agnostic," but "I am an atheist. I do not believe in God or the Bible. Religion, in my opinion, is detrimental because it makes people dependent on worship and deprives them of their independence."



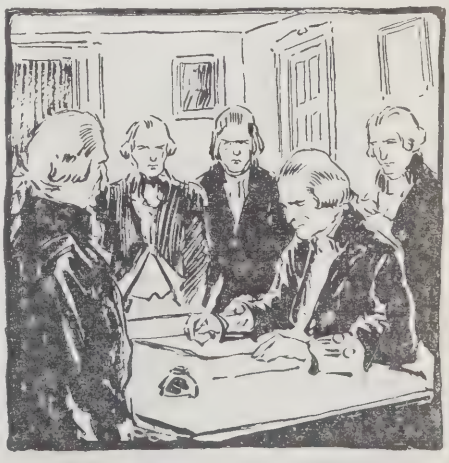
Presidential Inauguration

Why a man maintaining these views should be concerned about any teaching of disrespect of the Bible would be a mental puzzle useless to unravel in the absence of any personal interpretation of his motive. The question of motive, of course, will not be considered by the courts in deciding questions involved in the suit.

It developed, however, in an investigation by the public officials that Mr. Wittner each time he had received clerical appointments had struck from the required oath of office, which he signed, the words, "So help me God."

The fact may have been purposely or inadvertently overlooked, when the oath was signed and filed, and Mr. Wittner admitted into the government service. His attitude stated in public interview is that, "being a true atheist, I could not sign an oath containing 'So help me God.' It would demand that I lie." So, when taking and subscribing the customary oath, which all government employes are required to take, he strikes out the solemn appeal, but accepts his support from a religious nation, although repudiating the faith of its people in God.

The Will



Declaration of Independence

That this is a religious nation, so founded and so designed, is a matter of fact, and Mr. Wittner will probably find himself mistaken in saying "I do not believe any court would hold the oath constitutional for it virtually means that government workers must accept a definite religion—Christianity."

Compact with Columbus

This definition of the particular form of religion does not necessarily follow from the wording of the oath. The Jew can take the oath as well as the Christian or any one who believes in God.

The First Amendment to the Federal Constitution provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

"The full and free right to entertain any religious belief, to practice any religious principle and to teach any religious doctrine, which does not violate the laws of morality and property and which does not infringe personal rights, is conceded by all," says the Supreme Court of the United States in Watson vs. Jones, 13 Wallace 728.

But the "State has a perfect right to prohibit polygamy and other offenses against the sentiment of mankind, notwithstanding the pretense of religious conviction by which they are advocated" (Mormon Church vs. United States, 136 U. S. 49).

It has been expressly stated in Turner vs. Williams (149 U. S. 279) that an act of Congress prohibiting the entry into this country of anarchists is not an abridgement of the First Amendment to the Constitution. Yet, polygamy and anarchism are defended by their advocates as religious convictions.

The views of Mr. Wittner as a "true atheist" are not religious but are the negation of religion, not protected nor intended to be protected by the constitutions of this nation and these states, however freely he may be permitted to enjoy them as a personal right.

But, on the other hand, Congress has the power to prescribe, and has prescribed from its earliest history, the conditions upon which anyone may enter the service of the government, and that he shall sign and take an oath as a prerequisite is sanctioned by the law and custom of more than a century. Atheists are not excluded but exclude themselves from public office, if they cannot take the required official oath, but their personal right to think as they please is not abridged, because they cannot consistently qualify for the public service.

It will be interesting as well as informative to those who hold to the right to repudiate all religion and yet enjoy the official emoluments of the nation, which in conviction and practice is religious, to review the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States and its elucidation of the subject rendered in February, 1892, in the noted case of "The Church of the Holy Trinity vs. United States (145 U. S. 227).

Congress passed an act (23 Stat. at Large 332) prohibiting anyone from prepaying the transportation or assisting in the importation of an alien who might be under contract made prior to his immigration to perform labor or service in the United States. Trinity Church contracted with a Rev. Mr. Warren, an alien residing in England at the time, to come to the United States as its rector and pastor. The wardens of the church were indicted in the Federal Courts in New York and adjudged to pay the prescribed penalty of $1,000 by the Circuit Court. The Supreme Court on appeal and without dissent reversed the decision on the ground that the intendment of the act included common or unskilled labor but not professional or ministerial services.

"We find," said Justice Brewer, who wrote and delivered the opinion of the court, that the title of the act and reports of committees "all concur in affirming that the intent of Congress was simply to stay the influx of cheap unskilled labor."

"But beyond all these matters," continued the court, "no purpose of action *against religion can be imputed to any legislation,* state or national, *because this is a religious people. This is historically true.*"

The court then proceeds to review the historical record, citing the Commission of their Majesties Ferdinand and Isabella to Columbus, prior to his sail westward; of Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584; the charters of King James to Virginia in 1606-1611; the compact made by the Pilgrim Fathers in the *Mayflower,* 1620; the fundamental orders of Connecticut under which a provisional government was set up in 1638-9; the charter to William Penn granted in 1701; and quotes from these instruments pregnant passages indicating the deep religious sentiments of the early colonists, their acknowledged faith and dependence on Almighty God, adherence to Christian doctrines, and high purpose to establish here a Christian nation.

"Coming nearer to the present time," continued the court, "*the Declaration of Independence recognizes the presence of the Divine in human affairs* in these words: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their *Creator* with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. . . . we, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress Assembled, *appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions,* do, in the name and by the authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare. . . . And for the support of this Declaration, *with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence,* we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.'

"If we examine the constitutions of the several states, we find in them a constant recognition of religious obligations. Every constitution of every one of the forty-eight states contains language which either directly or by clear implication *recognizes a profound reverence for religion and an assumption that its influence in all human affairs is essential to the well-being of the community.* This recognition may be in the preamble, such as is found in the constitution of Illinois, 1870: 'We, the people of Illinois, grateful to Almighty God for the civil, political and religious

The Mayflower Compact

liberty which He has so long permitted us to enjoy, and looking to Him for a blessing on our endeavors to secure and transmit the same unimpaired to succeeding generations, and so on.'

"*It may be in the familiar requisition that all officers shall take an oath closing with the words, So help me God,*" declared the court.

Then, the court cites the constitution of Indiana of 1816, as to the administration of oaths, which "shall be esteemed the most solemn appeal to God," and the Declaration of Rights and the constitution of Maryland, 1867, "that no religious test (Concluded on page 19)

Do You Know About Katydid?

Not Many People Know That Katy's Music Is From Fiddle and Bow

By S. F. AARON

Illustrated by the author.

"THAT thing," declared the professor of biology to his more or less attentive class during a field excursion in the early autumn, "is a katydid; one of the long-horned grasshoppers the family name of which is *Locustidae*. Those more truly called locusts, from long usage of the name even in ancient times, are the short-horned grasshoppers, the *Acrididae*, which share the distinction of being insect musicians."

The first and last statements in this profound commentary, from one too generally informed to be always especially accurate, are in error; the rest is all right enough. The large, green, pale-winged insect captured with some difficulty and brought to the instructor by one of his more enthusiastic pupils was not a true katydid, but merely a relative thereof, one of the many closely allied and generally similar species sometimes termed "false katydid."

These insects and the family of crickets (*Grillidae*) to which they are also closely related and of the same order (*Orthoptera*) are noted above all other invertebrate animals for their musical inclinations. They are played upon sound-producing organs attached to them, but none the less may be termed fiddlers from the manner in which the sound is produced.

Not only distinct as species are generally termed, but characteristically different in form and habits from all others of the long-horned grasshoppers, the accuser of poor Katy and its mate, which may be Katy herself, might be more correctly called leaf hoppers, had not that term been given to another group of bugs, for the true katydid is a dweller, solely, in trees of the denser woodland, knowing nothing of grass. In size also, a matter of bulk of body and breadth of wing, if not in length, it exceeds all other forms of our North American long-horned grasshoppers.

These horns as referred to are nothing more than the antennae which are the highly sensitive smellers and in these creatures the organs of hearing also. In one group they are exceedingly slender and longer than body and wings; in the short-horned grasshoppers they are club-shaped and rarely longer than the forelegs. The members of this latter family are the true locusts and properly so called; among the species are those that constituted one of the plagues brought upon the Egyptians prior to the Exodus of the Israelites and the same, or an allied form, along with wild honey, helped to feed John the Baptist.

These same kinds still swarm throughout Southwestern Asia and Northern Africa; a closely allied species is the famous Rocky Mountain locust of our western plains that from time to time has destroyed everything green in the regions of their migrations, compelling the farmers of Kansas and Nebraska to emulate the forerunner of Christianity.

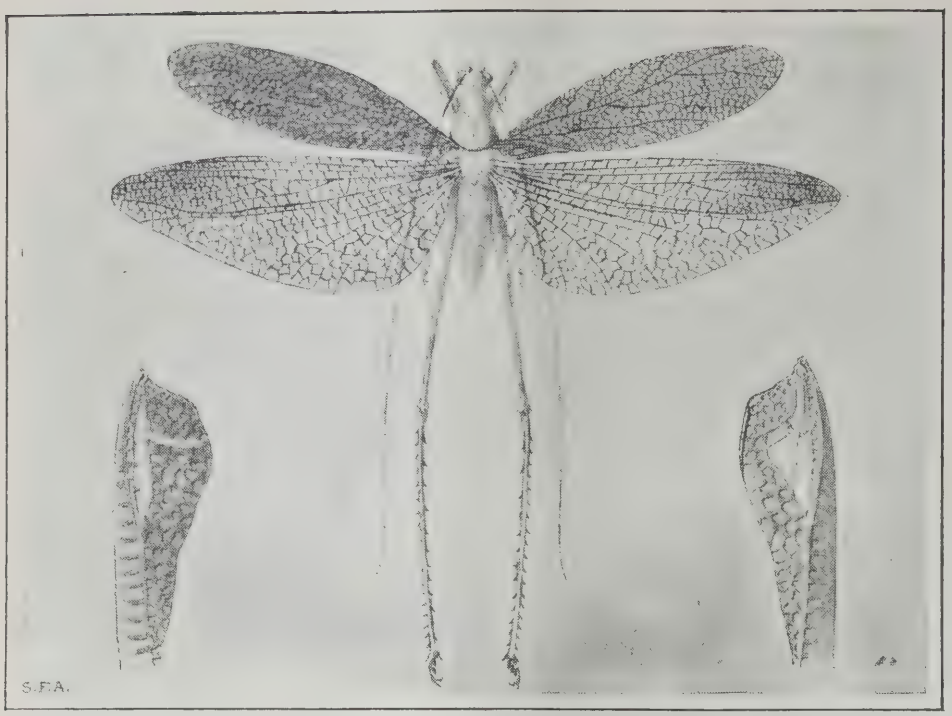
The professor's final assertion as quoted merely expressed a common error that has too often got into print. The Rev. Dr. McCook, of ant and spider fame, and Dixon and Eddy in a recent work are chief offenders. No short-horned grasshopper stridulates in any manner other than to make a cracking noise of the wings when flying; in no case do they scrape the spined shanks over their wing covers. These spines of the long tibiae are as sharp as briar thorns and are used entirely to insure a purchase against grass blades, weed stems or twigs when the creature climbs or leaps; they would instantly tear the wing cases to pieces even if these were designed for resonance.

Katydid and Katy. Upper figure is the male stridulating. Lower is the female, with wings extended, charmed and attracted by her suitor's serenade.

Among the musical insects of pronounced ability we must not overlook another species commonly called locust, but properly the *Cicada*—one of the sucking, true bug species. These large-winged, stout-bodied, swift-flying insects are castanet players, their instruments being resounding plates beneath their bodies, these clapping together to make a sound resembling a hurdy-gurdy. The dog-day harvest-fly and the seventeen-year locust are our best-known species.

The long-horned, leaping *Orthoptera* all draw the bow over a resounding surface and although they lack a knowledge and practice of the science of music as developed by civilized mankind, they can produce sounds more faithful to time and quite as pleasing to our trained ears as the Moro, the Bushman, the Zulu, the Eskimo and the American Indian. I would far rather listen to a sonorous katydid than to a Bornese tom-tom or a Singhalese fife. And again: no instrument invented by man can produce the volume of sound in proportion to size nor send forth a resonance equal to the fiddling of the katydid, nor can any vocal organs whatever. In actual comparison thus the roar of the lion would be a whisper.

It is not difficult to trace the sound-producing peculiarities of the long-horned grasshoppers and the crickets to their specific sources. From the manner of making these sounds it is natural that those of the two families bear a close resemblance. A first consideration is an easily discernible difference between the species of the one and



Above—The big angle-wing locust (male) flying. Also, upper sides of stridulating membranes, left wing with transverse bow, right with longitudinal ridge on inner margin. Below—Violins and castanets. (*a*) Membranous portion of the katydid's left forewing; underside. (*b*) Same of right forewing (upperside). (*c*) Portion of the katydid's forewing. (*d*) Portion of a tree leaf. (*e*) Underside of a *Cicada*, incorrectly called "locust."

the other; the long-horned grasshoppers possess but one color scheme; the crickets are any color but green.

Those forms of the latter most familiar to us are the black crickets of the hearth and other sheltered places; the little dusky grass cricket, probably the most numerous of all insects in fields, meadows and woodlands; the big, fat, round-backed cave cricket more common in crevices and crannies than we commonly know; the white tree crickets that are the authors of prodigious and rhythmical sounds; the white weed cricket, more lowly minded, persistent and even louder with its fiddling; the dark brown and long-bodied mole cricket named because of its subterranean habits and its broad, digging feet, a creature seen less than its low, harsh note is heard. There are others also, more rare, but none the less interesting to the specialist.

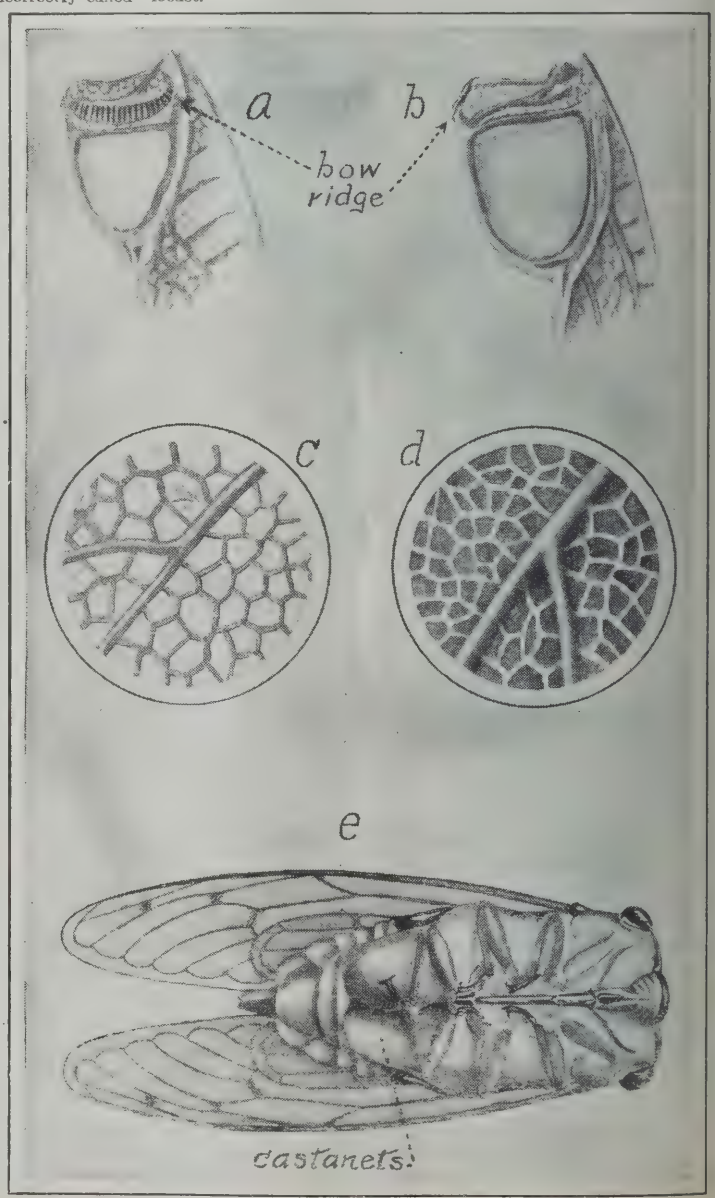
In the long-horned grasshoppers we note at once the constant characteristic of uniform green, even to the delicate veinings of the paler, transparent, fan-shaped and folding hind wings which are used solely for flying. These creatures are among the most extreme examples of protective resemblance; their wings closely imitate the leaves of the grass weeds and trees whereon they dwell, even to the larger and minute veinings as seen under a magnifying glass. The lowly field and meadow forms have narrow wings, those of the tree-loving katydid are broad and rounded.

We have the cone-headed locust which plays a tune on his fiddle that sounds like: *Brrrrrrrrip, Brrrrrrrrip,* oft repeated. The smallest is the vulgar locust, a name given because of its abundance. This insect fiddles its notes, *Zip, zip, zip zeeeeeeee, zip, zip zip zeeeeeeee,* with never-failing accuracy. The big angle-winged locust, most often called false katydid, stridulates like the sharp striking together of two small, glassy pebbles, continued ten or twenty times.

There are also several slender species generally known to scientists as Scudder's locusts, named after a famous entomologist; they play so softly upon such a high key that their performances are nearly inaudible to the human ear. They have, in common with all forms of life, nearly impossible scientific names. *Microcentrum retinervis* is that of the angle-winged species; *Conocephalus ensiger* is more plainly the cone-head. But self-preservation is Nature's first law and the average nature lover who has little time for the study of nomenclature and synonomy has every right to guard his jaws.

The fellow that accuses Katy has been long known as *Platyphillum concavum,* though I believe this name is to be changed for one having a prior application. Katydid will hold, however; no amount of renaming can affect that universally adopted cognomen and it is a fitting name. This insect is perhaps as often heard and talked of and less seen than any common creature large enough readily to attract attention. It nearly always occupies the higher trees, rarely coming within twenty feet of the ground, except in cut-over forests where it may be best sought by the collector.

The stridulating of all the long-horned grasshoppers and crickets is performed very simply by the rubbing of one forewing over and against the other, the basal portions being composed of wide, heavily veined membranes of transparent film, practically tympana of stretched chitine that are wonderfully resonant. The veins bordering these membranes are unusually heavy and bracing; it will at once be observed also that these sound-producing organs lie flat upon the back or dorsum of the insect and at right angles to the (*Concluded on page 18*)



Peaceful Penetration South of Us

Is the United States Becoming Imperialistic, or Is It Commercial Expansion?

By THOMAS ANTONY

WHEN the Allies were dividing the spoils of victory around the conference table at Versailles, the United States expected nothing, asked nothing, got nothing, nationally speaking. We had no thought of our own political or territorial aggrandizement. At the same time, we were *not* pursuing such a disinterested, idealistic policy in our own hemisphere. While we were battling the Central Powers in the interests of freedom and democracy, we were at the same time conducting a campaign of conquest in the Latin American and in the Central American countries.

Committed to Economic Imperialism

For some time past, unknown to the great majority of our citizens, we have been committed by both Republican and Democratic administrations to a policy of economic imperialism. This policy of expansion has been developed through the medium of commerce and trade—primarily through government loans by American banking interests wherein the bankers received the active support of our State Department, and of our navy when it was needed. But recently testimony was given before a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations which sought to prove the following:

The moneyed interests of this country have found in Latin and in Central America unorganized governments, peon labor, and vast undeveloped natural resources. They found government officials, either corrupt or shortsighted, who have been willing to mortgage the future of their countries for a present mess of pottage. The most recent important development in this system of peaceful penetration is *the government loan.* The provisions of some of the loan indentures are so burdensome as virtually to make the borrowing countries vassals to American banking interests and their exploiting allies.

A cursory survey will reveal the dominance of the United States in the following countries:

In Cuba, the United States has a navy base. By treaty, we have the right of intervention, and the Cuban Government can incur no loans or dispose of no territory without the consent of this government. With one and one-quarter billion dollars of American money invested in Cuba, the commercial and the financial life of the island is largely dictated by absentee landlords and bankers located in America.

The situation in Haiti we will review later on.

In 1916, the United States, claiming that Santo Domingo had violated a part of the Roosevelt agreement, landed two thousand marines, without a declaration of war, and Admiral Knapp of our navy dismissed the president and the congress and declared the country under martial law with himself as military governor. Sovereignty was reinvested in the Dominican Government in 1923 after its having ratified acts of the military government including *three loans* negotiated by American officials, and an agreement to permit the United States to collect the customs and to administer the finances of the country.

Panama has been under the control of the United States since the Roosevelt Administration, with an agreement providing for the disbanding of the Panamanian Army, and for the taking over of any additional territory considered necessary for the protection of the Panama Canal.

In a speech on the floor of the Senate on June 19, 1922, Senator Borah, now Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said:

"We went to Nicaragua in 1910, I believe. In my judgment, we never had any sufficient reason for going. Nevertheless, we sent our marines there, landed them, took possession of the country, marched to the capital, killed some two hundred Nicaraguans, and placed in control as the nominal President of Nicaragua, a clerk or employe of a corporation of Pittsburgh. We maintained him there for a number of years, and he could not have remained in the capital of Nicaragua forty-eight hours, as seems to be conceded by every one, without the presence of the American marines who kept him there. He was a dictator of the Nicaraguan people, and made dictator by our navy, under orders from Washington.

In Honduras Marines Were Landed

"During the time that our created —so-called—president was President of Nicaragua, there was a treaty with Nicaragua proposed . . . At any rate, the treaty was favorably reported, was considered in the Senate, and finally ratified. I made a motion to consider it in open session, but the motion was defeated. It was considered in secret naturally.

"The treaty which we made with Nicaragua did not in any sense represent the expression of views or wishes of the Nicaraguan people. So far as Nicaragua was concerned, it was made by a government which we set up, which by force we maintained, and which did not represent the views of the Nicaraguan people at any time. We made an important treaty with a helpless people, a people under our military domination."

In Honduras, marines were landed for "the protection of American life and property." That is the formula used to justify military occupation in the foregoing republics.

Economic Control of Five Republics

The United Fruit Company owns and operates its own railroads, port works, and vast plantations in Honduras, which it appears must be protected by American marines at our taxpayers' expense.

Here, then, are five republics in which the economic control of the United States is backed by military forces on the ground.

Then there is a second group of countries composed of Peru, Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, and Salvador, in which the financial advisers from the United States directing the fiscal policies of the government have not yet found it necessary to invoke military occupation. Should the occasion arise, no doubt the precedent established in the case of Haiti and Nicaragua would be observed.

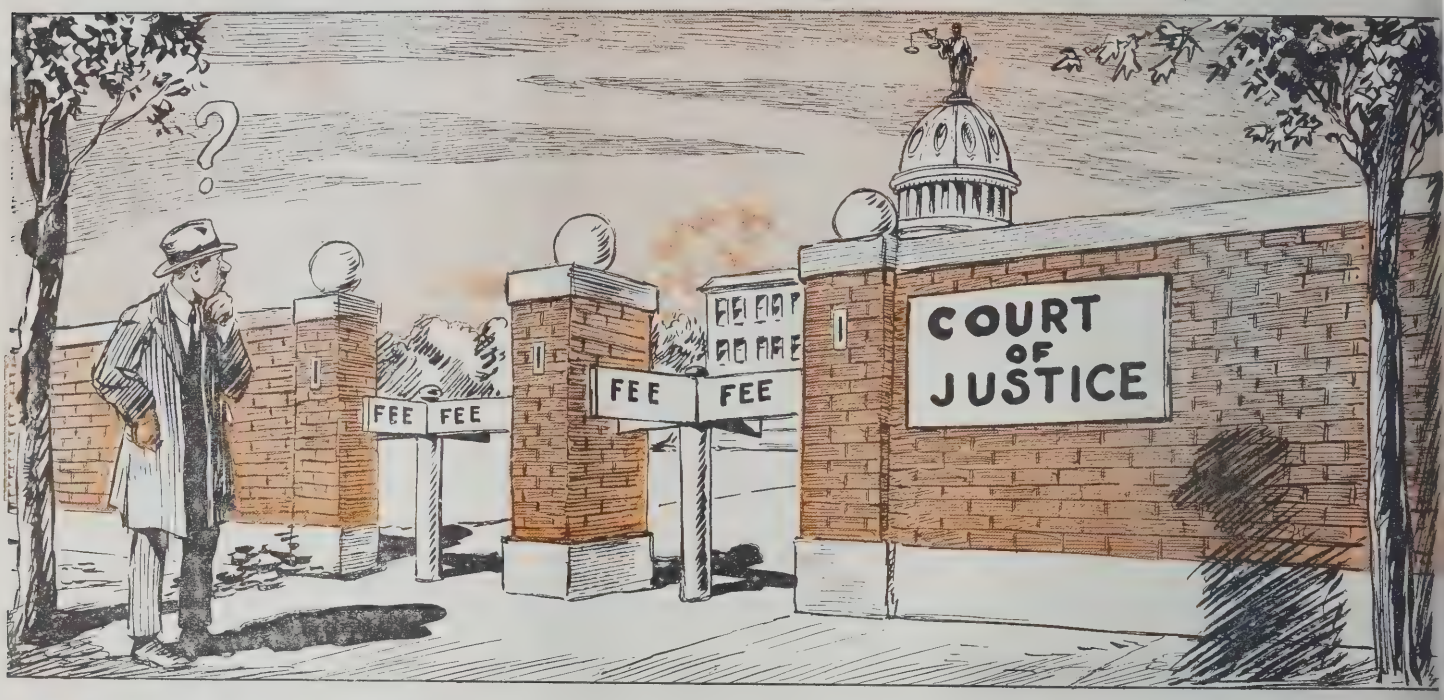
Bolivia obtained a loan of $24,000,000 from a New York banking syndicate which is secured by a first lien on the country's import and export duties, by certain internal taxes, by the stock in the government bank, and in a government-owned railroad. Additional taxes or revenues will be pledged for the loan provided the revenues of those already pledged are less than one and one-half times the amount required for the annual service of the loan. The loan indenture further provides that so long as these bonds are outstanding the collection of all taxes, revenues and income of the republic, will be supervised by a permanent commission of three appointed by the president, two of which will be upon the recommendation of the bankers.

There is a group of three republics: namely, Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Mexico, in which, because of large investments, American bankers and industrialists wield considerable influence over the economic life of the country.

In recapitulation, it will be noted that eleven foreign states have their financial policies directed by interests of the United States, and that in five of these countries the financial agents are backed by American military forces on the ground. In the six remaining countries of Paraguay, Uruguay, Chile, Venezuela, Brazil, and (*Continued on page 26*)

In Court—What Price Justice?

We Cannot Get Justice Without Paying a Lawyer to Get It. Why?



AMERICANS have nothing against lawyers. We raise more of them than any nation on earth. Besides raising them, we elevate them—government is largely the field for young lawyers looking for advertisement to assist them in building up a practice, and for older lawyers who need government office to enable them to look after the interests they serve. Government is a nest of lawyers, some of them intent on the public good, some of them intent that the public good shall not unduly trespass on clients' fields.

But that is not what stirs me up. The people who put lawyers in government can put them out, and as long as this is a government *by* the people, even if it is not *for* the people, I have not the slightest doubt of its security.

What puzzles me is the connection of lawyers with this quantity which we call Justice.

The laws are made to assure us of Justice, yet we cannot get Justice without paying a lawyer to get it for us. A private profession, with certain public privileges, dispenses a service, some of it able, some of it hopelessly incompetent, with fees commensurate (ranging from $250,000 down to $10), and we who seek the Justice of which the laws assure us pay the fees.

Now, what has been sticking in my cranium like an undigested thought is this:

The laws are *ours*; we pay for them. We pay a pretty stiff price each year to keep old laws in repair and provide new ones. Our law-bill has not been figured up yet.

The courts are *ours*; we pay for them. You would not think so to go into a courtroom, but the courts are *ours*, just the same. Not ours in the sense that we can bend the principles of justice to our desire, but in the sense that they are for our use.

Now, lawyers are styled officers of the court, but they are *not ours*.

We support the schools in which they are educated in the law. No lawyer ever pretends that he has paid for his own education. Even a millionaire could not pay the accumulated overhead involved in a law education.

We support the agencies that accredit and license them to "practice" on the tangles, perils and tragedies of humankind.

We build massive temples in which they practice their art; great Roman and Gothic edifices with marble and mahogany interiors, with robed Judges of their work, with clerks and acolytes of all degrees, with libraries and files and officers of authority, and sheriffs and police. No profession is so ornately provided with a noble environment for its work. Not even Doctors of Medicine, not even the Clergy of the Church.

The lawyer's very profession is *ours*, since we establish it.

But when we want to use these law things that we have paid for, we must pay for them again.

When something goes wrong with my water supply, I call up the Waterworks, and the matter is remedied, but I don't have to pay for it. The Waterworks is *ours*, and I have already paid for my share.

When something goes wrong with the sewer, and the proper department is notified, the repair is made without charge, because the Sewer Department is *ours*.

When the peace of the neighborhood is fractured, police appear to restore the broken order, but they demand no retainer and they send no bill, because the Police Force, being *ours*, is already paid.

But when something goes wrong with our Justice relations, and we appeal to *our* law in *our* court, we are told to *go and hire a lawyer*.

Why not go and hire a Sheriff?

Why not go and hire a Mayor?

Why not go and hire a Judge?

And if I am poor and have only $25, do I get $25 worth of Justice? No. I get no Justice at all. I get a boy who has studied law nights, who is glad to get into court to "practice," and he practices on me. The man who is creating Injustice in my relations pays a bigger fee and takes the Justice.

What Justice is there in making Justice depend upon the price that I can pay "an officer of the court," such as a lawyer is?

I have much more chance if I am a criminal. Suppose that I break a law. The policeman arrests me. I am haled into court. The Court says, "Have you a lawyer?" and I say, "No." So the Court appoints a lawyer. And oftentimes these assigned lawyers give a man a good defense and even get an unexpected degree of Justice for him.

But when a sharp trickster jeopardizes my interests in any way, and I appeal to the Court, I must pay the lawyer to use *our* law before *our* judges in *our* courts.

And, I must say, it is rather hard for me to understand.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

"IN THE long run" is a phrase much used when comparison is made of faulty short courses and solid long ones. That the results of right are longer coming, while the rewards of wrong may be immediate, is possibly a mistaken impression. Right may be no laggard and Wrong may be no speedster.

What is fundamentally true, however, is that right has a longer term, a wider circle, a greater endurance than any system of wrong can have. It lasts longer, goes farther and is the basis of men's ideas of the "perseverance of the saints." While admittedly the conception of right develops from height to height, the moral progress of the race shows that it is always right that merges into the higher right, it is never wrong that becomes right, never lie that becomes truth, never cheat that becomes honor. "In the long run" right bears away the victory.

The meaning of this is that the universe is self-protective. Included in that fact is the life of man. The duration of an evil course is fixed and a wrong tendency is sentenced to bring up in failure. The world is foolproof. Within human affairs, a purpose or an experiment is being worked out, Experience being the tutor, and the acquirement of experience producing that wisdom which some call righteousness, but which is simply knowing the way the universe works and coöperating with that way. Instead of morality being against the grain of the universe, it is so deeply ingrained in it as to make of morality, instead of a separate sphere, the normal tone of life.

"In the long run," however, goads some to impatience and others to indifference. The first assert that though the circle of right does come round at last, we shall all be dead before we see it. The others assert that human effort does not hasten nor delay the result. Both are right in that each follows its own angle of the problem.

"It is the part of wisdom to take the world as we find it, not always to leave it so" is a saying of Confucius which has application here. The world is what it has been made, it will be what it can be made, the natural proviso always being that it must be made a better world.

RIGHT courses come more swiftly into their own than formerly and wrong courses are more immediately detected and headed off. The reason is the accumulated experience of the race. It is not necessary now always to repeat the tests of bitter mistakes. Ideas root more rapidly; understanding is swifter and deeper. "In the long run," which expressed faith in the ultimate triumph of right, is not as long as it used to be. The processes of righteousness have gained momentum. While swifter than they once were, they are slower than they will be. Humanity is moving toward the point when perception of right will be immediate.

And here comes in what may be called another law, that of human momentum, which gives the phrase "in the long run" a speedier proof than formerly. For knowledge is increased and principle more swiftly operative than ever before. Ideas of right action which formerly required a century to develop in the national mind may now be planted in a day and harvested in a week. The detection and stoppage of evil is a more instant possibility. Accumulated experience suppresses more wrong courses in proposal than it used to suppress in bitter final failure. We may not use the terms "right" and "wrong" as much in the sense of moral conscience based on moral precept, but we use them more as terms of wisdom and unwisdom based on natural law. Right and wrong have a meaning in railroading as well as religion, in mechanics as well as in morals—with the former holding the more successful compulsion on the thoughts and acts of men.

Reformers who cannot wait for "the long run," and those who see the light but feel they should not suffer until "in the long run" the rest of humanity sees it, have both been taken care of by the universe. The first fulfills himself and finds his joy in efforts to shorten the cycle of truth's acceptance. The other finds a niche in life which permits him to live in one world while inhabiting another. He who sees is already emancipated. Vision is liberty. How can you liberate the multitudes until first they are made to see, and how can they be made to see until they are awakened, and how can they be awakened until they have begun to feel the suppression of life which indicates they have outgrown one form and are ready for another?

The long view is for faith but even the short view gives assurance, for the segment of the circle shows its arc. Wherever one looks today, at however small a portion of the circle, he sees life turning away toward the right, and on every hand in trivial things and great the prophecy of progress is toward the desire and vision of life. Antagonisms, competitions, oppositions, are the other halves of development. And it will continue so, for when we emerge from the contest between the evil and the good, we shall cross the line into the sphere of a higher contest, but one more suited to the native qualities of the human spirit, the contest between the good and the better.

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EDITORIALS

The Way of the Substitute

IN 1922, Canada imported from Wales 166,427 tons of hard coal; in 1923, this amount rose to 240,303 tons; in 1924, to 273,433 tons; while, for five months of 1925, an even larger rate of increase was maintained. America exports a large quantity of hard coal to Canada. American anthracite can be retailed in Montreal for $15.75 a ton against $16.50 charged for Welsh coal. In spite of this fact Welsh coal is steadily gaining in favor. Dealers in this coal claim that there is more heat in one ton of Welsh coal than in one and a quarter tons of American anthracite, that it is a cleaner coal and, in every way, better value for the money. Obviously, a large number of Canadian people are already persuaded that this is the case.

Competition is keen, and now comes the strike. If a prolonged stoppage of work in the American anthracite mines should cut off export to Canada for any considerable time, an even larger number of Canadian people will get into the habit of using Welsh coal. As a well-known financial paper remarked, recently, "when people learn to use a substitute for something to which they have previously been accustomed, they are apt to continue the use of the substitute."

The possibility of losing the Canadian market altogether, as a result of the present strike, ought at any rate to be envisaged by American coal operators and miners alike.

Simplifying the Currency System

AFTER a futile attempt to abandon the one-dollar bill and substitute the heavy silver dollar, the Treasury Department is now engaged in an effort to increase the output of two-dollar bills and decrease the number of ones. This is advocated as a measure of economy, the claim being that the cost of supplying currency is the same per bill, no matter what its denomination.

Such an argument is fallacious, since increase in supply does not increase in proportionate cost per unit. That is, it cannot cost a cent and a quarter each for the printing of two thousand bills of one denomination, from the same plate, if that estimated cost is based on the printing of one thousand bills of another denomination under the same conditions.

Most business men will agree that the two-dollar bill is a nuisance in trade. It requires an extra till in the cash box to separate the different denominations, and saves nothing in the matter of change, for two ones are not cumbersome, five dollars in ones requiring but two more bills than are required by two twos and the necessary one to make the five.

Expense could be saved by ceasing the issue of large denominations of currency notes, the thousands and multiples which are never utilized in trade, being held in bank and other reserve vaults. While the cost per unit must far exceed that of a single dollar, the preparatory cost of engraving and make-ready is the same whether one or ten thousand bills of the single denomination are issued.

"Americanizing" German Industry

A STRANGE thing is happening in Germany—a thing that should be of interest to millions of Americans who went into war reluctantly, but for an ideal, and who emerged with a doubt.

Pre-war Germany had been dominated by two iron-handed concepts. One, the theory of Princes that a little bloodletting now and then was good, a thing to be desired, a strengthener for a people. The other, a conviction that superior industrial culture existed in the Fatherland, a mechanical excellence which, combined with the various "according to plans" of the German commercial organization, would lead to world domination. The German sword had but to strike, and the German superior industrial and commercial intelligence had but to "mop up," and the battlefield was theirs.

But the strange thing now happening in the land of supposed industrial genius is this:

A deliberate movement is on foot—and fostered by the government—to "Americanize" German industry.

They know very definitely what they mean by this. They mean the using of common-sense labor-saving methods. They mean the adoption of the short-cuts which Yankee ingenuity has discovered.

Viewed from a pre-war perspective, this is an odd situation. A dozen years ago we sent engineers to Germany for a final education. German efficiency was a postgraduate course in many lines. But Germany goose stepped herself into a mechanical decline. War has taken ghastly tribute, the seven lean years have followed and still they travel a course that is a good ten years or more out of date.

A part of the economic rehabilitation plan, to be attempted with the new tariff laws this autumn, is an "anti-trust" campaign. It is not quite such anti-trust activity as we have known

that is contemplated, for the "octopus" is of a different breed there. Germany has not sought the economies of huge industrial structures which carry a process all the way from raw material to finished product. That is a natural thing; as natural as the process of digestion. But Germany has tried to "legislate" economic prosperity into existence by a series of industrial governing bodies. So-called "syndicates" of manufacturers, small and large, in a given line set prices, both domestic and foreign, and endeavor to give a false stability to an entire industry.

Perplexed by her many war-made difficulties, Germany is beginning to make matters worse by restricting production and increasing the margin of profit on each article produced. This is essentially anti-social; and not unlike the syndicate-rule Germany has heretofore encouraged. And all of this is very similar to the card house of false marks which tumbled about German ears with such disastrous results.

The German General Staff plans were perfect, but failed for lack of accurate weighing of the human equation and because "pure reason" lacked adaptability. Some such weaknesses are being found in the programs of the industrialists of Germany which were so perfect on paper.

Glamour

AN ENGLISHMAN stood with his American hosts on rocks at the highest point where Storm King Highway cuts a notch in a mountain and offers a lordly view of the Hudson and of West Point.

He had arrived that morning, and instead of "rubber-necking" New York his friends had taken him for a country drive. They had known him abroad: but it was his first trip to America.

"Why," he asked, "did you not tell me about this? Why did you not tell me that America is so beautiful? You Americans are a queer lot; if you want to tell us something about your country, you talk about your tall buildings—and your plumbing."

And at about the same time, James Oliver Curwood was finding respite from novel writing in European travel. He looked it all over with a kindly appreciation, but as his trip was about ended grew hard-headed about his observations and gave a newspaper correspondent an interview.

We slop over about Europe, he thought. Like parrots, we chant praise of natural beauties which can be out-matched in our own country. We see as "magnificent spectacles" views which would be dwarfed by bits of our own land. Altogether, Curwood seemed to think, Europe is a vastly over-rated place and ourselves a herd of sheep.

"All America," said another writer, "seems on the point of embarking for Europe. But we shall not always traverse seas and lands with light purposes, and for pleasure, as we say. One day we shall cast out the passion for Europe, by the passion for America."

That was written a good many years ago, by Emerson. The day forecasted has not yet come.

Can it be that we are afflicted with mental blind spots; which permit us to see the glories of Europe, but blot out for us everything American, excepting only skyscrapers—and plumbing?

Test of a Scholar and Gentleman

IT WAS told of Socrates that he went about Athens asking simple questions which pricked the bubble of conceit in her most prominent citizens. And they killed him for it.

So you cannot turn to a Socrates if you feel that know-it-all feeling stealing over you. There is no ugly, graybeard assigned to the job of wholesale gadfly in these modern days.

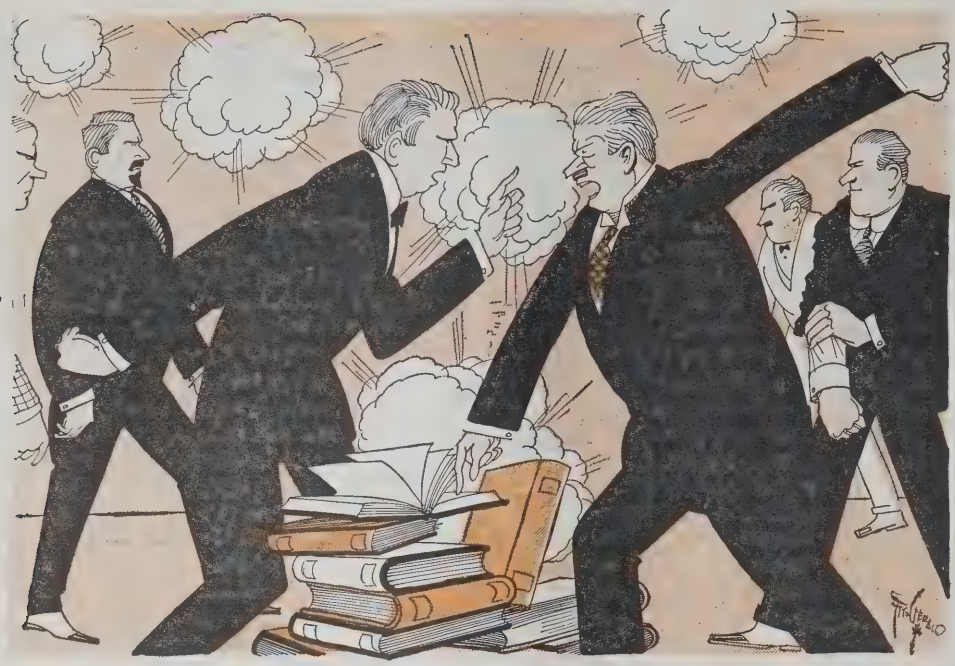
But there is a sure cure for any superiority complex which you may be harboring:

Take an eight-year-old boy into a museum of natural history.

If you can answer even half of his questions you are a very learned man. If you can answer them patiently, you are a gentleman. And if you can do both and emerge from the ordeal with humble appreciation of the clear-eyed logic that guides the boy's racing mind, then it may almost be said that you had reasons for your pride.

Drying Up the Springs

THE Roumanian Government has had to issue half a billion units of paper money in order to pay bills that ordinary taxation was insufficient to cover. The bulk of the government revenue of Roumania is derived from an export tax upon wheat and this tax has been boosted so high that the producers find it impossible to pay sales, transportation and other export costs and sell their wheat abroad in competition with wheat from Canada, the United States and the Argentine. This enforced stoppage of wheat export has dried up government revenue from that source. This illustrates the possibilities of all taxes upon productive factors of every country, whether upon farmers or industrialists. Politicians have an idea that producers can be taxed to the limit without stopping production, but there is a point, as Roumania has found, where it is impossible to produce and sell at a price that will satisfy the tax gatherer and every other charge that must be met.



"Few people have any idea of the great battle now on between the censors of so-called 'wicked' writing in general and the anti-censors."

Is Common Censorship Common Sense?

Many Books, Many Minds Is the General Rule

By THOMAS L. MASSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM O. FITZGERALD

FEW PERSONS have any idea of the great battle now on between the censors of so-called "wicked" writing in general and the anti-censors. The coming struggle may be fully as important in consequences as the fight for prohibition.

The trouble is world-wide. Recently the Paris authorities (and certainly Paris is not notorious for being strait-laced) have suppressed a flood of indecent books and pamphlets, and practically in every world city the same difficulty has presented itself. In 1923 President Millerand expelled from the Legion of Honor Victor Marguerite because of his book *La Garconne*. In January of this year bookstores in Hungary were raided by the authorities. It is significant of this widespread movement that Russia is the one exception, or rather Russia doesn't agree, for in June, 1924—in contrast with the strong religious undercurrent apparent generally in censorship—all books affirming God were banned by the Russian censors!

In this country, as I shall show by the record, the clouds have been slowly gathering. The whole question upon its face appears to be a very simple one. In reality it is very complicated and covers practically the entire field of human nature, precedent, tradition, and law and history.

What is proper and what isn't?

Who is a genius and who isn't?

Who shall be the judge?

How far does literature, good or bad, influence life?

What does freedom of speech really mean?

These questions, and many more like them, rise to the surface at once in considering this whole matter. Censorship has always existed and always been denounced. Carried to its limits, it ends in tyranny. On the other hand, physical acts have to be restrained. People in general have to be decent and orderly in their acts or they will be punished. The censors of our current literature claim the same law for mental acts. They say that thought precedes action and if a writer is allowed to publish anything he pleases, his improper writing may cause more damage than if he went out with a gun and shot people up.

The most famous beginning case in modern literature is the case of Gustave Flaubert, who, in 1857, wrote or published *Madame Bovary*. This book was undoubtedly the precurser of all our so-called realistic literature. Flaubert was tried in the French courts, and eventually vindicated of indecency. The book has since become a classic, indeed, a model which has been followed by many succeeding writers (Would it be too much to declare that the great Thomas Hardy is one?) and can be bought anywhere.

Nevertheless, other classics have recently been suppressed. On October 1, 1922, the publishers, Messrs. Boni and Liveright, of New York, filed a damage suit against J. S. Sumner, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice in New York, for allegations against *The Satyricon of Petronius* which they published in a new edition. Previously Mr. Sumner had attempted to suppress this book.

The Society for the Suppression of Vice in New York dates back to its formation in 1873. Anthony Comstock was its first president and for many years was probably the most cordially hated and certainly the most ridiculed official in the United States. He was succeeded in his practical activities by the present secretary, John S. Sumner, who has likewise been held up as butt for clever writers, who have defended the cause of literary freedom.

The most notable beginning case in the recent history of this country was shortly after Theodore Dreiser published his book, *The Genius*, in 1915. This book was suppressed, and the case thereafter thrown into court. My friend Joseph Auerbach, himself a distinguished essayist, defended Mr. Dreiser. Many eminent critics were brought into court to testify that Mr. Dreiser's book was a work of art. It was later reinstated, and only last year a new edition was issued, without any stir. Indeed, this book of Dreiser's now seems quite tame compared with many books since issued.

"This country has been and now is afflicted with a flood of deterrent literature—so called."

There are three channels through which writers reach the public, namely, motion pictures, drama and printed material of all kinds issued in books, periodicals and newspapers. So far as the motion pictures are concerned, their censorship is a separate history, characterized by general stupidity and which in many cases is ineffective. Not the least factor entering into this censorship are the divergent laws in the various states.

So far as the other two channels are concerned, they (Continued on page 28)

Pago Pago harbor wireless mast, highest in the Pacific. In direct communication with San Francisco, four thousand miles distant.

"Neither Fish, Flesh, nor Good Red Herring"

Americans Who Are Not Permitted to Enter America

By WM. LEE CALNON

"THE man without a country" has long been famous in fiction, and now and then a stray case comes into the limelight of public attention. Unless he happens to be a fugitive criminal, such a man generally is able to settle somewhere and acquire citizenship and a flag to follow.

But out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, in the heart of the tropical South Seas, the Congress of the United States has left for the past quarter of a century an entire people practically in the position of the man without a country.

The American Samoan (8,058 of him, according to the 1920 census) both has and has not a country. He has five habitable islands, one so small that scarcely anyone lives on it permanently. In the sense that in the particular place to which he is native he has a place to live, he has a country. Otherwise he has not.

His islands are domestic territory of the United States, not foreign territory. Were they foreign territory, the Samoan could get a passport and visit American territory, or, if he desired, he could forswear allegiance to his native place, apply for citizenship papers and in due course become an American. But as it is, he owes allegiance to the American flag, but is not an American. He cannot visit the United States. If he should own a ship he could fly the Stars and Stripes on it, but he could not obtain American registry for it.

The anomalous position in which the American Samoan is placed is the result of the fact that Congress has not extended to the islands the Constitution and laws of the United States. Neither has it taken the trouble to give them any kind of political status since the year 1900, prior to which Samoa was an independent nation.

In an official report of Captain W. Evans, governor of American Samoa at the time, that is dated May 1, 1921, and is the latest report in print, these facts are brought out as follows:

"It will be noticed that although England and Germany renounced all claims to the islands of American Samoa, the United States did not necessarily thereby acquire sovereignty over these islands, for their independence had hitherto been recognized by the three powers. However, on April 17, 1900, the chiefs of Tutuila made a formal cession of their island to the United States, and on July 15, 1904, the chiefs of Manua recognized the authority of the United States over their islands. These cessions were never acted upon by Congress, but they were accepted by the President, letters and presents being sent in acknowledgment.

"In 1903 full information as to the conditions in American Samoa was furnished to Congress, but that body failed to legislate for the islands and has never defined their political status.

"By decisions of the various departments rendered from time to time the following points as to the status of American Samoa are established:

"It is not foreign, but domestic territory.

"Customs duties may be collected in the United States on goods shipped from American Samoa unless they are certified to be products of the islands or goods on which duty has been collected in these islands.

"The same customs duties may be collected on importations from the United States as on importations from other countries, in conformity with the convention, Article III.

"Samoans are not 'citizens of the United States,' but owe allegiance to the flag.

"Vessels owned by Samoans are not entitled to registry, but are entitled to fly the flag.

" 'Neither the Constitution nor the laws of the United States have been extended to them, and the only administrative authority existing in them is that derived mediately or immediately from the President as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.' (Opinions of the Attorney-General, Vol. 25)."

Except in one way that is open only to a limited number of young men, a Samoan cannot become a citizen of the United States *while he stays in the islands. Yet he cannot leave the islands* without a special permit from the governor and cannot even go from Tutuila to the Manua group (Ofu, Tau and Olasega) or vice versa, without a permit from the governor.

The one way in which some young men can become American citizens is by joining the navy. Most of those who enlist do so in order to have the chance to become citizens and some of them get a chance to see something of the world on board warships. Others are kept in the Pago Pago naval station as members of the "fita fita," or native guard.

Dancing the siva-siva in the public square, Pago Pago.

The half-caste in the islands is a citizen of nowhere at all. The Samoan can own land and does own all but a small amount of "freehold" property. The half-caste cannot own land unless he is able to acquire a little of the "freehold." A half-caste young man might obtain standing by joining the navy. A half-caste young woman cannot do that; she generally refuses to marry a Samoan and has slight chance to marry a white man.

In Western Samoa, which is under British control and *(Continued on page 18)*

Fellers beginning back cut in six-foot Douglas fir.

Buffalo Cowhides and Number One Logs

By F. J. CLIFFORD

"I HEAR the McKay gang are out after buffalo and just skin out the cowhides. First thing they know—and it'll likely be too late—there won't be any buffalo left."

So remarked one bison hunter to another back in the seventies. A strangely similar remark was heard by the writer a short time ago in the Snoqualmie country of the Pacific Coast, when one professional logger said to another:

"I heard somebody say the 'Garrison' outfit is going to log in south of here and take out only No. 1 logs. The people round here will wake up one of these days when it's too late and find there's nothing to log."

By careful inquiry (the logging companies do not approve of their employes giving out promiscuous information) I learned that No. 1 logs constitute about thirty per cent of what is "considered" worth taking off. This includes mighty few small logs of a foot and a half in diameter, except of cedar. There is, therefore, a large amount of useful timber left on the ground to rot and burn when "only No. 1 logs are taken out."

To my question a red-faced timber cruiser replied:

"The logging company must figure they stand a better chance of making a profit by taking out that class of timber. There can be no other reason.

"You want to remember this," the timberman continued earnestly, "the logging game in this big-timber country is one of the most desperate undertakings that men can engage in. In the old days all that was necessary was a gang of bulls, a carload of hay and some chain and they were ready to log. The cash outlay for that sort of thing wouldn't pay for the road surveying that has to be done now before a single log is cut.

"Look up there," he pointed to a tree-clad mountain. "It's about a mile up to the edge of the uncut timber where the smoke is, but it takes five miles of switch-backing to get there. That smoke is from a 'donkey outfit' that cost $70,000 and that doesn't include the 'sky line' and other rigging.

"To get properly 'rigged' for logging in this country, a company must have a quarter of a million dollars of ready money, or its equivalent. And once the money is sunk into a logging outfit, the company has got to keep a-going. They can't quit. If they did it would ruin them. When a rig is not working, men have to be hired to watch it. Then there is the depreciation and interest on investment to figure in. But the worst feature of all is fire. That thing may occur any time during the summer or autumn. More than one logging outfit has been lost that way. Consequently, insurance comes high, especially with an idle rig.

"What's the result today. The 'water's full of logs' (which means that the market is glutted). No. 1 logs are worth $20 a thousand. Cheaper grades will sell for $10 or $12. At that price the company barely breaks even.

"There was a machinery outfit that came out with a rig to handle anything down to eight feet in length and eight inches in diameter." My informant mused thoughtfully. "The thing was being boosted at a lumberman's convention some time ago. A great number of operators were getting interested and began asking questions as to price, et cetera. But the whole thing was knocked into a cocked hat when an old Scotsman got up and remarked with deliberation:

"'Gentlemen, that apparatus will do everything they claim for it. I can vouch for that as we tried one out. But it has one vital weakness.'

"'What is it?' one or two asked, as the old logger hesitated.

"'Well——' the Scotsman remarked ruefully, 'we went broke at it.'

"That settled that idea," said the cruiser as he tossed a partly burned cigaret to a bare spot on the ground. (Strange that smokers are not taught to rub their cigarets out before throwing them away.)

My informant sauntered away and a lumberjack in rough, pitchy clothing and spiked boots stepped up to me and said:

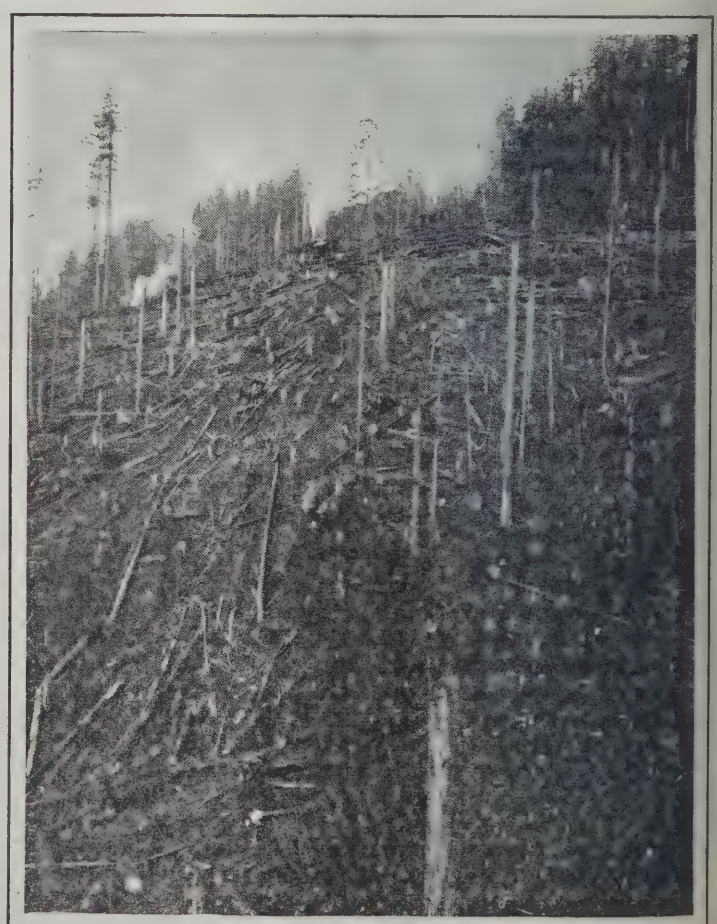
"That timber-hiker didn't tell you all by a long shot. Up there well to the south of that mountain is a lot of big logs. Look close and you'll see them. Well—right there is *three million feet of abandoned logs.*"

"Abandoned logs?" I questioned incredulously. "They will take them out before they quit."

"They can't do it," the logger replied. "The track has been all torn up from that position."

"What is the reason for it? Why are the logs left there?" I asked.

"Blamed if I know," the lumberjack answered. "I did hear something about the logs being too hard to get at. It might have been the 'sky line'



When the logger has finished—a typical "clean job."

wasn't long enough. They were bringing the logs over a 3,400-foot stretch as it was."

Three million feet of Douglas fir and western cedar left to rot and burn—and our forests are fading away five times faster than new growth is replacing. Three million feet of beautiful trees that were growing when Columbus started his voyage of discovery. Three million feet of the Great Creator's handiwork laid low by mankind because—it was too much trouble to get it out.

1—Climbing the spar-tree. 2—Beheading it. 3—Off it goes. 4—Done. 5—"All set."

It is within the power of our forestry officials to withhold the sale of timberlands until the lumbermen utilize every stick that will make a board six inches wide and eight feet long. The time will soon be here when they will be compelled to do it by sheer necessity. Why not do it now? Germany utilizes the tree down to the size of the finger. Japan uses it to the little twigs, and China uses it to the tiny roots—when she gets the chance. Must Americans get down to eating rats and mice before they comprehend economy?

Economy in the use of the timber supply is just as necessary as economy in the food supply; one shelters the body, the other nourishes it.

To cope with the fire hazard in our lumber woods, the logging companies employ "fire bosses" and "spark-chasers." They watch around the donkey engines and follow the loaded logging trains down the mountain. With each flat car carrying from six to ten logs, two to six feet in diameter and forty feet long, the squealing brakes become red-hot. Sparks are thrown by them and have to be watched lest they ignite the debris along the way.

Then there is the ever-present cigaret. It's use is strictly "prohibited" when the men are up in the timber.

"Each man is allowed *two* smokes," the "fire-boss" told the writer. "The first that he is caught with and the second that he is fired with."

But after scrambling to the top where the "hi-rigger" and "hookermen" were working, the first thing I noticed was a half-burned cigaret on a log! Near a coat was another! After sizing me up, one of the men pulled out a fag and lighting up proceeded to smoke. A man to the left and one below us did the same.

When the foreman walked by I expected to see something happen. But it didn't. To my guarded inquiry about it he gave a shrug of the shoulders and a knowing smile.

The majority of man-set fires are caused by the tailor-made cigaret. It is one of the potent reasons back of the smoke-filled air that hides the wonderful scenery which tourists come hundreds of miles to see.

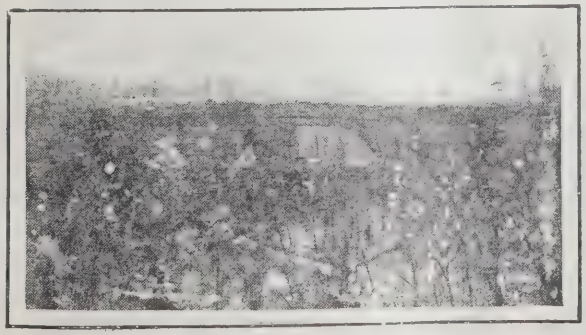
"We are well aware of the destructiveness of modern logging methods on the Coast," continued the forestry man. "But show us a better way. We are always open to suggestions. Our timber here is on high rough mountains. The high-line seems to be the only economical way of getting it to the cars."

Which is all true enough. But—*just as long as our government officials are able to dole out huge blocks of choice timber at $2.25 a thousand—a more economical method will never be used.* That is morally certain.

The brakes should be applied in this race to timber famine. Future generations ought to be considered.

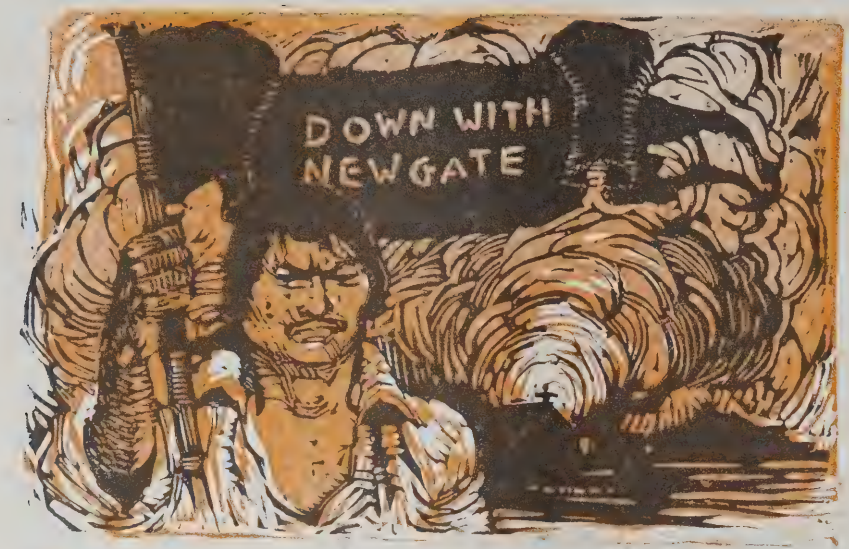
The Natural Bridge of Kentucky

AMONG the natural bridges of Kentucky there is one which because of its size and accessibility is of outstanding importance. This is the great rock arch between Wolfe and Powell counties in the Red River Valley in Eastern Kentucky. This bridge is composed of conglomerate sandstone, the material which forms so outstanding a physical feature along the western edge of the eastern coal field. Rock house blocks of large size spalling off on either side on a narrowing strip of ridge conglomerate developed the initial opening. Wind, frost, and erosion have served to widen the break in this old coal measure sandstone until today the arch is high above the trail which leads up underneath it. The bridge itself is thirty feet broad on top and is very strong and sound. It would easily support two heavily loaded railroad trains were it possible or advantageous to take them over.



The region about Natural Bridge is one of great ruggedness. The same type of rock which forms the bridge forms all of the ridges as far as the eye can see and maintains a well-defined accordance of plateau elevations ranging from 1,300 to 1,350 feet. Underlying this sandstone stratum is found the usual sequence of limestone and siliceous beds which make many caves, rock houses and grottoes. Springs and sinks are numerous and one great balancing rock resembling a flattened sphere is a special feature of natural interest.

Few natural bridges in the Eastern states possess the stately dignity of this splendid sandstone structure.



Romantic Rascals

Lord George Gordon

1751-1793

(Ninth of Series)

By CHARLES J. FINGER

WOOD BLOCKS CUT BY PAUL HONORE

(Copyright, 1925, by Charles J. Finger)

ONE of the tests of a suspected person's insanity is this: Is the patient incapable of managing himself and his affairs? The test, roughly, works well, yet, and there's the pity, almost any eccentric, any faddist, any charlatan who could not stand the given test, seems to be able to enlist tens of thousands in the propaganda of his eccentricity or his delusion let it be never so wild.

Consider the case of Lord George Gordon who had his strong adherents, through thick and thin, until he died insane in Newgate jail. To the eye he stood a handsome man, slightly and gracefully built. He was eloquent, persuasive, charming in manner. He was apparently brilliant intellectually. But of other characteristics those who followed him knew nothing. Knew nothing of his capriciousness, of his shiftlessness, of his egotism, of his vanity, of his uncertain temper and sudden fits of anger.

Holding a commission in the British Navy he served in American waters, became lieutenant, and, in a pique, resigned because Lord Sandwich would not promise him a ship. Then he entered Parliament as member for a seat in Wiltshire, and when Sir George Saville introduced a bill to repeal an act of William III's reign which imposed political disabilities upon those who were Catholics, Lord George Gordon was active in opposition. But the measure passed both houses and had the royal assent, and was followed by another measure in which it was proposed to give the Scottish Catholics the same relief as the English. Then it was that Gordon broke loose, and, as Edmund Burke said, "there were found men deluded enough on pretenses of zeal and piety to make a desperate attempt which would have consumed all the glory and power of the country in the flames of London, and buried all law, order, and religion under the ruins of the metropolis of the Protestant world."

But, to understand how it came to pass that officials were so lax that a flame which might have been stamped out with ease was allowed to grow to danger point, a swift glance at that day is necessary. It was a London in some respects loosely governed. So loosely, indeed, that Hume, in 1775, asked how the Crown expected to control colonies at 3,000 miles distance when it could not secure the respect of English subjects.

It was a London in which, at the end of an election, what a writer called the "rampant spirit of liberty" destroyed scaffolding, benches, chairs, everything, and a howling mob paraded the streets with the wreckage as trophy. It was a London in which the statesman Charles James Fox could deliver a speech in Parliament on a religious question after having passed twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of dice-throwing during which he lost at the rate of $2,500 an hour; when Lord Stavordale, a youth, won $55,000 in a single game; when the Earl of Sandwich sat for hours at highest play, and once, faint because of long fasting but unwilling to leave the gaming table, called for a slice of beef between two slices of bread and thus gave name to the popular thing of our own day. It was a happy-go-lucky, careless, selfish, pleasure-loving, *laissez-faire* London; a London of which Franklin wrote, saying in amazement, "While I am writing this a great mob of coal porters fill the street, carrying a wretch of their own business upon poles to be ducked for working at the old wages."

When the Saville measure came up in Parliament, Lord George Gordon rose in his seat in the House of Commons and made a long and heated speech, declaring that the indulgences conceded to popery had alarmed the Protestants of England, and, growing warmer, said that he had at his back a hundred and twenty thousand sturdy Englishmen who would arise and fight to the death.

Hearing that, the House laughed, knowing nothing of the crazed nobleman's efforts elsewhere. For Lord George Gordon had his agents at work, there were noisy public meetings, and before long a petition bearing 120,000 signatures asking for the repeal of the Saville bill was ready for presentation to Parliament. On Friday, June 2, 1780, London went mad. From all quarters men wearing cockades in their hats marched on Westminster, some sincere enough, others on mischief bent. Soon there was mob fury and the lust for mischief and members of Parliament and peers, on their way to the houses, were openly insulted, and at each new outrage the mob seemed to become more lowering and savage. Gay and debonair, Lord George Gordon rode at the head of his crowd and entered the Parliament house, his followers swarming after him.

Doctor Johnson saw much of the riot and was amazed. "They did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, and without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day," he wrote to his friend, Mrs. Thrale, then adds, with scorn, "Such is the cowardice of a commercial place!"

That work was the burning of two Catholic churches, one in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the other in Warwick street. "For six days," says D. H. Montgomery's English History, "London was at the mercy of a furious mob," but in that statement would seem to be inaccuracy for the "furious mob" at first numbered no more than a hundred of the lowest class, fellows bent on plunder, according to the eye-witness, Doctor Johnson. Vigorous measures might have crushed the trouble in short order, but there was ineptitude at the helm, for the First Lord of the Treasury had been empowered to act, but the First Lord forgot. Jack Ketch, the hangman, leaped to the front as leader of the rioters, and was afterward pardoned so that he might hang his fellow ruffians.

On the Sunday following the mob was again at work, largely augmented by waterside loafers and riffraff and criminals. The authorities made almost no attempt to control matters, and everywhere Catholic churches went up in flames, and the homes of wealthy Catholics suffered wreck and pillage. The next day was worse, for grown bolder, the mob sacked Sir George Saville's house and captured Lord

Sandwich, who was rescued with difficulty.

That piece of impudence led to the arrest of thirteen of the rioters, who were thrown into Newgate prison. But there followed the destruction of Fielding's house in Bow street, and of Lord Mansfield's mansion with its priceless library and picture gallery and art collection, things of greatest value thrown into the street and destroyed in a huge bonfire; then, full of the lust of destruction, the rioters fired several dwelling houses in Moorfields. And while all that was going on, at the other end of town was the celebration of the King's birthday, with flags a-flutter, soldiers on parade, and bands playing "God Save the King," and at night, lords and ladies smiling and strutting and parading in the Royal gardens with trees studded with glittering lights.

Soon among the mob there was the cry of "Down with Newgate" and Dr. Johnson has a curiously vivid account of what followed. "On Wednesday," he says, "I walked with Dr. Scott to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins with the fire still glowing . . . they broke open the Fleet prison, the King's Bench and Marshalsea prison, Wood street compter, and Clerkenwell Bridewell. At night they set fire to the Fleet and the King's Bench, and I know not how many other places; and one might see the glare of conflagration fill the sky from many parts. The sight was dreadful . . ."

"So there were let loose murderers, thieves and highwaymen."

So there were let loose murderers, thieves, highwaymen, pirates, housebreakers, all the parasites and foul things that honeycomb and spoil human society. Walpole pictures Lord George Gordon running to and fro among his followers "naming names for slaughter," urging destruction here and spoiling there, and at one time there was danger that the Bank of England would suffer attack. But that other troublemaker, John Wilkes, found his interest to lie on the side of the opposition, and had become a defender of order, riding at the head of a body of Guards.

At Newgate it was like the fall of the Bastille. Governor Akerman, being called upon to surrender the keys, defied the mob. At once men with crowbars, with picks, with axes, with torches, assailed the building; they poured oil and resin on doors and flung brands over walls, then rushed into the burning building, trampling one another to death, releasing prisoners, some of them dying in the fire they had made. Of part of that the poet Crabbe was witness and saw Lord George Gordon in a coach "drawn by the mob, bowing as he passed along . . . By eight o'clock Akerman's house was in flames. I went close to it, and never saw anything so dreadful . . . You can have no idea of the frenzy of the multitude . . . Newgate was open to all; anyone might get in, and, what was never the case before, anyone might get out. I did both, for the people were now chiefly onlookers. The mischief was done, and the doers of it gone to another part of town."

To quell the disturbance cost some five hundred lives, and Lord George Gordon was tried in the Court of King's Bench, on a charge of high treason. He escaped the penalty because of the skill of Henry Erskine, Scottish lawyer famous for his wit and oratorical powers, who proved, technically, that Gordon had not approved the acts of the rioters. But twenty-five of his followers were handed over to Jack Ketch and swung from the gallows.

* * *

Later, Lord George became powerfully attracted to that other romantic rascal of his age, Joseph Balsamo, the self-styled Count Alexander de Cagliostro, forger, cheat and necromancer, who had learned his trade from the Count St. Germain. Balsamo had sold his "elixir of immortal youth" everywhere, had found believers in his "invaluable pentagon for abolishing original sin," and at last, in France, after his quackeries had been exposed, had been thrown into the Bastille for his alleged share in the diamond necklace affair. Released, he had fled to London where Lord George Gordon immediately sought him and took up his cause. At once, Gordon decided that Cagliostro was all that he claimed himself to be, was the real Wandering Jew, was fourteen hundred years of age and more, was able to transmute lead and iron into gold and silver, and much more. And with his championship of the arch fraud, came public denunciation of Marie Antoinette and the declaration that she did, with her own hand, write the order commanding the delivery of the diamond necklace worth some $320,000 which a Madame de la Motte insisted had been seized and taken to pieces by Cagliostro to "swell the treasures of his immense unequaled fortune."

The whole affair is an odd piece of history too involved for discussion here. What does concern us is that Lord George published a letter in the newspapers accusing the queen of France of duplicity and intimating that she was guilty of attempt to defraud and of perjury. The writing of that, as well as the printing of it, was a pernicious piece of sensationalism that might well have involved two nations in war, and at the instance of the French Ambassador, Lord George Gordon was prosecuted, found guilty of libel and sentenced to fine and imprisonment, January 28, 1788.

How he escaped is not known, but escape he did and was apprehended in Birmingham where he was found dressed as a Jew, and proclaiming himself as a member of that faith. His death took place in Newgate prison, November 1, 1793, after he had made a tremendous speech to those about him, extolling the excesses of the French revolutionists and ended by singing the "*Ca Ira.*"

He was a notable example of misdirected energy and enthusiasm.

Do You Know Katydid?

(*Concluded from page 6*)

rest of the wings which extend flatly along the sides, thus insuring further rigidity and consequent resonance resulting from a thin material so placed.

And here we have also one of Nature's departures from rule: asymmetry in any parts of the external constructions of animals is very rare, though internally the usual thing. The flat membranous portions of the two forewings are not like each other precisely; that is they differ only for the combined purpose of making sound as bow and strings on a sort of double fiddle.

The left side of the membranous portion always overlaps the right side. Each side possesses a larger cross vein, which may be observed through a magnifying glass to be roughened underneath by a series of file-like, transverse ridges and depressions, but that on the left side is stouter, longer and more roughened, this being the bow, while the right, file-like cross vein, never used, is merely Nature's common effort toward symmetry.

The right wing, however, possesses a characteristic wholly lacking in the left wing; it is a rigid, upturned inner marginal and longitudinal vein that is opposed at right angles to the file-like bow vein and this ridge is smooth but sharp, so that it offers a definite resistance to the roughened surface of the bow vein, which in the operation of stridulating is passed more or less rapidly across the ridged vein. The inner margin of the left wing is without this ridged vein and turns down instead of up so that, should the insect wish to use the right wing for a bow, it would have no opposing vein to play upon.

Illustrations show this far better than it can be described. We may note also the double fiddle effect which gives that added and peculiar sound unlike anything else in Nature. In some individuals the two-wing membranes are tuned exactly alike; in others they are as far apart as three or four notes and coming exactly together they give an odd combination.

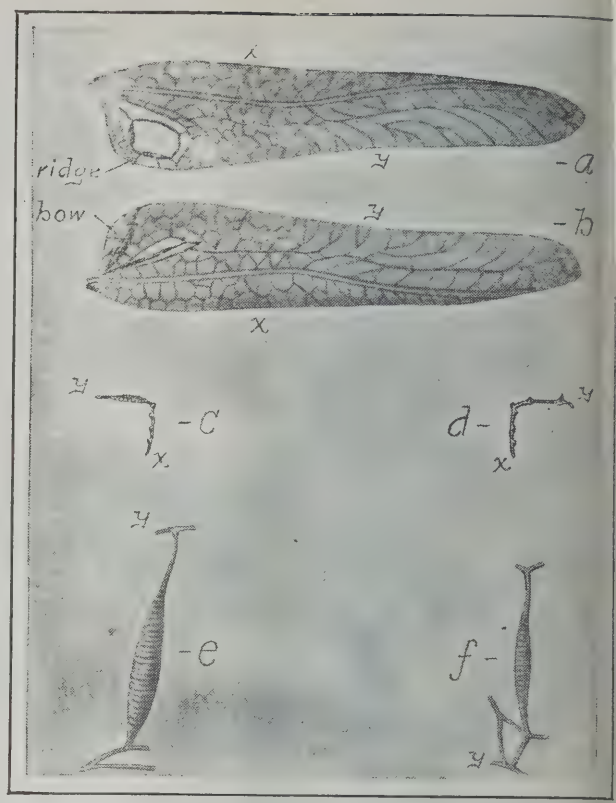
The katydid in its apparent effort to utter human words may be regarded as the insect counterpart of the forest-loving whippoorwill, its woodland notes beginning to be heard at about the season when the vocal efforts of the bird are ceasing for the year.

The katydid is the only one possessing a sounding apparatus that in part involves the entire forewings, they being concaved and braced in a manner to give additional rigidity and resonance; thus the sound carries exceptionally loud and far. I have heard a katydid—the only male occupying a lone grove of trees—more than half a mile away with a windward breeze and a chorus of these insects may at times make themselves audible twice that distance. If by chance one can be located, captured and placed under a jar or within a wooden box in the house its stridulations will waken every member of the family throughout the domicile. The ear-tingling, rasping, echo provoking noise is nearly deafening when one is in the same room; it has the peculiarity of making one's "blood run cold," to use an ancient phrase.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this stridulating is its being produced by anything so fragile as these wing filaments. And then, what is the purpose of these sounds? The age-old manner of courting is reversed here, as also by the frogs and toads and certain salamanders. The lady folk of the long-horned grasshoppers and crickets are the seekers. The serenades thrummed by these six-legged troubadours, directed as they are to their hoped-for mistresses, cannot be resisted and the gentler, unmusical ones, though possessing keen sound-receiving organs for definite tunes, seek industriously and widely until they find the players. The females of the angle-wing appreciate only the efforts of the other sex of her species; the black cricket cares nothing for any sounds that do not accord with her peculiar fancy and Katy herself, whether she is rightly or wrongly accused, her actions being both affirmed and denied, deliberately sets out to seek her accuser.

As with all others of their kind and the crickets the length and rapidity of these fiddled notes depend upon the temperature. On a cool night kadydid insists only that "Katy did," but when the thermometer rises, then "Katy didn't" and even "Katy didn't idn't." So that her offense must be something connected with shirking a duty because of the heat. Just before a thunder storm we have even heard that "Katy didn't idn't idn't," whatever that can mean.

Up on the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania I have with much surprise at first heard the katydids overlook their reputation for giving only nocturnal serenades in late summer and with the sun shining brightly fiddle incessantly throughout the midday.



Stridulating organs of the male cone-head locust—(*a*) Right forewing. (*b*) Left forewing. (*c*) Basal section of left wing. (*d*) Basal section of right wing—all somewhat enlarged. (*e*) File-like cross vein, or bow, of left wing. (*f*) Same of right wing, much enlarged as seen through lens. (*x*) Denotes anterior and (*y*) posterior margins of wings.

"Neither Fish, Flesh, nor Good Red Herring"

(*Continued from page 13*)

administered by New Zealanders, a Samoan is permitted to declare his intentions of becoming a British subject and after three or four years acquire citizenship. Many do this and in case they desire to travel to another country are eligible to passports as are other Britons. A Samoan from British Samoa may visit the United States, but a Samoan from American Samoa may not!

Some odd occurrences result from the lack of standing as a citizen which the American Samoan has.

Some time ago several young men of Tutuila stowed away on a steamer of the passenger line running to Honolulu and San Francisco, their intended destination being Honolulu. They had no permits to leave Pago Pago and their absence being noted the ship was notified by wireless. Found aboard, they were held until they could be transferred to the ship of the same line bound down from Honolulu to Pago Pago, the transfer being made in small boats in mid-ocean. Their adventure netted them only a ride halfway to Honolulu and back again.

Another young Samoan succeeded in getting to Honolulu in some way and was arrested there and jailed to await trial for deportation. He made the claim that while he had come to Honolulu from American Samoa he was not an American Samoan, but a British Samoan who had lived awhile in the American islands before going to Honolulu. His case was still pending when the writer left Hawaii. Its odd feature is that *he was liable to deportation from an American territory if he was an American Samoan;* and was not

liable to deportation from the same American territory if he was a British Samoan.

There is no intent in this article to create the impression that the American Samoan feels badly treated because he has been left without any international political status, or that he is at all worried. On the contrary the average Samoan is perfectly content to remain in his islands and the matter of political status bothers him no more than any other pure abstraction. Such regulations as the American governors promulgate are founded on American law and otherwise the Samoan makes his own laws and follows his own customs. It is the young, ambitious and adventurous natives who would like to get away and see something of the world who would benefit by Congressional action in Washington that would give them a more definite standing.

One American law that has followed the flag to Samoa is prohibition. There likewise is a New Zealand brand of prohibition in Western Samoa. These prohibition laws were aimed to affect the white residents of the islands, not the natives. For the latter prohibition had existed already. The Samoan just naturally left alcohol alone. But since prohibition has come the results have been rather serious. The "wets" blame them on prohibition itself. The "drys" blame them on the law-breaking white "wets."

Intoxication among natives is on the increase and is noticeable on holidays. A white merchant in Pago Pago stated the case thus:

"Before prohibition the native practically never drank liquor of any kind. There was a permit system under which white people got what they wanted and everything they got was imported. It came in bottles and casks from the outside world and it was all strange stuff and mystery to the native. The white man drank it, but the native did not want it and couldn't get it if he did.

The Home-Brew Idea Took Hold Here

"When prohibition came and the permit system was abolished, the home-brew idea took hold here as elsewhere and 'the makings' were imported. At first everybody who started making his own beer or liquor made it by himself, but it wasn't long before they were leaving their native servants to watch it or to help them make it. Pretty soon the servant knew how to make beer and hard liquor. The mystery of it had disappeared.

"Then natives began to make their own in their huts and up on the mountain sides. They made and drank vile beer. They made hard stuff out of pineapples, bananas, coconuts and other fruits. Drunkenness began to be noticeable, especially on native feast days.

"The native cannot stand liquor like the white man does, and the white man in the tropics has to be careful what he drinks."

This Is a Christian Nation

(*Concluded from page 4*)

ought to be required as a qualification for office or trust in the state, other than the declaration of belief in the existence of God." Again, it cites from the constitution of Massachusetts that "It is the right as well as the duty of all men in society publicly and at stated seasons to worship the Supreme Being," and the several towns, and so on, "shall make suitable provisions at their own expense for the institution of the public worship of God." It quotes the constitution of Mississippi, 1832, that "no person who denies the being of God, or a future state of rewards and punishments, shall hold any office in the civil departments of state." Also, from the constitution of Delaware, which required all officials to take, not only an oath of allegiance, but one professing his faith in God, and in Jesus Christ, His Only Son, and in the Holy Ghost."

Congress Must Keep Hands Off Religion

"Even the Constitution of the United States," said the court, "which is supposed to have little touch with the individual, contains in the First Amendment a declaration common to the constitutions of all the states as follows: 'Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof,' and so on, and, also provides in Article I, Section 7 (a provision common to many constitutions), "that the executive shall have ten days (*Sundays excepted*) within which to approve or veto a bill." The exception of Sunday from a legislative series is a national recognition of a religious day.

"THERE IS NO DISSONANCE IN THESE DECLARATIONS. There is a universal language pervading them all; having one meaning, they affirm and reaffirm—*this is a religious nation.* These are not individual sayings, declarations of private persons; they are organic utterances, they speak the voice of the people. While, because of a general recognition of this truth, the question has seldom been presented to the courts, we find in Updegraph vs. Commonwealth (II Serg. & R. 394) it was decided that 'Christianity is, and always has been, a part of the common law of Pennsylvania.'

"And in People vs. Ruggles (8 Johns 200) Chancellor Kent, the great commentator on American law, speaking as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, said: 'The people of this state, in common with the people of this country, confess the doctrine of Christianity as a rule of their faith and practice; and to scandalize the author of these doctrines is not only, in a religious point of view, extremely impious, but, even in respect to the obligation of society, is a gross violation of decency and good order. The free, equal, and undisturbed enjoyment of religious opinion, whatever it may be, and free and decent discussion of any religious subject is granted and secured, but to revile, with malicious and blasphemous contempt, the religion professed by almost the entire community is an abuse of that right. Nor are we bound by any expressions in the Constitution, as some have strangely supposed, to permit indiscriminately like attacks on Mahomet or the Grand Lama. The case assumes that we are a Christian people and the morality of the country is grafted on Christianity and not upon the doctrine of those imposters. And in the famous case of Vidal vs. Girard (43 U. S. 2) this court, while sustaining the will of Mr. Girard, with the condition for the creation of a college into which no minister should be permitted to enter, observes 'it is also said, and truly, that the Christian religion is part of the common law of Pennsylvania.'

"If we pass beyond these matters," continued the argument of the Supreme Court, "to a view of American life, as expressed in its laws, its business, its customs and its society, we find everywhere a clear recognition of the same truth. Among other matters, note the following: *the form of oath universally prevailing, concluding with an appeal to the Almighty;* the custom of opening all deliberative bodies and most conventions with prayer; the prefatory of all wills—'In the name of God, Amen'; the laws respecting the observance of the Sabbath and the cessation of all secular business and closing of courts, legislatures and other public assemblages on that day; the church and church organizations which abound in every city, town and hamlet; the multitude of charitable organizations existing everywhere under Christian auspices; the gigantic missionary associations, with general support, aiming to establish Christian missions in every quarter of the

Absolute Freedom Has Been Guaranteed

globe.

"These matters, and others which might be noticed, add a volume of unofficial declarations to the mass of organic utterances that *—this is a Christian nation.*"

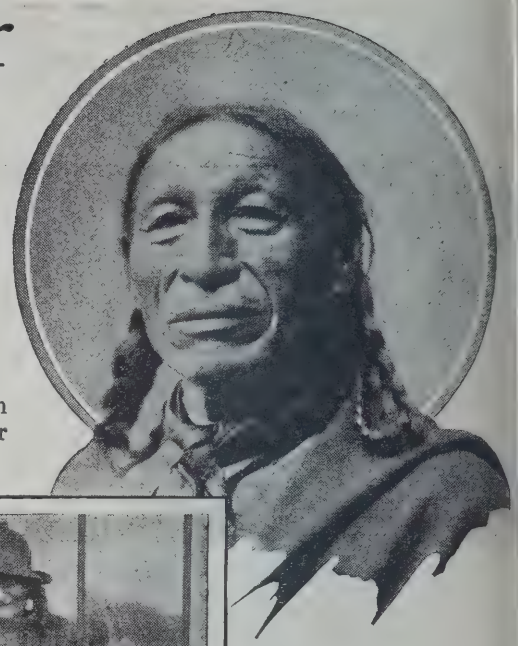
Then, concludes the court, "In the face of all these facts, should it be believed that a Congress of the United States intended to make it a misdemeanor for a church of this country to contract for the services of a Christian minister residing in another nation?"

This opinion of the Supreme Court was rendered on February 9, 1892, thirty-three years ago, and there has been no revolution since that date in the religious convictions and customs of the people of this country as to lead the courts to repudiate the views expressed by the highest tribunal.

A Century of Dishonor

Is It Continued in Our Treatment of the Red Man?

By M. J. M'CREIGHT



Chief Iron Tail.
Left—Indian family.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON wrote of our treatment of the Indians and called her book the *Century of Dishonor*. That was nearly a half-century ago, but the story is just as true and just as interesting today as it was then and much more impressive. It is unfortunate that she could not have lived to revise it and add later chapters covering the last forty-five years to her great work that the present generation might better know and understand the tale so graphically recorded then. The Indian Question is just as much a question now as it was when she wrote of it. The "century," however, has been increased by a half since then. Indeed, the book if properly christened would be called *Four Centuries of Dishonor*.

The Red Man had no printing presses and publishing houses by which his side of the long struggle could be recorded. The story of his relations with his white conqueror is printed only as told by the White Man. The Red Man never had a Publicity Bureau; he has none now; the news we get about the Indian is what is read from the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs—it is about all we ever did get and that was limited to a few dry statistics that the great masses of American people never saw and the few who see them get mighty little satisfactory information.

I am wondering as I write if the last survivor of the great Sioux chiefs is still alive or has died of starvation during the last long cold winter on the bleak barren Bad Lands of South Dakota where the remnant of his tribe has been corralled since the murder of Sitting Bull. Late in March my young son drew from his savings account and sent the old chief a small remembrance and this is what he received in acknowledgment:

> "I received your kind letter with check $10 and I am surprise and thank you very much and I buy some grubs and I had good eat with my little grand son. This winter we have pretty near no foods for the Sioux Indians there all bad crop this year and hard to get foods to eat."

This from a man who is as well off as any of his people, perhaps better off than most of them. This is the representative of the remnant of a once proud and prosperous nation of people to whom the people of the United States stand indebted in the sum of seven hundred million dollars' actual money due them and for which they have brought suit in the United States courts in an attempt to recover it.

This is perhaps the greatest sum that was ever involved in any law court proceeding and is made up of unpaid purchase money many years past due for lands bought from them; for unpaid annuities, materials, supplies, defaulted contracts, broken treaties and other financial obligations, including interest. By authority of Congress this suit was entered in 1923, and one of America's prominent attorneys, himself an adopted chief, says that he will devote the remainder of his life, if need be, in prosecution of the case, and without compensation, if required, in order that the American Nation may be permitted to wipe out the one black page of its otherwise glorious history.

Enslavement of the black people resulted in four years of civil war; strife and bloodshed that almost wrecked the nation politically and economically and left it with financial burdens from which it has not yet recovered, and the Black Man was freed. The Red Man, after four centuries of vain and feeble attempts to hold and defend his home and possessions against the hordes of land-hungry white men, finds himself one of an impoverished and outcast people; an eyesore, tubercular, half-starved, half-clothed, and neglected object of indifference if not of scorn and this by the very people who have enriched themselves and unfairly benefited by his misfortunes—from the people who have defrauded him. The great American people owe one small nation of Indians the princely sum of nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars, a fraction of which would at least permit them now to live in comfort. It would permit them now and then to have some of those luxuries constantly enjoyed by his big debtor.

The slavery of the Indians aroused no great contention among his white jailors such as was aroused by the Blacks. They could not subdue him and by the lash compel him to labor for them in the cotton fields or sell his body from the auction block. But they could with their ever-increasing numbers and their firearms drive him from his home and take possession of his lands and hunting grounds. The Whites did not quarrel among themselves about this for it was one common interest they could unite upon, and did; they wanted the Red Man's property, and when they could not compel him to work it for them they drove him from it; when they could not use him they wanted to get rid of him altogether. When the Indian protested he was handled by force; if he retaliated for broken pledges,

(Concluded on page 30)

Selling Texas' Golden Fleece

Keeping Wool Argosies of the South Off Rocks of Cooperative Marketing

By MAX BENTLEY

SO-CALLED pooling and coöperative marketing, under contract, of agricultural and livestock products—specifically, Aaron Sapiro's plan—was, last year, offered to the wool and mohair producers of Texas, and quickly rejected.

It was rejected for two reasons: one being that the Texas flockmasters feared iron-bound contract control of their clips would bring them down to ruin; and the other that they believed they had a better method.

The Texas plan, a limited coöperative, is known as the bonded warehouse concentration system. It was evolved in Texas, by Texans, and has worked successfully since 1909. Wool and mohair growers are so thoroughly "sold" to it that when Milton Sapiro, brother of Aaron, asked the executive committee of the Sheep and Goat Raisers' Association of Texas to throw it over in favor of the plan of the Pacific Coöperative Wool Growers, of Oregon and other western states, all that he got was a courteous hearing. His proposal was unanimously rejected.

The Sapiro plan was rejected at the Del Rio meeting of February 14; and at the next quarterly meeting, at Uvalde, Roy E. Aldwell, chairman of the special subcommittee which had turned down the Sapiro plan, rose to defend its stand therein. He said that inasmuch as the subcommittee had been criticized in some quarters he felt impelled to say that the executive committee, in adopting the subcommittee report, had kept the Sheep and Goat Raisers' Association of Texas "off some very dangerous rocks." "The entire Executive Committee concurred in the view taken by Mr. Aldwell."

And at the next meeting, at Sonora, Judge C. C. Belcher, attorney for the association, made the following report on the Sapiro plan (the italics are ours—Ed.):

"This Association at different times has been called upon to endorse and get behind a coöperative marketing plan that has been submitted to your Association by the promoters of such marketing plan, and while this Association believes in a coöperation among the producers, and believes in coöperating with every legislative body, board and commission, that touches the welfare of our people, and believes in working in coöperation and in harmony with every livestock organization in the United States, *still it has not seen fit to recommend to the producers of this country that they enter into a contract that is required by the Cooperative Marketing Association and tie themselves up for a period of five years whereby they obligate themselves to deliver to the marketing association all of their wool and mohair.*

"Our investigation has disclosed that a coöperative marketing plan *has not in the majority of instances worked beneficially for the producer*, and in this instance it was the opinion of the committee who were assigned to investigate coöperative marketing that *it was a rash experiment which would be unsafe to enter at this time*, that it would necessarily involve the abandonment of all the local warehouse companies and would bring ruin to many institutions that have fostered our industry.

"Our Association has not condemned the coöperative marketing of wool and mohair, but it expects to move slowly in advocating an experiment of the kind and will not endorse such movement until it has been demonstrated to be entirely feasible by the example of numerous other similar coöperative marketing associations already in existence."

The Sapiro plan, it was argued, *presupposed too great a difficulty in selling* wool and mohair; at least enough of a difficulty to make necessary wholesale coöperation of producers bound together by contract. Wool ought to—and does in Texas—sell itself. The American production is 250,000,000 pounds annually against a consumption of 700,000,000 pounds; and while the demand for wool is constantly growing greater as new uses arise (such as cloth linings for closed automobiles), the domestic production has steadily slumped year after year. It is a natural consequence of the law of supply and demand that while the Texas cattleman is in desperate straits, the sheepman is prosperous and independent. And, of course, that same condition applies in every other state in which cattle and sheep are raised. Wool paper is very naturally the most sought after of all livestock collateral. Barring the break in 1921 which sent all commodities crashing, wool has been strong and buoyant; its downward movement was temporary only and of a sympathetic character.

The Texas warehouse system takes these factors into consideration and is, therefore, conducted only as a limited coöperative. Its successful operation is of especial interest to sheep growers of the nation, since Texas has become the leading producing state in wool and mohair: 24,000,000 pounds of the former and 7,000,000 pounds of the latter, last year. A warehouse company is a business enterprise returning a profit to its stockholders. It is highly competitive. In some cases it is incorporated, in others, unincorporated, but it is always bonded. It offers three inducements for patronage: facilities for the *voluntary* storage and pooled sales of wool and mohair; all-the-year financing of growers on loans made in the regular banking way; and a profit on operation to stockholders, who may be, and usually are, sheepmen.

Colonel C. C. Walsh, a banker of San Angelo, Texas, and Robert Massie, an outstanding Texas sheep grower, organized the pioneer warehouse company, in 1909. Among their other pur-

poses was the evolving of machinery for relieving banks of the sheep country of the burden of financing the wool grower. There are now sixteen warehouses strategically located in the producing region. The combined capital stock is about $1,500,000, and the outstanding loans exceed $6,000,000.

The operation rests on nothing more than the word of honor between warehouse and grower. There is no compulsory feature whatever, there are no contracts to be signed, no "tying up" of a sheepman's clip. He can come in, or remain out, just as he wishes; and if, after he has pledged his clip to the warehouse, a Boston buyer who is bucking the warehouses takes him off in a corner of the pasture and whispers sweet music in his ear, there is nothing in the way of his withdrawing his clip and selling it independently—except good faith. Few Texas sheepmen, it should be noted, break their pledge.

As a binder, the warehouse companies try to sell their stock to actual growers. And it is a testimonial to their stability that seventy-five per cent of the personnel of stockholders represents flockmasters owning sixty per cent of the whole number of sheep and goats on the Texas ranges. It is a more striking testimonial that the warehouses have handled up to ninety-five per cent of the Texas clip. Even in 1923 and 1924, against what seemed to be an effort of certain wool-buying merchants from "Down East" to destroy them, they handled sixty per cent.

The Texas flockmaster is not in position to affirm positively that the "Down East" houses are trying to destroy the warehouse system. Indeed, many coöperate heartily. But it is a fact that throughout 1923 and 1924 buyers for certain houses went out on the range and induced flockmasters to sell their wool direct to them; in many cases contracting for it six months in advance of shearing, and at prices far higher than those prevailing at the subsequent warehouse sales. And they are doing that very thing now.

The warehouses take this cutting-under philosophically, as the regular order of business, since the whole thing is competitive. If they cannot stand up to competition they go under. None have gone under; on the contrary, they have, all together, since 1909, averaged a yearly profit of ten per cent on the capital stock.

The profit comes from two operations: commissions on wool sales, and interest on money loaned. The commission averages two and one-half per cent of the selling price, forty-cent wool meaning a commission of one cent per pound. The loans are made for six months on the basis of eight to ten per cent, usually the latter figure. Six million dollars loaned represents thirty cents a pound on 20,000,000 pounds of wool, and an interest accumulation of $600,000 annually for division among warehouse stockholders. Thus a sheepman, if he is a stockholder as well as a patron, shares in profits on his own two transactions: the commission on his wool sale, and the interest on his loan.

The total cost of doing the business of a warehouse concentration company does not exceed ten per cent of the volume handled. The net cost of laying down a pound of wool in Boston is about two cents for freight and insurance. The only salaried officer is a general manager, although in a few cases the directors are paid small salaries. It is not necessary to create extensive selling machinery, for every Boston house of any importance sends its buyers to the ground.

The writer has noted that in the storage and sale of wool and mohair the warehouse company has no binding tie on the flockmaster, who can pull out at his discretion. That does not apply, of course, to flockmasters who, at the time, are being financed by the warehouse. In that case, where an advance is made, the wool clip is a part of the security for the loan and cannot be sold independently until the debt is liquidated, except as the warehouse company authorizes such sale—as it often does.

Sheep-grower of the type that is fast disappearing along the Mexican border.

Advances are made up to fifty p cent of the then market value of t security offered. The security includ not only the borrower's expected wo or mohair clip, but the sheep or goa producing the clip, and their increase all of which is covered in a chatt mortgage filed for record. With woo mohair, lambs and mutton alwa salable, and with an increase of sevent per cent on a flock of ewes a certainty i the balmy climate of Western Texa the sheepman's paper is gilt-edge anywhere it is offered.

That is another feature making th sheepman's paper attractive collatera It enables the warehouse company t finance itself independently of banks i its territory, allowing them to len their money for other needed loc purposes. The warehouse compan gets its money in the East, on notes c six months' duration at from four t five per cent interest; and re-lends th same money for the same length of tim at from eight to ten per cent interes It gets it so easily that it rarely eve patronizes the newly established Fed eral Intermediate Credits Banks, al though these institutions were create for the specific purpose of handlin livestock paper. The Intermediat Credits Bank at Houston, Texas frankly bids for the warehouse com pany's business, but doesn't often ge it. Eastern banks make better terms

Texas wool uniformly brings higher price than Northwest wool That is partly due to its better quality —better rams, wolf-proof fences elim inating herding and therefore making cleaner wool, et cetera —but it is also due t better sales methods and stiffer competi tion. The warehouse concentration system has worked so wel that last autumn, six months ahead of shear ing, Boston buyers competing with it were forced to offer, first forty cents a pound and then, in January, fifty-five to sixty cents for May deliveries. At the time that this is written (the second week in June) they are offering only thirty-three to thirty-five cents—and the warehouses are in no hurry to sell. The first public offering was this year announced for June 11, whereas normally they commence on May 10. They are holding out for forty-five to fifty cents and they have 8,000,000 pounds of wool in storage to back up their defiance, with shearing still thirty-five per cent unfinished.

If they are able (Concluded on page 29)

The Gentle Art of Trawling

(*Concluded from page 2*)

etween Portland and Sequin, then eaves overboard his first barrel buoy ith flag attached to show the be- nning of his trawls. His engine set t the lowest speed, the fisherman be- ins to heave out the trawl, each hook eparately, for the least tangle would oil the line. When one trawl is out, ith the rock that holds it at the bot- m, the second barrel is heaved, the wo lines tied together, and the trawl layed out with the same even motion f the hand, until the last trawl is set ith a flag on the buoy to mark the nd.

In offshore fishing the boat must lay by" for an hour r so waiting for the sh to come to break- ast, but we have ime to make the run n to the home cove. t six we are off gain. Now the morn- ng is fully come, all oft and misty, and ife among the islands s stirring. Along the oves the lobstermen re setting out for heir traps, occasion- lly a boat with a pulpit" rigged in the ow starts down the Bay to look for horse mackerel, and far- her offshore the gill etters who have been shing all night are eturning to Port- and, a flock of gulls creaming in their ake as the refuse rom the cleaning is heaved overboard.

As we draw near the place which he fisherman remembers by the marks e has sighted, the flag of his first uoy appears. He sprinkles salt in he stern of the boat to cut what rease may have come from the bait for shad is a greasy fish) then takes is position in the bow. He pulls the arrel over into the boat, passes the ne over a roller set up from the bow, nd begins to haul in. Slowly, under he water, appears a shimmering lotch of white, turning and expand- ng in size as it nears the surface. It roves to be a haddock, and, with a witch of the line, the fisherman snaps from the hook into the pen or kit ehind him and continues hauling. s the eye becomes accustomed to ooking deep into the water, one can ee not only the fish near the surface ut blotch after blotch of wavering hite and blue, each smaller and more ndistinct than the other, marking the ne of the trawl.

Most of the fish are "drowned out" rom lying on the hooks and make no truggle as they fall into the pen. There are haddock and "scrod" or young haddock, pollock with its trim black line, hake and squirrel hake and silver hake, with now and then a brim, rivaling the goldfish in his coat of gleaming mail, besides many uncouth inhabitants of the deep.

Most numerous among these is the skate or "barn door," a great flat creature shaped like a kite and with a face uncannily like a man's. It is a common jest among the fishermen to tie his fins back, put a hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth and hang him up as a mascot. Then there is the sea mouse, the five-finger, and the blister, a beautiful flaming red, looking for all the world like a ripe tomato. There are long writhing eels and sculpin with enormous mouth and stomach. From the maw of one the fisherman takes a good-sized haddock, doubled up, but uninjured. There are a few dogfish, a species of shark, the advance guard of that ravenous horde which, in a fortnight or so, will infest the waters and make all fishing impossible. Even now not a few fish come in on the hooks partly eaten and are thrown back into the water.

Among the islands of Casco Bay.

There are exciting moments in the morning's work. Once the line gets caught on the rocks and is in danger of "parting," in which case we would have to begin at the other end and work back. There is a time when a prodigious amount of hauling reveals no shimmering white beneath the water to show the approaching fish.

"Guess I've caught Old Man Chase," remarks the fisherman and pulls with renewed vigor. In a moment he brings up a lobster trap, chafed away by the storms, yellow with mud, and the paint washed from its bob, but with some repair and new heads still usable.

"Worth a dollar to me," said the fisherman, "and everything counts."

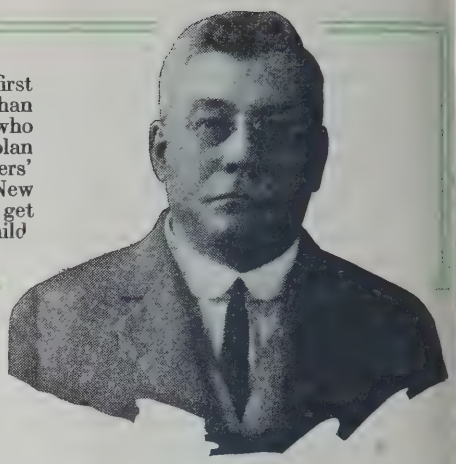
At ten o'clock we are still hauling the trawls; the sun is high and the fisherman sweats in his oilskins. He has not only the task of pulling in the line and snapping off the heavy fish but of hauling the boat along, too. By eleven we are near the flag on the last barrel, not far from the "bla'ting buoy" off Half Way Rock marking the end of our quest. The catch has not been bad, about 900 pounds undressed and including considerable small stuff that will do for bait. The prize of the day's work is a steak cod weighing forty pounds, whose good angel, that permitted him so long a span of life, suddenly deserted him this morning.

At noon we are home for a bite of luncheon, and by half-past twelve we are off again to market. This time the fisherman is not sorry to have some one help him with the steering for he cleans on the way. The bow is divided into three pens, in one of which is the catch. As the fisherman cleans he puts the fish into a second and the bait into the third. The waste he throws into the water, and one more experience which I have ardently desired is mine, to be in a boat with the screaming gulls above my head.

From the four quarters of the heavens they come, following the boat in a drifting, fearless mass, like giant snowflakes borne by a tempestuous wind. There are shiny white gulls, and soft tawny gulls with black-tipped wings, and dark gray gulls; there are sleek, trim gulls and gulls with ragged wings and tail feathers. They make wide circles in front of the boat, then, when a piece of refuse strikes the water, they swoop down, a screaming tangle of beating wings and craning necks and gaping bills.

As we enter Portland Harbor the task is done. The fisherman throws bucketfuls of water over his oilskins, over the shimmering heap of dressed fish, and over the pens of the boat which he scrubs with a long-handled brush, so that all is clean and dripping as we draw up alongside the wharves. Then comes the sale, a bit of an anti-climax, to be sure, for our beautiful haddock and pollock bring only two cents a pound.

JUDGE HENRY NEIL, known as the "Father of Mothers' Pensions," got the first state-wide law enacted in Illinois in 1911. Since then he has traveled more than 100,000 miles, advocating his plan for the states' care of fatherless, needy children who have good mothers. Every English-speaking country in the world adopted his plan after he campaigned in them. The forty-two states of the United States now giving Mothers' Pensions pay these mothers more than twenty-five million dollars a year. The city of New York pays more than four and one-half million dollars a year. In Chicago some mothers get as high as $145 a month. In California some are paid as high as $30 a month per child



Abolishing "Charity" for Children

By JUDGE HENRY NEIL

ONE morning I saw in a Chicago newspaper a photograph of a carload of children who were being shipped from New York City to Kansas. This was such an unusual sight that it excited my emotions, and I began to ask questions about these children.

"Where are the parents of these children?" I said, and some one told me that their fathers were dead and their mothers were scrubbing marble floors in the great office buildings in New York City, and that these mothers could not give their time to the care of their children, so the children had been gathered up and were being sent to the farmers in Kansas, where the sunshine is bright, the air pure and there are plenty of cows for these children to milk.

Finding Out Where the Mothers Were

"But," I said, "if Kansas is such a fine place for these children, why is it not just as fine a place for their mothers?" "Well," they said, "their mothers would only be in the way and be continually objecting to the farmers working these children." You see, I thought that God had intended mothers to be the protectors of their own children.

I next went to a great state institution, where there were 1,600 boys. I went into a classroom where there were a hundred boys. With the permission of the teacher I called one boy at a time over to a quiet corner and asked each boy a series of questions.

I said, "Where did you come from?" And most of them replied, from Cincinnati, or Columbus, or Cleveland, or some other large city.

Next I asked, "Have you a mother living?" And most of them replied, "Yes."

Then I said, "What does your mother do?" With this, the boy would be unable to speak, the corner muscles of his mouth would twitch with emotion; the tears would start down his cheek, and he would put his face into his hands and sob as though his heart would break. Then I knew that I had touched a tender chord and I did not further pursue the subject of his mother.

Afterward I found out from the teacher that most of their mothers were scrubbing the marble floors in the great offices in the large cities of Ohio.

One can hardly go from one large city to another without seeing on the hillsides great sanitary buildings with beautiful grounds, institutions for the care of thousands of dependent children.

I went to the Juvenile Court in Chicago, and the first case I saw there was that of a mother with five little children clinging to her skirts. Mrs. Grey was weak and unable to stand. They gave her a chair before the bar of the court. The testimony was that the father had died three years before, the mother had taken up the double job of earning the living by working all day scrubbing marble floors in the great office buildings in Chicago, and at night coming home to care for her home and her five little ones, a thing which I have since learned no woman unskilled in the art of getting money can possibly endure for many years.

Then the court officers began to figure out that they would send her little Mary and Susie to one institution which took girls, and the boys to another institution which took boys.

Taking the Children Away From the Mother

I saw the mother's face twitch in the agony of despair when she got the first glimmer of the idea that all of her children were to be taken away from her, perhaps forever. I said, "Wouldn't it be more humane, more kind if you took this mother out back of the courthouse and shot her before she fully realizes that you are about to take all of her children away from her?"

Then I said, "Who pays for the food, clothing and care of these children after you have taken them away from this mother?" and they answered, "The institutions are authorized by law to collect from the tax funds, ten dollars per month per child." I then queried, "Why don't you pay the ten dollars per month per child to this mother and let her keep her own children?" And they replied, "The law does not permit it." I said, "Why not change the law?" "It can't be done," was the answer.

Next I went to the legislature of Illinois and proposed a little amendment to this law; which amendment provided that if these mothers were fit and it was the best interest, in the judgment of the court, for the children to remain at home, that the ten dollars a month be paid to the mothers that they could keep their own children in their own homes.

How the States Adopted Pension System

I said: "Messrs. Legislators, I have been to your institutions, I know that you buy good food, that you provide warm clothing, that you build magnificent, sanitary buildings on the hillside, but you can't buy mother love; that is not for sale at any price, and that is what these children are hungering for, and what they need if you expect them to become normal men and women, and home-loving citizens, willing to fight for God and Country."

And the members of that legislature enacted my amendment without one dissenting vote. It was the first state-wide Mothers' Pension Law.

On July 1, 1911, I again went into the Chicago Juvenile Court and saw the first mother pensioned under this new system.

I have since found that it pays the taxpayer to keep these mothers on their rightful jobs—of caring for their own children—and not allowing them to be broken down by the double job.

Next I went to the legislatures of nearly every state. In one year I crossed the United States from ocean to ocean eight times. I spoke in every large city. I advocated that fit mothers of dependent children should be provided with the money to keep their own children at home.

"Mother love is," I said, "one

ssential of normal child life. What ould your life be if you had no mem- ry of a mother's love? Where is the ly of adult life except in the memory f the happy days spent in childhood ith your mother?"

Forty-two states now have this Mothers' Pension system and more an a hundred thousand children are ow at home with their own mothers ho would be in institutions or be otherless on Kansas farms. These rty-two states will pay this year to ese mothers more than twenty-five illion dollars, and it is the best of all ses of the taxpayers' money. No other oney can supply such an amount of y, and hope, and happiness, and other love as this money.

Next I went through every city in ngland, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and outh Africa. I spoke in every city dvocating this new system. This rip took me more than three years.

Now I am trying to get Congress o enact an ideal law adequately to ension fit mothers of dependent chil- ren in the District of Columbia. I xpect this law to be a guide and in- piration to every state in the Union.

When this pension system was first ut into operation the papers named it 'Mothers' Pensions"—although in the aw it was called "The Funds to Parents ct." Then started a bitter contention s to what this new system ought to be alled; some people said it should be alled "Children's Pensions." Bernard haw told me that it should be called 'Young Age Pensions," but I have lways thought that it should be called, 'Horses' Rights for Mothers."

I believe that the best way to revent discontent in this country is o combine the Mothers' Pension system ith our public school system and then ee that every child has proper care in he same systematic way that we now ee that every child is schooled.

This can be done more efficiently nd at less expense than by the resent disconnected, unsystematic ethods.

More than enough money is now pent on child welfare to give proper are to every child needing care, were spent as a part of our public school ystem instead of being spent in a hap- azard way as it is now.

Our schools in this generation will etermine the kind of government that e will have in the next.

Guarnerius Fiddles

AN ATTEMPT was made quite recently to steal a very valuable Guarnerius violin from the home of its English owner, Miss Elsie Southgate. One of the valuable specimens known o fiddle fanciers as a "Joseph," or a 'Del Jesu," this Guarnerius was given o Miss Southgate by the Shah of Persia n token of his admiration for her laying. Similiarly, Paganini's favorite Guarnerius was given—a rich gift—by a French merchant prince.

"I Read *in the* Papers"

I read in the papers that Nova Scotia, the "New Scotland" province of Canada, has the most valuable lobster fisheries in the world, and also that the mineral production per capita exceeds that of any other Canadian province or American state. Notwithstanding these items and the famous apple crop of the Annapolis Valley, the most productive resource of Nova Scotia is the ever-increasing crop of tourists that come there to visit the Evangeline country and to hunt deer and moose and to fish in its renowned waters. Two large steamers are being built to carry summer tourists there from Boston. Thus whatever effect their somewhat detached position may have upon their industries is rapidly being offset by the revenues from tourists that come to New England and Nova Scotia. This is a working of the so-called law of compensation that is delightful for everyone.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. 3, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Co., Dearborn, Mich.

I read in the papers (this time the Chicago *Sentinel*, an ably edited Jewish weekly) an editorial entitled "Jewish Hypersensitiveness." It follows:

"A recent issue of the *Time* Magazine contained an account of the career of George Gershwin, who is making a name for himself as a composer of popular melodies. The story referred to the musical star as 'young Jew.' Now comes Mrs. A. M. Rheinstrom, of New York, and in a letter to the editor of the said journal she 'takes exception to the nonchalance with which you have discriminated in the status of the subject of the article.'

"'I doubt very much,' continues Mrs. Rheinstrom, 'whether you would speak of other persons in your columns as "young Catholics," "young Methodists," "young Presbyterians," or "young Holy Rollers."

"'It strikes me that this continual discrimination against the Jew can do nothing but foment antagonism and aid ill-breeding, race hatred; it astonishes me greatly that a progressive sheet such as yours should have stooped to such stupid practices. Such editorial implication in your news columns is amateurish and unprofessional bad taste.'

"Mrs. Rheinstrom must be a very good Jewess, since she possesses the weakness of her race in a full measure. The writer of this page read the article in the *Time* Magazine and yet he did not think that any malice or slander was intended by the designation 'young Jew.' Mrs. Rheinstrom's objection simply represents Jewish hypersensitiveness which very often looks for anti-Semitism and finds it in places where it does not begin to exist. The fact of the matter is that we ought to be glad that Mr. Gershwin was characterized by a Gentile writer as 'young Jew.' Whenever American newspapers give accounts of crime they will very frequently tell you that this or that criminal is Jewish. On the other hand, whenever they describe Jewish geniuses they invariably speak of the 'Russian violinist,' the 'German novelist,' or the 'French playwright.' The *Time* Magazine proved to be an agreeable exception in this regard.

"Mrs. Rheinstrom makes a very poor and illogical comparison when she says that Christians are not ordinarily spoken of as 'young Catholics' or 'young Methodists' or 'young Presbyterians' in newspaper accounts. Judaism is much more than a religious denomination, and a Jew is a Jew not necessarily by virtue of his religious affiliation. A Jew may be an agnostic and yet he still passes for a Jew by virtue of his descent from the Jewish race. To say this is of course rank heresy, and now that we have made this statement we are quite prepared for the attacks which may come upon us from those who continue to maintain that a Jew is a Jew only by virtue of his membership in the 'Israelitish Church.'—ED."

I read in the papers that in mid-Atlantic the captains of two vessels, one from a German port and one from a Scottish, had performed a supreme act of humanity. Though one was eastward and the other was westward bound, and they were a hundred miles apart, they raced their vessels through stormy seas until the two met, and the Scottish vessel was able to convey to the German a medicine which saved the life of a dying woman. Acts like this bind peoples together. Two seamen battling for a life is a grander spectacle than benchfuls of politicians debating the questions of submarines and poison gas. Captain Wittenstein, the German, and Captain Gemmel, the Scot, may have met in the North Sea and stood without flinching when shot and shell were the compliments exchanged and death was the arbiter. Their meeting in mid-Atlantic proves them greater heroes still.

Peaceful Penetration South of Us

(*Continued from page 7*)

Argentina, the policy of peaceful penetration has doubtlessly been developing, but it has not yet progressed to such an extent as to permit American domination of the fiscal affairs of these nations. Cognizant of the recent history of their sister republics, the members of this group are no doubt wondering when they also will be compelled to bend their knee.

A new departure was made by the State Department when it announced, as of March 3, 1922, that "because of the vital influence upon our future foreign relations, it is the desire of the government that it be duly and adequately informed regarding such transactions; viz., the flotation of issues of foreign bonds in the American market before their consummation so that it might express itself regarding them if that should be requested or seemed desirable."

Shortly after that, Salvador placed a bond issue through certain New York bankers which established a precedent in partnership between the United States Government and the bankers.

The Secretary of State assented to the loan indenture covering this bond issue.

The bankers, taking advantage of the government's apparent partnership in the enterprise, sent out a circular to prospective bond buyers in which they said in part:

Some Things That Happened in Haiti

"It is simply not thinkable that, after a Federal Judge has decided any question or dispute between the bondholders and the Salvador Government, the United States should not take the necessary steps to sustain such decision. There is a precedent in a dispute between Costa Rica and Panama, in which a warship was sent to carry out the verdict of the arbiters."

The State Department did not authorize such a statement, but by its action it had placed itself in a position where it could easily be taken advantage of.

Let us now return to Haiti and see to what extent the facilities of our State Department and navy have been placed at the disposal of American capitalists in our policy of peaceful penetration.

The Republic of Haiti occupies the western third of the Island of Haiti. It is the second oldest republic in this hemisphere, having achieved its independence in 1804 under the leadership of its great hero, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Haiti's external troubles date from 1905 when a group of New York capitalists closely associated with the National City Bank of New York secured a concession to build a railroad. In 1910, a banking syndicate of which the National City Bank was a member acquired two thousand shares of the capital stock of the National Bank of Haiti.

The railroad was an unprofitable venture, and in 1913 work on it was abandoned. In that year, the Haitian Government, which had agreed to pay a certain amount for each mile of completed track, refused to make any further payments, declaring that the road was not being constructed according to specifications.

In October, 1914, Secretary of State Bryan wrote to President Wilson of "the urgent need of increasing our force," in Haitian waters, "at this time when a renewal of negotiations seems probable, not only for the purpose of protecting foreign interests, but also as an evidence of the earnest of this Government to settle the unsatisfactory state of affairs which exists."

To Maintain Haitian Independence

In an effort to render conditions more satisfactory to American interests, several commissions were dispatched to Haiti in 1914. In December of that year, a convention between Haiti and the United States was presented to the Haitian Government by the American Minister. An important provision of this convention was the appointment by the United States of a collector of customs. The chief source of revenue in Latin American countries is the receipts from customs; to control customs is virtually to control revenues. The Haitian Government rejected the proposed convention.

On July 9, Admiral Caperton landed marines from the United States warship *Washington*, and bluejackets from the gunboat *Eagle*. On July 27, a *coup d'etat* was staged which neither menaced American lives nor property; order was promptly restored. On July 28, a regiment of marines landed, took possession of strategic points, and disarmed the inhabitants. Admiral Caperton received instructions on August 7 to issue the following proclamation:

"I am directed by the United States Government to assure the Haitian people that the United States has no object in view except to insure, establish, and help to maintain Haitian independence and the establishment of a stable and firm government by the Haitian people. Every assistance will be given to the Haitian people in their attempt to secure these ends. It is the intention to retain United States forces in Haiti only so long as will be necessary for that purpose."

At the request of Admiral Caperton, the election of the president by the legislation chambers was delayed twice. Secretary Lansing's instructions to the American Minister were in part as follows:

"In order that no misunderstandi can possibly occur after election, should be made perfectly clear candidates as soon as possible, and advance of the ele tion, that the Unit States expects to intrusted with t practical control the customs and such financial contr over the affairs of the Republic Haiti as the United States may dee necessary for efficient administratio

Navy Department Seized the Custom House

"The Government of the Unit States considers it a duty to suppo a constitutional government . . . has no designs upon the political an territorial integrity of Haiti."

Philip Sudre Dartiguenave w elected on August 12, 1915. A Unite States Senatorial report has this to sa in reference to the election:

"The American representatives, i the opinion of your committee, i fluenced the majority of the assembl in the choice of a President."

Two days after the election, treaty was presented to the new elected president. It included all the onerous provisions, which und peaceable negotations the Haitian had rejected. It provided for comple customs control and financial receive ship; for the liquidation of all claim of individuals or corporations again the government; for military an police control through the medium a constabulary officered by American that the United States would have th authority to prevent any interferenc with the terms of the proposed con vention; and that the treaty was t remain in force for ten years, an renewable for another ten years at th request of either party.

The president signed the treaty It is contended that in order to pr cipitate ratification by the two house of the Haitian Congress, the Nav Department on August 19 ordered th seizure of the custom houses, adding:

"Confer for the purpose of havin Dartiguenave solicit action. Whethe President requests or not, proceed."

Here is a bit of hypocrisy ofte practiced by the American official They wished to give the impressio that the president was acting volun tarily, and not under duress; that th Haitian Government was a free govern ment exercising its own will, and tha our forces were merely there to assis them.

On September 3, Admiral Caperto proclaimed martial law in the capita and on September 8 he sent a messag to Captain Durell commanding battleship at Cape Haitian, whic reads in part as follows:

"Successful negotiation o treaty is predominant part o

resent mission. After encountering any difficulties, treaty situation at resent looks more favorable than sual. This has been effected by the ercising of military pressure at opitious moments in negotiations. esterday, two members of the cabinet ho had blocked negotiations resigned."

During this period, the custom receipts, which were virtually the only source of revenue of the government, were held up by Admiral Caperton so that sufficient nds were unavailable for government laries and other expenses. Later this rder was modified so as to permit a rtain weekly allowance for current xpenses. The cabinet and house of eputies capitulated under this economic pressure and both ratified the reaty.

The Senate Ratified the Treaty

On November 10, the Navy Department sent a message to Admiral Caperton from which is quoted in art as follows:

"Arrange with President Dartiguenave that he call a cabinet meeting efore the session of the Senate which ill pass upon the ratification of treaty, nd request that you be permitted to ppear before that meeting to make a tatement to the President and to the nembers of the cabinet. On your own uthority, state the following before nese officers:

" 'I have the honor to inform the resident of Haiti and the members of is cabinet that I am personally ratified that the public sentiment ontinues favorable to the treaty; that here is a strong demand from all lasses for immediate ratification, and hat the treaty will be ratified Thursay. I am sure you gentlemen will nderstand my sentiment in the matter. nd I am confident that if the treaty ails of ratification that my governent has intention to retain control Haiti until the desired end is accomplished, and that it will forthwith roceed to the complete pacification of laiti so as to insure internal tranuillity necessary to such development the country and its industry as will ford relief to the starving population ow unemployed.' "

After receipt of the message which aid in effect that if you do not sign, e will stay right here until you do gn, the senate ratified the treaty.

But the American interests were ot satisfied with mere financial conrol of the country. There was a provision in the Haitian constitution that o foreigner could own land. They ould lease it for a number of years, ut could not own it. Certain large merican development companies had een casting covetous eyes on rich and rtile tracts in Haiti so that in the pring of 1917, the draft of *a new constitution* was submitted by American fficials to the Haitian Government hich among other things permitted he owning of land by foreigners.

The Haitian Assembly refused to ratify the constitution with the above provision, and in order to prevent the ratification of a constitution without this provision *General Cole of the Marine Corps dissolved the assembly.*

There was then no power in Haiti which could pass a new constitution so that the occupation, without precedent or authority, arranged for a plebiscite for the purpose. The election was held May 8, 1918, and was officially reported adopted by a vote of 98,294 to 759. Rev. L. Tom Evans, who had for years been a missionary in Haiti, in his testimony before a Senate investigating committee said:

> "The bundle of pink slips (no), significantly showing the fraudulent nature of the whole scandalous business, remained on the other side of the table tied together. The poor natives in charge, as well as the so-called voters, knew those packets were meant for mere show, for even if cut loose their terror-stricken Haitian brothers dared not refuse the "oui" (yes), but asked for the "non" at the risk of being imprisoned and shot as an enemy of the occupation and foe of the United States Government."

Imposing a Loan on the Haitian People

As soon as the constitution was accepted, American interests began to acquire large tracts of rich and fertile lands and proceeded to force off the natives who could not show legal title. *As a result, a serious unemployment problem ensued wherein former small land proprietors were forced to work as day laborers at a wage of twenty cents a day in the highly seasonal occupation of sugar cutting.*

Finally, in 1922, the occupation benevolently imposed a $40,000,000 loan on the Haitian Government, $16,000,000 of which was immediately floated. Just prior to its flotation the Haiti-Santo Domingo Independence Society condemned the loan saying:

"The loan is issued over the protest of virtually the entire Haitian people, and is based on the following illegal steps:

"1. Military invasion by the United States naval forces of the independent Republic of Haiti in July, 1915.

"2. Overthrow of the Haitian Government, seizure of the Haitian custom houses, and other sources of revenue.

"3. Imposition of a treaty through 'military pressure.'

"4. Dissolution of Haitian Legislature for refusal to vote for constitution prepared in the United States, June, 1917.

"5. Imposition of new constitution by illegal plebiscite conducted by United States Marine Corps, giving occupation further powers, June, 1918.

"6. Flotation of loan, terms of which automatically extend United States occupation for at least thirty years."

Again quoting from Senator Borah's speech of June 19, 1922:

"I shall not today discuss at length why we went to Haiti. Suffice it to say that, in my judgment, there was no sufficient reason for our invasion of Haiti, and suffice it to say, further, that if the Haitian people had been a much stronger people, a more powerful people, a people with a navy and army, we would not have gone to Haiti even if the same reasons had existed which did exist. We have some two or three policies with reference to our foreign affairs, and those policies are adjusted to the size and strength of the people. In my humble opinion, the policy which prevailed with reference to the Haitian people was by reason of the fact, in large measure, that they were helpless to resist the invasion and the encroachments of the American marines and the American Navy."

In order to prevent further "entangling alliances" by any department of our government in our policy of peaceful penetration, the following resolution was introduced in the Sixty-eighth Congress, but was not voted on:

"Resolved by the Senate (the House of Representatives concurring) that the President be, and he is hereby, requested to direct the Department of State, Treasury, and Commerce, the Federal Reserve Board, and all other agencies of the Government which are or may be concerned thereunder, to refrain henceforth without specific prior authorization of the Congress from—

Allowed to Work Out Their Salvation

"(1) Directly or indirectly engaging the responsibility of the Government of the United States, or otherwise on its behalf, to supervise the fulfillment of the financial arrangements between the citizens of the United States and sovereign foreign governments or political subdivisions thereof, whether or not recognized *de jure* or *de facto* by the United States Government, or

"(2) In any manner whatsoever giving official recognition to any arrangement which may commit the Government of the United States to any form of military intervention in order to compel the observance of the alleged obligations of sovereign, or subordinate authority, or of any corporation or individuals, or to deal with any such arrangement except to secure the settlement of claims of the United States, or of United States citizens through the ordinary channels of law provided therefor in the respective foreign jurisdictions, or through duly authorized and accepted arbitration agencies."

This is both a moral and a practical issue to which Congress should address its early attention to the end that our marines be returned to this country, and that our sister republics to the south be permitted to exercise their full sovereignty and work out their own salvation. This would be but fair and just.

Is Common Censorship Common Sense?

(*Continued from page 12*)

may be considered together, as belonging to more permanent forms of art, for the reason that all plays that have extraordinary vogue or merit are, as a rule, issued in printed form, and therefore become a part of literature in general.

Adout the Main Advocates of Censorship

It is natural that the fight should center in New York because, while there are other "centers" (H. L. Mencken claims that Chicago is now the literary center of America) it is still true that the main literary production still remains in New York, most of the big publishing houses being located there, or in the immediate vicinity.

The main advocates of censorship have been and still are John S. Sumner, secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Vice; Justice John Ford, of New York; Magistrate McAdoo, and Canon William Sheafe Chase, accompanied by a host of clergymen and others. The Antis include, of course, all the writers and others. These writers swing wicked and in many instances vitriolic pens in support of their cause.

In a typical case, which might be duplicated many times, a publisher issues first a doubtful book. Someone writes to Mr. Sumner that this book is bad. He looks it over and decides that it is. He has the publisher arraigned in court. The judge, who presumably knows little and cares less about the fine points of literature, agrees with Mr. Sumner that the book is bad, and the publisher is fined and the book suppressed. The following day Heywood Broun, the critic on the New York *World*, and other similar critics, come out in a chorus of ridicule of the whole proceeding. Mr. Sumner is pictured as a cross between a moron and a custom house officer. The judge is held up as a Philistine. The excitement and laughter thus raised creates a wide ripple. Later on the publisher sues Sumner for damages, the book is restored and the case forgotten, the book placed on sale—although by the time this happens, the probability is that every one who has wanted to has already read it.

In the case of plays, about the same thing occurs. In September, 1924, M. Anderson and Lawrence Stallings produced a play entitled *What Price Glory*. This was an arraignment of war, about the Marines, the scene laid in the trenches. It contained objectionable language, and was promptly denounced. The police interfered, one or two expressions were eliminated and thereafter the play became an enormous success.

It should be understood that the present writer is not defending either side; he is merely presenting the subject for thoughtful consideration.

There has been and unquestionably is now a flood of indecency which, since the war, has been poured out all over the world. Also, owing undoubtedly to the stimulus of the war, there has been and is an extraordinary amount of good writing. Justice Ford of the Supreme Court, who is a strenuous advocate of censorship, declares that Section 1141 of the Penal Law in New York is the "most carefully worded and comprehensive of the statutes designed to prohibit this form of printed matter (vile books, and so forth) which has come to my attention. In brief, it declares the distribution of exhibition of any objectionable publication, picture or object or the advertising of them in any manner a crime . . . . Yet this law is practically dead today, killed by judicial decree of the lower courts before which it has come for interpretation, and that too in the face of a unanimous opinion of the Court of Appeals, which, in 1884, construed the law and gave to it and every part of it full force and effect. The death blow was struck by the Appellate Division of the First Department in reviewing conviction in another case . . . . our homes are thus thrown open to the entry of every form of disgusting prints which are in those very terms barred from circulation by the law of the State."

Opinions Widely Differ in Court Cases

It is fairly obvious from this that in any case brought into court, about that which is considered "objectionable" there must be a matter of wide divergence of opinion, and therefore it is thrown back eventually into the court of public opinion.

Public opinion in this country rules, but it first has to be educated and aroused.

One of the most celebrated, comparatively recent, cases was that of President Brainard, of Harper and Brothers. In January, 1920, they were convicted of violating a section of the Penal Code in publishing a book entitled *Madeleine*. At that time the counsel suggested a board of state censorship to pass on the morality of books. In July, 1920, the Appellate Division reversed this conviction and thus President Brainard and his firm were vindicated. He claimed that he was the victim of a conspiracy brought by another publisher. In May of 1920, R. D. Halsey was awarded a verdict against the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice for their suppression of Gautier's book *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. During this same month, R. M. McBride, publisher, pleaded not guilty to indictment that J. B. Cabell's book *Jurgen*, was obscene. It may be said that Mr. Cabell's books have been the center for years of a heated controversy, the intellectuals passionately declaring that they are works of supreme genius. As a matter of fact, they are unusually stupid and imitative.

In February, 1921, Margaret G. Anderson and Jean Heap were fined for publishing Joyce's novel *Ulysses* in *The Little Review*, charged by John S. Sumner. This book of Joyce's has also made a great stir. It is a minute account of everything which happens in the lives of certain human beings, and is undoubtedly touched by genius, but I cannot imagine anybody reading it through.

In April, 1921, Dr. W. J. Robinson was fined $250 for publishing *Love in Marriage*, by Dr. Marie C. Stopes. In September, 1921, the police stopped the performance in New Haven, Connecticut, of a play called *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* and later in October in Pittsburgh they halted the performance of *The Demi-Virgin* by Avery Hopwood. This occasioned the Reverend John Haynes Holmes to remark that in New York nine plays out of thirty-nine were indecent.

It was in the early part of 1922 that the pot began to boil, Magistrate McAdoo, Canon Chase, Mayor Hylan, A. H. Woods and all the dramatic and literary critics taking a hand. In May of that year the *Sons of Hollywood* was barred from the mails and, in June, J. Kidd was fined for similarly sending Boccaccio's *Decameron*. At this time the police made a fuss about Eugene O'Neill's *Hairy Ape* and Magistrate McAdoo got the manuscript and read the play. By this time he had become wary of the critics, and was careful to make no comment, realizing that his "remarks" would be riddled. Later on a number of other books came up for censorship, among them D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*. It was in July that D. H. Halsey, before referred to, claimed damages against the Society for the Suppression of Vice for their prosecution of him for selling Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and his claim was upheld.

The Clean Books League Was Formed

A great discussion in the papers took place, in which nearly everyone took a hand, including Henry Holt, the venerable publisher, and Booth Tarkington. This resulted in a general invitation sent out to many prominent men and women, inviting them to become members in the panel from which jurors were selected. In October, 1922, Messrs. Boni and Liveright filed damages against Sumner for his allegations against *The Satyricon*, and during the same month Cabell's *Jurgen* was declared proper by Judge Nott.

The next year, 1923, Justice Ford's

aughter secured a copy of D. H. awrence's book from a circulating brary. Discovering this, he launched n attack on *Women in Love* and there- y laid himself open to the gifted pen f Heywood Broun. However, ater in March, the Clean Books eague was formed, the objec f which was to read and pass n the fitness of new and old ooks. Justice Ford was elected resident and Dr. C. K. Gilbert, ecretary. From this time on n effort was made to get a lean book bill through the Jew York State legislature, ithout success.

The commercial aspects of he problem are shown by the act that in April, 1923, T. E. IcEntregart, representing the Iearst publications, opposed the lean Book Bill because it might pell ruin to the publishers. At his time Bernarr Macfadden, a Jew York publisher of many eriodicals devoted to physical ulture,, and so forth (!), in- ited Magnus Johnson to at- ack the Clean Books Bill in speech. Magnus "done" the est he could.

In May, 1924, the American Booksellers Association in convention opposed any censorship but that of public opinion. Just before this, in April, Rabenold's Clean Book Bill was defeated in the state senate, New York.

In August, 1924, the Knights of Columbus planned a war on all sex literature.

The brief chronological references given in this article are merely the chips on the current of this great agitation.

There can be no question that this country, apparently in common with all other countries, has been and now is afflicted with a flood of deterrent literature—so called. That this stream of poison must have its effect upon the national character, seems unquestioned. On the other hand, we are undoubtedly confronted by the dangers of too much paternalism, and the domination of fanatics. The Constitution gives us freedom of speech. Ever since this country was started, we have permitted genius to go its way, no matter in what field, and have often paid it excessively. It is undoubtedly true that this very fact is taken advantage of by greedy and shameless people who commercialize anything they can lay their hands on.

"Censorship has always existed and always has been denounced."

Selling Texas Golden Fleece

(*Concluded from page 22*)

o get their price it will be the biggest ictory they have yet won. If not, it vill be simply a momentary setback. For the vast majority of Texas flockmasters, large and small, are "sold" o the warehouse system, the Sheep and Goat Raisers' Association of Texas as an rganization is sold to it, and they will all tay sold until a better plan is presented.

The writer was shown the 1924 alances of one large warehouse comany. Last year was supposedly a ean year—the Boston buyers invading he range in unprecedented numbers nd buying right and left—and yet his company handled 4,500,000 pounds f wool and lent $1,300,000. It made a rofit of thirty-five per cent on its apital, of which 12½ per cent was wisey salted away in surplus. It paid the sual ten per cent dividend to its 150 tockholders, of whom more than one undred were actual sheep growers.

The Texas plan differs in every imortant respect from that of the Pacific Coöperative Wool Growers (Sapiro), s the following summing-up will show:

The former ties up the flockmaster n a five-year contract binding him to eliver every pound of his clip to his Coöperative, and giving him no voice n the sale. The latter has no pre-sale ontract feature. Besides being only a entleman's agreement and therefore onenforceable on the producer, it is ighly competitive.

The Sapiro plan provides for the oncentration of the wool at Coöperative headquarters, located at some one entral point. Under the Texas plan it is concentrated at any one of sixteen warehouses scattered over the vastest sheep and goat producing region of America, at the grower's convenience.

The Sapiro plan includes the employment of a sales manager whose authority to sell—when and at what price he elects—is not subject to challenge by the Coöperative rank and file. In Texas the buyer from Boston hands his sealed bid to a committee of practical sheepmen representing the Board of Directors of a warehouse company.

The Northwestern flockmaster must look to Boston for periodical financing. In Texas he looks to his warehouse, in which he has the privilege of being a stockholder virtually assured of a ten per cent return on his stock.

The Sapiro plan is restricted to members paying the overhead cost themselves in commissions or assessments. The Texas warehouse plan is an investment, open to the world. It makes no difference whether a sheepman is, or is not, a stockholder—he can avail himself of its double function of selling wool and lending money.

All of which makes the selling of wool and mohair what it should be in light of supply and demand—easy and practical.

Digging Diamonds

IN GONG-GONG, South Africa, near Kimberley, a diamond digger has found a stone of 110 carats. A curious coincidence is that the same digger, only two weeks before finding the 110-carat stone, found another large stone, which he sold for $4,500.

The African mines, from a production standpoint, have largely replaced the mines of Brazil and India. The African stones do not compare in beauty with those of India. The diamond has been valued by the ancients as well as the moderns. The fact that diamonds may nearly always be sold at par or even more than their first cost has endeared them to the owner.

Diamond deposits are circular or oval in form, and these deposits are inclosed by a wall of carbonaceous shale. Near the surface the deposits consist of a yellowish, friable material known to the miners as "yellow ground," but when, with depth, the limit of atmospheric weathering has been reached, they pass into a partially serpentized rock known as "blue ground." The deposits invariably occupy the vents or pipes of ancient volcanoes, and there is no doubt but that the presence of diamonds indicates their connection with volcanic eruptions. It is believed that the molten rock coming in contact with the carbonaceous material results in the formation of the gems.

The value of diamonds is determined by weight, cut, brilliancy, color, and perfection. Off-colored stones do not bring the prices the colorless stones demand. In the rough the stones average from $8 to $15 the carat for the run of the mine.

A Century of Dishonor

(*Concluded from page 20*)

the army was sent against him; if he revenged himself for murdered friends and for diseased, debauched and dishonored family the answer was a military campaign to compel obeisance.

My first introduction to the Red Man was forty years ago when landing on the frontier at daybreak. A party of Sioux had come to see the arrival of the iron firewagon; they were tall manly looking fellows, clear-eyed and clean-limbed, dressed in their beaded moccasins and trousers with striped blankets drawn about their shoulders, with their long black hair plaited and from which a single eagle feather projected to flutter gently in the morning breeze.

They came to welcome the White Man with their "how" and handshake, just as their forefathers had always done for generations before them, and it was a sincere and hearty welcome. It was their home and hunting ground that we were welcomed to—a virgin country on which still grazed the last of the buffaloes and the antelope; it was the last big game and Indian country; their only remaining native and natural homeland. The iron horse had reached the front door of this vast domain and was already designed to enter, pass through and cover it with sinewy tentacles to the north and to the south while its main trunk was to be extended to the Pacific, nearly two thousand miles beyond.

It was in the days of the beginning of the "winning" of the last great West; it was the start of the campaign for "civilizing" the last of the "Wild West."

The mental picture I recall is of a flower-covered plain liberally interspersed with wood-fringed lakes with here and there a collection of tepees along the shaded border, with romping children and numerous ponies scattered about watched over by bead-bedecked squaws squatted cross-kneed on a buffalo robe busy at some intricate bead work, and others supervising the preparation of stewed saddle of an antelope and service berries against return of the men from the hunt or a fishing excursion.

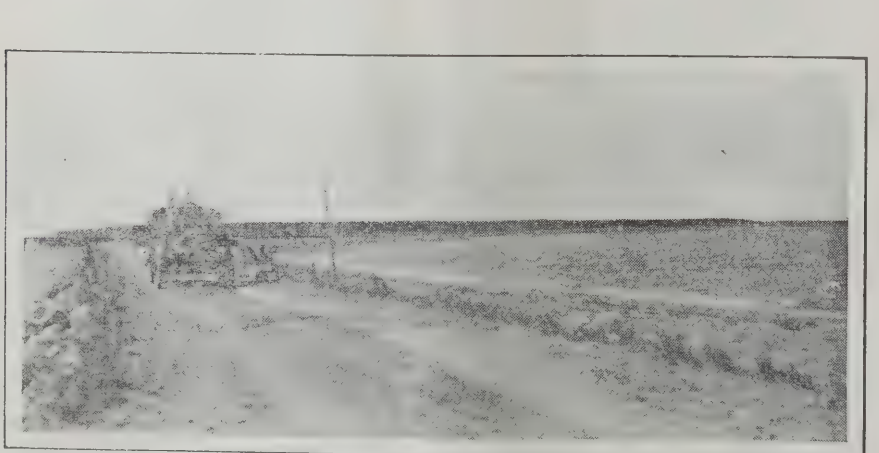
The Garden of Eden could not have been more charming nor was ever on earth more nearly a Paradise or land of Peace and Plenty. But the White Man was coming—and he came in carloads and in trainloads; he came in prairie schooners, singly and in caravans; he spread out like the opening of a fan to the north, the west and the south preëmpting every acre of tillable land, including the lakes and trees that bordered them; they slaughtered every wild thing on top of the ground and drained the beautiful lakes of their stocks of fish; they cut and burned for fuel the wooded sections and made of this enchanted land a ruin and a desolation. Within a year the Red Man was facing starvation; his happy, carefree life was over. The herds from which he drew his sustenance were gone forever; his food supply of buffalo-hump and the robes which that animal had furnished providing his shelter and his clothing, too, were now no more. The rapacious whites called hide-hunters had destroyed them all and their carcasses and bleaching bones covered the vast prairies westward from the Minnesota border.

However, this vast wild region was now being "civilized" and opened up to settlement for the advance of Progress; sod houses and pine board squatters' shanties were dotting the landscape in lieu of the romantic tepee midst green foliage and flowers. The surface of the soil was being seamed and gashed by the breaking-plow in readiness for the No. 1 Hard that was to make the region famous for wheat production. In the mad rush for land and a share of the wealth of the natives that the white looters always expected and got, they soon found themselves without either food or fuel; they had slaughtered the buffalo for their hides and left the carcasses to rot; they had cut and burned the trees and now their own predicament was little less serious than that of the poor Indians whom they had so quickly and ruthlessly despoiled.

But the White Man had friends in the East and means for getting both food and fuel from the settled section of the East over the railroad; he could help himself out of this unenviable situation but it was terribly expensive. The Red Man could not and was allowed to seek means of existence as best he could or starve, so he took himself to gathering up the bones of the buffalo that lay bleaching in the sun everywhere over that great "Inland Empire"; these he gathered into loads of 200 and 300 pounds each and hauled them in rude wooden carts to the railroad terminus trading them for scraps of tainted meat and remnants of cheap calico; traded them for something to eat and something to keep his women and children alive and slightly clad. Fresh meat was imported from the East and was a luxury much too expensive for the poor Indians to afford and so their women kept watch at the slaughterhouse corrals where hogs were kept along with herds of cattle to supply the contractors who were building the railroad into the frontier, slowly but steadily moving westward, and there they fought for the offal that was dumped into the hog yards.

It did not occur to these Whites that the Red people had any rights whatever. They were tolerated only because they gathered up the buffalo bones out of which the White Man could make a profit of 233 per cent. The recollection of these emaciated women and children and their terrible suffering through the cold winters brings pangs to this day. It was the writer's business as an employe to handle the buffalo bone trade along with other duties, and in recent years to assemble some data covering that historic period, and the traffic was found to have amounted to a grand total of $2,800,000 and it represented a herd of thirty-one and a quarter million animals.

A visit to the same locality a quarter century after the White invasion revealed startling changes; the local tribe of Indians had dwindled from a colony of eleven hundred to less than five hundred; and instead of the fine-looking robust manly figures that I first beheld they were slovenly arrayed in White Men's discarded clothes including shoes and soft or derby hats. Nearly all were afflicted with trachoma and tuberculosis and generally were sorry-looking survivors of the former vigorous, healthy and happy families. Their former picturesque camping grounds now were mostly barren alkali beds, formerly forest-fringed inland lakes long since evaporated. The big lake, on which the steamers ran daily their fourteen-mile trips from shore to shore, was crossed in a modern touring car without wetting the tires.



Crossing the big lake in the auto—where formerly the steamboat ran its daily trips of fourteen miles.

Impressions of The Wayside Inn

About Which Longfellow's Famous Series of "Tales" Were Written

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

IMPRESSIONS of The Wayside Inn at South Sudbury, Massachusetts, are most certain to vary according to the visitor's previous acquaintance with that famous old hostelry.

This old tavern—more than any other of the many which dot the New England coast country—has come to enjoy the dignity of a shrine, with all the attributes and particularly the magnetism which distinguishes such meccas. For anyone to whom the things of the past have any significance at all, an old house or inn or other meeting place, with a background of historical incidents, is a cherishable relic of a superior order, which inspires dreams and visions and in many other enjoyable ways serves to punctuate pleasantly this humdrum modern busy life of commonplace events and monotonously leveling influences. The magic touch of a great poet has imparted to the old hostelry an atmosphere of romance which affects every pilgrim. To such the sight of the prancing horse swinging to the breeze over the porch of The Wayside Inn is like the sight of some old friend.

Many have made the pilgrimage to Sudbury out of desire to see a place about which they have read in Longfellow's famous collection of versified tales (*Tales of a Wayside Inn*). Doubtless these visitors have the memory of some of Longfellow's much quoted lines which they have carried with them from school days and as they see, probably with a pleasant start, that true enough

"Half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign."

they repeat that jingling couplet to themselves and enter the broad porch with suddenly aroused interest.

Or then again, perhaps they recall the poet's description of the building:

"A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors."

But the visitor sees no marks of age or decay, no dilapidated stairways, no twisted doors, no noisily annoying floors, such as one would expect from the description. Longfellow was writing of the inn as he knew it in its years of neglect. The old place, as the visitor sees it now, shows it as it was in its original heyday form—the scene of an age that is past, its every hall and room as its guests of two hundred years ago knew it. And it is all so strangely familiar that the guest of today finds himself much wishing in his mind that he had been allowed to live when stagecoaches, post riders, town criers, wayside taverns and all the rest were the common events of every day. For, though such places as The Wayside Inn may never have been known to us in life, they seem to bring back to one's mind the memories of things and feelings of something dimly known somewhere before. That is the essence of the lure of antiques and the other appurtenances of life in all the "those days" of history.

There are individuals in this world who are, or would appear to be, utterly cold to the appeal which an old house can have. But in spite of that many of them pay their "duty" calls to places like Wayside Inn. They see the spreading face of the old frame buildings with their old-fashioned shutters and tiny-sectioned windows. They wander in, under the prancing horse on the sign, notice the high-paneled hallway with the picturesquely appropriate coaching scene on the wall paper, into the famous taproom with its still-standing bar opposite the door, its wooden walls mellowed with smoke and age, its colonial fireplace and its pewter and bottles on the shelves adorning the wall behind the bar. They glance out the window opposite the door to see the old-fashioned garden with a bust of Longfellow at the end of the flower-bordered walk. The bust of the poet is a replica of the one which stands in that paradise of memorials, Westminster Abbey. But if they give their imaginations leave to roam with their eyes they may recreate for themselves all the conditions of colonial life, and conjure up the living forms of Washington, Hancock, Adams and Webster—for there stands Webster's desk in a corner of the parlor.

And when they saunter on into the parlor, a typical colonial room of taste and dignity, where Longfellow and his coterie were wont to gather before the cheerful blaze crackling on the hearth, they may vividly realize that on the very spot whereon they stand the poet spent much time and meditated those ideas which later bloomed in the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. The framed letters that hang on the wall, and those two framed panes of glass which bear the verse and name of William Molineux, may evoke a more than casual interest, for thus the verse and name were engraved on the glass with a diamond by Molineux, and Molineux was the man who walked beside the British troops to protect them from insults during their stay in Boston, a studiedly raised eyebrow and a knowing nod, warning the inhabitants to be discreet. The verse reads:

What do you think
Here is good drink
Perhaps you may not know it,
If not in haste,
Do stop and taste
You merry folk will show it.

and the date is "June 24, 1774."

The large and cheerful dining room, with all its memories, brings even an apathetic visitor into com-

munion with the true spirit of the olden tavern—for within this very room the Marquis de Lafayette, and Captain Wadsworth after his celebrated fight, and Longfellow, and Emerson, and countless other interesting men ate and chatted and had refreshments while stopping overnight or in passing by coach to or from Boston. The old, well-preserved document dated August 7, 1775, detailing all the expenses of a day's journey of twenty-five miles by horse and three meals totaling what would be today a little over a dollar; the many reminders of the days when stagecoach guests made this their favorite resort for stop-overs—these things halt even the visitor who thought he had no feeling for these reminders of the past.

The bedrooms—the one in which Lafayette slept during his visits, with its little partitioned-off corner which his valet occupied (when Longfellow's little daughters went to the inn they slept in the valet's chamber next their poet father), and the larger room which Longfellow habitually used when here—have a tale to tell that commands interest. Similarly the ballroom, done in white with box-like seats running its length where guests stowed their wraps, the platform whereon the darky fiddlers played those spirited reels and jolly contra-dances which comprised the social diversions of our grandparents—of all these associations, perhaps the mention of the fact that divine services were also at one time held in this ballroom and that after a particularly long and tiresome sermon, the devout country folk adjourned to the dining-room below to renew and renourish their flagging physical energy—perhaps this incongruity of functions served by a ballroom strikes the hurrying traveler as something to be remembered and spoken of later.

Guests who are ultra-modern in their interests and background undoubtedly experience a thrill upon first viewing the state carriage in which Lafayette rode when he came to spend a night at the tavern and the stagecoach which belonged to Governor Eustis and was at one time used by Daniel Webster. It is said to be the coach in which Webster rode to pronounce his Bunker Hill oration. These conveyances are so oddly

"It crowned the sombre clock with flame,
The hands, the hours, the maker's name."
—*The Tales.*

old that there breathe few men with souls so dead as never to experience a sense of stimulation at sight of these obsolete modes of travel, and a motive to reflect upon our speedier modern vehicles of transportation.

Or, perhaps, they are attracted by the old Paul Revere lanterns, to be seen around the inn. Altogether there are one hundred and fifty-eight varieties.

The fact of there having been generally used such a variety of lanterns may not impress the visitor, but the appeal of the Paul Revere variety, a pinched or perforated design, which takes its name from the fact that such a lantern was hung on the Old North Church during the famous ride of Paul Revere to Lexington, probably cannot be denied.

They have a greater value and a more striking effect. The lighting of the inn has been arranged for with all the delicacy and skill of one in love with the designs of the past and unwilling to do them violence by ill-judged methods of "restoration."

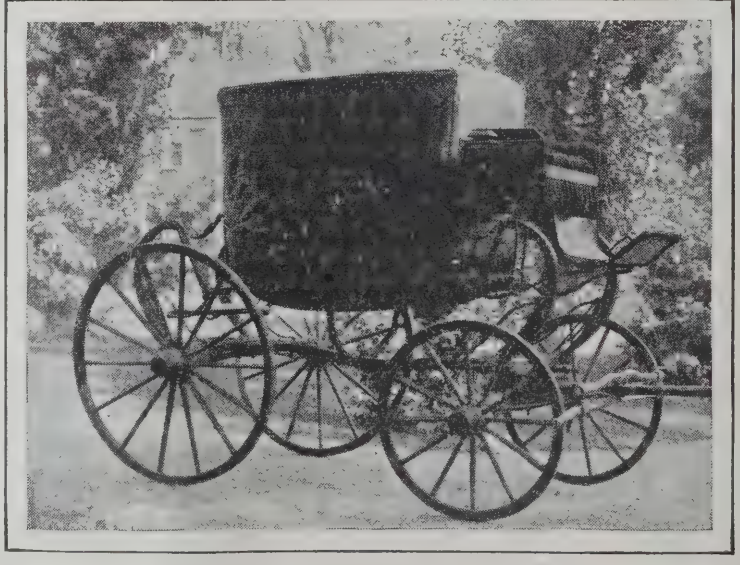
The story of the old inn from the time when it was first built as a dwelling by one David Howe through the period of the Indian raids to the time when the owner's fortunes came to grief and the old mansion was opened as a hostelry, thereafter carried on as such, handed down from father to son for over a hundred years—it is likely that this story, with the story of Jerusha Howe, sister of a one-time owner, who had and played the first spinnet ever seen in this section of the country, can hardly leave the listener cold.

"Built in the old colonial day, when men lived in a grander way"—that is to say, in 1686, this old house by the side of the Boston Post Road has witnessed the growth of America. Within a radius of twenty miles most of the determinative principles of American nationalism were born and flourished. A link between Boston and the interior, this house saw both the exertions of the statesmen and the forthright activity of the woodsmen. It was the scene of many revolutionary conferences, and the military center for the district roundabout. No house between Boston and Worcester was better known than this, none has survived so long with an accumulated fame.

With the departure of the colonial days and the disappearance of stagecoaches from the roads, the old inn fell into disuse. Truly it seemed as if its glory had departed. It sat by the side of the road in lonely dignity, a silent reminder of generations long gone to their reward. It became by turns a tavern, a boarding house, a dwelling for one family. Its spacious rooms were long untenanted. Then the Boston and Concord coterie, awakening to the old inn's significance, began to use it again, for summer sojourns or as the terminal of jaunts into the country. Here Longfellow came to rusticate and to roam around the old place. He was brooding many noble tales in verse about this time, tales that seemed to come with no relation to each other. It occurred to him one day that The Wayside Inn was the natural link between the tales. So with it as a framework and the well-known comrades of many an evening there as mouths in which to put the tales, and the jovial landlord presiding over all, *Tales of a Wayside Inn* was published in 1863 and went out into the world to an immediate literary success.

From that day to this the inn has never lacked interest for the people of the United States.

To save the inn from private exploitation, to preserve it as a shrine for the people, and to maintain the surrounding countryside as a fit frame for the picture which the inn and the poems present, Mr. Henry Ford, in 1923, and at the earnest solicitation of friends of the Inn, guaranteed its integrity and extended its lands. Many modern touches have been eliminated in the desire to present the inn as it was in the great days of old, when it stood in the center of stirring events and formed the setting for some of the greatest figures of our history. Such landmarks of the past are among a nation's most valuable treasures.



Carriage in which Lafayette rode to The Wayside Inn.

Through the garden gate. Longfellow's bust in the distance.

The Lafayette room with alcove to the left where the great Frenchman's valet slept. The original paper is still on the wall.

The Old Red Horse Tavern

Longfellow's "Wayside Inn" at South Sudbury, Massachusetts. A monument to the tastes and qualities of the Fathers.

The old taproom with its bar and deep fireplace. This room was the scene of many conferences during the pre-Revolutionary period. The landlord was a militia officer and the old tavern still contains bills for military supplies. Here drivers bound for Boston rested. Emerson often changed stages here, and there is a letter from him asking about a shawl he had lost.

Above—The old raftered kitchen where huge and savory meals were prepared. Here the colonists could find all their old utensils and start housekeeping again.

At left—The quaint and dignified old parlor, with the Howe coat of arms above the fireplace. In this parlor is laid the scene of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," a volume which has immortalized the place.

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IN POLITICS it is almost a commonplace that a party of order or stability, and a party of progress or reform, are both necessary elements of a healthy state of political life; until the one or the other shall have so enlarged its mental grasp as to be a party equally of order and of progress, knowing and distinguishing what is fit to be preserved from what ought to be swept away. Each of these modes of thinking derives its utility from the deficiences of the other; but it is in a great measure the opposition of the other that keeps each within the limits of reason and sanity.

—*John Stuart Mill.*

DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 25 No. 50 October 3, 1925 Ten Cents a Copy

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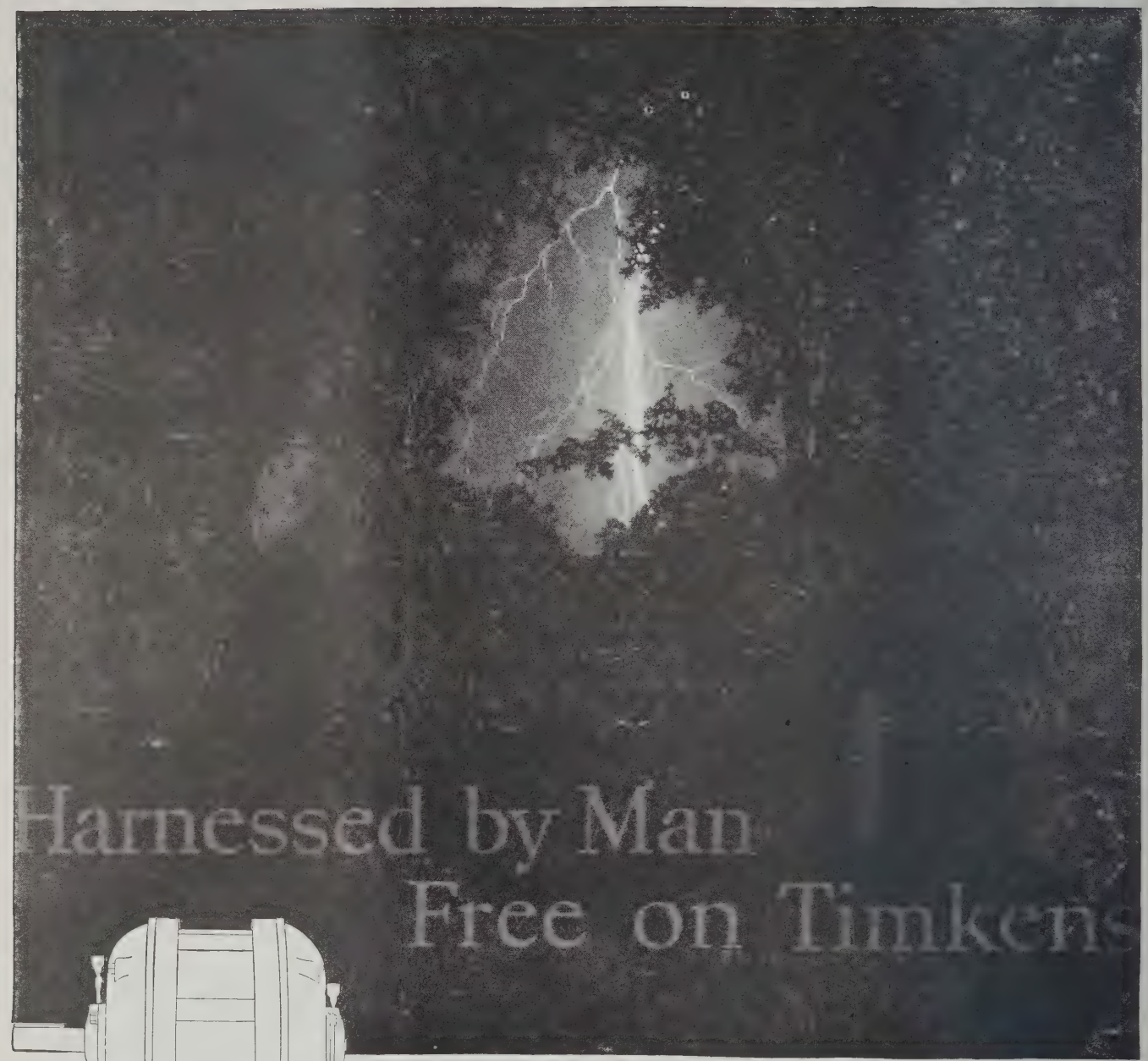

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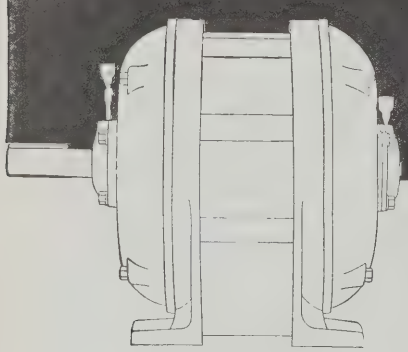

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* * *
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Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page deals with a matter the discussion of which is more voluminous than the knowledge that exists concerning it. (p. 9)

This seems to have turned partially into something of a woman's number. It is pleasant to record that the women are steadily learning what influences have tried to capture the women's organizations of the country. The attempt has largely failed. We cannot say, however, that all the higher women leaders were altogether true to their trust, which accounts somewhat for the hesitancy of some of them to speak out what they know.

For example, the story written in this number by Courtenay Savage is based on material supplied by one of the "regulars" among the women's leaders. The name was not permitted to be used. Mr. Savage himself seems not to have known much about the matter until this leader told him. This accounts for his stressing some points which this paper long ago made familiar to its readers. However, they will stand presentation from another angle. (p. 5)

The little essay on "How the System Worked the Woman" is short and to the point. The system worked the woman *just as it had worked the men.* But the women found it out! The women exposed it! That is more than the men have done. (p. 8)

Then there are two women writers in this number. Florence Taft Eaton lives in Old Concord, knows it, loves it and can convey its atmosphere in writing. (p. 3)

Edith Dickson tells the sad love story of Mrs. Whitman and Edgar Allan Poe. These letters show both parties in a somewhat better light than the usual tales that have been told. It was outside interference, gossip of which he had no proof but nevertheless believed, that led Mrs. Whitman to break off the engagement. (p. 7)

Here is a country with a brand new commodity on its hands—leisure! What to do with it? It is really astonishing to see how greatly leisure time has grown in the United States and in a generation which exclaims that the world was never so busy. The increase in "spare time" is a great social fact. (p. 4)

A pleasant method of murdering public interest is by ceaseless headline iteration. If you wish to drive the people away from a printed article, put "shipping board," "League of Nations," "the agricultural situation" or some other threadbare phrase in the headlines. "Bromides," the newspapermen call them. The head kills the story. It is tragic; some of the themes are of burning importance. But things of burning importance can also seem to be of no public interest. The public resents the professional publicity method of handling these important matters.

Here, then, is an article, split up into sections because it was too full of dynamite for any single issue—but we dare not do it the injustice of headlining it in a way we know would drive readers away. Read it and see if it doesn't mean more to you than anything you have seen on the subject. (p. 24)

Tom Masson has lived among jokes all his life—written thousands of them—edited millions of them. Yet he says there are only seven. The rest are variations. (p. 16)

If an alienist can go on the stand and get a man life imprisonment for a $5-or-10-days offense, because the alienist thinks the prisoner is a moron or something, what becomes of our 12-man jury system? This question may arise any day. Is a science, newly sprung and undeveloped, to take the place of our laws? Is an experimental alienist, so-called, to become dictator of men's liberty? These are questions which a well-known alienist frankly faces. (p. 20)

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The types expanded the earth's girth tremendously in figures recently given in this column. They said the earth was 78,999 miles and 964 thousandths of a mile through the poles. As a matter of measurement, the diameter through the poles is 7,800 and 964 thousandths miles, while the diameter at the equator is 7,926 and 678 thousandths miles.

Though cats hate water, their love for fish is so strong that many instances of their diving into water for a finny meal have been noted.

Henri Bergson, the noted French philosopher, is the son of a Polish Jew who migrated to England.

In place of "heads or tails" in tossing a coin, there are some people in Ireland who will say "Will you have head or harp?" This comes from the coinage struck in the reign of George II, which has the Irish harp crowned and the word "Hibernia."

The average age of marriage in India is 12½ years.

A news-letter, published in London in 1727, states: "Street robberies were never known to be greater than they are at present."

Johns Hopkins was a Baltimore merchant, bachelor and Quaker. He founded the university that bears his name because he believed only two institutions would endure—"a university, for there will always be youth to train; and a hospital, for there will always be suffering to relieve."

Branch Rickey, vice-president of the St. Louis team in the National League, has never seen a Sunday ball game. All his contracts stipulate that he need not report at the ball park on Sunday.

The American Hebrew states that "most of the conversions to Judaism result from intermarriage. It appears that there are more women proselytes than men."

An English sea captain designed Hawaii's flag.

An automobile manufacturer in France has been granted the privilege of the Eiffel Tower for an electric display advertisement.

In India it is considered bad luck for a man to marry an educated or a widowed woman.

When a steam cap exploded in the engine of the Empire State Express on the New York Central recently, the engine ran pilotless, enveloped in scalding steam for more than an eighth of a mile while the engineer and his fireman clung to the side of the swaying monster waiting a chance to bring it under control.

Tyndale, the Bible translator, the 400th anniversary of whose work is celebrated this year, was strangled, then burnt, near Brussels in 1536.

One of Oscar Wilde's sons is a Catholic priest; another was killed in the World War.

A topcoat and bathing suit are often used on the same day in summer by vacationists in the Colorado Rockies.

Several Chautauquas have eliminated the Sunday program this year, while others announce a no-Sunday schedule for 1926. Cause: increased Sunday sentiment in the country.

The father of Colonel Hans Heg, the beloved Norwegian officer of the Civil War, founded the first Norwegian newspaper in America at Norway, Wisconsin, in 1847.

It is reported that Einstein, of relativity fame, will join the faculty of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, this autumn.

The wives of an African husband sometimes go on strike, refusing to feed him until he "comes to time."

To prevent the large accession of Jews to Christian Science, a movement called Jewish Science is being promulgated by Rabbi Levy of Temple Beth El, Rockaway Park.

In many Italian villages bread is taken to the village bakery to be baked, for few homes have fires in them.

The sun is so hot in India that when Dr. E. A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, attempted to cross the street without any covering on his head the natives hurried to cover it, declaring he would suffer from a headache from even so short an exposure.

Victor H. Paltsits, of the New York Public Library, doubts the authenticity of the famous Bixby letter which has been ascribed to Abraham Lincoln.

The first railroad passenger and freight station in the world was the old Mount Clare Station, still standing in Baltimore, Maryland. In this station was received the first message ever sent by telegraph: "What Hath God Wrought?"

When Stephen A. Douglas was making a speech in Milwaukee, in 1860, the platform broke down and someone cried out that the "Little Giant" was running for office on a poor platform.

The proportion of sons who read and write in India is seven times as high as that of the daughters.

Recently in Columbus, Indiana, when a paving stone was removed in front of the Salvation Army citadel, a petrified snake was found. For fifty years before the Volstead Law was enacted, the building was occupied by a saloon.

The white population of the British Empire is only 60,000,000 persons while the number of its native race subjects is 400,000,000.

Some Berlin traffic cops now wear red circles on white wristbands to aid them in making their signals visible.

High Lights in New England Scenery

Where Hawthorne, Emerson, the Alcotts and Other Famous Writers Have Lived

By FLORENCE TAFT EATON

N ABOUT the year 1637, the little town then known to the Indians by the romantic name of Musketaquid or Grass-rown River was bought from them y a little company of families from ngland in such a friendly fashion as merit the name then bestowed upon —Concord. Tradition has it that the rincipal on the Indian side of the egotiation was one Squaw Sachem, a quaw of great influence and ability, ho ruled the tribe with wisdom and ill. A wit of the town hints that it as been under feminine dominion ver since! He also elsewhere hints that oncord has "carried on" the peaceful gnificance of its ame by being mong the first nd foremost in very possible cceeding con-ct and war from ing Philip's to e Great War, which Con-rd's quota well aintained her cient patriotic aditions!

Friendly rela-ons were, how-er, maintained ith the Red Men r some years; t later mis-nderstandings d consequent mity led to a ate of bitter war-re, and Concord came a military post, and ring King Philip's War erected veral blockhouses, the site of hich tradition still indicates.

I venture to say that there no other spot of similar size the United States that at-acts so many tourists as does d Concord, Massachusetts. uring the entire open season tomobiles, "barges," "sight-eing busses," and every pos-ble conveyance bring countless mbers of "Pilgrims"—as they e dubbed by the townspeople to the village streets, to the Battle round, to Sleepy Hollow, to Walden. course this all means that there is mething here to see. What is it?

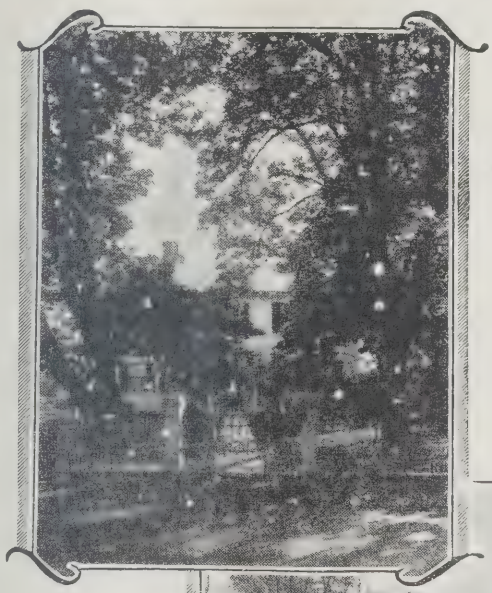
We Concordians are perhaps too t to think that the historic and erary fame of our old town has read abroad and that our Revolu-nary heroes, saints, and literary lebrities are known to everybody. was, however, horrified to find that educated and cultivated visitor m across the water (a young French-man) had never heard of our revered Emerson! I should therefore perhaps say that here, on the banks of our beautiful little river, have lived, at various times, Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, the Alcotts, Frank B. Sanborn, and a score of lesser lights attracted by these brilliant luminaries and our ancient traditions; and that here, on April 19, 1775, was fought the first battle of the Revolution.

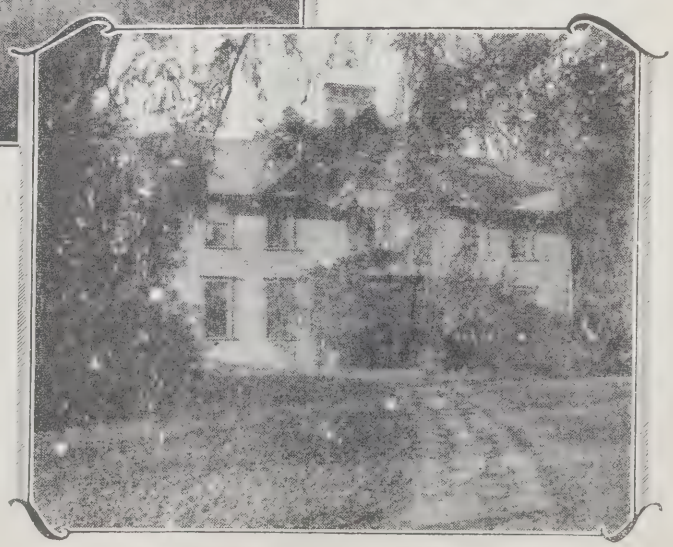
Since I first came to Concord, in 1878, many radical and spectacular changes have occurred. It was then a rather extraordinarily quiet, old-time-y village, where pleasantly simple methods of daily life—entertaining, occupations, dress, and so on—prevailed. We were invited out to "tea," not the present fashionable "five o'clock," but the substantial third meal, where all the good things consecrate to "company"—hot rolls, chicken salad and escaloped oysters, preserves and pound cake the favorite menu—were put on the table at the same time. Evening clothes, except on the most formal occasions, were the exception; and one's "new blue" dress, bought at the beginning of the season, remained acceptably "new" throughout a winter's festivities. People walked, or if fortunate enough to own some not too swift steed, drove, and later bicycled; and youngsters played baseball in roads not a great distance from the center. This was many years before automobiles profaned the village streets. Gas never came, and the electric light and telephone were rather long in coming. They didn't seem, somehow, to "belong."

These were the days, however, when the Giants dwelt among us. One could receive Emerson's kindly smile, often, as he walked to post office or village store, could catch words of wisdom from the "Philosophers" on their way to the famous "School," could—maybe—come upon Louisa Alcott sweeping the flagged walk from her front door; and, moreover, one could at any time pass into the environment of splendid patriotism and historic charm.

Old Concord was, above all things, a place of clubs—historic, literary, and social—conducted with enthusiasm and efficiency. The Social Circle—the oldest, founded in 1782—growing out of the Committee of Safety of the Revolution including twenty-five of the influential and representative men of the town; the

(*Continued on page 29*)





Above—Emerson's home. A walk of marble flagstones leads to the hospitable front door at the right of which is the famous study. Back of the house is a lovely old garden, in which bloom roses and lilies and all sorts of old-fashioned perennials. Center—"Old North Bridge." An exact reproduction of the famous original—where the British and American armies met in the first battle of the Revolution. Right—"Orchard House"—the home of the Alcotts. Can't you see the "Little Women" playing in the pleasant yard, and Meg and Joe starting for their day's work down the flagged walk, with their turnovers instead of muffs to keep their hands warm in winter?

Our New National Asset—Leisure

We Have Now More Spare Time Than Ever; How Is It Used?

By AARON HARDY ULM

WONDER-EYED, puzzled and more than a little perplexed, the American people are discovering a new possession: Spare Time. It is not a new acquisition; spare time, for the run of people, has been on the increase for many years. More of it has evolved during the past fifteen years than probably accumulated during the prior century. The preceding hundred years' production of it, like that of all previous periods, went largely to a comparatively few—to the "leisure classes," the rich do-nothings and the penniless deadbeats. But, lately, time for leisure has been dispersed equally almost with growth in volume. Of that which has evolved in recent years, for example, the common laborer probably has shared in greater extent than the office worker. The employe probably has come in of late for more than the employer. In fact, a very large proportion of the leisure time, that has been recently evolved, belongs to persons with little experience in making use of such a possession. Thus this relatively new acquisition becomes a national problem as well as asset.

Leisure a Problem as Well as an Asset

Some persons rate this development of leisure as the outstanding social phenomenon of the time, presenting possibilities that are as fascinating as they may be far-reaching.

"The problem of the 20th century," says W. D. Ross, an educator writing in the *National Educational Review*, "is not the creation of wealth. The achievements of the 19th century have insured this result. The problem is not primarily the distribution of wealth or the conservation of natural resources . . . The problem of the 20th century is *the conservation, which means utilization, of the leisure time of the people.*"

Walter Pangburn estimates that the people in the average American city of 125,000 population now have, aggregately, a million leisure hours a day. In a year they have leisure time in which, if so applied, a Panama Canal could be built. Amplified nationally, the aggregate is all but incalculable. It is far more than any people of the world ever had before.

This has come about mainly through reductions in the number of hours given to occupational labor. Some of it is due to the traditional basis of legitimate leisure, the accumulation of property. While there are no statistics on the subject it is probable that twice as large percentage of the population now turn incomes from savings into leisure as was able to do so at the beginning of the present century.

Most of the leisure time which Americans now have on their hands, and particularly its wide distribution among all the people, is due to increased production which in turn results from the expanding use of inanimate power via machines.

"To accomplish the work done annually in the United States, at least the equivalent in such kinds as men could perform, would require the labor of three million hard working slaves," say Chester G. Gilbert and Joseph E. Progue, in *Power: Its Significance and Needs*, published by the Smithsonian Institution several years ago. "The use of power gives to each man, woman and child in this country the service equivalent of thirty servants."

These authors estimate that it takes the muscular strength of 20 men to yield 1 horsepower of industrial energy.

In 1919 the installations of primary power employed in manufacturing industries reported on for that year by the U. S. Bureau of the Census totaled 29,504,792, the equivalent of the strength in the muscles of nearly 600,000,000 men or more than 100 times as many as of persons actually employed in the industries covered! In primary power used for manufacturing there was an increase during the preceding ten years of around 35 per cent. The number of men employed per horsepower decreased about 6 per cent; the value of the product, in comparable money units of real value, increased nearly 20 per cent.

The period was marked, as has been that since 1919, by a shortening of the hours of labor, without corresponding lowering of wages, in manufacturing industries. *Wages, in fact, have increased more than hours of labor have been reduced.* Yet the latter amounted to more than all of the reductions made during the hundred years preceding 1909.

How the Hours of Labor Have Fallen

In 1909 only 12 per cent of wage-earners in the manufacturing industries of the country had an 8-hour day. In 1923, 58 per cent of all wage-earners in manufactories reported on by the Census Bureau worked when on full time an average of only 48 hours or less a week. Even as recent as the year 1914, 26.9 per cent of all wage-earners in manufacturing industries worked 60 hours or more a week when on full time. In 1923 only 7.3 per cent averaged 10 hours a day, and only 1.9 per cent averaged more than 60 hours a week of full-time work.

One gets a better and more up-to-date view from studies made by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics as to hours of work in several big branches of industry.

For instance, one of these studies taken at random, shows that hours of labor in the men's clothing industry fell from an average of 51.3 hours a week in 1914 to 44.11 in 1924. In the boot and shoe industry the hours declined from 56.1 in 1907 to 48.5 in 1924. In the steel and iron industry, hours of labor have declined, since 1907, an average of 10 to 20 per cent; in blast furnaces they have fallen 25 per cent within the last five years. In the cotton textiles industry—long notorious for the length of working days—full-time hours of labor shrunk nearly 10 per cent for all the country between 1910 and 1924.

Four and Six Hour Days Are Predicted

The statistics have to do of course only with full-time employment. They do not take overtime or time off into specific cognizance. What these elements amount to is indicated by the fact that in 1924 while the full-time hours worked in cotton mills averaged, theoretically, around 52 a week they averaged actually for all workers only about 44 hours a week. The difference is accounted for by unemployment, illness, vacations and other incidental factors.

The record, however, makes certain that the average of workers in such industries as manufacturing and mining now have from 10 to 20 per cent more time for leisure than was allowed by the operating schedules of plants ten years ago. In many cases it is more. A sufficiently large number of persons now work 44 hours or less a week to warrant statistical rating by the census takers, whereas ten years ago the tables began with a grouping of those who worked 48 hours a week or less. Census reports then grouped those workers who still pursued 12-hour or longer days of toil; now the highest group put forth in tables is that of those who work 60 hours or more a week.

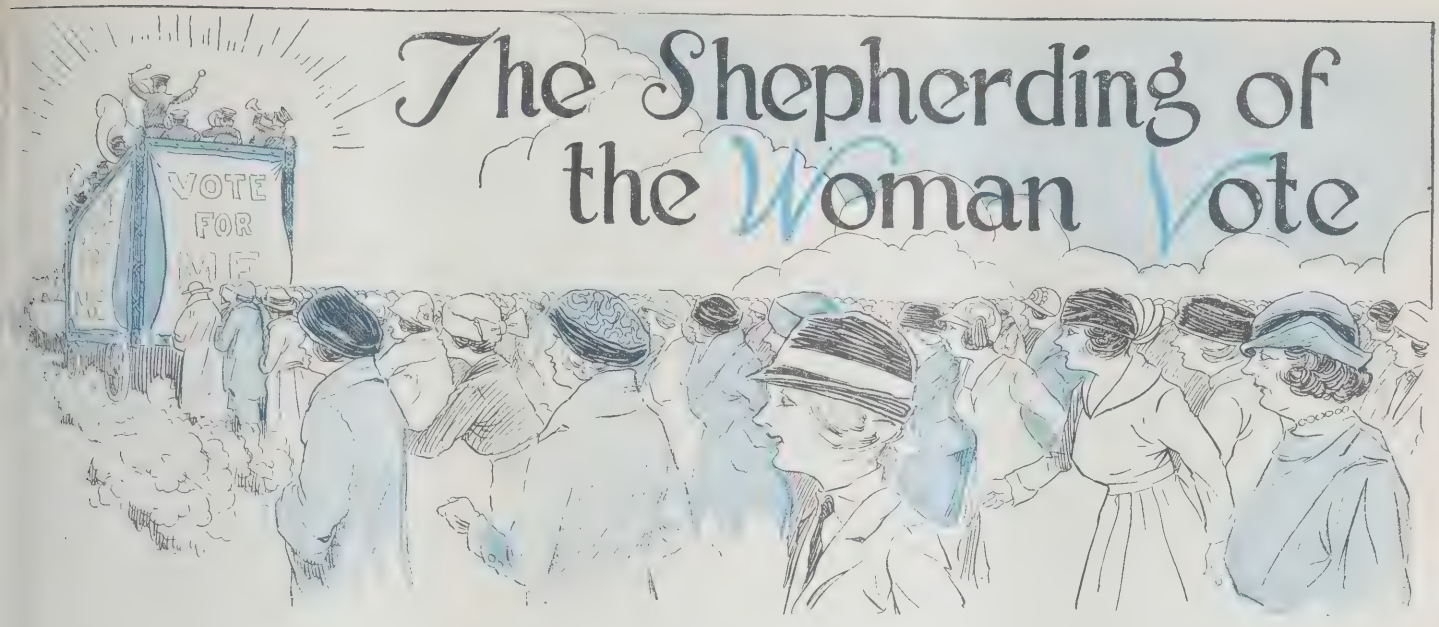
The 12-hour day is gone, the 10-hour day clearly is passing; and some observers say that in another decade the 6 and 4-hour day will be common in that branch of industry classed as manufacturing.

And one result is a great volume of leisure time for millions who until recently had little of that luxury.

And the practice of giving vacations is much more general now among employers than it used to be.

One can only generalize as to the leisure time now available (Concluded on page 22)

The Shepherding of the Woman Vote



By COURTENAY SAVAGE
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM H. FREYSE

THERE is a game popular among children called "Follow the Leader." It consists of unquestioningly following the "stunts" performed by the leaders of the group, and it has been played through the ages. At the beginning, doubtless, some imaginative youngsters set to watch the flocks noted the silly way in which the sheep which they tended followed the leaders, and made the game in imitation of the dumb beasts.

Now, offhand, it may seem both unfair and unkind to commence any article having to do with the practices of American women with a reference to sheep, but there have been so many direct accusations to the effect that the women of the country have made the very serious mistake of becoming the prey of the leaders of the various political *isms* that abound in this land, they all too often have been misinformed and hopelessly misled, that the comparison is almost an unconscious one.

The subject of political leadership for women is one of vast importance, and the accusations of misguided leadership are of such a serious nature that they cannot help but demand consideration. Is it true that women lack the ability or the initiative (it must be one or the other) to think for themselves? Have they been blindly following any leader who could sway their imaginations? If they have been guilty of such pacing behind the band wagon, do they now, by any chance, realize the fact, and are they now in a position to profit by any errors they have made?

The fair way to approach such a subject is to go back to the days of 1920 when the women of the country were presented with the national franchise—and told to vote!

To understand clearly some of the things that were taking place in those first days of woman suffrage it is necessary to recollect that suffrage had been fought for by two great parties of women; one group who calmly felt that they were entitled to a voice in the lawmaking of the country, and made their demands in a dignified manner; the other group consisting of those militant women who found glory in such acts as picketing the White House, and going to jail for their conduct.

The women of the more militant group were known as members of the Woman's National Party, and, immediately the law was passed allowing women to vote, this Woman's National Party began a fight for what its members called "equal rights." These so-called "rights," had they been granted, would have given the women of the country a legal equality with the men—but, *the passage of this bill of equal rights would have made it impossible for any law to be passed that would in any way protect a woman or her child!*

Can you imagine the condition of any country that ceased to protect its home-makers, its mothers? It is one thing for a woman to vote, to have a voice in the making of the laws that concern her home, her children's education, the roads over which she travels, the food she eats—but even to consider depriving her of legal protection is preposterous.

Yet, for a time, the women of the country were so dazzled by the words "equal rights" that the Woman's National Party threatened to become a power. And it was not until such powerful national organizations as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Y. W. C. A., the American Association of University Women, the National League of Women Voters, and so on, began to drum into their members just what the "equal rights" law stood for that the precepts of the Woman's National Party began to be discarded by American women as a whole.

There are some who might claim that in rejecting the plans of the Woman's National Party the women of the country were thinking for themselves, but anyone making a most casual study of the situation will quickly note that in reality they were but doing as they were told by their leaders; by the heads of the various clubs to which they belonged, for it is, of course, a well-known fact that all of these women's clubs were quickly joined together in one common bond by the passage of the law which gave the women the right to vote. This union was brought about by the club leaders, and the political representatives of these clubs became known as the Woman's Joint Congressional Committee, a committee which boasted that it represented 12,000,000 women and included every prominent woman's organization of national character on its list.

It was this Woman's Joint Congressional Committee that instituted what has become known as the "kitchen cabinet," a group of women spending most of their time in Washington, many of them holding positions in the Federal bureaus there. These women made a practice of lunching together one day a week, and more or less deciding what they felt would be the best political course for the women of the country to follow; "deciding" because the "recommendations" they sent back to the organizations they represented were pretty much tantamount with an order.

It was this "kitchen cabinet," backed by the Woman's Joint Congressional and 12,000,000 women that passed the Sheppard-Towner Act. Popularly known as "the Maternity Bill," the Sheppard-Towner Act has, as everyone knows, been a storm center ever since it was passed by a frankly awed Congress.

"The great mass of the women turned a willing ear toward any leader who might give them political advice."

As a matter of fact the Sheppard-Towner Act is a well-meaning law, but its physical working out was to be done through the health departments of the various states, *each state to aid the Federal Government*, not as the state saw fit, but as the Sheppard-Towner Act dictated.

That was the rub!

Consider, for instance, the health department of any of the progressive states in the Middle West! That health department is not only adequate, but without exaggeration might be called excellent. To such a state the Sheppard-Towner Act was but a burden, something neither needed nor wanted. Yet, on the other hand, in the mountain districts of a backward state the aid offered is not only necessary but a great boon to humanity, for the doctors of the region are few, and nurses fewer, and the most primitive care is offered to the woman during childbirth and to the child in infancy.

In the light of such a state of affairs it can be easily understood that it would have been much better if the sponsors of this act had centered their activities, not on Washington, and a Federal law, but on any state where the law would have its good effect.

Many a woman knows that fact today, but only because she has seen the working of the Sheppard-Towner Act, and has realized that she had been unwise in voting blindly, unwise in "following the leader," as it were.

The passage and the practical application of the Sheppard-Towner Act really taught a lesson to women—and to the men, too, for that matter, at least so it would seem in the light of what happened later.

It was this way: not long after the Sheppard-Towner Act became a working law a Child Labor Bill was brought before the lawmakers at Washington. This Child Labor Bill pertained, as the name implies, to the labor of children. It was a measure that had interested President Harding, and the bill also had at least the partial indorsement of President Coolidge. With Congress it was a favorite measure, for those who fathered the bill laid stress on conditions existing in those portions of the country where child labor is unprotected. The Southern States, for instance, have long been notorious for the method in which children are employed in the fields and factories, and a frequently drawn picture that brought sympathy for the bill was the plight of the children who worked in the shrimp fields of Louisiana, picking shrimp until their little fingers were numb.

The Child Labor Bill, aided by many and various organizations, went through Congress. Before it could become a law, however, it was necessary that a referendum be taken, that three-quarters of the states vote in its favor. So the Child Labor Bill was sent to the legislatures of the states of the Union to be ratified or rejected as the voters the state thought best.

And something happened that the who had advocated the bill had n looked for. In Massachusetts, f example, one of the first states whe the bill was offered for approval, it w rejected. Other states rejected states in New England, in the Sou and West!

What had happened was thi *the voters of the country had stopped think!*

Most certainly the vast majori of voters of the country believe in t protection of children, but *they r membered that state after state had ve excellently effective child labor laws a ready in operation, and that these stat needed no Federal guidance nor inte ference! Remembered that each state in the long run better able to care for i individual problems than is a Feder Government!*

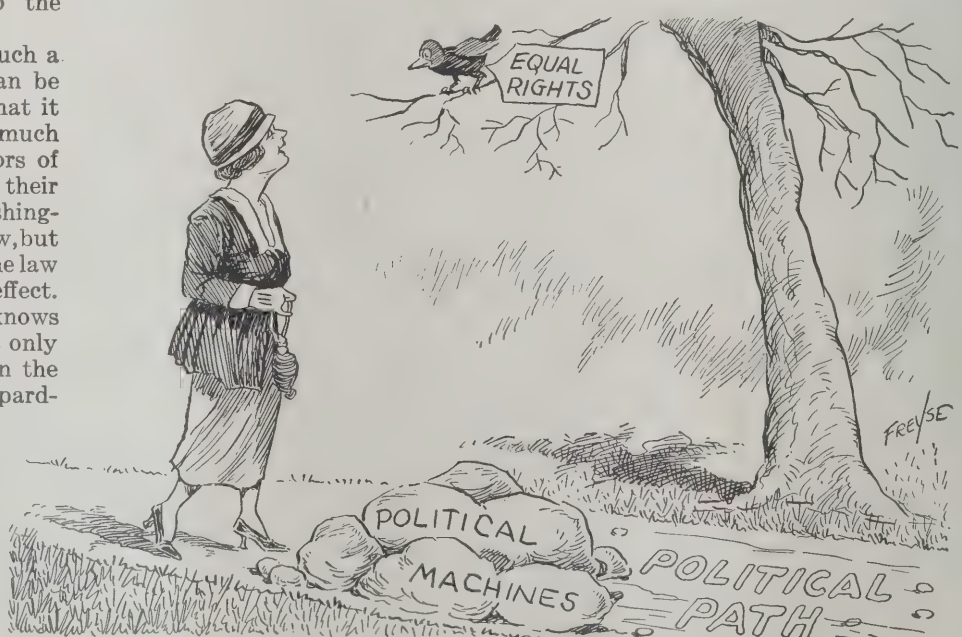
And far more important than tha *by stopping to think, the average vot came to a realization that a centralize government as emphasized by such ac as the Sheppard-Towner Act and th Child Labor Bill is too close to Com munism to suit the American people.*

Of course, those in favor of th Federal passage of the Child Labo Bill will never admit these facts, bu the facts remain. And they remain s strongly, so pointedly, that the grou of workers who have hoped and talke for years in the defense of a Federa Education bill have stopped to thin twice before offering it to a people wh as Nicholas Murray Butler, the pres dent of Columbia University, ex presses it, *are doing their own thinkin for the first time.* Thinking and realizin that they cannot shift the burden o the state to Congress, because Congres is not for the taking care of tha burden.

Of course, the rejection of the Chil Labor Bill doe not mean that al danger of false political leader ship for America women is passed but it would seem that it is not s great as it wa five years ago After all, it is a fact that you ca measure and con tribute to the val ues of political life only as you ca measure by ex perience, and through profiting through any mis takes that have been made.

To rid them selves of the temp tation, the danger, of false leadership, the women of the

(Concluded on page 18)



"More than ninety per cent of the American women were not alive to the dangers that lay along their political path."

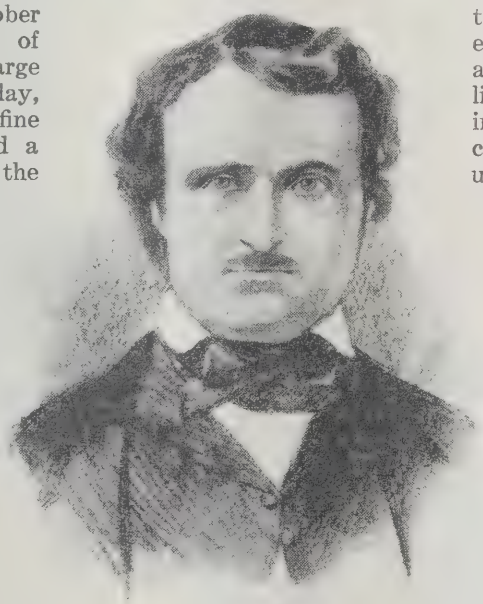
Mrs. Whitman Tells Her Story

By EDITH DICKSON

Sarah Helen Whitman.

FORTUNATELY there are still some houses with garrets where stores of old furniture, pictures, books, and letters form a connecting link between the past and the present. In an old house in Ridgefield, Connecticut, the home of Miss May Rockwell, the New England house-cleaning season in 1924 became the occasion of a holocaust of letters which had accumulated in the attic for more than seventy-five years. As one heaped basket after another was carried down and its contents emptied upon the bonfire in the back yard, a bystander casually picked up a letter, and opening it looked at the signature, Sarah H. Whitman, then glancing over the pages saw references to Mr. Poe. At once memory began to work. Edgar Allan Poe was engaged to Mrs. Whitman and the breaking of that engagement was one of the sensational episodes in his adventurous career. A hasty search resulted in the salvage of three more of Mrs. Whitman's letters, which together furnish an interesting history of her romantic acquaintance with Poe.

The letters are all addressed to Mrs. Mary E. Hewitt, of New York, who like Mrs. Whitman was a writer of verse and who was, also, the editor of sundry annuals, compilations, and periodicals. The first letter, dated October , 1850, consists of eight pages of the large letter paper of the day, closely written in fine script. In it and a later one written in the same month Mrs. Whitman tells the story of the breaking of her engagement with Poe. The circumstances which led to the narration as well as the history itself are best given in her own words.



Edgar Allan Poe.

After an introduction in which she refers to the true feminine style of 1850 to her feelings on first reading some lines by Mrs. Hewitt published in *The Harbinger*, saying, "I thought then, as now, that nothing was ever so sweetly, so gracefully, and so tenderly uttered as your Love's Pleading," she explains the causes which led her to confide to Mrs. Hewitt the history of this trying episode in her life.

"I this morning received from New York a volume entitled, The Literati, for which I am, I presume, indebted to the politeness of Mr. Griswold. In turning over its pages a paragraph which is not more unjust to Mr. Poe than it is in every way painful and wounding to my own feelings arrested my attention. I allude to what is said in regard to the dissolution of our engagement and the incidents attending it. I am perplexed in the extreme to account for the mention of these anecdotes, so obviously painful to me and so uncalled for, even if they had rested upon any reliable authority. The many polite attentions which I have received from Mr. Griswold, the great kindness with which he had always spoken of me, the confidence which I have reposed in him on this very subject and the friendly feelings which have always subsisted between us render his course in this matter utterly inexplicable to me. I am constrained to believe that he has been insidiously and unconsciously wrought upon to give publicity to this piece of gossip by the person who originally promulgated it. I have heard the story before.

I had it is true given Mr. Poe a promise that I would endeavor to obtain my mother's consent to our marriage before the end of December, but unforeseen obstacles presented themselves over which I had no control. Our engagement was from the first a conditional one. My mother was inflexibly opposed to our union and being in a pecuniary point of view entirely dependent upon her, I could not, if I would, have acted without her concurrence. Many painful scenes occurred during his several visits to Providence in consequence of this opposition.

"The story of the Police is without a shadow of foundation. Neither did Mr. Poe after obtaining my mother's consent to our marriage commit any of those excesses charged to him. This consent was not obtained until the evening of the twenty-second of December. On the twenty-third Mr. Poe wrote a note to the Reverend Doctor Crocker requesting him to publish our intention of marriage on the ensuing Sunday. He also wrote a letter to Mrs. Clemm* informing her that we would be married on Monday and should arrive at Fordham on Tuesday by the second train of cars.

"We rode out together in the morning and passed the greater part of the day in making preparations for my sudden change of abode. In the afternoon while we were together at one of the circulating libraries of the city, a communication was handed me cautioning me against this imprudent marriage and informing me of many things in Mr. Poe's recent career with which I was previously unacquainted.

"I was at the same time told that he had already violated the solemn promises he had made to me and to my friends on the preceding evening. I knew that, even had I been disposed to overlook these things myself, they must within a few hours come to the knowledge of my friends and would lead to a recurrence of the scenes to which I had been already subjected, and I felt utterly

(*Concluded on page 28*)

*The mother of Poe's deceased wife.

"Who is behind the committee?"

How the System "Worked the Women"

Things That Are Buried in Organizations

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD.

THE other day I was invited to serve on a Committee. Now, if I have a pet aversion, it is Committees. They are devices of the devil to prevent results.

You may point to the Committees of Congress and cite the amount of work they do. But, dear soul, don't you see?—Congress is itself a Committee which would never get anything done did it not say to half a dozen men, "Here, you get this done," and to another half-dozen, "Here, you get that done." The so-called Committees of Congress are czars and autocrats appointed to save Congress from its own committeeism.

I asked the man who invited me to serve, whence this committee idea had come. He began to tell me what it was going to do—abolish crime, or something. I asked him again, who was behind it. He told me who was *on* it. Finally I told him that I did not care a dog's hang who was *on* it; I wanted to know who was *behind* it. He didn't know.

I told him he ought to know. I told him it was a favorite practice of the more intelligent human assistants of his satanic majesty to observe when good citizens were becoming awakened over this or that condition, and prevent their ever seeing the thing as it was, prevent their doing anything about it, by organizing them into a Committee.

You can bury anything in Committees. They are the cemeteries of promised-awakenings-that-were-smothered. General Booth used to say that if the Children of Israel had been ruled by a committee, they would never have crossed the Red Sea (or as Dr. Moffat has it, the "reed" sea). There is a place for autocracy, and nothing of value ever gets done without it. We are all monarchs by divine right until we abdicate to a Committee.

My friend did not know who was *behind* the committee in which they were preparing to bury him, and in which they wanted to bury me. He knew all about the committee and its very respectable members, but he did not see the undertakers beyond the outer rim.

I was put on this train of thought by reading an article about the way women are misled in their efforts to inform themselves upon political questions and to utilize their new-found franchise for the benefit of the race. The article was true. The whole thing was true long before anyone saw it or had courage to tell it. The entry of women into the political field had the effect of throwing the whole system of propaganda and demagogery off its balance, it betrayed itself, in its eagerness for exploitation.

I am glad that the exposure has been made. I am not sorry at all that false women leaders are enraged; their rage will do more to open the eyes of American womanhood than all the printed exposures can.

But I think women can be congratulated that the first fruits of their entry into the field of political issues was the exposure of the system of propaganda. Women can take the credit to themselves. It is a great service to the country. We must not think of the women as the victims of this system, we must think of them as the exposers of it, since but for them the exposure would not have occurred so soon.

For the system that was exposed is the system that has been worked on the men, lo, these many years, and the men never discovered it!

Not a man but will agree that women's clubs and associations and leagues have been "worked" to the limit by all sorts of influences. The difference was, of course, that for the women's benefit they paraded under idealistic forms. That was the compliment they paid to the American women. But the same influences, without the idealistic camouflage, has always "worked" the men. And I think that fact will dawn upon the men as the significance of the women's experience becomes clear to them.

Did you never hear a woman say: "Of course, I wondered why the Club should do that, but I couldn't say anything." Did you ever hear a woman say: "We were going to do this, but someone heard from headquarters, and it wasn't done. No reason was given; no one asked; and I didn't want to seem officious or inquisitive."

Buried, you see. Buried in the organization. Gagged, hobbled and haltered.

And it is the same with the men.

We would never have seen it so clearly, however, had it not been for the women.

So I set it down as a big score to their political service to the country.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

ONE reason, perhaps, for the rather general desire to engage in religious discussion is that it is probably the one subject on which the greatest variety of opinions can be entertained on the slenderest basis of knowledge. The Reality itself and our reasoning about it are not necessarily the same, though our reasoning may be one effect in us of the Reality's existence.

At any rate, it is amusing when one considers the limitations of human knowledge to behold the dogmatists of what is called "science" and the dogmatists of what is called "religion" crowing over each other. They seem so little to realize that all they represent are certain facets of mind. And both of them the same mind. Yet they won't speak to each other. One figures that the other is going down into the pit, and the other figures that the one is steadily receding into the dark ages of ignorance and superstition. The fact is they are both going on together.

There is no reason why religion should not be scientific and no reason why science should not be religious, since it is, after all, a matter of range. Run the gamut of thought and experience, and you include both. If one reaches farther than the other, it is only because we can always see farther than we can leap. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for." A man does not denounce his hope because his hope goes far beyond his hearing. Nor does a man doubt his sight because he can see farther than he can reach. Yet if he damn his hearing as the enemy of his hope, or denounce his hand because it does not function as the eye, he is a fool.

There are science, philosophy and religion, these three, and the greatest of all is a combination of them. It is idle to say that one deals with reality more than the other. They all deal with realities. Facts are not all on one plane. Science is not limitedly material. Religion is not limitedly spiritual. Matter and spirit are terms we use to make distinctions which perhaps do not exist in the way we commonly think they do. They are the poles whose opposition means action and balance—from matter the action to materialize spirit, from spirit the action to spiritualize matter.

Science deals with facts and their relations. It sometimes does not know what to do with its facts, as some money-makers do not know how to use wealth. Philosophy searches for the meaning of the whole, regards truth as the astronomer regards the heavens—as a system—and seeks for the key to the system. Philosophy, were it on the one hand scientific and on the other mystical, would stand as umpire in the world of thought.

Science has reached the point where it can say, "This is a fact forever." Not in all things, but in some. It can say, "Do *this*, and certainly as night follows day *that* will result." Something like this religion seems to lack, not in itself perhaps but in its presentation—"Do *this* and *that* will certainly result." It would be excellent if for a time everyone would just set down what he *knows*, and no more; what formula is *sure* without deviation. We need something of the certainty of chemical experiment.

Not that all religion would have to be brought down to that, but there should be that aspect of it. Even science is not brought to that practical and provable basis in all things; a hypothesis is but the faith of the scientist reaching out, in something like prayer and supplication, into the unknown for facts and truth to light upon it and confirm it. The only fundamentalism is what men *know*, and what they are innately urged to believe and search for. Nothing is ever shaken in religion, philosophy and science except guesses and speculations.

If at times the spirit of science challenges religion to take account of what it knows as distinct from what it reasons or hopes; if at other times religion challenges science to take its nose out of the mud and turn its eyes toward the stars; if philosophy betimes takes them both to task and demands *what they mean* by this and that, and how this and that are related, it is all an indication that the three are *one mind* in *three functions*. They conceive each other to be separate, and the individuals representing them show contempt for each other. Which indicates that with all their wisdom they know least about what is nearest them—namely—themselves and their human society.

All of these thrusts of the mind, now in one direction, now in another, are the struggle of mankind toward self-realization. Blindly they follow paths which they fancy lead apart, but which will merge in unity and light.

> *THE superiority of contempt with which the various departments of thought regard each other is amusing if one knows that leaf and bark and root are all one tree. The wise men do not seem to know that their differences are sections of the unity which is struggling to enshrine itself in human thought. Ecclesiastic and physicist, each is an illustration of this struggle, though one may suspect the other. Neither of their specialties will dominate, save temporarily; both will be merged in truth, which is greater than both. If disputants saw this—but, then, when people see this there are no disputants.*

"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

The Court-Martial?

COURT-MARTIAL of Colonel Mitchell is probable, and would be quite natural. An officer who for any purpose or from any motive violates the code of army discipline is automatically subject to court-martial. But to read some of the newspapers, one would think that a court-martial was a hanging or lynching bee. It is, instead, a court composed of officers usually of equal or superior rank to that of the officer on trial—a jury of his peers—and its purpose is to inquire into truth or falsity of the charges brought. It is an opinion of long standing that no fairer court exists than the American military court.

This explanation seems to be necessary because of the attempts that are being made to give the Mitchell inquiry the appearance of a persecutory and condemnatory action. It was flung broadcast through the country that Colonel Mitchell's change in rank from brigadier general to colonel, when he finished his term as chief of the air force, was in the nature of punitive demotion. Such a report was not quite fair to the United States Government. And it is quite as important to be fair to the United States Government as to Colonel Mitchell. The present air chief will in his turn go back to his former rank to make room for another officer's tour of duty in that post. Colonel Mitchell has made statements which the Army, in fairness to Colonel Mitchell and to itself, may consider as calling for the inquiry which a court-martial can give. This inquiry will be conducted with all the high ethical responsibility which Army officers bear toward each other and the Service and the Government. What it will yield is yet to be seen.

There are those who believe that Colonel Mitchell, instead of being the "victim" of a court-martial, has been deliberately inviting such a development to provide him with the best means of getting his views formally before the Government for a decision on their merits. If this is true, any side-propaganda to the effect that Colonel Mitchell is being "persecuted" by being given this trial, will be doubly unfair. There are indications, however, that certain influences are not too scrupulous to take this means of attacking confidence in the Government.

The Government and the Army are certainly not out to punish any man whose zeal for the military safety of his country leads him to proclaim the possible sources of danger. If there does exist personal spite or prejudice, it is reasonably certain that a court-martial, instead of furthering it, will expose and destroy it.

The First Warning Signal

GREAT BRITAIN now confesses herself in the grip of Russian revolutionary power. The alignment of certain vital elements of British trade unions with a definite and ordered destructive program directed by the Soviets has been established at the bar of public opinion and in the court of history. There is no doubt about the *fact*. England feels at last the tentacles of her would-be destroyer. The war was but the cracking of the shell from which emerges a more terrible thing, and the real struggle is about to commence.

No words need be wasted in an attempt to help the people realize how profound is the import of these facts. The profoundest facts are never deeply realized. But it should be at least the beginning of a sense of significance that the Prime Minister of Great Britain has risen in Parliament to deliver such a warning as has never been heard before—not to the community, but to the Communists. He accused the trades unions with having both the will and the power to destroy the productive and necessary economic peace of the country.

"But let me say this in conclusion . . . . If the will to strife should overcome temporarily—for in this country it could only be temporarily—the will to peace, and if we are ever again confronted with a challenge the nature of which I have described, *no minority in a free country has ever yet coerced the whole community.* (Cheers.)

"The community will always protect itself. The community must be fed, and I am convinced that if the time should come when the community has to protect itself with the full force of the Government behind it, the community will do so, and *the response of the community will astonish the forces of anarchy throughout the world.*" (Cheers.)

There, in brief compass, is confession, warning and prophecy. It describes the course of free nations' reaction to the long-ignored fact of revolutionary borers in their midst. That reaction, when it comes, "will astonish the forces of anarchy throughout the world." Anarchy, Sovietism, revolutionary Communism have never yet faced a free people.

Lowden, Capper and Sweet

FREDERICK WILLIAM WILE fittingly writes of Aaron Sapiro. It is natural for all, sometimes even for the Christians, to help their own. If Wile in journalism wishes to cooperate with Sapiro in this questionable business, it is quite all right, provided the Washington *Star* doesn't object.

This paragraph, however, concerns neither Sapiro nor Wile. It concerns Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois; Senator Capper, of Kansas, and former Governor Sweet, of Colorado.

Mr. Wile, who apparently has inside information, says, in the Washington *Star* of September 4, that Sapiro expects to put these three gentlemen on the stand. Mr. Wile ventures the statement that Senator Capper regards Mr. Sapiro as a genius.

We think it is a kindly act to suggest to these gentlemen, in view of the possibility of their going on the stand as Sapiro witnesses, that they search the country over for a successful Sapiro cooperative. We suggest further that they inquire why Sapiro is not on the coast where cooperatives are thick, and why he has transferred his activities to parts where he is least known. If Mr. Lowden, Mr. Capper or Mr. Sweet can obtain knowledge of a successful Sapiro cooperative now in existence, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will give the fact national publicity.

News Beat of the Future

THE *Shenandoah* disaster was reported by farmers and country newspapermen. They did a good job of it. The nearer one got to the scene, and the more small Ohio dailies and weeklies one read, the more one learned of what really transpired. The country newspaperman and his farmer neighbors proved themselves equal to the task when the big news story "broke."

It suggests a coming change. Events will not continue to be confined to great cities where mighty presses roar. Events will scatter everywhere with our wider transportation facilities. Events that transpire in cities today are all of the same kind. Put a New York head on a Chicago paper, and print Philadelphia local news in Detroit, and there would be no difference. The bulk of our local news originates at the police sergeant's desk—whose blotter is transcribed for our evening or morning delectation, at the hospital receiving desk, in the divorce court, or in the gossip corner of the city hall. Local news that originates outside these sources would not permit the publication even of a weekly now where we publish teeming dailies. There is no variety in this news; it is always and everywhere the same.

But the really big news of the day is beginning to "break" elsewhere. Observers and reporters will be everywhere, for "everywhere" will be the news beat of the future.

Is It for High Schools?

IT IS amusing to read the drivel which continues to follow in the wake of the defunct Scopes case. By perceptible degrees a twisted meaning is given the event until now some writers are bewailing that Mr. Scopes was "prohibited from making scientific research" and that the children in his care were denied the privilege of delving deeply into biological problems. Mr. Scopes, of course, knows nothing of evolution except what he has read in the textbooks, and much of what he knows by that method he will have to discard in ten years, if he still follows the textbooks, because of the revisions which will ensue. The great difficulty in the educational aspect of the controversy is that there are no biologists teaching evolution in the high schools; there are merely teachers who are just one jump ahead of the pupils in the study of the textbooks.

A scientist who is a naturalist and an evolutionist writes us a letter, one paragraph of which we lift from among other wise observations to share with our readers:

"Beyond doubt evolution should not be taught in the common schools any more than higher mathematics or spectrum analysis of the stars, for the simple reason that it cannot be comprehended, except by specialists of long training. If 99 out of 100 high school teachers of biology or science were asked what they knew about the gradational variations between species and genera of marked transitional character they would be at sea."

There Are Always Two Sides

A WOMEN'S club magazine contains an article on the World Court. Its purpose is to educate its club member constituency into the pros and cons of the argument.

The article contains exactly 157 lines of type.

Of this amount, the magnificent sum of seven lines is devoted to a consideration of the opposed point of view.

And of these generous seven lines, one line is used to state the question, "Upon What Is Opposition to the Court Based?" One line and two words (counted as two lines) are devoted to the answer. And the remaining four lines are used to show that the opposition is baseless.

So that of 157 lines, only one line and two words are given to stating the other side.

Where are club women to get the facts bearing on public questions if this one-sided policy is to be followed by club publications?

A glorious example of Gothic architecture in the picturesque village of Burgos.

Bridge over the Tagus at Toledo.

A Wanderer in Spain

Where Life Steps on Like a Mule Team

By V. S. PRITCHETT

—August, 1925.

WHEN the bird in one of Baroja's books said, "I seem to be looking for something but I am not," he went to the heart of the matter. Spain is a traveling, ambling, searching, this way and that way, discursive country. Life, like conversation, drifts from vagueness to vagueness, from idea to hope, from hope to despair, from despair to protest, and from protest to sunny resignation. Life steps on like the walking of a silver donkey, or like a mule team, straggling, jingling, sagging from one side of the road to the other. Bells and wandering.

Who was it poured the breath of wandering on the air? Castile, that tremendous, bony table-land, a cruel, bare, lifeless plateau, sun-beaten like a copper pan in the summer, frozen and iron-bound with cold, and lashed by the wind in the winter—what joy can there be in taking its lank, starved roads? Why did Don Quixote take the shadeless stretches of La Mancha, that pitiless country? Or Borrow, every road in Spain? Why did Baroja send his characters everywhere by road? What is the impelling spirit that sends them, sends us all, out on the roads with a grim fatalism and makes us find in Antonio Machado's lines the joy of the bittersweet of our journeyings?

"Never when they come to a place are they asked where they have come from. When they journey they ride on the back of an old mule. They do not know what it is to hurry, not even on feast days. They drink wine when there is wine to drink. Where there is no wine they drink fresh water."

As soon as one puts foot into Spain one feels the arms of travel pulling at one.

Last in Europe to build railways, today with perhaps the worst railway system in Europe and certainly the slowest, Spain is still the country of the road. When the fastest trains do not exceed thirty miles an hour and the average is nearer fifteen or twenty, even railway traveling has all the characteristics of a stagecoach ride. Hour after hour one rumbles from wayside station to wayside station, stopping indefinitely amid a hubbub of peasants in rugs and shawls, and with their belongings and animals around them. The train is only another beast of burden. The peasants treat it with the same lack of respect, with the same familiarity. Everywhere dust and the eternal sun. Everywhere shouting, smiling and confusion. Oily black smoke belches from the engine and blackens everyone and everything. At whatever hour of night one arrives at stations—and Spanish trains generally arrive at junctions at three in the morning—the platforms will be littered with peasantry as in a refugee encampment, waiting, walking, sleeping on their sacks and bundles until their train wanders in. One has the sensation of traveling vast distances, of being transported across a continent in a night, of taking part in an exodus. One leaves Madrid in a roasting sun and arrives at three in the morning at an old town standing high on the table-land, in biting cold. One is cool in Madrid and one arrives thirteen hours later in the roasting heat of Seville. As one goes south the stations (already easy-going, dirty places) become hotter and dustier. Trees—poplars and

planes—are planted on the platforms, and men in high-crowned hats and black-shawled women are sitting under the trees drinking and talking. The train comes as a pleasant social incident, like the arrival of a diligence at an inn. The crowd thickens. One sees the bright uniforms of the armed police. The train wanders out as casually as it came in. No one notices it except the beggars who, half-naked, sing a song of thanks for the pennies and bread that have been thrown to them. So in sun and dust and song life wanders away.

Like the slow wandering music of Spain are the journeys. They fall from note to note. After hours of traveling the spirit of the country gradually seizes one. As the sun warms the limbs and contents the heart, so the slowness and the wandering lull the mind into a meditative idleness. Hard and harsh as the jars of life may be, harsh as the twang of a guitar note, yet one is glad to drift and let the rhythm of this crude Spanish life master one's own. As after days of tramping in strange country one feels its mountains, its plains, its roads, its roofs, its rivers are part of one, as though the soul had marched forward and gathered the world into itself as the foot gathers paces; so it is with the long-drawn-out wandering of a Spanish railway journey. One feels the blue and ocher table-land of Castile with its heights, its snow-crowned Sierra, its cracked, drought-smitten valleys, its light-flooded leagues, its walled towns sunk into the earth, its violet silhouettes piercing the sky—Burgos with its spires, the hot roofs of Valladolid, the sun-eaten walls of the Keep at Medina del Campo—one feels it all within one, and one knows one is abandoned to the spirit of wandering. One feels one may be a new Quixote.

And the roads? And the inns? And the food there? And the beds? And the people? Travelers' questions. How many scores of times have I taken the Spanish roads! To Alcalà de Henares one day, where Cervantes was born, a great center of learning once, a pale, deserted, bare place now, with heavy arcades to the streets and hard-voiced bells in the churches banging the irregular hours. What a wind was cutting from the Sierra that day. Over fifty miles of treeless plateau, brown, gray, bony, and as bare as the back of a mule old in the harness, the wind cracked like a drover's whip. It was winter and the river beds—bone-white and dried up in the summer—were bulging with red swirling water. Line after line of straggling mule teams, with loads of charcoal, meal and flour, swayed and rumbled.

To pass the night in some of the tumble-down hamlets of the wilder parts of Castile, particularly in the less frequented spurs of the Sierra Guadarrama, is an adventure. One sleeps in cavernous *posadas* and, amid the most genial company, one eats the roughest food. There is the Inn of the Rat in Manzanares el Real, a desolate heap of roofs crouching at the foot of a ruined castle. The inn is a dingy little wine-shop with a big open fire at the back where all the horrors of the cooking take place. The men of the family sleep in benches standing in recesses. When I arrived there one winter night at about eight o'clock I sat down at the table in the kitchen, and immediately a pig squealed and ran from under the table. I was shown into an upper room with eight beds in it. It was stone floored, and had one window. The old innkeeper apologized for the absence of his wife who was away at the market in Colmenar, and within a few moments was telling me all his family history and all his troubles. How the village was starving, and how the *Marques* who owned the land had taken the best land from them for purposes of his own. "If we weren't such a peaceful lot here we would have thrown the old uncle into the lake and burned his house," cried the old man dolefully. I listened for two hours to his troubles. Heard his father was a queer man who had married twice. The first wife had lived for twenty years after her marriage. Then the father married again, and this woman went mad within three years, and was now the talk of the neighborhood. She was then eighty-four, and her husband had long since gone to join his first lady.

Typical street scene in Cordova, Spain.

Little by little I managed to steer the innkeeper to the subject of food. I asked him what he had. He replied with true Castilian hospitality, "We

have everything. Whatever you say I will bring."

"Well, what meat have you got?" said I.

"Meat?" he said. "That's difficult now. You see, if I had known you were coming I could have got something. But we don't kill until the day after tomorrow."

"Well, chicken?"

"That's difficult. At this time the chickens are scarce and make poor eating, what there is of them."

"Eggs?"

"We sold all our eggs this morning. Tomorrow I could get you a pair. But now, it is impossible." Then brightening up—"But what have you brought yourself?"

Happily I had some bread and cheese with me. The innkeeper made me some very hot and watery bread soup and cooked some horrible *bacalao*, or dried and salted fish, which one can buy in strips in any of the *ventas* or *posadas* of Castile. The people live on *bacalao* and round beans and gristly veal, bathed, of course, in olive oil, and sharpened with garlic. That night I slept on a tressle, a mattress stuffed with wood shavings. At midnight laborers and their wives came into the room, and, politely wishing me a good-night, took off their boots and got into the beds with all their clothes on. The window was closed and shuttered, and there we all slept, or tried to, eight of us!

Better Fare May Be Found in the Asturias

The traveler fares better up north, in the Asturias. The country is richer. There is more rain. There is good pasturage for cattle. One summer I left Santander and for a fortnight tramped the lordly Picos de Europa. Santander itself is a clean, white seaport, with that air of sea-going prosperity one finds in all the ports of Spain from Valencia to Bilbao. The Asturians are energetic, progressing people. They were the first to drive the Moors out, and ever since they have been producing good cider and good lawyers. For a fortnight my limbs toiled over the goat tracks and cowpaths of the Asturian mountains, under skies piled and blue, over the stone walls of the mountains, the confines of which have not been mapped. Peasants tell tales of wolves and bears in these mountains, and travelers are warned. I saw nothing wilder than a shepherd, and he was wild enough in all conscience. He was covered in brown sheepskins tied about him with leather thongs. He carried a horn and a satchel of hide. He was a tremendous man with black shaggy hair like a mountain ram. He had large wild eyes like an animal's. Finding me lost in the mountains and night falling he guided me over the pass. He told me how he hated the life of the mountains, living day after day in the lonely passes minding the cattle. As I left him at the top of the pass I heard his wild voice calling to the cattle and singing snatches of roaring song. The echoes rose like startled birds and flew about the necks of the mountains. I picked my way by moonlight over the black mountain, eight miles of boulders and streams and goat tracks, to a little eagle's nest of a village called Oseja, at the top of a profound gorge. Most stories of horrors of Spanish inns are to be distrusted, but every now and then one strikes a bad place—an inn like the inn of Oseja.

A Wayside Inn Where the Odors Were Violent

I arrived at midnight and had great difficulty in persuading the old lady who kept the filthy place to take me in. She gave me oily, gristly veal, and bread to eat; and without much delay packed me upstairs to a small and evil-smelling room. The inn was a cavernous building. Downstairs was a workshop and a kitchen and a hall, all three littered with refuse, old barrels, boxes, bottles, wine skins, jars, food. Chickens and goats had their home in the hall. The odors were violent. But in addition to these odors my room had ones of its own. In the morning I discovered that two newly flayed goat-skins were hanging by the window, and some meat! Below were a piggery and a yard full of donkeys, goats and calves. I passed a terrible night.

I had long talks with the Asturian peasants and the long and short of all their conversation was that everything was wrong. Everything was the fault of the bad governments. I got side-lights on the continual agrarian differences, the quarrel between the rich farmers and the poorer ones, and so on. The innkeeper at Oseja, in whose appalling inn I had suffered so much, was more bitter than any. He said his region was the most beautiful in the world and that the church and the government beggared it. It is the same tale wherever one goes in Spain. "What is going?" you ask anyone. And the reply comes back smilingly, "Disasters! Calamities! The bad government . . . " The land quarrel does lead to immigration. That is certain. The youths of Asturias, despairing of ever making headway in their own mountain passes, go off to South America for ten or fifteen years and leave the women to carry on. Sometimes the villages are left almost only with the women. The young men talk of going to Cuba as though it were nearer than the next market town, so strong is the custom.

Among the Olive Groves of Andalusia

When one goes over the long stretches of Extremadura one sees little but uncultivated land in many parts. The big proprietors inclose the land for shooting and hunting. The peasants tire of their fruitless labors and go abroad. In Andalusia it is the same, though there they labor on the olive groves of the nobility. A few moments' talk with any of them soon reveals the deep discontent there is in this beautiful country. But it is the same story. "The bad governmen . . ." and there it ends. Well said th proverb "He who talks against Spai is a Spaniard."

Andalusia in spring is a paradise flowers. Earth and sky are prodigious generous in light and color. Mile aft mile one tramps the red roads und avenues of dancing eucalyptus, acro wide *dehesas* where the fighting bul are bred, up mountain sides lined wit thousands of marching olives an vines. The air is soft and suave, an one inhales a delicious idleness. But is a traveling country. One canno remain still without drifting into tha heaviness of spirit and day-long vacuu of mind which settles upon all wh stay. The monotony of Seville, wit all its spring and glory, the enchant ments of its narrow streets, of it white houses, its spectacled window with its gypsy-dull people with thei ceaseless talking about nothing in th world except bulls and women, deaden one.

But get on the road and the wind o travel blows away inertia. One ca tramp to Ronda in its red mountains in its purple and golden mountains, th hillsides gay with almond blossoms, th road jingling with the bells of silve donkeys carrying their loads of burnin oranges. Malaga on the Mediterra nean with one of the most perfect cli mates in the world, one can go to where sugar cane and oranges an lemons, and strange tropical thing thrive in the hot blue air. Who wil ever forget the color of the sea a Malaga, and the coral light of the sk when the sun has gone down after day of copper heat

Men and Women, Donkeys and Mules

If I were t write about all th roads of Spain tha win the traveler' heart, and tell also of what is mor important: of the contented, complain ing, resigned men and women wh ride their donkeys and drive thei mules there, I should never end. life is a road, the tale of the Spanis road is as endless as life itself. But a one treads those plains which brough forth their Cortes and Pizarro, thei Don Quixote—for was he not a rea person after all?—something of thei great wandering spirit enters one' heart. Here the breast of the earth i warm. The great arms of the earth seem to draw one and to clutch one to th breast of the soil with the cry of th Andalusian mothers, "My blood! M blood!"

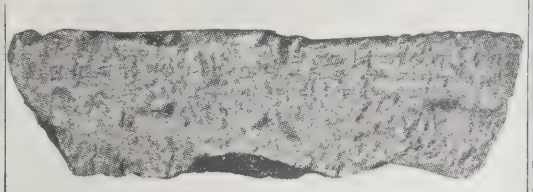
Spain is a country steeped in ro mance, and Andalusia is romance' fountainhead. It bears the same rela tion to Spain as Gascony does to France In it there still survives that indescrib able air of things Eastern which is reminder of the many years of Moorish domination. There yet remains tha fatalism and misty glamour that belongs to still more distant lands.

Paving Not a Modern Improvement

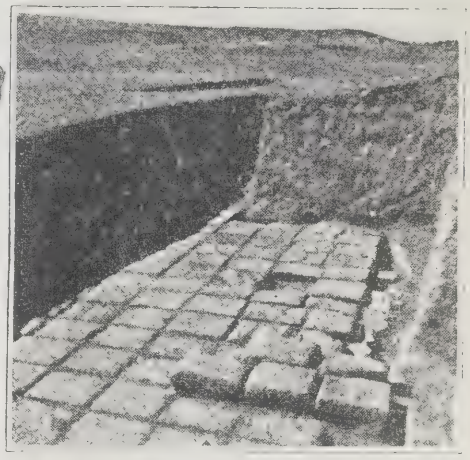
King Nebuchadnezzar Drove His Chariots Over Pavements of Asphalt and Brick

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

The sacred way, Babylon.



Paving block of the Procession Street.



View of Procession Street, east of Etemenanki.

WHEN the average citizen recounts the glories of his home town or city, and boasts of its modern improvements, he is always sure to include in the list paved streets.

In reality, the paving of thoroughfares for the use of pleasure and commercial traffic is not at all a modern practice, and dates back to long before the Christian Era.

Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon from the year 604 to 561 B. C., was a thoroughly up-to-date monarch in regard to improvements. It is stated that during his reign he practically reconstructed the entire city. When he had completed a piece of work which to his mind was especially worthy of credit, it was his custom to record it upon the walls of the city, that his name might be honored by future generations who might read the story.

In the so-called "Procession Street," which led from the king's palace to the north wall of the city, have been found some bricks, upon which, according to the translation, was inscribed the following:

"Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, he who made Esaglia and Ezida glorious, son of Nabopolassar, King of Babylon. The streets of Babylon, the Procession Street of Nabu and Marduk, my lords, which Nabopolassar, King of Babylon, the father who begot me, had made a road glistening with asphalt and burnt bricks; I the wise suppliant who fears their lordships, placed upon the bitumen and burnt bricks a mighty superstructure of shining dust, made them strong within with asphalt and burnt bricks as a high-lying road.

"Nabu and Marduk, when you traverse these streets with joy, may benefits for me rest upon your lips; life for distant days, and well-being for the body. Before you I will advance upon them. May I attain eternal age."

Another inscription that has been found states that Nebuchadnezzar credits his father, Nabopolassar, who reigned from 625 to 604 B. C., with having laid the first asphalt block pavement of which there is any record.

In the great Throne Hall of the Palace of the King, in the city of Babylon, there was a pavement of burnt bricks, each of which had cut into it the name of King Nebuchadnezzar. These bricks were set in asphalt, and, according to a writer in the *National Geographic Magazine*, were so firmly welded or mortared together that it was impossible to part them without destroying the bricks entirely.

Today, motorists who speed along the national highways of America, only imitate the Babylonian monarch who, more than two thousand years ago, rode in his chariot over a glistening pavement of asphalt and brick.

It was on Pennsylvania Avenue, in the city of Washington, D. C., in the year 1876, that the first asphalt pavement was laid in America, and from then until the present the increase in the mileage of paved streets has been enormous. Every town of any size can today boast of its smoothly paved streets.

There are few persons who realize that the construction of a pavement is as much of an art as the building of a house, and, perhaps, more so; that the brain of the chemist and engineer, as well as the brawn of the man who rakes the hot mixture, or guides the roller, must be exercised before a pavement that will last for a reasonable period and not break down under the traffic of the modern city can be laid.

A city street, over which thousands of vehicles pass each day, unless it be constructed to bear the load which is imposed upon it, retards commerce and delays the promotion of trade.

In the selection of the best type of pavement to be used in any particular location, many things must be considered, among them: Ease and smoothness of traction; slipperiness; resistance to impact; ease of cleaning; noiselessness; ultimate cost, including maintenance for a given period.

Each type of pavement has its good qualities and defects and each its ardent adherents. In some localities the preference is given to brick; in others to wood block, while in others, granite block, concrete or asphalt is chosen. Since the work on Pennsylvania Avenue, the art of paving has been greatly developed until now it has reached almost an exact science.

The most famous avenue in the world, perhaps, is Fifth Avenue, New York City. It is the show street of the Western Hemisphere, with its big hotels, magnificent churches, handsome residences, and its almost unending throng of pleasure-seekers from all parts of the globe.

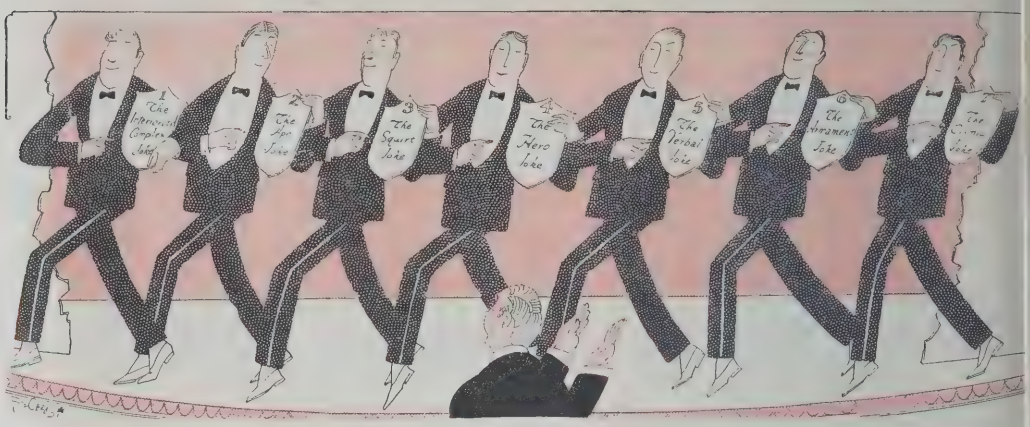
Fifth Avenue was paved in the year 1886 with granite blocks upon a concrete foundation but, notwithstanding the care taken in its construction, within four years the pavement was in a very unsatisfactory condition. It was patched from time to time until in November, 1896, the work of putting on a sheet asphalt pavement, as it is called, was begun. This pavement lasted until 1913, when it was resurfaced.

The traffic on Fifth Avenue has always been heavy, and in recent years has increased enormously. In a traffic census taken at the Worth Monument in 1885, in 11 hours, 5,460 vehicles passed; 6,300 in 1896, while in 1904, vehicles totaling 12,068 passed over a similar section of the avenue in 12 hours.

In July, 1917, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second street, now conceded to be the busiest corner in the world, a census taken from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. showed that 16,960 vehicles passed. In 1923, the number had increased to more than 20,000, the majority of which were motor-driven.

Today, from Washington Square, with its fountains, its beds of brightly colored flowers during the summer season, its great white (Concluded on page 32)

There Are Only 7 Jokes


1 The Inferiority Complex Joke
2 The Sex Joke
3 The Squirt Joke
4 The Hero Joke
5 The Verbal Joke
6 The Ornament Joke
7 The Chestnut Joke

"In general these seven original jokes cover the entire field of humor."

By THOMAS L. MASSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

DID Mark Twain say there were only twenty-nine original jokes, or was it less? Every once in a while I see some reference to a statement supposed to have been made by him, to the effect that all jokes come from a few ancestors, accumulating courage and atmosphere as they go along. The number has been variously estimated from seven to twenty-nine.

The late Robert J. Burdette, himself a very considerable humorist, estimated, I believe, the number of original jokes at seven. My own estimate is seven, and—as old Bill Jones would say if he were alive—I can prove it.

Since Mark Twain and Bob Burdette have passed into that bourne from which no joyous laughter echoes back (which doesn't prove that it isn't there), a lot of mundane laughs have flowed under our bridges. But, after all, there are no new ones—they only seem so. There is probably nothing older in the world than the first joke. It may have been the one which Eve played on Adam, and which is now being revived by the younger generation under the explosive ejaculation, "Applesauce!" Certainly the newlyweds are the oldest comic characters in the world. It may have been the joke that the whale played on Jonah—his gills vibrating with quaint merriment—when he remarked, "You were a stranger, and I took you in."

"The first joke may have been the one Eve played on Adam."

The mother-in-law joke could scarcely have been the first one, as those first newlyweds—if we are to go by the Bible—didn't have any mother-in-law. When the *in-laws* began to appear, however, they made up in number, ferocity, curiosity and offensive amiability for the first omission, and they have now spread so they cover most of the inhabited parts of the earth.

That there are only seven jokes in the world among so many human beings seems a bit too thrifty on the part of a parsimonious providence, or whatever it may be that dispenses jokes. But in sober reality this is a generous stint and so much more in proportion than in other departments of life. In the literature of sex alone there are never more than *three* characters, represented by the "triangle" of the unsuspecting husband, the unsuspected best friend, and the misunderstood wife. But out of this triangle, think of the jokes, many of them quite grim!

Ten years ago it would have been impossible to classify properly these seven original jokes. Psychoanalysis had not then been invented. Psychology in general—which, next to humor-classifying, is the dullest science in the world—has come to the rescue. There are seven jokes, and only seven, because there are only seven attitudes. That is to say, we can laugh only in seven different ways. And if laughter is dying out, even seven ways may seem too many.

When you come to reflect upon it in this simple manner, you will see how easy—and how inevitable—it all is. Two college boys were discussing the death, followed by the usual funeral, of the father of one of them. The other boy, more curious than sympathetic, asked:

"Is your father really dead?"

"What do you think he is doing?" asked the other, "practicing?"

Now this is a very old friend, dressed in new academic clothes. It is precisely the same joke that passed current during the war when a young American was detailed by his *in-laws* to go to Paris and look up grandma, who had wandered away from the home fires. He discovered that the old lady had died at the same time a distinguished Russian general had also passed out. In the confusion the two coffins had got mixed; he completed his investigation too late to remedy the matter. So he cabled back: "Grandmother buried yesterday with full military honors." These jokes spring from the same parent, not because they are mortuary, but because the funereal atmosphere is evoked to bring up to the mind the sharp contrast of an incongruous picture, easily visualized. Nobody is hit off. No satire is implied. No truth is expressed. Nothing of consequence occurs. We don't even believe that these things happened. We see a picture suddenly presented which acts as a shocker upon our traditional, conventional thought. We laugh. This joke (with its companion) is number five on my list. It is verbal. It depends entirely upon a certain arrangement of words, and has no other significance. It is word-play and nothing more.

Yet here must be noted a surprising phenomenon: at least it seems so, until we come to understand the essential human quality of all jokes, and that is that this word-play has a serious side. Half the time it deals with these plays on words, puns calling up incongruous pictures for a laugh, and the other half its play on words has back of it a really profound idea. That may make it belong, in part, to another number. *Punch* pictures a socialistic agitator in a park, quite impassioned, shouting to his meager audience: "On the dawn of the horizon I see a new Error." (How often, indeed, is an Era an Error!) Here is an abstract idea turned into sharp satire by the misuse of a single word.

Let me now begin respectably at the head of my list, with possibly the greatest joke of all, the father of them all, "the head and front of all thy offending," namely, and to-wit: the ancient and honorable I. C. (Inferiority Complex) joke.

Nothing, doubtless, can be older than that joke. Adam felt the coming emotion of it in his sense of inferiority, his utter helplessness in taking the apple. If his wit had then been as sharp as that of a lad belonging to a later generation, he would have smiled courageously at Eve and said, "There ain't going to be no core!" just to prove what we now know to be so true:

that it often takes only bad grammar to make a popular humorist. The most prominent and notable form this I. C. joke assumes is that of the henpecked husband. I refuse to give any examples. The subject is too painful. But this joke does not stop here. It is man's relief from his own sense of weakness. It is a kind of mocking sublimation. It is not all defensive, but there is in it an element of defense, as when Mark Twain, when asked at a dinner in London by an English lady if he had seen Queen Victoria, replied, "No, I was out when she called." Or when, similarly, Eugene Field, also addressed by an English lady who spoke of the inhabitants of America as if they were primates and asked if this country were not rather wild, replied: "Dear me, yes: when I was caught I was up a tree."

The Inferiority Complex joke at its best—if not its funniest—is perhaps best indicated by Abraham Lincoln's remark when he once addressed a girl's seminary. When called upon at last he rose and said: "Young ladies, I have been looking at you and you have been looking at me—and I have the best of it." That is an instance of humility with a fringe of humor: for the idea of a homely man like Lincoln comparing his appearance with a group of handsome girls is incongruous enough to raise an inward chuckle. Another example is that revealed by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Short in stature, he attended a medical meeting of very tall men. "I feel," he said to one of them—presumably the tallest—"like a three-cent piece among a lot of pennies." We know about the chronology of that repartee from the reference to the three-cent piece.

The Inferiority Complex joke, as thus defined, is a late comer among the traits. The psychoanalysts tell us that to it is due a large part of what success may come. Most of the big humorists are supposed to have had it in excess, at least, in the beginning. When they begin to recover from it, and feel superior, their humor falls off in quality. Mark Twain had it, Bill Nye had it. Artemus Ward—Lincoln's favorite—had it. He held himself up to ridicule, especially in his waxworks lecture, thus making others ridiculous with himself. That is what the I. C. joke in its purity does—it pulls everyone down to one's own level. It is a cruel joke. The henpecked husband may thus be a pitiful figure: but in some subtle but none the less definite way his wife is made to seem even worse. The fact that, in the joke, she never knows that she is worse seems, somehow, to make it all seem still worse.

We come now to the Ape joke, a comprehensive and imitative affair, the *motif* back of burlesque, parody and the more abstract satire and irony. It is not only imitative, but shot through with dramatic sense, from mere acrobatic horseplay to the finer sort of farce. Perhaps it has best been indicated by the novelist Fielding who, in his introduction to *Joseph Andrews*, intimates that to raise a laugh it is only necessary to depict human beings as they are—that makes them ridiculous. This leads me to note in passing that, in spite of the belief to the contrary, brevity is not always the soul of wit. The Ape joke is the pattern for burlesque. In its abstract form it is a satire on Man. *Gulliver's Travels* is an Ape joke *in extenso*. Parody, farce, burlesque, satire—yes, all these various refinements of the original—spring from the same source. The success of the Ape joke, tenuous or climactic, depends upon the accuracy with which

"Most young fathers are quite innocent in their effort to show that their own brilliancy has at last come out in the child."

the imitation is made. It is essentially mimicry. Most of the jokes that are told of the people of other countries are Ape jokes. In telling them, we imitate the gestures and the utterance of the Irishman, German, Frenchman, Italian or Negro. The success of the joke so largely depends upon the mimicry! Harry Lauder, who mimics the Scot better than anyone, tells a story of two of his countrymen getting on a trolley and seeing a pretty girl. One of them whispers, or burrs, that he knows (kens) her.

"Shall I introdooce ye?" he asks.

"Wait, Mon," replies Sandy, "she hasna paid her fare yet."

The point of this joke would be lost if it were told in plain speech of two Americans. This indicates the process of building up the background for jokes, going on all the time. Thus an atmosphere of thrift has for generations been slowly created by professional wits around the Scotsman. Now, every time we meet one or hear of him, we begin to smile involuntarily in advance at the prospect of some shockingly stingy display. In his case, the historic process is plainly indicated. It began with, or was largely weaned, by Samuel Johnson. The tradition was fostered by every succeeding English writer who mentioned the "dour land." Mark Twain capped the climax when he remarked that there were only two Jews in Scotland—they could not get money enough to escape. There is naturally a basis for this Scotch affair, just as for the Negro, the Irishman, and so on. But it must be remembered that the actors themselves, perhaps subconscious of the reputation fastened upon them, actually imitate this exploited characteristic. Thus I have known Irishmen to make conscious bulls, merely because they were Irishmen. Few of us realize how we are so unconsciously playing up to the estimates of us made by others.

I have named the fourth joke the Squirt joke, because it seems to deal so largely with water. The degree with which water, in every form, enters into popular humor, from seasickness to garden hose, is well-nigh incredible. Without running water, probably half the comic writers in the world would be out of a job. Most of the motion picture comedians must have the constitution of a porpoise for they appear to pass their time like drowned rats, flooded from bursting plumbing, or drenched to the skin with seltzer bottles and rubber hoses. This Squirt joke is by no means, however, confined to material things. Expressly, it is the joke which deals with the misfortunes of others, and is probably the most extensive joke there is. There seems to be no human infirmity so distressing, or no tragedy so horrible, which does not serve as a fair mark for the joker. Deaf persons particularly have furnished a considerable literature of jokes. One considered the best in a collection of my own concerned itself with a man who saw a house on fire and hastily and repeatedly rang the bell until finally a deaf lady appeared.

"Madam, your house is on fire."

"What's that?"

"I say your house is on fire—flames are bursting from the roof."

"What did you say?"

"Fire! Fire!"

"Is that all?"

"Well, it's all I can think of."

This Squirt, or misfortune, joke deals with all subtleties of thought, so that, quite often in tracing it, it does not reveal its true character except under rigid scrutiny. *Punch* remarks, anent the news that an electric toothbrush has been invented by an American, that this will doubtless do away with the old custom of sending one's teeth to the local power house to get them charged. Probably nothing in the human anatomy causes, on the whole, more downright discomfort than teeth, yet a misfortune so common to all of us is a perfect mine for the wits, and dentists' wheezes are always in order. The best cover that *Life* ever ran pictured a small boy writing the word "Liar!" on the door of a "painless" dentist. Prolific sources of the Squirt joke, besides garden hose and the dentists, are the blind, the lame and the halt, hell, baldness, poverty, ugliness—in fact, nothing is sacred in the whole range of human misery.

We next have the Hero joke, which is quite largely responsible for all the children's sayings, and in this one respect worthy of more comment than I can well give it in a limited space. All of us have delusions of grandeur, which our practical sense of shame throttles down to innocuous displays of conceit. The intelligentsia, generally childless and shameless, are also ignorant and can get rid of their self-worship complexes by writing bad poetry or criticism and getting it praised by their own limited circle, but common people, who produce nothing but children and have to work for a living, have no relief except through their offspring. Hence their subconscious ingenuity excites itself by putting into the mouths of their children the wisest cracks in the world. That other parents don't think them wise, and that they are generally stupid, doesn't matter. They all laugh anyway for there is a defense conspiracy among all parents to hang together outwardly, a kind of reciprocity in applause. Most young fathers are quite innocent in their effort to show you that their own brilliancy has at last come out in the child. One of them will tell you what Junior said, after his mother had asked him how naughty he thought he was, but he—the father—doesn't need to state that Junior's brilliant wit, upon this historic occasion, was inherited from the male side.

Charging It to Her Grandmother

We trace the Hero joke through all of its manifestations, from the blatant badinage of Bernard Shaw in his depreciation of Shakespeare (compared, of course, to G. B. S.) to the story of the little girl who, visiting her wealthy grandmother and being told not to ask for anything to eat, suddenly appeared in the midst of the company exclaiming: "The kitchen is full of cookies, but what is that to me?"

And there are still two more jokes. Let us consider them briefly before we arrive at our conclusion. One of them is what I call the Armament joke. It is self-defensive. It is that by which we repel the attacks made upon us. A young woman is shopping in Paris. The new salesman is what we would term "fresh" in America. He doesn't know his place. The attack is Gallic.

"How much is the muslin?" she asks.

"One kiss the yard," he replies.

"Give me ten yards—that will be ten kisses. You may charge it to my grandmother." (Note the French precision in calculation.)

In Fear of Not Being Misunderstood

Oscar Wilde was defensive when he remarked that he lived in constant fear of not being misunderstood.

The last, but by no means the least in importance, is a joke which is quite difficult to name, but is by far the most valuable. It deals with a much broader sense of values. It is sanitary, often a form of patriotism. It is impersonal, not in its definitions but in its principles. In its best and most representative form it is probably the finest fruit of the reflective faculty. After some deliberation I have given it the name of the Cosmic joke. The humorist thus sets himself apart. He becomes a spectator. His mission, based on truth, is as a corrector of human imperfection. He does not hesitate to employ exaggeration. His wit is penetrating. Telephone operators, he declares, humanely should work eight hours and sleep eight hours, but not the same eight hours. A committee, he declares, should consist of three members, two of whom are absent. In England a woman appears in court and tells the judge that her husband has been trying to strangle her for twenty years. Whereupon a Cosmic wit, reflecting upon the British temperament, remarks, "It is just this dogged persistence that has made us what we are." Mr. Chesterton asks, 'Why condemn Christianity, when it has never been tried?" And so on.

With the incomplete structure I have erected, the curious and interested reader can go on and work the thing out for himself, if he is tired of cross-word puzzles. In general these seven jokes cover the entire field of humor. They are:

1. The Squirt joke. Dealing with the misfortunes of others.
2. The I. C. (Inferiority Complex) joke which serves to sublimate one's own sense of inferiority.
3. The Ape joke. Dramatic. Racial. Imitative. Character.
4. The Hero joke. Narcissus complex working through others.
5. Word-Play joke. Puns. Pictures created through adjustments of words. Verbal, and so on.
6. Armament joke. Defensive.
7. Cosmic joke. Impersonal. Looks down upon this little planet. Deals with principles.

Shepherding of the Women's Vote

(*Concluded from page 6*)

country must measure their politics in the terms of which they are most familiar; have got to think of government in almost the same terms as they think of the management of their homes. Then they must search and find the truth as they see it regarding the accepted political machines that govern their home town or city. After all, the sidewalk and road before the house, the milk and food on which the children are fed, the schools which the children attend—these are political issues, and they are also the daily interests of the women of the country. You might almost say that the women of the country should feel compelled to play a definite and independent part in politics because straight thinking and voting are the only sure methods a woman has of keeping her home safe, and of protecting the future of her children.

Considering the political status of American women of today it would seem in the light of their recent activities, including the presidential vote of 1924, that they have at least turned their faces in the right direction—if they have not actually stepped forward. The seeking of leadership and the finding of the wrong leaders set the women of the country back at first, set them back a good four or five years—but the rule of the *ism* is passing, and in its place is growing a definite line of political thought that is in keeping with the best traditions of this great nation.

Embraces Two Races

BELGIUM is made up of two distinct races, Walloons and Flemish. These people are equally divided speaking a language as widely different as English is from Spanish. But though racially and linguistically the Belgians make up a sort of house divided against itself, politically and religiously they constitute as staunch a national entity as does French-German-Italian speaking Switzerland, and they have stood together through the centuries under various rulers. The Walloons may be said to form the French-speaking half of Belgium, for though a very few in and out of the way districts know only the French-like old Walloon language, modern French has replaced that speech for the vast majority of the Walloons. The other half of the Belgian partnership is made up by the Flemings, whose speech, Flemish, differs very little from Dutch. The Catholic people of Flanders, however, have been divided from their kinsmen, the Protestant Dutch, by a religious gulf for hundreds of years and prefer to cleave to their fellow-religionists, the Walloons.

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Are Alienists to Rule Our Laws?

"Psychiatrists" Are More and More Influencing Criminal Court Decisions

By HOWARD W. BOWMAN

THERE comes in the study of the psychopathic clinic as it at present functions in connection with the criminal courts of many of the larger cities of the country a most pertinent question: Are a few psychiatrists, professional practitioners of a comparatively new science, to be the arbiters of our liberties, instead of the body of the people who determine the laws?

Mention has been made in previous articles of the manner in which psychopathic analysis is made of individuals, how their mental age is arrived at and how the psychiatrists would have the governing agencies treat the mental delinquent, yet the laymen, after learning of the practices and theories of the psychiatrists, would like to know whether this new science will not destroy certain protective barriers that our laws have thrown around us. The answer of the psychiatrist is that the general scheme of social adjustment will be changed if his suggested mode of procedure is adopted.

When Dr. Arnold L. Jacoby, head of the psychopathic clinic, operated in conjunction with the Municipal Courts of Detroit, was asked the question: "What defense will the offender have against the recommendations of the psychiatrist?" he promptly replied:

"There will be no defense."

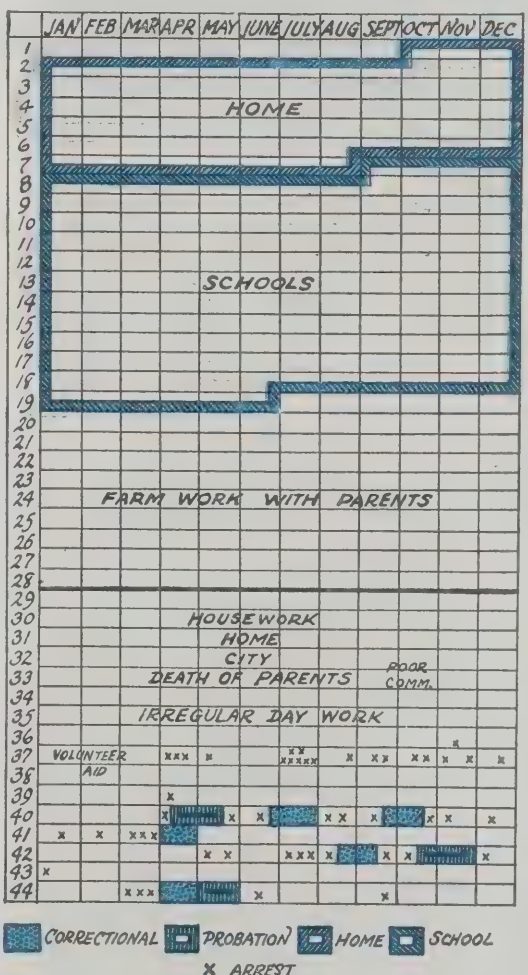
It was expected, when the question was put, that the answer would contain some highly scientific explanation but its mere simplicity seemed to make it all the more startling. Therefore, the next question that came to mind was:

"With this science put into practice will not our personal liberties be abridged?"

"What must be done to meet the problem of mental delinquents in our social life will not be doing anything more than has been and is being done in the case of insane persons," said Dr. Jacoby. "We must get rid of the idea we must punish the dementia praecox case by placing him in a dungeon. The mentally deficient burglar must be quarantined. It would be up to those in charge of the institution where he was confined to say when he should be released.

"No, the individual will have no defense. The great problem that confronts society today in the treatment of criminals is how to do away with the contentiousness of the law. The day the psychiatrist hopes for is the day when all this contentiousness is eliminated. In a recent celebrated murder trial in Chicago the psychiatrists, or mental experts, called by the state, pleaded with the state that they be allowed to meet with the experts for the defense and 'talk the case over' giving each other the benefit of their knowledge and experience, but the state said, 'No, the public wouldn't consent.'

"If the prosecution is to place psychiatrists in a position where they will recommend that the individual be given institutional care, it would only be keeping up the contentiousness we now find in the law to have psychiatrists appear in behalf of the offender. By this method social adjustment—for which we are striving—would not be served. The contest must stop."



The home period of this woman's life indicates on the chart that from the summer of her nineteenth year, when she completed her schooling, until she was twenty-eight years of age she remained at home with her parents, working on the farm. For the next three or four years she worked intermittently at home and in the city at housework. In April of her thirty-third year her parents died within a few weeks of each other. She drifted downward in the social scale until we see her arrest record beginning in her thirty-seventh year. From then on to the present she has been arrested repeatedly for drunkenness and disturbing the peace. Each star on the chart indicates an arrest.

Then the rather blunt question was asked: "Are we to be judged for our offenses by experimental standards or by the common sense of our fellow citizens?" And the reply was:

"Both. The experts' standards take into consideration a common-sense basis of inquiry."

"The contentiousness of the law only retards social adjustment. I recall having a man in the clinic who sat down and very frankly recited the manner in which he had committed an offense charged against him. There was no question but that he was guilty of the offense, and he was a mental problem, but his lawyer 'beat the case' for him and thereby supervision of his future conduct was lost."

One of the eastern states has enacted "some forward-looking and practical legislation." One law requires "a psychiatric examination and study of every person indicted by a grand jury for a capital offense, or any person who is known to have been indicted for any other offense more than once, or to have been previously convicted of a felony." The State Department of Mental Diseases is called on to "cause such a person to be examined with a view to determine his mental condition and the existence of any mental disease or defect which would affect his criminal responsibility."

A man in this eastern state was recently charged with murder and under the caption, "The Better Way," the *Mental Hygiene Bulletin* thus reports the case:

"Note that the psychiatrists appointed . . . are not asked merely to declare the person as 'sane' or 'insane' but are permitted the wider and more sensible latitude of discovering the presence or absence of 'any mental disease or defect.' The man in this case was examined by four psychiatrists. . . .

"The next step in this unique display of common sense in medico-legal affairs was taken when the trial began. Twelve jurors were drawn in forty-five minutes without a challenge. The district attorney to whom the reports of the psychiatrists have previously been given then outlined to the jury and the court the facts of the case.

"He described the crime and emphasized the utter absence of a motive, 'as sane beings understand the term.' No hatred of the victim existed, no quarrel had taken place, but the defendant was urged by God, according to his story, to commit the crime. He pointed out that 'ordinarily, insanity is a plea used by the defense. The state

puts in its case and the defense then tries to prove that the defendant was insane at the time he committed the act. As we see it, however, it is not the duty of the district attorney to prove an innocent man guilty, nor yet to prove an insane man sane. Rather it is his duty to lay before the court and jury all the facts in the case and to bring out the truth.'

"In suggesting the alternative course, which, he declared, he proposed to follow, this prosecutor displayed rare judgment and unusual social insight. 'In view of the psychiatrists' reports I cannot conscientiously argue that this defendant is sane and if the court directs a verdict of insanity, I shall not oppose it.'

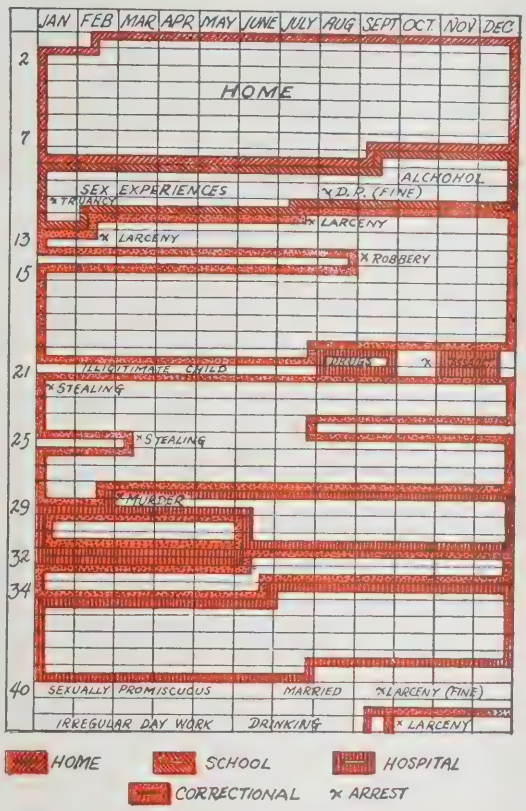
"He then put the various alienists on the stand, all of whom briefly explained the reasons for their conclusions. Not one was cross-examined. At the end of their testimonies the counsel for the defense asked the judge to order a verdict of 'not guilty by reason of insanity.' The jury quickly returned this verdict and the court then committed the defendant to the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane for life. Less than half a day was consumed in this trial . . . .

"The defendant's insanity was of an obscure type, not affecting his intellectual faculties, and to casual outward appearance it might, and did, escape detection for years. None but trained psychiatrists could reasonably hope to establish an accurate diagnosis. In all likelihood an unscrupulous prosecutor, eager for self-aggrandizement, would have had no difficulty in convincing a non-medical jury that the defendant's alleged insanity did not exist, with a resulting verdict not in accord with the facts. We commend this action . . . and a common-sense prosecutor to other states. Surely it is a better way."

Let us see what happened. First, the prisoner pleaded not guilty; second, the jury was drawn (although for what purpose it is not quite clear unless automatically to return the verdict ordered); third, the prosecutor "outlined the facts"; fourth, the psychiatrists testified the man was insane; fifth, the judge ordered the jury to return the verdict of "not guilty"; sixth, the prisoner was committed for life. *That section of the Constitution of the United States that permits and requires a full trial by jury was not strictly followed.*

Several eastern and a few western cities had already either actually installed psychopathic clinics in connection with their criminal courts or were considering doing so when the innovation was suggested in Detroit. At the height of the discussion in Detroit there arrived a psychiatrist to lend his aid. One of the tests brought with him was a small card, some four inches square, upon which a design in black lines was drawn not wholly unlike that of the ace of spades on a playing card.

The test was this: the card was exposed to the gaze of the subject for ten seconds and then withdrawn. The subject was then given pencil and pad and told to draw the outlines from memory. One of the sides of the original outline on the card was larger than the other three sides, and what was expected of the subject was that he note this and reproduce accordingly. When the visiting psychiatrist learned that an outsider had taken one of these cards to a number of business and professional persons, "submitted the test" and found none had noted the enlarged side, this psychiatrist spared no pains in informing the outsider that it was effrontery on his part to have undertaken the giving of the test as he was not a trained psychologist.



A study of this woman's case revealed the fact that until the autumn of her seventh year she was at home with her parents. Until June of her twelfth year was spent in public schools. There her conduct was as characterized. The stars indicate arrests, one for disturbing the peace and one for truancy. At twelve she was sentenced for six months for larceny. At 15 her first robbery was committed, and she received a sentence until her twentieth year. The next eight years were spent very largely in prison and in her 28th year she committed a murder, for which she was placed in a hospital. From then until her death she alternated between an insane hospital and prison.

At about the same time one of the prisoners held for the "early morning session" on a charge of drunkenness was brought in and called upon to do the test. His hand trembled and his lines were pronouncedly irregular, wavery.

"Dementia praecox," was the pronouncement.

Returned to the "bull pen" the prisoner, after some questioning, told something of his life history. He was a graduate of Cornell University. He said he had been drunk for a month but—"If I had a couple of good drinks this morning my hand wouldn't shake.'

Then came a woman, a widow who resided on the East Side, and who worked as a cashier and bookkeeper in a coal office to support her two small children and her aged and crippled mother. She had been in financial straits, had held some accounts open that had been paid and used the money—it was a small amount—for food for the home. Her manipulations had been detected; she was arrested.

She was given the tests and although memory does not exactly serve at this time she was pronounced "mentally deficient." Fortunately, a sympathetic judge to whom "IQ's" were then—and still are—somewhat of a mystery, placed her on probation. To date, that has been her first and last appearance as a defendant in court.

Some time ago a psychopathic analysis, with its attendant recommendations, found its way to the bench of one of the judges, and, because of its rather extraordinary character, was printed and commented upon to great extent in the newspapers. What it said in substance was that the subject was not yet of a mental state that would warrant his commitment to an insane asylum but recommended that a term in prison might bring about such a result, et cetera.

These instances, however, may not fairly be regarded as representative. Whether the psychopathic clinic is a forward step toward the treatment of social delinquents and the hope of curing their criminal tendencies, is a question not as yet answered to the entire satisfaction of the skeptic.

A Sight Celestial

THE Emperor Trajan, hearing the Rabbi Joshua say that "God is everywhere present," observed, "I should like to see Him." "God's presence is indeed everywhere," replied Joshua, "but He cannot be seen; no mortal eye can behold His glory." The Emperor insisted. "Well," said Joshua, "suppose we try first to look at one of His ambassadors." The Emperor consented. The Rabbi took him into the open at noonday, and bade him look at the sun in his meridian splendor. "I cannot—the light dazzles me." "Thou art unable," said Joshua, "to endure the light of His creatures, and canst thou expect to behold the resplendent glory of the Creator? Would not such a sight annihilate you?"—Goodhugh's "Lectures on Bibliographical Literature."

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THE ROAD OF TRAVEL LUXURY

Our New National Asset—Leisure

(*Concluded from page 4*)

to farmers and their families. The recent increase there is probably the least for any large group but if calculated for a long period of time, say fifty or a hundred years, it probably is as great as for any.

"Seventy-five years ago the average agricultural worker could care for but twelve acres of crops," says a recent bulletin put forth by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. "Now, considering the United States as a whole, he can attend to at least 34 acres, and in some States where large power units are common the average is more than 100 acres, while on many individual farms it will run as high as 300 acres."

Those who made the report estimate that the total primary power, aside from human energy, now available on farms in the United States amounts to about 48,000,000 horsepower units, as against only about 6,500,000 in the year of 1850. In 1850 all of it was supplied by mules, horses and oxen. Animals now supply *only about one-half* of all the power used on American farms. The remainder comes from windmills, steam engines, gas engines, electricity, gas tractors, automobiles and trucks.

More gains in the matter of labor economy in farming have been made through the use of power than by improved methods of utilizing the soil. Production per man has doubled and trebled while per acreage production for all the country has increased only slightly.

One result of increased production per man has been the release of men from farming for employment in other industries. In 1920, for example, farmers and planters per million of population were only a little more than half the number recorded in the census of 1850. Curiously, the number of farm laborers per million of population increased during that period.

Increased per man production in agriculture as in other industries has been transmuted, in much part, into better living conditions rather than into leisure.

Unquestionably, however, farmers have more time for leisure than used to be available to them. But the greatest progress toward economies productive of leisure time is to be made in their realm.

How Efficient Sawmills Increase Output

There still is an immense amount of room for like economies in other realms.

"We have sawmills where the output per one man hour is 15 board feet, and we have sawmills in which the output per one man hour is 353 board feet," says Ethelbert Stewart, Commissioner of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, who has been keeping tab on such matters for the last forty years.

"If all the sawmills of the United States were as efficient as the average sawmills now in existence, it would require less than one-half of the present number of men employed in the industry to produce the total output, while if the highest efficiency prevailed in all the plants practically 45,000 men could do the work now being done by 392,000 men."

He shows how the same is true of numerous other industries.

We have barely more than skimmed the surface of the vast reservoir of inanimate slavedom—power—that is available for the production of more and cheaper products and also for increasing the time generally available for leisure.

Public Recreation Facilities Are Progressing

The cities of the country are now spending around $50,000,000 a year on public recreation facilities, such as parks, playgrounds for children, and golf courses—of which last there are now several hundred that are publicly owned.

The work of more than fifty organizations interested in the promotion of public recreation have established a coördinated bureau, under semi-government auspices, in Washington, for working together in developing national facilities, such as are afforded by the scenic parks and the forest reserves, for the use of the general public out-of-doors.

Some observers contend that processes of education must be changed radically before Americans as a whole will utilize to the full of enjoyment and benefit the new leisure that has come to them.

Localities and Food Fads

MANY races, many foods, many fads. The luxury of one people is the bane of another. An attempt is being made to introduce snails as an article of food in certain London restaurants. The French, of course, regard snails as a delicacy, while Britishers almost shudder at the thought of eating them. Yet English folk eat mussels, whelks and winkles, which in some countries are regarded as being unfit for human consumption. In England the eel is relished by many people, but in Scotland it is detested by nearly everybody. Rabbits are looked upon as vermin in some parts of America and Australia and are seldom served at table. In Britain rabbit is a favorite dish. Swede turnips are often eaten in Scotland and Canada with other vegetables, whereas in some parts of England they are cordially disliked and given only to cattle. Turnip tops in Scotland, again, are not considered worth cooking. But in Covent Garden they sell by the ton.

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NO INCREASE IN PRICES

A Question—and One Answer

This article comes in three sections: there is too much dynamite in it to print it all at once. It is going to make a few farmers mad; but it will make many farmers think; and, best of all, it is certain to make hosts of farmers glad, because *it contains an idea.* Most discussions of this subject lack *ideas.*

By GEORGE H. BROWNELL

IT IS a question that serves as the label on each of the four drawers of two steel filing cabinets in my office. It is a question concerning which, in January of this year, an industrious secretary found, by actual count, that I had collected more than seven thousand clippings, pamphlets and bulletins; beginning with 1904 when, as a verdant knight-errant self-sworn to the cause of agricultural betterment, I was graduated from the University of Wisconsin.

It is a question concerning which, probably, during the past two years, as much spoken and written language has been used in this country as has been used about any other one subject, in a similar period, since language was invented.

The question is: "What's the Matter With Agriculture?"

There isn't anything the matter with agriculture as an *occupation* for the individual. There is a lot the matter with the *industry* as it has been, and still is, handled by individuals; not only the men actively in charge of our farm land, but also those persons in financial, railroad and legislative capacities who have played a most important part in shaping its destiny.

We have too many acres engaged in producing. We have too many farms and too many farmers.

Instead of being regarded as the source of our food supply, agriculture's chief use has been that of serving as a medium for gambling. The crops were a by-product, the holding for the rise the chief aim of the owner. Until 1921, land in this country had enjoyed a perpetual bull market. The deflation of values, beginning that year and still with us, brought us to our senses.

From now on the price of farm land will closely reflect its earning value per acre. Not entirely so, because American soil is the most desirable soil to own in all the world and there is just so much of it. American soil will always command a premium over exact earning value because its price to some extent will anticipate the steady increase in our population and reflect our confidence in a perpetual national stability.

In practice, the business of farming in this country has consisted largely in raising such crops in such manner as would meet the payments on the mortgage until such time as the owner could sell the farm at a profit.

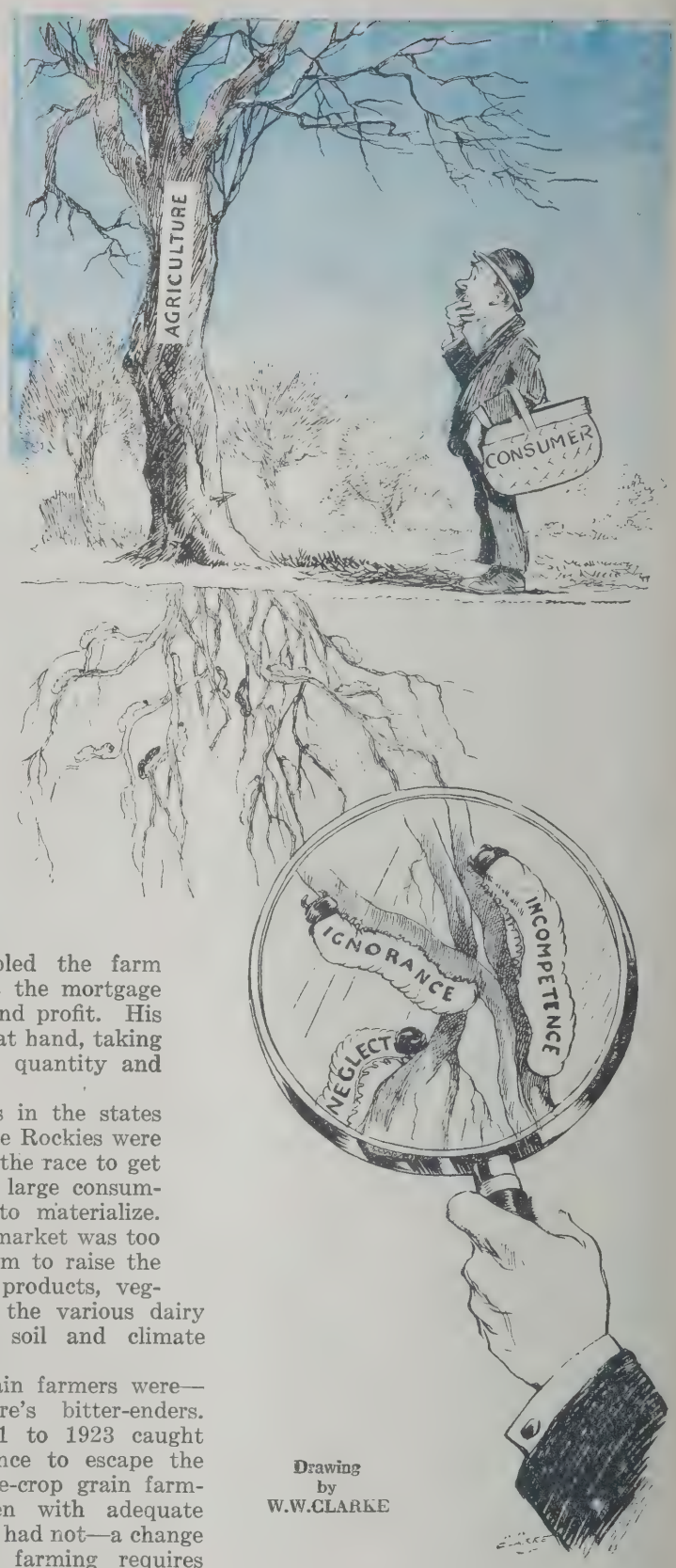
The practice began at the Atlantic and extended to the Pacific in a period embraced by the nineteenth century.

In the East and the Middle West the growth of population enabled the farm owner to beat out the mortgage with greater ease and profit. His markets were close at hand, taking foodstuffs in great quantity and variety.

But the farmers in the states lying just east of the Rockies were not so fortunate in the race to get clearance. Nearby large consuming centers failed to materialize. The distance from market was too great to permit them to raise the quick-consumption products, vegetables, fruits and the various dairy foods, even where soil and climate were favorable.

The western grain farmers were—and are—agriculture's bitter-enders. The slump of 1921 to 1923 caught them with no chance to escape the penalties of the one-crop grain farming system. Even with adequate capital—which they had not—a change in the system of farming requires several years to accomplish. The low price of wheat was caused by too much wheat being fed to a market suddenly cut off from a foreign outlet. And this low price of wheat worked destruction in two ways: it reduced the farm's earning power so that the mortgage payments could not be met and it almost totally destroyed the demand for farm land.

The farmer could not realize enough from the sale of his crop to meet cost of carrying and mortgage payments, neither could he sell his farm at a price that, in most cases, was even a half of what he had paid for it.



Drawing by W.W.CLARKE

In times past, eastern and middle-western farmers have been through the same experience due to the same causes. But the effect has been less disastrous because the boom-time preceding failed to reach the same height and the fall was much shorter. Soil and markets favored the eastern and middle-western farmers in times of adversity. Ten years from now the grain-growing states will show that

they have profited by their present-day lesson.

Already the one-crop system is vanishing and in its place there is arising a form of diversified farming that includes dairying, fruit-raising and the growing of products for local consumption. Already Minnesota has become the leading butter-producing state of the Union and dairying authorities are agreed that the Dakotas, Montana and Nebraska are destined to supply the greater part of the butter consumed between the Atlantic and the Rockies.

Butter, cheese and condensed milk are three compact, high-value products that may rightfully be produced in the western country and shipped anywhere to market without the commission of an economic crime, so common in the distribution of other farm products.

The man who expects to realize his chief profit from the sale of his farm as a whole is not deeply interested in maintaining that farm as a machine for the growing of farm products.

From the beginning of our agriculture in this country we have directly departed from the European system of soil-conservation and have employed the system that would yield the largest quick profit with the least expense and effort. Each wave of emigration that swept westward was consumed with the thought of gaining an immediate competence regardless of what might be the effect on the soil. It was presumed that the natural increase in land values would be such as more than to offset the value of the fertility mined from the soil.

It was this haste, this disregard for the value of fertility in view of the greater prize to be won by selling the farm, that is one of the chief causes of the present-day agricultural depression. Fertility was something that need not be measured or charged for. It was not included in the price of the product; it was not treated as one of the leading causes of the depreciation of farm land value.

It went away from the farm and into the stomachs of the people in the cities. It built those cities. It made living in the cities that much less costly and that much more attractive. It encouraged other industries to rise because wages could be kept low in accord with the low cost of living.

The cities continued to grow and industries continued to arise and expand. The demand for foodstuffs became greater and greater. America was engaged in building the greatest nation on earth, by the simple process of robbing agriculture of its chief active asset.

The slump of 1921 has a deeper meaning than that of being the after effect of an overproduction stimulated by the World War. In reality it marks the final decisive protest of American soil against the ravishment it has been subjected to for the past century and more.

It marks the moment when the long-dominant speculative idea of land-owning gave way before the convincing fact that a farm can no longer be skinned fast enough or deep enough to outstrip a mortgage; that farming has become a business in which the future sale of the farm is certain to create a lesser profit than will the proper, year-by-year operation of that farm as a food-producing plant; that the present-day market value of a farm is directly dependent on its earning power per acre.

Another and equally harmful effect of the speculative system of farming was the failure of farming to hold its sons to the soil. Long hours of menial toil, a low standard of living, the near-certainty that the farm would pass into other hands before it could be acquired by will or purchase, all operated to discourage the farm youth of each generation.

The cities beckoned. Industries of all sorts demanded workers and management. The flow of manpower out of agriculture was inevitable. The more progressive, courageous type, demanding more of life and determined to get it, entered into the myriad avenues of industrial endeavor that were opened during the last half of the last century. The less active type, the men who feared to test their mettle elsewhere, who were satisfied with farming and its small slow returns, were, and are today, left in charge of our agriculture.

There is a thought in connection with this withdrawal of virile manhood from agriculture that is worthy of study by one of those medico-efficiency experts who seek the cause of a man's failure in his daily diet. Calcium, phosphorous and iodine are the three elements that seem to be essential to a well-rounded physical and mental development; also necessary are a supply of leafy vegetables and plenty of sunlight. In the milk, vegetables and outdoor work, secured by the farm lad, there is a plenitude of all of these requisites to sturdy growth and sound health.

Some day one of these experts may prove beyond a doubt that our farm lads, who have become great leaders in industry, finance or statesmanship, are simply the result of an ideal mating of good parentage with the right combination of food and outdoor employment; they may prove that these young men would have left the farm regardless of what inducements the farm might have offered; that such men cannot resist the urge to seek the clash of combat with their fellow men, the presence of obstacles against which to pit their powers.

And none of this may be encountered in the slow-moving tasks of turning a furrow, cultivating, reaping, milking or performing the customary chores on a farm.

Certain it is that out of our entire present rural population there has not risen a single great leader to serve agriculture as a spokesman and champion.

The crux of the situation is that agriculture is short of working capital and short of managerial ability. It cannot get capital because capital demands good management. It cannot get good management because good management demands adequate capital with which to work.

Ask yourself just how you would receive the proposal of a farmer who came to you today and said that he intended to incorporate his farm, issue preferred stock up to the limit of its forced sale value and then put out an issue of common stock of which he asked you to purchase a few shares.

The only farmer whose common stock you would buy is the farmer who wouldn't come to you with any such proposal because he doesn't need your money. He is a successful farmer—and there are many such, despite all this talk to the contrary—because he is a good manager.

If such a man should come to you with such a proposal, he could get your money in an hour's time—plus a pencil and a sheet of paper. You might not understand all of the figures put down on that paper, but you would know by the way he talked and figured that he knew his business and could be safely trusted to pay you good dividends on your money.

"It is my fault," says this writer, "that my farm doesn't pay."

Was this Michigan farmer right when he said: "These fellows around here are farming because it gives 'em a cheap place to live. Most of them tried to hold a job in Detroit, but it was too much work and no chance to talk about their troubles."

Farming as an occupation is one thing; as an industry it is another. Most farm profits have been made out of increases in the value of land—not out of farm products.

Agriculture has not raised a single great leader to solve the problems of the farm. If a farmer incorporated his farm and offered to sell stock in it, how much could he sell?

The unsuccessful farmer—the one who today constitutes 90 per cent of the army of malcontents and criers-out against the injustice of their lot—couldn't get a dollar of your money. Something in his manner of speaking would tell you that he did not possess the gift of management.

But the thing that would stop you absolutely from investing a cent in his project would be the fact that he could not figure; he could not show that familiarity with production processes and operating costs which a man must possess if he is to succeed in any business.

Viking Who Trembles at a Pencil Stub

Somewhere in a mid-western state there is a farm whose deed stands in my name, but whose uncertain destiny rests in the hands of a huge Scandinavian who fairly trembles at the sight of a pencil-stub. Records of any sort are as a pestilence to him.

For the long time that I have owned this farm I have been inflicted with one pencil-hater after another. Once, for a year, it was conducted by a young Scotchman, Sandy, in a manner that gave me both pleasure and profit. Never have I known such completeness and accuracy in inventory figures, items of current expense and receipts, records of farming operations in general.

But such a gem could not long remain hidden. A month to a day before his year's contract was up, Sandy explained to me that he was a month away leaving; that he was to enter the employ of a gentleman owning a farm of twelve hundred acres in another state at a salary of more than four times what I had been paying him.

He wrote me later about his new job; about the dormitory for the single lads and the neat houses for the married employes; about their baseball diamond and winning team made up of the men composing his staff of husky, happy workers; about their stopping work promptly at six and paying the men a higher wage rate for overtime.

Pinned to his letter was a trial balance sheet which showed that the net earnings of that farm for the previous month were more than nine hundred dollars. The statement was not his own; printed at the top was the name of a nationally known firm of certified public accountants who, I know from experience, take a wicked delight in blasting one's hopes in the matter of net earnings.

Sandy Made Money When He Ran the Farm

Sandy made money for me when he ran the farm, with the minimum of supervision and prodding. The huge Scandinavian has lost money each year, despite equally favorable conditions, continued oversight, pleading and prodding.

Why don't I fire him and get another? For the same reason that on a congested country highway I never wheel around an auto—I simply run into another, equally slow-moving.

It is my fault that my farm doesn't pay. As I shall later attempt to explain in greater detail, I am engaged in running a business enterprise of such small size that I cannot afford to pay for competent managerial ability. Herbert Hoover, with his great executive ability and food administration experience, would make a first-class manager for the delicatessen shop near my home; but I know that the Greek gentleman who owns it would object strongly to paying the salary Mr. Hoover would ask for his services.

But the larger share of our farms are still run by their owners. Nothing stands in the way of their keeping such simple records as will point out the source of their losses or profits. Banks and manufacturing enterprises furnish practical, easily kept record books for the asking; as also do the extension departments of many of our agricultural colleges.

On several occasions, at public gatherings of farmers where I have discussed the subject of farm-accounting, a gentleman—always located in the rearmost seat for fear he would learn something—has risen and asked the city slicker how a man can keep records when he is working in the fields or barns from before sunrise until long after sunset. He has insisted that I tell him just how a man can do any figuring when he is so tired at night that all he can do is to fall into bed after supper.

Learning to Figure Right, Not at Night

The first time this question was fired at me I was at a loss for an answer such as one must give instantly if he is to silence the heckler by putting the laugh on him. My embarrassment must have shown itself to the village banker who sat near me on the platform. He saved the situation by an act that won my eternal gratitude.

Rising, and holding up his hand until complete silence prevailed, he meantime said to me in a stage aside: "Let me handle that fellow. Poorest farmer round here; lets me do all the figuring on how to get my interest on his mortgage."

"Clarence," he called to the too-tired gentleman in the rear, "if you'll just learn how to figure right, you won't need to work so hard that you have to figure at night."

Possibly a prosperous old Michigan farmer was right in what he said to me one night as we were driving to his home after a meeting held for the purpose of forming a purebred sire association—that wasn't formed. He said: "These fellows around here don't want to make anything more than a bare living. They're farming because it gives 'em a cheap place to live where they can be their own boss. Most every one of 'em has been to Detroit and tried to hold a job in an auto factory. They got let out because they couldn't stand the pace. Too much work and no chance to talk about their troubles."

What he told me, in effect, was that the farmers in that part of his state were largely composed of men who were using the farm as a last-resort market for their labor; that they were farming because farming was the only job they could hold.

What Happens When Farmers Are Coddled

Since that night the thought has often come to me that farming everywhere is suffering from the fact that too many farms are being run by men too incompetent to hold any other kind of a job.

This fact is certain: That despite all the private, state and government help now being given to agriculture, we have made no real progress. We have done little that actually tends toward the accomplishment of the only purpose worthy of consideration, which is to provide the people of this country with an ample, fair-priced food supply and at the same time pay those who produce that supply a fair return on labor and investment.

But there are few among our statesmen, editors and industrial chiefs who dare to come forth and say this to the farmer. Statesmen want the farmer's vote, editors want readers, nobody likes the idea of telling the truth to people when the telling is certain to give offense.

Instead, it is more healthful politically to lay the blame on the tariff, the railroads, the banks, the alleged grasping monopolies, the speculators, the middlemen—anybody, in fact, except the man on whom the blame should wholly be placed. And that man is the farmer himself.

For the purpose of getting the farmer's vote, or for the purpose of creating soft jobs for themselves, men flatter and commiserate the farmer into believing that a gigantic conspiracy exists to exploit the farmer both in what he buys and what he sells.

Exactly the opposite is, of course, the truth, yet so constantly and so artfully has the farmer been assured of his martyrdom that now he fully believes it. Pampered and coddled by every conceivable form of subsidy and free assistance on the one hand, and told of what a pitiable victim he is on the other, the farmer has come to believe that nothing he himself can do is of any value.

Now Just What Is the Remedy for This?

What, then, is the remedy? What are we going to do about a situation wherein we cannot effectively help the farmer, nor will he help himself?

The answer is: Nothing.

Refreshing, perhaps, it is to learn that there is at least one person in this country who has no infallible remedy for agriculture's ailments.

But if I am confessing to an inability to provide a remedy, I am by no means at a loss to predict what is going to happen to agriculture in this country.

(*This article is continued next week.*)

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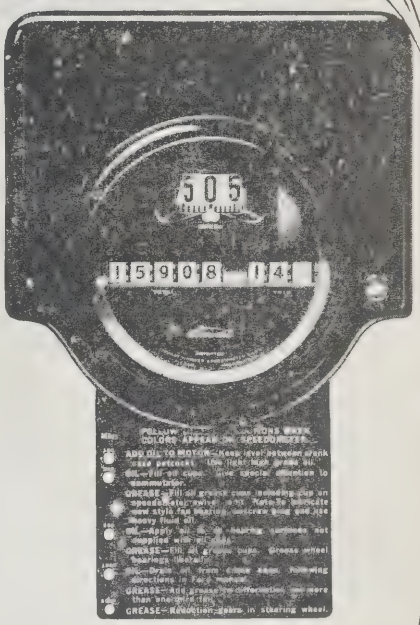

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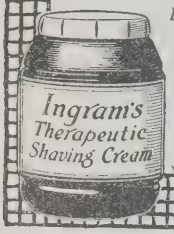

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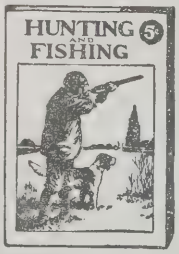

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Fabre used to startle evolutionists, not excepting Darwin, with the problems he offered to science by facts he met. He established the fact that insects know exactly where to drive their stings to reach nerves. He stated that no wild grass has been discovered that might have been the ancestor of Indian corn.

Mrs. Whitman Tells Her Story

(*Concluded from page 7*)

hopeless of being able to exercise any permanent influence over his life.

"On our return home I announced to him what I had heard, and in his presence countermanded the order which he had previously given for the delivery of the note to Doctor Crocker. He earnestly endeavoured to persuade me that I had been misinformed, especially in relation to his having that very morning called for wine at the bar of the hotel where he boarded. The effect of this infringement of his promise was in no degree perceptible, but the authority on which I had received this and other statements concerning him was not to be questioned.

"I listened to his explanations and his remonstrances without any word of reproach and with that marble stillness of despair so mercifully accorded to us when the heart has been wrought to its highest capacity of suffering. Nor was I at that bitter moment unsolaced by a sense of relief at being freed from the intolerable burden of responsibility which he had sought to impose upon me by persuading me that his fate for good or evil depended upon me.

"I had now learned that my influence was unavailing. My mother on being informed of what had transpired had a brief interview with Mr. Poe, which resulted in his determination to return immediately to New York. In her presence and in that of his friend, Mr. Pebodie, I bade him farewell with feelings of profound commiseration for his fate, of intense sorrow thus to part from one whose sweet and gracious nature had endeared him to me beyond expression and whose rare and peculiar intellect had given a new charm to my life.

"While he was endeavouring to win from me an assurance that our parting would not be a final one, my mother saved me from a response by insisting upon an immediate termination of the interview. Mr. Poe then started up and left the house with an expression of bitter resentment at what he termed the intolerable insults of my family. I never saw him again.

"The most exaggerated, and to him, deeply humiliating rumours were now rapidly circulated in relation to the circumstances attending our separation and Mr. Poe was purposely led to believe that they were sanctioned by me. In retaliation for these supposed injuries, he permitted himself to say some very ungenerous and unkind things of me, all of which 'my friends' were careful to report to me. These I freely pardoned in view of the terrible humiliation to which he was subjected in consequence of all that had occurred in Providence. This he portrayed to me in a letter which I received from him a few weeks after our separation. He spoke of the agonies he had endured, agonies known only to God and to his own heart and which had passed his soul thro' fire."

Later in the same month of October Mrs. Whitman wrote in reference to a published poem of her own.

"I received a letter from Mr. Poe requesting me to allow him to say that our marriage was only deferred on account of my ill health, assuring me that he blamed me for nothing that had occurred and entreating me to say that I at least had not authorized the terrible stories that were in circulation concerning him. I dared not reply to this letter, but I took pleasure in thinking that the last verse of my song would be understood as an avowal of my innocence.

"Since his death many persons have supposed that the ballad of Annabel Lee contained allusions to certain passages in this song. I have been the more willing to believe it as a sentiment in the fifth verse of the ballad is almost identical with an expression in one of his letters to me."

In a brief memoir prefixed to the volume of Poe's poems published in 1859, the version taken from Mr. Griswold's account is as follows: "The day was appointed for their marriage; but he had in the meantime made other plans; and to disentangle himself from this engagement, he visited the house of his affianced bride, where he conducted himself with such indecent violence, that the aid of the police had to be called in to expel him. This, of course, put an end to the engagement."

This is the story which Mrs. Whitman declares to be without a shadow of foundation.

A highly romantic account of the last interview between Poe and Mrs. Whitman is given in an article which appeared in the autumn of 1923. According to this story, the afternoon before her wedding Mrs. Whitman "had come in to find the parlor outraged by the stale, sweet reek of wine and by a wildly pacing figure whose voice in greeting her was dulled and thick.

"Mrs. Whitman knew that she had failed. But there was still before her the ceremony of renunciation, the full Victorian close. She must see Poe, she must return his letters and all that he had given her. A rude break was unseemly, and it was required of her that she should say farewell. Apparently, however, she felt that she could not bear the torture; for before she came into the room where Poe was waiting with entreaties, she had drenched her handkerchief with ether, a wise precaution against the moment when the pain should grow too great. What happened, thus, she never knew."

The persistence in all published references to Poe and Mrs. Whitman of tales of their separation so different from hers makes it seem but fair that her own story should be known.

High Lights in New England Scenery

(*Continued from page 3*)

Saturday Club, founded by May Alcott, one of the *Little Women*, and comprising among its members Emerson, Alcott, Louisa Alcott, Sanborn, and a host of lesser lights; various literary, domestic, and social clubs; and a "Mothers' Club," presided over, on the occasion of the writer's first appearance at its meetings, by *Miss* Peabody and *Mr.* Alcott, enthroned side by side on a sofa!

Concord has greatly changed as time has passed. The Giants have departed. We are none of us celebrated now, and Concord is not unlike any other attractive residential town, although I confess that we who live here think there is no other quite so attractive or altogether delightful! As for automobiles, we have, I venture to state, more to the square rod at all times than any other town in the United States, bearing those who wish to see where the Giants have lived, and to tread the spot where heroes and patriots fought for independence; but we, the townspeople, are proud not only of the Concord of the past, but of the present.

What would first interest a visitor to Concord? He would very likely ride up the historic Lexington Road, over which Paul Revere galloped during his famous "midnight ride," "waking the villagers out of their sleep" and bringing the alarm "to every Middlesex village and farm." He would also surely wish to stop and read the tablet in reference to this ride, as well as those seen in various parts of the town commemorating the many celebrated persons and places.

Pretty Grape Vine Cottage deserves a pause, for in the original cottage lived Ephraim Bull, who evolved the famous Concord grape; and here, protected from vandalism and the too-often ravaging tourist, is the original ancient vine, enjoying a ripe and honored old age.

Hawthorne's "Wayside" comes next —literally a "House by the Side of the Road." The name—Wayside—is his own fancy; and to a friend he wrote, "I sat down by the wayside of life like a man under enchantment." Here he lived at various times, before and after going to Europe, and wrote many of his famous books. After returning from Italy he topped the house with a small square addition, which he dubbed his "Tower."

This he used as his study, and wrote standing before an old high desk which, with other furnishings and surroundings, is religiously cared for and preserved. Rising abruptly behind the house is a beautiful wooded ridge along the summit of which runs a winding path, always known as "Hawthorne's Walk." This was his outdoor study, and here, on his "mount of vision," as his wife called it, he would pace to and fro under the sheltering trees, meditating upon the romances maturing in his fertile brain. The "Ridge" is of added interest as the spot from which the farmer-soldiers fired upon the retreating British on the occasion of the memorable fight. During the latter part of his life Hawthorne occupied the "Old Manse," where he wrote his *Mosses From an Old Manse*. Later on "Wayside" was the home of and owned by Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, the "Margaret Sydney" whose *Little Peppers* have delighted countless numbers of young people.

A winding path under the larches at the base of the hill leads one to what perhaps is the objective of more pilgrimages to Concord than any other spot, however famous—the "Orchard House," home of the Alcotts, the beloved *Little Women*. Before purchasing Orchard House, Mr. Alcott had owned Wayside—then called "Hillside"—where his interesting family of merry girls filled the old house with mirth and busy life. Orchard House has since been purchased by a group of the townspeople, called the "Louisa May Alcott Memorial Association" and in it have been collected all possible of the original Alcott belongings—furniture, household equipment, ancient garments, and the interesting and amusing bric-a-brac of the time. To this famous house come motor buses and automobile loads of people by the thousand, every season, who are shown the house and its contents by the courteous ladies who have charge of it.

Among the visitors are the sentimentalists who weep as they ask about the ancient Alcottiana, and also the relic-hunting fiend from whose covetous fingers the precious mementoes have to be chained in their places.

Next to the Orchard House is what remains of the old School of Philosophy, that interesting outgrowth, started in 1879, of yearnings for the Infinite and the revelations of Speculative Philosophy—the whole an enterprise possible, I venture to assert, only in Concord!

A little nearer the town stands a plain, square, white house, shaded on the north by a row of solemn pines, which is the mecca of every scholar and lover of the best in literature and poetry who visits Concord. This is (*Concluded on page 30*)

PLOWMAKERS for THE WORLD

A Bit of History

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(*Concluded from page 29*)

the former home of Emerson. Back of the house is a lovely old-fashioned garden, full of roses, lilies, and all sorts of old-time perennials; and under the pines and straying into the grass is a literal carpet of lilies of the valley. The famous "study," at the right as one enters the house, contains a wealth of precious souvenirs, memorials of Emerson and his work and of the many famous writers and literati who were his friends. This room is preserved as nearly as is possible as he left it. His writings, both essays and poems, are too well known, loved, and admired, to need even an allusion here. In this home have visited from time to time scholars, poets, famous people from every part of the world; in contrast, all the school children of the town were in turn entertained during the life of Emerson's daughter, the beloved "Miss Ellen" of the whole village. Emerson himself, besides his wonderful mentality and poetic genius, possessed a fund of dry and kindly humor, to illustrate which many amusing stories are preserved. A member of the family was once asked to give, if possible, some little quotable anecdote illustrating his inferred interest in animals. The only instance she could bring to mind was his being once asked by a friend to furnish a short inscription to be put on the collar of a dog named Spot. "Out, damned Spot!" was suggested by the revered philosopher!

In the center of the town, surrounded by greensward and spreading trees, is the "First Church," a reproduction of the one containing the original timbers of the church in which the First Provincial Congress was held in 1774, of which John Hancock was president. A tablet relates its history to the visitor. This church is neighbored by the old Wright Tavern of Revolutionary fame, where, the morning before the famous battle, Major Pitcairn of the British Army "stirred his brandy with bloody finger," remarking that he "would stir the damned rebels' blood before night." Opposite is the village Green, containing the Civil War monument, that in memory of the heroes of the Spanish War, and, recently placed, a tremendous and beautiful boulder in the side of which is set a bronze tablet commemorating the beloved dead who honored Concord in the World War.

Leading from the Green to the east is Monument street, over which every tourist and pilgrim who comes to Concord passes, on his way to the Old Manse and the Battle Ground just beyond. The Old Manse is undoubtedly the most picturesque—if not the most interesting—of the famous old Concord houses. Its appearance—weatherbeaten and guiltless of paint—is attractive and romantic in the extreme. It was built for the Rev. William Emerson, an ancestor of the poet, in 1765, and it is probable that more ministers have lived or been entertained in it than in any other structure ever erected! An odor of sanctity should surely hallow its present and future residents. In one quaint little room, always known as the "Saints' Chamber," the walls are autographed by the various holy men who have occupied it. The Old Manse has its ghost, too; but as it always appears in one special room where it is said that at least a thousand sermons have been written, I do not wonder at its being haunted. Emerson made his home in the Old Manse at different times, and in the same room in which Hawthorne wrote the *Mosses*, Emerson wrote *Nature* and some of his best-loved poems.

Just beyond the Old Manse is the Battle Ground, where was fought the first battle of the Revolution. The "Old North Bridge"—a reproduction of the original—connects the opposite banks of the river where formed the two opposing forces. A plain granite shaft marks the position of the British. This bears a beautiful inscription:

Here
on the 19th of April, 1775
Was made the first forcible resistance to
British Aggression.

On the opposite side, where were marshaled the militia and minutemen of Concord and those of the surrounding towns, and where was given Major Buttrick's famous order "Fire, fellow-soldiers, for God's sake, fire!" stands the beautiful and impressive "Minute Man" of Daniel Chester French—a work of art which some claim he has never later surpassed. On the massive granite base is cut this verse from Emerson's well-known hymn.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

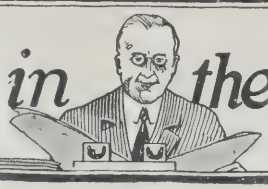
It has been truly said that "few towns can furnish a poet, a sculptor, and an occasion."

No one, however, should visit Concord without paying tribute to the memory of Thoreau by visiting Walden Pond, just outside the town—a romantic sheet of water, surrounded by acres of beautiful woodland.

Emerson also immortalized Walden by his poem *My Garden;* and here, on the shores of the beautiful sheet of water, probably one of the most noted in the country, Thoreau wrote and dreamed, sheltered, when shelter was needed, by the small bare hut built mainly by his own hands, at an expense of only about $30, and the cost of his luxurious living in this establishment averaged, for eight months, a little more than a dollar a month!

A cairn of stones marks the site of Thoreau's hut, upon which Time long ago laid his disintegrating finger, and the tourist who visits Walden in memory of Thoreau reverently adds one stone to the simple memorial.

"I Read *in* the Papers"—



I read in the papers that Finance Minister Caillaux told the French Senate that he was going "to negotiate with people having the habit of solidly balanced budgets," meaning the American people. This, of course, implies that the French budgets have not been solidly balanced. They are a tax-shy people, and have been ever since the Revolution emancipated them from the extortions of the salt tax and other impositions. French budgets have, therefore, been largely based on loans, a very dangerous foundation indeed. Just the same, the amount they are now paying per capita is just about half what the plodding Britisher is paying.

I read in the papers of another original American idea. It is car ferries. The car ferry steamers that transport whole freight trains across Lake Michigan were the first in the world. They were started in 1888 and have been widely adopted. The car ferries on Lake Baikal in Siberia, across the Baltic between Germany and Sweden, across the English Channel, and between Havana and Key West were all designed after our Lake Michigan ferries, which originated a generation ago. The Lake Michigan ferries are operated throughout the winter though the ice often reaches three feet in thickness. It costs no more to operate one of these big Lake Michigan car ferries than a locomotive, and the movement of the cars is more rapid than when they are upon rails. The distance between the east and the northwest is greatly shortened by avoiding the long rail route around the south end of Lake Michigan, and much additional time is saved by avoiding the congested Chicago terminals, the neck of the nation's rail bottle. Yet there are those who say that foreigners are more original and daring in engineering projects!

I read in the papers that London's slumland refuses to be deslummed. When government authorities, in the interests of health and sanitation, invaded the East End armed with demolition orders and blue prints, Limehouse rose in its wrath and serious disorder prevented the carrying out of the clean-up campaign.

The Ministry of Health is making every effort to wipe out every dilapidated, disease-infested structure in the various boroughs of old London. Limehouse and Stepney are notorious for their uncleanliness. It is planned to raze the old buildings and erect modern accommodations for the teeming population of this district. The area under consideration is more than nine acres, about 2½ per cent of which consists of streets. One-fifth of the district is given over to fish-curing, the remainder being devoted to little hole-in-the-wall shops and dingy, dirty hovels whose residents live among their pigeons and chickens.

The resistance shown by the inhabitants illustrates the British principle that "Every Man's Home Is His Castle."

It is impossible in these days to treat a district full of hard-working people as if it were a howling menagerie. Home ties are sacred—in the slums or on Notting Hill.

I read in the papers (everybody did!) that Babe Ruth bungled into trouble again. It took rank as news with the Tennessee trial and Bryan's death. There was something real in all three occurrences. There seems to be little real to the public in the condition of Europe or the international debt situation, or the League of Nations. If the instinct of the people is right, we may conclude that there is a lack of reality in these things. And if there is reality, it has been veiled by the tactics of those who make these great matters their private business and attach them to motives of private profit. Suppose that the people of the United States could be given to understand the world situation as clearly as they understand Babe Ruth's case! But that would not suit the purposes of the private manipulators of the world situation. It would quickly dispose of that situation and create a new one, but not in the way the private manipulators desire.

I read in the papers of a meeting with a king in Central Asia who wanted to know if he could ride from his domain to Washington on horseback, and who had utterly no comprehension of what an ocean is. The antithesis of this Asiatic potentate is the Samoan Islander, and other South Sea natives, who think of the world as an ocean with many islands in it. They are also in perfect accord with Wilbur Glenn Voliva's Zion City ordinance which proclaims the world to be flat.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*. Vol. 3, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages, Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

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Paving Not a Modern Improvement

(*Concluded from page 15*)

arch erected in honor of the Father of his Country, to as far north as 110th street, a distance of more than five miles, stretches a broad highway of glistening asphalt, over which an endless stream of vehicles wends its way.

While many of the streets of London can boast of an enormous traffic, that portion of the Thames Embankment which lies between Blackfriars Bridge and the Westminster Bridge, and known as the Victoria Embankment, is one of the most heavily traveled thoroughfares in the British capital. Its construction was determined upon by the House of Commons in 1862. What is now one of London's most imposing and important avenues was, at that time, occupied by the mud banks of the River Thames and fringed by low, squalid dwellings.

Up to 1905 the surface of the Embankment was of water-bound macadam. At that time the introduction of street cars, or trams, as they are called in England, upon the Embankment, resulted in an increased concentration of traffic, and the rapid increase of motor-propelled vehicles rendered the roadway extremely difficult and costly to maintain. In 1906, a number of different kinds of pavements were laid there as an experiment. Today, nearly the entire Embankment is paved with asphalt, which has seemed to be the most popular surface for that avenue.

Traffic statistics on the Victoria Embankment show an average of more than 10,000 vehicles (excluding street cars) daily, between the hours of 8 a.m. and 8 p.m.

A pavement, which for durability may be said to hold a record, is that on the Avenue de Paris, which connects Paris with Versailles. During the war, over this roadway there passed day and night an unending stream of huge motor lorries, armored trucks and cars, baggage wagons, and artillery of all kinds. It might have been expected that the weight of the traffic and its continuance would have disintegrated the pavement, but for the many months to which it was subjected to additional burden, it stood up under the strain surprisingly, and but a small amount of repair was necessary.

And South America must not be forgotten when it comes to famous pavements. In the city of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, the Avenida Central is the show street of the capital. It stretches for miles with a broad expanse of roadway on either side, and a row of lamps, shrubs and beds of flowers in the center. It is the Fifth Avenue of the Southern Republic, and has a traffic commensurate with the size of the city.

(C) Underwood & Underwood

Street of Stabia, Pompeii.

In point of view of length of service, one of the most remarkable pavements in the world, perhaps, is that on Vermont avenue, in the city of Washington, D.C., which was laid in the year 1879, and for more than forty years has given perfect service. The traffic on this street is, of course, much less than that on the other avenues cited, but for the length of time during which it has given service the record is a remarkable one.

With the advent of the motor car, and, especially, the motor truck, in such enormous numbers as have been produced during the past few years the question of durable pavements extends far beyond the limits of the cities. The main arteries of commerce, the roads leading from one city to another, are called upon to bear a burden of traffic which, in many cases, is equal to that of a city street.

How to meet the conditions found in the country districts which these roads traverse, is the problem of the paving engineer today. Perhaps, the solution may be found in paved streets, running across the continent and linking together the cities of the nation by a "glistening, high-lying road," such as King Nebuchadnezzar was wont to enjoy as he rode in his chariot through the city of Babylon. The ancients built their roads for all time.

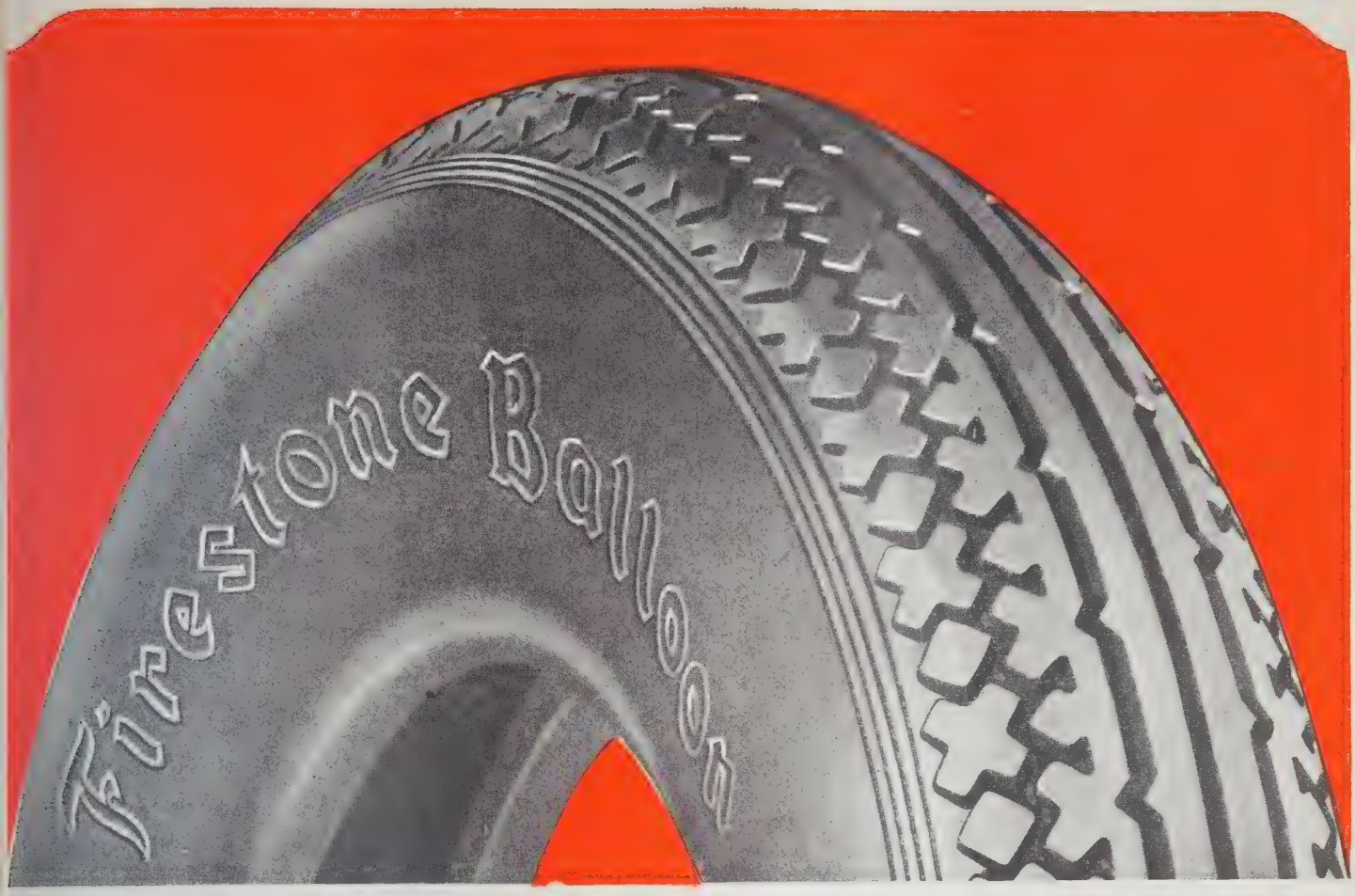
Benedict Arnold, After the Revolution

VERY little has been written of Arnold outside of his traitorous conduct in connection with the attempted surrender of West Point to the British. Through a correspondence with Major André, Arnold, then commanding West Point, offered to surrender to the British; and to consummate the plan Arnold and André met at midnight on the shore of the Hudson, September 21, 1780. The capture of André frustrated the scheme, and Arnold fled to the British sloop of war *Vulture*.

The British made him brigadier general and he fought the American Army at Richmond, Portsmouth and New London, Connecticut. In December, 1781, he sailed for England with his family, who were pensioned by the British Government. He received about $31,755 for his alleged losses in deserting the Americans. Failing to get a position in the army he was forced to take up the trade of merchant. He carried on trade with the West Indies, but returned to London in 1791.

War between France and England exposed his shipping to great risks and Arnold on one occasion was captured by a French ship, but managed to escape. The British Government still refused to give him active service in the army and he turned his attention to fitting out privateers against France to recover his lost fortune, but being unsuccessful, weighed down by private debts, and despised by America and the British Empire, he sank into a state of acute melancholy, and died June 14, 1801, regretting, it is said, his treason.

His first wife gave birth to three sons. His eldest sons received commissions in the British Army; and his second son by his second marriage, inheriting his father's daring and military ability, rose to be a lieutenant general, was made aid-de-camp to King William IV and was created a knight. Arnold's other children held honorable positions, and one of his grandsons, Captain William Traill Arnold, a brave fighting man, was killed in the Crimean War.



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Vol. 25, No. 51 OCTOBER 10, 1925 Ten Cents a Copy

Plunging Over the Precipice of Debt

By ALLAN L. BENSON

Owen Wister—the Man

By PIERCE CUMINGS

Lands That Are Free

By AARON HARDY ULM

The Thrill Around the Corner

Why Should Not Farming Pay?

By GEORGE H. BROWNELL

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BRIEFLY TOLD

By observing United States weather reports and operating their furnaces accordingly, the Field Museum in Chicago estimates that it saves $10,000 annually in fuel costs.

The owners of 300,000 dogs in the city of Berlin threatened to parade them through the streets of Berlin as a protest against the mayor's proposed increase in the yearly dog tax from $7.50 to $10.00.

For violating the Kentucky "gossip" law, a Covington, Kentucky, editor was fined $15. The case had to do with an account of the action of the city commissioners in borrowing $50,000 to pay city expenses and the mayor brought the charge.

President Roosevelt said, "Good crops are of little value to the farmer unless they open the door to a good life on the farm."

In the Aleutian Islands in Alaska the temperature never falls as low as zero and tropical heat is experienced in summer.

A rural boy baby may expect to live seven years and nine months longer than his city cousin.

Donald Monro, a British army surgeon of the eighteenth century, called to the attention of his men the wonderful hygienic code of Moses.

Five out of every eight applicants to the British Army recruiting office in 1924 were rejected on account of mental or physical defects.

The largest tree in Hutchinson, Kansas, grew from a cottonwood cane stuck into the ground as a joke by Judge W. R. Brown in 1874.

Important! The result of a horse race is published in England within two minutes, and throughout the world in ten minutes. Betting is almost equal to drink among England's curses.

When you ride by airplane from London to Paris, Great Britain helps pay your fare, for the Imperial Airways Company is subsidized by the British Government.

Bright's disease was named after Richard Bright, an English physician who died in 1858.

In the last two years, British commercial airships flew 1,879,000 miles with only two fatal accidents.

Telephones in some sections of Bulgaria are sealed, and civilians are not allowed to use them.

"Of all the signs we use in writing the one that conforms best to what it signifies is the interrogation point. Down below is a round atom. It is the bowl of the world. Up above rises the augur's wand asking questions of the unknown."—*Fabre.*

An orchestra of young men playing the guitar and mandolin accompanied by girl singers sitting before them is a part of nearly every little Jugoslavian village cafe.

Bertrand Russell says the greatest potential force for world peace is international finance. (If so, does it not also become the greatest potential force for world war?)

After a seven-week religious revival in Herrin, Illinois, scene of the tragic battle between miners and strike breakers some years ago, it is claimed that all is now peace and harmony.

"Money has no purchasing power," declares a prominent economist, and explains his theory thus: "There is no law compelling the acceptance of money in exchange for labor, or commodities. The law simply makes it a legal tender in payment of debt. Hence its value must be measured by its debt-paying power." The idea is technically correct, of course, but the difference will never be noticed if one offers the price asked in cash.

An entry in an old circuit rider's book shows that one family paid him 135 pounds of lard while another purchased a hat for the rider's wife.

The sod roofs of small houses in the mountainous sections of Norway are used as pastures for goats as well as shelter.

Syndication of much of the general matter in the Methodist Christian Advocates of the northern states, the merger of two leading Presbyterian weeklies, with the evident financial distress of many other denominational organs, has caused an inquiry in the Southern Methodist conference which has developed the fact that many church members neglect to support the church press. The aggregated mailing lists were shown to be about 150,000.

The first historical mention of a balloon is a record of an aerostat carrying several persons that descended into the city of Lyons during the latter part of the reign of Charlemagne (742-814), the flyers being charged with being sorcerers and condemned to death.

American postmasters had the franking privilege in the early days.

On April 22, 1684, a scientist at Oxford read a paper describing a certain province of Nova Scotia where "there is so great a quantity of salt peter in ye fields, that ye oxen are so salt that they cannot eat their flesh for three or four months of the year."

Wireless will soon be used in the Alps to summon rescue parties to the aid of tourists, who become lost in the wilds.

If the thirty pieces of silver which Judas got for betraying Christ had been placed at 4 per cent interest, assuming their value to be half a dollar each, the Judas Foundation today would claim a mass of gold equal to 345,000 globes the size of this earth.

October 10, 1925

* * *

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Vol. 25, No. 51

* * *

Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses certain aspects of universal balance.

This week's number offers a wide variety of interest. Running through the articles I see that they appeal to the Naturalist, the Taxpayer, the Fiction Reader, the Philanthropist, the Politician, the Sportsman, the Sociologist, the Student of American Character and Literature, the Farmer, the Artist, the Journalist and the Traveler. Most of us are some or all of these to some extent.

"Is Nature Cruel?" Since Tennyson said "red in tooth and claw," and John Fiske portrayed the war of the grasses, some have thought it is. Others not. The terrified rabbit, running for its life, is peacefully grazing a moment after. "Is Nature Merciful?" Maybe. (p. 2)

In your capacity as a Taxpayer do you want to know how much or how little you owe? A concern whose business is to get cities into debt publishes a book showing how little we owe. This present article shows how much we owe. It is probably wise to take both views. (p. 3)

As a Fiction Reader you must have read *The Virginian*, by Owen Wister. No? Then you will. And if you are one of those who knew *The Virginian* in his prime, you will want to know the author, too. Strange how much we know about Owen Wister's books and how little about himself. (p. 5)

Everybody wants to be a Philanthropist. We know (or think we do) what we would do if we had a million dollars. Everybody would "do good" if he could be supported while doing it. Here is the story of a man who was a "kept" philanthropist for a time, but suddenly decided that he would go into the world of business and be a real self-supporting philanthropist. (p. 6)

As to the Politician, the beginning of the above paragraph will not fit. Everybody does *not* want to be a Politician. But every citizen should supply himself with sound political facts. All political facts are not interesting. The more interesting they are the less likely to be true. (p. 8)

The Sport knows "the thrill around the corner," for these are days when records are likely to be broken any time. Record-breakers cannot pre-advertise their stunts. They happen when they occur. This writer has seen records made, broken, made again. (p. 12)

The Sociologist or Alienist (that may mean you, in an unprofessional sense) wonders a great deal about what is happening to the nation. Are we all going daffy? Are we all turning criminal? It is no use guessing about it. Get the facts. Here are a few. (p. 15)

Sam Slick illustrates certain American characteristics. The prototype of our own *Uncle Sam*, of Dickens' *Sam Weller*, of Mark Twain's *Connecticut Yankee*, he is nevertheless the invention of a Nova Scotian. (p. 16)

You may be a Farmer or not. It makes no difference to the thought-stimulant contained in this article. Mr. Brownell has something to say that sounds like sense. (p. 20)

The Artist in us rejoices in beautiful conceptions beautifully carried out. Here is one of those instances. (p. 22)

The Journalist sometimes confuses the ability to build words with the ability to manage affairs. Horace Greeley was a great editor but a failure as community manager. (p. 26)

The Traveler to Chattanooga rises in the morning to find a a noble promontory that fascinates the eye. Lookout Mountain, every acre has its tragic history. (p. 32)

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Loggerhead shrike killing a chipping sparrow. A young deer mouse and a grasshopper already grace the thorn tree shambles.

Do You Consider Nature Merciful?

Sometimes She Appears to Be Cruel

By R. S. WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY S. F. AARON.

IT IS perfectly natural at times for you to think Nature is cold-blooded and unmerciful. In giving lectures on Nature, I have found that there are certain stories which related do not fail to cause a few persons in my audience to whisper among themselves, "How cruel Nature is!"

One of the stories which almost invariably evokes thoughts of cruelty in Nature is that of the loggerhead shrike, a bird which preys on small animals like mice and grasshoppers, but who will sometimes kill the young of other birds for food. The shrike not being fitted with claws sufficient to hold and tear up its food, like some birds of prey, impales its food on the thorns of trees like the honey locust, or on the barbs of a wire fence. But these thorns are merely to hold the food while the bird eats.

In the animal kingdom many species destroy the weak. Young spiders devour the weaker ones and when they gnaw their way out of the silken egg bag, those that come forth are so vigorous that they never need help.

Is Nature unmerciful for destroying the weak before they enter life's battle?

A certain professional man living in the South resigned a lucrative position to grow cotton on a sea island twelve miles from shore. It was a tempting opportunity, for the boll weevil was destroying the crop on the mainland. The crop came on, but a great disappointment came with it. The little weevils flew twelve miles across the waters and destroyed the crop! Was that an unmerciful act of Nature? Humanity was simply learning from experience the limits of flight of a small insect. Much of our scientific knowledge comes to us in as expensive a manner.

In the year 1921 I was hiking across Raccoon Mountain in Tennessee in company with four boy scouts who I knew were city bred. Halfway up the mountain the cries of a dying rabbit met our ears. I warned the scouts to proceed with caution when nearing the spot, and told them of the habits of the banded rattlers in this mountain. When we reached the spot, the rabbit was breathing its last. The rattler had struck the young rabbit and its death seemed unmerciful, yet the reptile was acting according to its instincts.

The young of some species of fishes will swim in their mother's mouth to escape danger. The aquatic plant known as bladderwort constructs a device that so much resembles the mouth of a fish, it captures many small fish in this snare by taking advantage of the habits of the little fish, on which it feeds!

So in many instances he who is seeking for evidences of unmerciful acts in Nature will find what seems to be such a case, but will also find an act of mercy on the other side of the ledger to balance the deed!

In some species of the violets in addition to the sweet-scented flowers, Nature seems to take extra precautions that they do not become extinct, for she gives them what are called cleistogamous flowers close to the base. These closed flowers are self-fertilized, have no odor or perfume and remain well protected from the invasion of insects. In the open flower on the same plant she gives the fertilizing insects both perfume and nectar! There is nothing but wisdom and the best of reason expressed in this plan of Nature.

Man in his own conceit has long regarded lightly the importance of every life—plant or animal—beneath him. He has too long looked on them as slaves or servants. Nature has bestowed her blessings on each. Behold the little salamander that lives out in damp woodlands, under logs: should it lose a limb, Nature is so merciful that she sends another to take the place of the one destroyed.

Nature maintains no charitable institutions. She strikes at the root of evils and therefore the necessity for the establishment of charitable institutions does not arise. Her laws are the very essence of eugenics. If man were as just and exacting, how many of our charitable institutions would decay for lack of some one to use them!

We have learned that to obtain mercy through Nature we must obey her laws. Alteration in Nature's laws would mean universal chaos.

Cotton boll weevil on a cotton boll.

Plunging Over the Precipice of Debt

Showing How States and Cities Vie With Each Other in Spending Public Money

By ALLAN L. BENSON

IT IS easy to go to a state legislature or a city council and vote "aye" whenever a proposition comes up to spend other people's money. It makes a legislator popular with contractors. It increases the number of political "friends" who will be useful to him at election time. It may also increase the legislator's self-esteem. There is no telling how much of a thrill may come with the juggling of millions when one has been accustomed to disposing of an annual personal income of a few hundreds. But it is hard on the public that pays the bills. It makes the high cost of living still higher. It means less left to the worker after he has paid his part of the "overhead" of life. Nobody escapes who eats food, wears clothing, sleeps under a roof or spends a cent for anything else anywhere in the country.

Not one American in ten thousand realizes how mad these state and municipal legislators have become in the matter of spending public money. If they had been content vastly to increase taxation, as they have, and stopped, it would have been bad enough, but not so bad. Instead, they have spent all the taxation and then plunged the states and cities deeply into debt.

Bonded Indebtedness Increases a Thousand Per Cent

Since 1913, the bonded indebtedness of the states has increased almost a thousand per cent. In 1913, this indebtedness amounted to $279,141,382. At the close of 1924 the bonded indebtedness of the states was almost ten times as much—$2,368,959,646.

If the members of state legislatures and municipal councils had been chosen exclusively from lunatic asylums they might have spent more. Yet they could not have spent much more because they could not have got much more to spend. The gentlemen whom we elected to office raised all they could by taxation.

Men who in other matters are supposed to have some sense appear to have no sense at all in this matter of debt. Consider the case of Governor "Al" Smith, of New York. He and his predecessor, Mr. Miller, had a debate in New York a few weeks ago about a proposal to plunge the state into debt $100,000,000 more. Smith is for it. The people are going to vote upon it this autumn. They are going to vote upon it because the state constitution makes it necessary to do so. The proposal is to make the money available to the legislature at the rate of $10,000,000 a year for ten years.

Probably the money is needed, though apparently a great real estate melon will be cut if the scheme goes through. They are beginning to cut it already, as a matter of fact, from funds already available. But Former Governor Miller expressed the opinion that a hundred million would be needed during the next ten years for more prisons and hospitals. He opposed only Smith's plan to vote the entire hundred million at once. He thought it should be voted ten million at a time. He hadn't a hundred million dollars' worth of faith in the legislature.

Take the Case of New York for Example

"Al" Smith, when he is not a politician, is a business man and, while not a great one, is supposed to have common sense. Former Governor Miller is a corporation lawyer and is also supposed to have judgment that is better than the ordinary.

Yet what are the facts about this situation in New York? Here are the facts: New York, in 1913, had a bonded indebtedness of $135,355,000. The state's indebtedness, at the close of 1924, was $308,491,000. This increase of more than 100 per cent in 11 years should be enough, it would seem, to make men of ordinary business sense cautious. But during the same period, legislative appropriations in the State of New York increased from $50,011,422 in 1913 to $150,840,295 in 1924. In other words, the state legislature appropriated $100,000,000 more in 1924 than it did in 1913.

Now if you know anything about the way the legislature of New York wastes money, or how the legislatures of most other states waste money, do you not think that if ten million a year is needed for parks, prisons and hospitals that it could easily be obtained by taking ten million a year from that big hundred million increase that has been put on since 1913? Why bond the state for a hundred million more when the state legislature is spending a hundred million a year more than it did 11 years ago? Anybody who knows the least thing about legislative expenditures knows that there is enormous waste and extravagance in this hundred million dollar swell. Why not cut out ten million of this waste each year and avoid a hundred million dollar bond issue?

This Concerns People in All the States

You who live in the other forty-seven states may not think that this has much to do with you. You are wrong. It has. Where do you think New York City gets the money to pay a third of the entire national income tax? It gets part of it from the State of New York and the rest from the other states. It is almost impossible to lay a tax anywhere without hitting people everywhere, our affairs are so interwoven. Taxes stick to merchandise like flies to glue. Whether you buy a prune or a piano, it is loaded with the taxes that were imposed at the point of production, the taxes that were imposed on the railroads over which it traveled and the taxes that were laid in your own home town. Whether he knows it or not, every resident of the United States is concerned with what is raised everywhere in the country by taxation and bond issues. And what the State of New York has done in spending, wasting and bonding has been done and is going on in most of the other states.

Michigan's bonded debt in 1913 was nothing; now it owes $74,432,659.

Illinois' bonded debt in 1913 was also nothing; at the close of 1924 it was $101,270,800.

Pennsylvania's bonded debt in 1913 was $659,160, but at the close of 1924 it was $48,046,320, an increase of more than 700 per cent.

Some Examples of "Plunging" in Various States

Indiana jumped from $1,149,615 in 1913 to $1,755,615 in 1924, which shows that debts can be kept within reason if legislators are so disposed.

Iowa had no debt in 1913, but in 1924 owed $22,000,000, also a good record as records nowadays go.

California owed $13,806,500 in 1913, but at the end of 1924 owed $94,439,500.

Kansas owed $370,000 in 1913; $28,500,000 in 1924.

Massachusetts owed less in 1924 than in 1913; $72,523,172 in 1924 and $83,163,913 in 1913.

Vermont owed nothing in 1913 and $1,934,531 in 1924.

Minnesota went from nothing in 1913 to $46,739,000 in 1924.

Nebraska owed nothing in 1913 and still owes nothing: the same is true of Wisconsin.

During the same period, Colorado more than tripled her debt by increasing it from $3,154,000 to $10,000,000.

Missouri went from $6,048,839 to $28,000,000.

Kentucky owed nothing in 1913 and $5,953,081 in 1924.

New Jersey was out of debt in 1913 but is $44,000,000 in the hole now.

Florida has the best record of all the states. In 1913, she had a bonded indebtedness of $601,567. Now she owes nothing.

So far as wasting and taxing are concerned, the cities have done worse

than the states, though the debt figures do not show it. The cities have increased their bonded debt, since 1913, only about 250 per cent, though some of them have gone far more deeply into the mire. Detroit, for instance, swelled a debt of $9,374,354 in 1913 to $172,121,296 in 1923, an increase of about 1,800 per cent.

Cities Are Limited in Their Indebtedness

Two reasons explain the relatively favorable showing that the cities are able to make with regard to increased bonded indebtedness. First, cities are limited by the legislatures as to how deeply they may go into debt. There is but one way to escape these limitations and that is to apply to the legislatures for permission to go beyond the old limits. State legislators are usually reluctant to grant such permission, though in some cases it has been done. But, inasmuch as all that municipal legislators want is money, they have found other means to get it. They have increased the assessed valuation of real estate, increased the percentage of its value for which it is assessed, and increased the tax rate. In most cities, these measures alone are sufficient to extend the bonding limit, inasmuch as city charters usually provide that the bonded debt shall not exceed a certain percentage of the assessed valuation of real estate. In other words, municipal legislators have beaten the law and got the money while still maintaining a favorable showing on paper, as compared to the states with regard to bonded indebtedness. The figures show that the cities increased their bonded indebtedness from $1,629,881,636 in 1913 to $4,058,404,697 in 1924, or about 250 per cent, but those who pay taxes in cities know that during this period such charges have increased from 300 to 400 per cent. It is often said, and it is true, that the taxes on a house in a city are now as much as the same house rented for before the war. This is not true of all cities, but it is true of most of them. Some of the smaller cities have kept their taxes down—sometimes have even reduced them until they are now lower than they were before the war.

Some Illustrations of What Is Going On

A few illustrations will show what is going on in the cities of the United States. Akron, Ohio, in 1913, had a population of 100,000. The assessed valuation of its real estate was $106,000,000. Its debt was $3,435,328.

In 1924, the estimated population of Akron was 208,435, an increase of only a little more than 100 per cent. But the assessed valuation of its real estate was $317,000,000 and its debt was $13,236,948. The increased valuation of its real estate was enough, in itself, to yield three times as much from taxation, but nevertheless its debt was increased by almost 400 per cent.

Albany, New York, in 1913, had a population of 110,000, real estate that was valued for purposes of taxation at $102,365,600, and a debt of $2,737,100.

Albany grew slowly from 1913 to 1924. Its population, at the latter date, was only 116,223. The valuation of its real estate for the purposes of taxation was increased, during this period, to $124,263,840 which would seem to have been ample to take care of the increased population. Nevertheless the city's debt in 1924 was $9,665,094, an increase of almost 400 per cent.

From 1913 to 1924, Boston boosted its debt from $77,132,403 to $129,625,400. During the same period the assessed valuation of its real estate was increased from $1,520,974,526 to $1,714,100,000. The population during this period increased only a little—from 733,562 to 764,549.

Buffalo has a similar story to tell. In 1913 Buffalo had a population of 460,505 and a debt of $26,771,294. In 1924 her population was 523,886 and her debt $58,321,270. The assessed valuation of her real estate was increased during the same period from $336,080,105 to $734,104,650.

New York City's debt increased from $1,122,690,042 to $1,391,008,336. This is not because the legislators of New York City are economical. It is because the state legislature has imposed a debt limit upon the city. Without legislative action, the only way New York City can increase its debt is by increasing the assessed valuation of its real estate. This is being done every year, but it is rather a slow process because, as the business section of Manhattan moves northward and valuations increase, the valuations in the old section toward the south often sharply decline. This has reference only to the area between Fourteenth and Thirtieth streets.

Franklin's Spirit of Thrift Not in Philadelphia

Chicago increased its debt from $25,784,600 to $61,045,590, and its assessed valuation from $940,450,200 to $1,297,355,021.

Cleveland was not so moderate. Its debt, in 1913, was $39,471,886. In 1924 it was $124,000,000. During the same period the assessed valuation of real estate was increased from $765,754,880 to $1,288,000,000.

The spirit of thrift that Benjamin Franklin tried everywhere to inculcate is producing no results whatever in Philadelphia. The city's debt in 1913 was $92,866,355; in 1924 it was $253,895,000. During the same period the assessed valuation of real estate was increased from $1,607,916,775 to $2,630,333,197. The boost in valuations was almost sufficient to have doubled the sum received from taxation, but the city authorities were not content with this. They spent $160,000,000 more and added it to the city's debt.

San Francisco increased its debt from $34,040,500 to $76,306,000; Los Angeles from $32,992,651 to $58,631,400; Portland, Oregon, from $13,653,172 to $27,085,500.

A few years ago New York City set out to have a Fourth of July celebration. The money to pay for it was taken from the proceeds of a bond issue. Children who had not been born when the celebration took place will have to help pay for the fireworks.

American cities are ruled by that kind of men. That they are in office is not so much the fault of themselves as it is of the people who send them there. They are utterly unfit to perform their duties. This is proved by what they do. There can be no question about it. The results speak.

Must Pay More Attention to Local Politics

American municipal government continues, as it has always been, if not a failure, at least a very shabby success. We have made the Federal system of national government work well, but municipal government is still the thing that we do not understand. European cities are governed better because they are governed by a different spirit and, to a large extent, governed by experts. Being a mayor is both a career and a profession in Germany and France where success in one city often brings an offer of the mayoralty in another. Mayors serve long terms. M. Herriot had been mayor of Lyons 25 years when, last year, he had to resign to become Prime Minister of France. When he gave up the premiership the people of Lyons again elected him mayor.

We shall have to pay a little more attention to our municipal politics before we have better municipal government in America. And we shall have to provide better municipal government for ourselves before we shall be able to get as much for our money as they get in Europe. In selecting municipal officials we shall have to do as they do there—turn to experts, to men who know something about the business. We are taxed heavily and loaded with debt because we are municipally governed by men who, for the most part, know nothing about municipal government and care less. They have neither vision nor understanding. They are there to serve the interests that put them there and do what they can for themselves on the side. They are not all grafters, by any means, but they are men who are trying to "help their friends"—and themselves—without giving much thought as to what the results of their actions may be to the people at large. Candidates for mayor are usually men of ability in their respective lines, though few of them know much of anything about governing a city. They are also men of respectability, and any good reputations they may have are (Concluded on page 18)

Men Trying to Help Their Friends

Owen Wister—The Man and His Work

An Author Whose Versatility Carried Him Into Many Strange Bypaths

By PIERCE CUMINGS

A Northerner who once remarked with pride that "six of my name fought in the Civil War," he yet produced in *Lady Baltimore* one of the most valuable and at the same time sympathetic interpretations of post-war southern aristocracy ever written.

IT WAS some twoscore years ago that this country lost one of its most promising young musicians, a man whose compositions had been praised by the great Liszt. Chance forced the youthful musician to leave Europe, where he had been studying under the noted masters; and failing health compelled him to visit the rugged Rocky Mountain region. And from these two circumstances there evolved what many critics consider the greatest novel of the West that America has ever produced—*The Virginian.*

Owen Wister's earliest leanings were toward music. Even in Harvard, where he was studying to become a lawyer, he devoted much time to this first love of his.

At Harvard Wister was a college mate and close friend of Theodore Roosevelt. Like the latter he was not too strong. He was descended from blue-blooded Colonial ancestors; and he was a keen lover of nature. The similarity continued after they left the university. Within a few years each had been ordered to seek health in the West, which in those days was considerably wilder and wider open than it is today.

Roosevelt struck for North Dakota, where for several years he lived the exciting life of a rancher, and where was germinated the thought which eventually resulted in the formation of the Rough Riders and the creation of a new national hero.

Wister went to Wyoming and Arizona. There he heard the tales of the old-time cowboys, even then rapidly passing from the range. He lived their life and gained their friendship; he heard their ballads, mournful songs reflecting something of the spirit of the men themselves. He fought with them, hunted with them, endured their hardships and enjoyed their pleasures.

The result was a series of western stories of such power and such photographic clearness that they have been hailed as veritable historical novels of the highest type.

All his life Wister has been more or less paradoxical. By birth and training a Philadelphian with all the term implies of scholarliness and sedateness, he nevertheless stands out as the nation's foremost recorder of the hectic life of the West.

Owen Wister at work.

Deep in the heart of Philadelphia, scarce a stone's throw from that town's lumbering city hall, Wister is even now at work weaving a tale of the West as he knew it years ago. His office is at the corner of a tall building, high above the rumble and the crash of traffic below. From his desk he can see Broad street tapering away to the south, as that wide thoroughfare stretches toward the Navy Yard. Almost directly beneath his window is the beautiful white dome of a bank designed by the architect Stanford White.

It was in this office that I saw him a short time ago. He had just passed his sixty-fifth birthday on July 14; but his bearing was that of a man twenty years younger. It was hard to believe that he had once been weak, so strong and rugged he was. His frame is sturdy and powerful, and when he speaks it is with an incisive air that gives his words almost the effect of being clipped. He wastes no words.

Like most real men of genius, Wister does not like to talk of himself. He would rather talk about his friends. Characteristically, not long ago he dropped his own work to take up the task a friend had left unfinished at death; and it is of this friend that he would tell you.

Ernest Harold Baynes, naturalist, lecturer, and intimate of both Wister and Roosevelt, died last January. For a long time before death he knew that the end was approaching, and that the greatest work of his life—a book on the animals of the World War and the part they played in the conflict—could never be completed by himself.

He worked feverishly but to no avail. He was brave about death, was Baynes. Facing it, he wrote a poem on death to be published after he had gone. And when he knew that the end was a matter of days, he made one request—that certain of his friends take up the work where he was forced to lay it down.

"I was honored," said Wister, "to be one of those friends."

And so Wister dropped work on the novel and took up the task where his friend left off. There were others, but the main burden fell on him. His part was the writing of the introductory chapters, and it is only now that he is ready to turn back to his own work.

"Baynes was one of the finest men I ever knew," Wister said thoughtfully. "With a letter of introduction from Roosevelt he went to Europe during the war to study the part taken by animals. He met General Pershing who was greatly impressed by his sincerity and aided him in every way he could.

"He visited all the fronts, even going as far as Palestine. He watched the carrier pigeons as they flew over the battle lines; he learned of the labors of the horses and the mules; he knew how the Alsatian sheep dogs detected the presence of the enemy; he saw how canaries were used to discover poison gas.

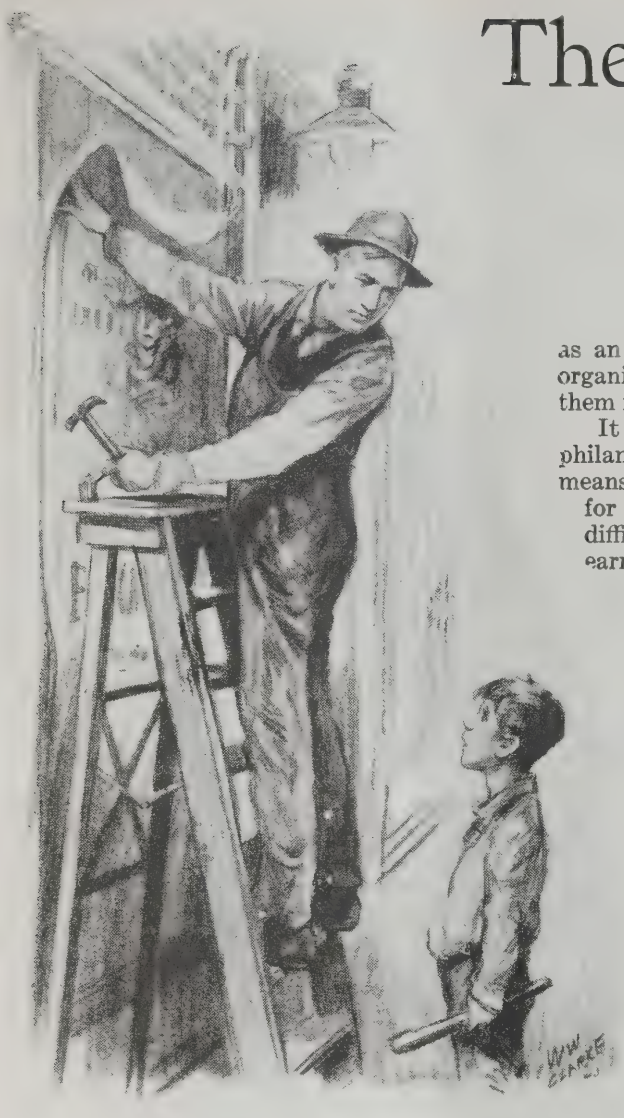
"After his return to this country he wrote a number of beautiful chapters—and then he was stricken with the disease from which he never recovered.

"Baynes was best known, perhaps, as the savior of the buffalo. He it was who interested President Roosevelt in 1907 in the campaign to stop the extermination of the bison. Together they raised money, bought a number of heads of buffalo, and persuaded the gov- (Concluded on page 29)

The Philanthropy of Business

By ARMSTRONG PERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE



"I recognized the voice. It was my old friend, the Boy Problem."

AFTER fifteen years as a "social worker" in a world-wide organization, I stopped one day to inventory results. My job was developing boys, physically, mentally and spiritually.

If a boy came along hungry I would have to send him to the Associated Charities. Our organization was a *philanthropy*, not a *charity*. The difference is that a *charity* gives all its service for nothing and the beneficiary feels insulted because you ask him who he is. A *philanthropy* pays two-thirds of the cost of its service and the beneficiary, who pays the balance, feels that he is doing you a favor by joining your organization.

In the good old days I could chuck a kid into the old swimming hole and yell, "Swim, you little rascal, or you'll drown." Results came quickly. In my philanthropic organization it was necessary to convince the whole community that the boy needed to learn to swim, and then induce them to erect a building for him, raise a large annual budget, issue a prospectus to interest him and give him an expert instructor. Then he might dillydally for three months before he could swim across the tank.

I thought it all out. I decided that I wanted to meet people as myself, not as an official of a philanthropic organization. I wanted to help them in my own way.

It is difficult, even for a philanthropist with unlimited means, to decide on his method for doing good. It was more difficult for me, for I must earn a living.

I had started my professional career on a salary of $40 a month and secured a wife before an increase. I had received no money but a "soccial worker's" salary during fifteen years. My wife was responsible for my having three thousand dollars to invest. No "social worker" ever saved much money unless he married young.

My plan was to invest five hundred dollars in business. The remaining twenty-five hundred would be a reserve fund. Having tried to obey Pope's command, "Know thyself," I was sure that this proportion was correct.

What business? It was hard to decide. It must be honest. It must be one which could be started on five hundred dollars. It must yield a living for two. It must bring me into daily contact with the common people. In all the morning papers I studied "Business Opportunities."

There were many lines of business from which to choose, all money makers. There were saloons, but they were out of the question. A billiard parlor might answer my purpose, but there is always loafing around a billiard room and loafing is bad, even in a Y. M. C. A. Besides, I had seen very young boys play for "stickins." There were barber shops and delicatessen stores, but these did not seem to connect with my plan. The one thing which appeared to be ideal from every point of view was a motion picture theater.

All ideas, I remembered from the summer school lectures, enter the human mind through the five channels of sense—sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch. These ideas result in actions. Actions become habits. Habits make character. With a motion picture theater my approach would be through sight and hearing, the two main channels.

For $500 I could purchase a motion picture theater showing weekly profits of $150. The offer was there in the newspaper in black and white. I went to see the broker.

His name was Goldstein, which had a prosperous sound. He gave me one look and turned me over to his clerk. Then and there I realized that my fifteen years as a "social worker" had done their fatal work. He thought I was after a contribution.

The clerk gave me a list of "picture shows" which were for sale. Before visiting any of them I secured the help of two old friends. One was a lawyer, the other an expert on motion picture apparatus. Neither knew the picture show business, but they both knew me.

The lawyer studied each proposition until he found the weak point. The machinist wormed his way into the confidence of the men in the operating rooms and secured the information which owners and agents omitted.

We investigated fifty-four propositions. I studied locations, leases and license laws, film service, fire prevention and projection apparatus. At the end of three months I leased a deceased beer garden in the slums, took out the round tables, put in a sloping floor with theater chairs. At my wife's suggestion—and she was very brave to make it—we moved our worldly possessions into the rooms over the theater and made our home there. We were next door to a saloon and its rear exit was our front hall.

For years the beer garden had offered free motion pictures as an extra attraction. The machine, screen, fireproof booth and all accessories were still there. There appeared to be no reason why the place should not be reopened as a motion picture theater without delay. I applied for a license.

Nothing happened. After a week I made inquiries. "Have you applied for inspection?" the clerk asked. I had not, for the necessity for doing so had not been mentioned. I did so at once.

The inspectors came—one or two from each of six departments. They ordered me permanently to close all doors communicating with adjoining buildings; take up and reset all the chairs; make the operating booth, a solid concrete structure, eight inches longer and five inches wider; change the electric wiring and put in a larger

switch; have the cellar thoroughly cleaned; purchase additional fire apparatus; and remove the rest rooms from the rear to the front of the building. That was all! It would probably cost a thousand dollars.

In despair I consulted the saloon keeper next door. I didn't like his business but I liked him. He suggested: "See the brewer who owns the building—he can't collect rent until you can use it for a picture show."

The brewer sent me to a politician. He introduced me to an alderman who asked me to meet him at the city hall. In a week I had my license, and all the alterations cost less than twenty-five dollars.

These men had gone out of their way to help me and I felt under obligations. They were Democrats of the tribe of Tammany. I was bluntly asked about my politics at the outset and admitted I was a Republican.

"What do they expect?" I asked the saloon keeper.

"Nothing!" he replied. "Nothing we can do for you will cost you a cent. We're always glad to help our friends along."

He told the truth—time proved it. They continued to help in ways which will appear later.

A "social worker" who does his work without carefully recording and forcefully reporting it becomes known as unsystematic, unbusinesslike, inefficient, and loses his job.

One who keeps the records faithfully and gives the necessary time to all the incidental work becomes known as a man who cannot rise above details, and loses his job.

One who, by superhuman effort, meets all the requirements of his position, breaks down and loses his job.

By careful inquiry among my prospective patrons I learned their taste in pictures. I contracted for film service at a higher rate than any of my competitors were paying. The company assured me that my entertainment would be far superior to that of any competitor. They promised that my youngest picture each day would be only three days old, that at least one picture each day would be shown at my house before appearing at any other in the neighborhood. I wish to say, in passing, that they lied.

I carried home an armful of posters for advertising the first show, enough to cover the front of the building.

Putting on my overalls, I took my stepladder, hammer and tacks and went to work. I was sure that the neighborhood would take to a man who wore his overalls and did his own work. Unlike some other things I thought I knew, this proved to be true.

Before I had driven four tacks I heard a voice behind me: "Say, mister, do you own this movin' pitcher?"

I recognized the voice instantly. It was my old friend, the Boy Problem. It had appeared in a very diminutive, redheaded form. It carried a thick spoke, extracted from the collapsed wheel of some wrecked wagon. It was prepared for war or peace.

"Yes, sir," I replied with all the dignity of proprietorship.

"Don't yez need someone t'help yez?"

I was there to do good. The best thing any man can do for any boy is to give him a real job. "What can you do?"

Quick as a flash the answer came. The blue eyes snapped with eagerness. "Lemme sweep out the place!"

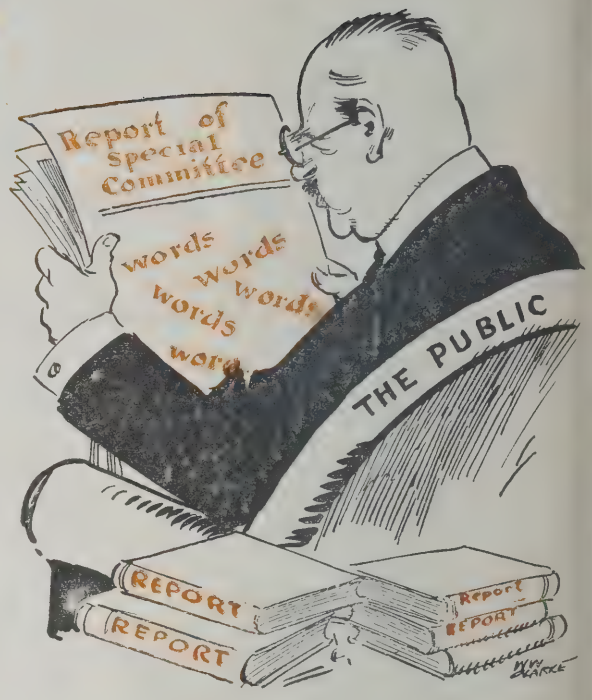
"The broom is inside. Go to it."

In two minutes a swirling cloud of dust came flying from the open doors. Behind it, as I stepped in, was a human whirlwind. The end of the broomstick was agitat- *(Continued on page 27)*

"I was not thinking of money—but the forty boys who were members of my picture organization."

Lands That are Free, Reports That are Nil

By AARON HARDY ULM
ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE



OUR OPEN spaces, nearly a half-million acres of them, to which all the people of the country have common title, are the subject of an investigation just begun by the Senate Committee on Public Lands. This is the committee that made an audience for Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, through the tedium of prizing the top off the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills oil-lease affairs. Walsh is to be active in the new, and immeasurably more far-reaching, inquiry which possibly may be productive of at least a greater volume of sensational disclosures.

The committee is to survey the management of that vast and valuable portion of the public estate that has been set aside or disposed of in some form. One part of it is the national forests—136,000,000 acres, most of which, some critics say, are treeless with little prospect of becoming otherwise. Another is the national parks and monuments—which have become in practice, say other critics, the private domain of favored concessionnaires. Another is the large acreage of mineral lands that has been submitted to private exploitation under leases; and another is the Indian lands.

Probably the more pertinent phase of the inquiry will have to do with that portion yet rated as the Public Domain—nearly 200,000,000 acres—which still prospectively is open to homesteaders, but on the whole is undisposed of in any way.

Most of it being arid or mountainous, this land has little attraction for the settler, even in maximum units of 640 acres. Unlike other groupings of our public lands this portion still is "free." Anyone may graze his sheep or cattle upon it, without cost or restriction. It is poorly policed, being, in fact, a true "no-man's" land where feuds often rage to the point of murderous violences. Moreover, it is claimed that this area, on account of the absence of regulation and restriction, is utilized poorly even for grazing. Those so claiming are urging that the land office be permitted to lease it in large units for long periods of time. Thus may pass the last bit of the United States where primal freedom still exists and the laws of nature are hampered little by statute.

A generation has passed since Theodore Roosevelt made the word "conservation" as common as he did the word "strenuous." New powers are now in control and it is a time of checking up on ventures that seemed perfect when first undertaken back in the early years of the century. Conservation as a national policy is more deeply written into the national consciousness than it was when first etched upon it twenty years ago; likewise, on the whole, the established methods of pursuing it. But no longer are all of these methods looked upon as sacrosanct and no one any longer hestitates to question the quality of the management governing their pursuit. This is indicated by a virtual national about-face on the once politically holy enterprise known as reclamation. About $200,000,000 has been invested by the Federal Government in irrigation projects, on account of which there now comes agricultural produce of about the value of that wheedled from soil-less surfaces in Massachusetts. Much else, however, has come, including disappointment for many settlers, considerable profit for speculators and boomers and a knowledge, supported by grim statistics, that the vaunted Government "expert" can be, in making estimates, the most imaginative person going.

For example, a group of 25 projects that were to cost around $2,500,000 actually cost nearly $7,000,000. Where water was to be provided for 100,000 acres the streams yielded enough for only 60,000 acres. Settlers who were to refund the cost and meet expenses of maintenance and operation have been able to pay, or, rather have paid, only about 6 per cent of what is due and no interest. Excepting a few that are successful, these projects—which loomed big and indisputable in the conservation program of twenty years ago—have served to conserve in the main only porky prestige for politicians.

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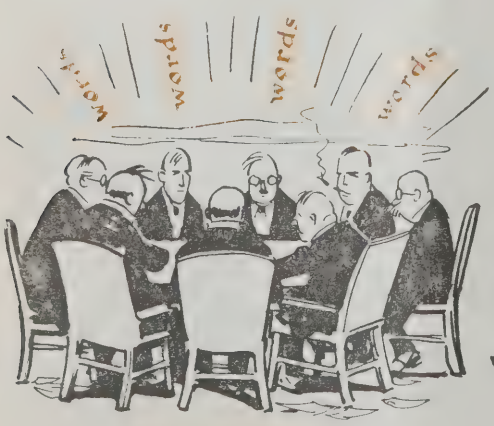
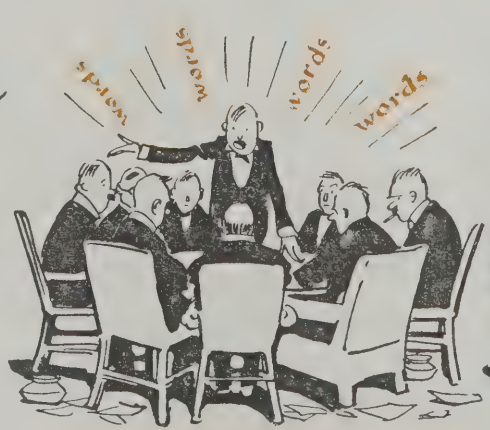




MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE world is in balance. Competition and compensation coöperate to keep it so. If the limits of their operation sometimes seem too wide for any relation to individual affairs, it is because we do not see that within the widest circle there are smaller circles, and that compensatory conditions are possible to the individual when the whole world seems out of joint. The atoms are safe even when the rock is exploded.

An amazing proof of the independence of life is that it can be lived when by all the charts and constitutions it seems most unlivable. An age like ours, whose attention is so strongly focused on the conditions of life, needs to be reminded that life is maker of the conditions, and conditions are not the maker of life. Life creates and changes when it will. There is a balance or correspondence between the two. But the starting place for a new series of conditions is not in the conditions, but in Life itself.

The individual is not hampered on his own plane by the fact that his neighbor lives on a lower plane. He is independent in that respect and can lead his own life. His own type of life will create the conditions required by it. Wheat grows of its own nature into its own conditions, though all around it be some less useful form of weed. The wheat does not require the condition of an all-wheat world; but merely its own life.

Other views make men dependent, and dependence leads them to exalt the machine above the mechanic, or matter above mind. More than half the vital energy now applied to the problems of human life, especially in the political sphere, is wasted. It proceeds on the wrong principle and is checked by the limitations which the universe has erected as barriers for its own protection against the destructive misuse of the mental energy which has been placed at the disposal of this race.

The range of man's freedom seems very wide. He can make all sorts of experiments as regards himself. He cannot change the flight of birds nor the procession of the stars. Seedtime and harvest are beyond the scope of his laws. But in all the aspects of his life he has wide room to grope about, to test and try, to accept and refuse, to learn and to remain stubborn—and all this without upsetting the balance of the world. He has freedom as an individual in the mass. He has freedom as a mass in the universe. Freedom enough to use for all purposes, but not enough to hurt the enduring order of things.

Men's resources are always greater than their use of them. Individually and socially man always lives beneath his possibilities. The margin is continually in man's favor. He never exhausts it. The picture of society always in struggle against insufficient supply for its physical needs, or insufficient scope for its spiritual powers, is a false picture. Supply always exceeds demand, and with the increase of demand comes greater volume of supply; it seems to be a universal law.

THE antics of the ring do not upset the circus tent: the flurries and ferments of humanity all have their place in the universe. Man's freedom is as wide as his ability to receive experience. There is no commodity which we so greatly lack, as experience. It is not the turnover of life, but the profit thereof, that constitutes experience. Not what one has seen, not what one has endured, but what one has learned until he knows it in his pulses. The universe waits, well-balanced, while man learns. It is equally prepared for his ignorance and his knowledge; each is a burden equal to the other; the yield of each is experience.

All this turmoil and ferment to which we give various names, and which we conceive to be the tragedy of the world, is really men's energetic experimentation with the forces of life. The more man is released from uncertainty regarding his bread, the more energy he expends in other directions. The ultimate result is the same whatever the character of action may be, namely, the acquirement of more experience.

Of all our possessions we have less of experience than anything else. The processes of experience, often repeated upon us, have not engraved their meaning deeply within us, and so they continue grinding monotonously. What society learns, it does not have to learn again. What it has not learned, it must go through with until it does learn—whether the experience be war, panic, plague or what not. We have learned the experience of plague so thoroughly that plague is no longer among our tutors. We are just beginning to learn what panic means and whence it arises. As to war, that groove in our intelligence seems rather shallow.

Yet whatever the goal, each may reach it when he will, regardless of the mass. In that sense we are all individual and independent universes. Directly we swing into an higher orbit, the laws of that orbit become operative for us. There are higher economics for those who find a higher circle of personal life. What binds on one plane is powerless one step up.

The universe is balanced. Ample provision exists within that balance for all that we deem unbalanced and destructive. The swinging of the pendulum does not disturb the planet's flight, and nothing is destructible but evil.

"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

Church Council and "Wets"

WHAT the prohibition report of the Federal Council of Churches may disclose itself to be when studied is not known here; it has not arrived. But what use the "wet" press of the country has made of it is apparent to all. In this part of the country the pro-alcohol press gave five days of headlines in which they gloated over the report. It was plainly all aid and comfort to them. In such quotations as were made it was also plainly at variance with the sentiment and conviction of the churches. It is just here that the "wets" may find their joy to be rather premature. The churches of America did not speak through the Federal Council. Inquiry forces the conclusion that 98 per cent of the membership of American churches do not know what the Federal Council is, and never authorized it to speak, and were never consulted as to what should be published as the mind of the church. It is probable the report will have no effect whatever on the sentiment of the country, but it may have an effect on the Federal Council.

Wage Reduction and Debt Increase

ONE point in wage reduction has not been given attention, yet it is of vast importance in studying the economics of industrialism.

That point is that the wage cut does not measure the full loss to the earner who has ventured into debt.

In other words, *debt increases more rapidly than pay decreases.*

To illustrate:

John Smith, encouraged by steady employment at a good wage, invests in a home for which he agrees to pay $10,000. His wage is one dollar an hour. His only source of income being the exchange of his labor for dollars, the investment represents 10,000 hours at the rate just stated.

But, a change comes. Amateur economists think that the way to help business is to reduce wages. John Smith, therefore, is notified of a 10 per cent cut; his wage henceforth will be 90 cents an hour.

Having agreed to pay 10,000 hours of his work for the home, on the basis of one dollar an hour, John Smith is now confronted with the necessity of paying more hours because he has fewer dollars for his hours.

His original debt representing 10,000 hours is thus increased to 11,111.11 hours, or more than 11 per cent.

If the wage cut is 25 per cent, John Smith must pay 13,333.33 hours of work, a debt increase of 33 1-3 per cent.

At "normalcy," or the price level of pre-war times, Smith, if fortunate, must exchange his labor for 50 cents per hour, a cut of 50 per cent. But then the increase in his debt is 100 or double his contract conditions, for at 50 cents an hour it will require 20,000 hours instead of 10,000 to pay for the home.

This view of wage reduction, as a human effect, is worth bearing in mind.

Advertising

ADVERTISING that brings supply and demand together performs a service. It is a species of information, and only ceases to be that when it becomes dishonest or extravagant. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has established its policy in the absence of advertising and occupies a position in which it is pretty well understood that advertising could not be used as an influence to deter or deflect it.

It is known, of course, that advertising is sometimes used to influence and coerce publications into or out of certain courses. This is seldom the action of the individual advertisers themselves but of certain agencies which attempt to use their clients' accounts as cudgels for their own purposes. Advertisers of the legitimate class do not regard their purchase of space as a lien on the editorial policy of the publication they use; all they are buying is publicity for their announcement, and they have no other thought.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, in admitting advertising to its columns, has exercised a selective care as to the reliability of the advertiser and the character of the commodity. The space which advertisements may occupy in this paper is limited to 33⅓ per cent, the size of the paper gradually increasing so that the former supply of reading matter shall not be decreased.

We believe that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT with its very large circulation among the most intelligent classes in the country presents an advertising medium of genuine value both to the trade and the consumer.

Radio

OF THE approximately 6,000,000 radio receiving sets in the world, about 4,000,000 are in use in the United States; about nine hundred thousand in England; perhaps as many in Germany and the rest scattering.

The significant feature of this distribution of radio receiving sets is that the average European government actually discourages the ownership of them by needless red tape requirements. The object is to control the means of communication not only in time of war but also to censor efforts to influence public opinion. Thomas Jefferson always maintained that truth in the open must prevail; but politicians take care to prevent it if they can.

It is further significant that it is only among certain peoples that this suppression can be secured. The forward peoples prevent it. In emergencies this policy of suppression will clearly place its victims at a disadvantage. But the fundamental disadvantage is the quality which permits it. The worst feature of slavery is not enslavement but the capacity to be enslaved. Free peoples never are enslaved—nor is a free press, a free parliament, a free platform, a free radio.

Ford "Bankers Shares"

WE ARE now receiving inquiries from clergymen in all parts of the country, though mostly West and South, regarding the offer of so-called "Bankers Shares" of stock in the Ford Motor Company of Canada. For more than a year the facts about this form of speculation have been broadcast by newspapers, Better Business Bureaus and Chambers of Commerce, but still the chase after "suckers" goes on. The exploiters of the "Bankers Shares" seem to know that they can ply their art safely because whole sections of our population remain wilfully ignorant of plainest business facts.

What is a "Bankers Share"? It is commonly one share of Ford of Canada stock split up into 100 parts. The name "Bankers Share" is given it for effect. The buyer of a "Bankers Share" does not own a share of stock at all, but the one-hundredth part of a share owned by someone else.

Ford of Canada stock was recently quoted on the stock market at $485 a share. The exploiters of "Bankers Shares" usually sell them at $10 each. That is, there being 100 such "Bankers Shares" in one share of stock, the exploiter gets $1,000 for what is quoted at $485.

The $515 difference between buying and selling makes the deal very profitable to the "banker"—whoever he may be. Usually he is not a banker. He is oftener a faker who has acquired a few shares of Ford of Canada stock and is using the Ford name as a bait to hook the savings of poor people. And poor people, lured by lies of big profits, let their savings go.

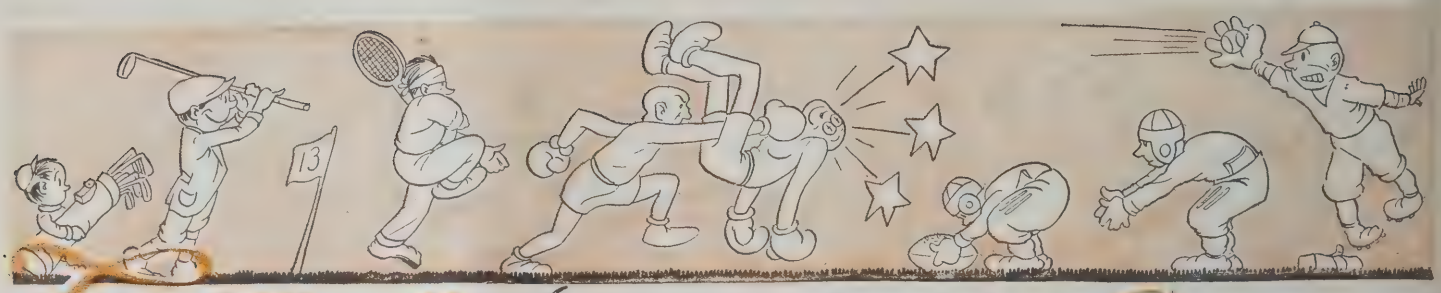
Clergymen, just now, seem to be the particular victims selected to be "permitted to invest." Some of them have exercised their common sense in making inquiries before acting. Others have swallowed the misleading literature whole. The scheme is a product of the swindling type of mind. People should be warned against it.

"Smash the Empire"

BRITISH trade unionism in annual conference disclosed its leadership as anti-British, pro-Russian, and revolutionary. "Smash the Empire" was the accepted slogan. "Put none but Communists on your official boards," was the message from Moscow. A resolution was adopted calling attention to the delectable conditions of the workingman in Russia and Mexico! The ground for the inclusion of Mexico in this bit of rejoicing seems to have been the rumor that some kind of Bolshevik group rules the labor organizations of that country also. The suffering and degradation of labor in both countries is so well known that one wonders what blindness of stupidity can have overtaken British labor leaders to propose such a preposterous resolution. It would be worth the Empire's money to provide free transportation to as many workmen as care to avail themselves of the golden opportunities to be found in Russia and Mexico. It is to be feared, however, that none would go. It is human nature to condemn what it has, yet stick to it like glue.

The Investigations

THE investigations that are proceeding at Washington, called forth by the *Shenandoah* and Colonel Mitchell, appear at this writing to promise little comfort to any particular party and to disclose a state of affairs that all will agree in the end needed attention. The mere matter of arguments which have their weight in predisposing the mind toward one contestant or the other is now being put aside in favor of concrete actions and facts. Plausibility, so easy to obtain in argument, is giving place to actuality, so inseparable from fact. It is quite within the possibilities that all parties in the investigation will come through with draggled feathers, for all of them have been up against a more or less unknown quantity. Some of them frankly have admitted their ignorance; others have put on an air of omniscience. In the end, it will be the bottom facts that count.



The Thrill Around the Corner

By PAUL MACDONALD

WHEN the baseball reporters, seated in the press stand of Sportsmen's Park in St. Louis on May 5, 1925, sent in their early "leads" they observed: "While the weather was clear the temperature was cold. A chilly wind blew across the playing field and swept through the stands, but in spite of the adverse weather conditions a fairly large crowd was out to see Detroit and St Louis play."

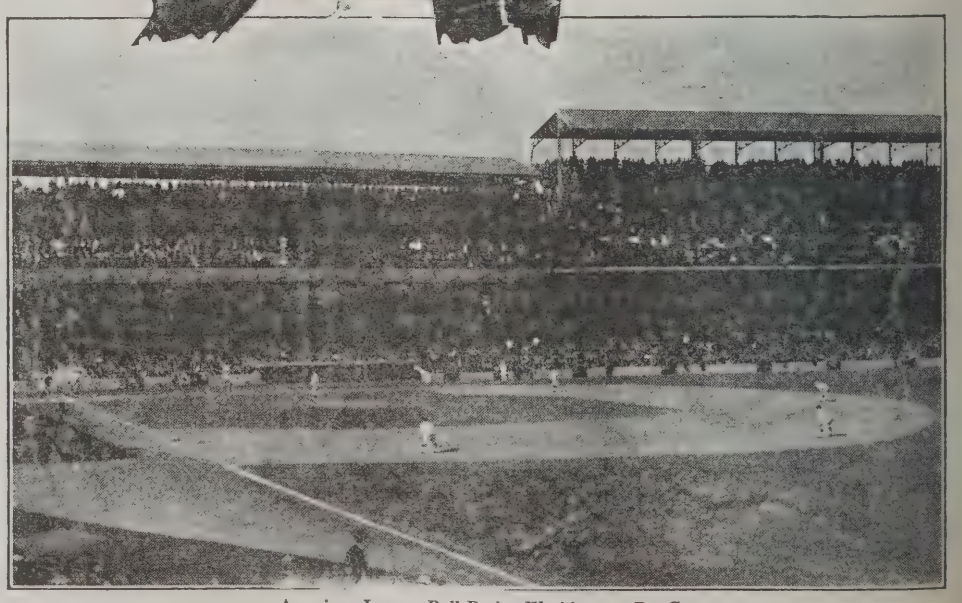
One veteran reporter, viewing the crowd, remarked: "Can you imagine all these people coming out here on a day like this to sit through two hours or more of play by a couple of clubs that stand nowhere; one of them in last place?"

Here was a game that promised nothing in the way of thrills. The competing teams were playing poor baseball at the time and considering the conditions the crowd should have been one of the smallest of the year.

Some day, if you are a follower of baseball, you will probably look up the lifetime record of Tyrus Raymond Cobb and in this record you will find May 5, 1925, designated in large, bold-faced type. It was on this chilly day of May and on the St. Louis playing field that the master player of all time gave his greatest performance at bat. Here, at the start of his twenty-first year as a player, Cobb made six hits in six times at bat off five different St. Louis pitchers. He hit three home runs, a two-bagger and two singles, a total of sixteen bases. It was the first time in baseball history that any player has ever made six hits for sixteen bases in a single game. Several players in modern baseball have made six hits in one game and once, in the early era of the professional pastime, Wilbert Robinson, of the Baltimore Orioles, made seven hits in one game. Several players in modern baseball have made three home runs in a single game and twice, 30 years ago, a player made as many as four home runs in one game, but never has there been quite the complete batting performance that Cobb delivered on that late day of his brilliant career. A thoroughly chilled crowd witnessed a batting feat that twenty seasons of strenuous baseball campaigning by Cobb had failed to equal.

In sports there is always a thrill around the corner. That is what makes the game alluring. Comparatively few football games rise above the ordinary. Most of the matches on the gridiron are poor drama. You find even less good encounters in boxing where the cast of characters is limited to two and the moving drama calls for concentrated action. For one game that holds real thrills you discover a dozen that are profoundly boring.

Left—William Tilden, professional tennis player. Right—Ty Cobb, "King of Baseball." Below—D. Milburn, of the American Polo Team.



American League Ball Park—Washington, D. C

Army versus Navy—Wilson, the Army full-back stopped on Navy's thirty-yard line.

You may attend a thousand ball games before seeing a pitcher deliver a no-run, no-hit game. You may never see one pitched. If you do, chances are that it will be on a day when the attendance is slim, when the prospects for high-tensioned play are apparently remote.

It took a number of World Series to produce super-melodrama such as was the last game between Washington and New York in the 1924 series, a battle that will live as long as baseball is played, a contest in which nearly every thrill that baseball can provide was jammed, a struggle in which the advantage shifted from one team to the other and back again until the end came suddenly and altogether unexpectedly in an extra inning on one of the freakiest hits an important contest has produced, a fitting climax to the most melodramatic of all World Series conflicts.

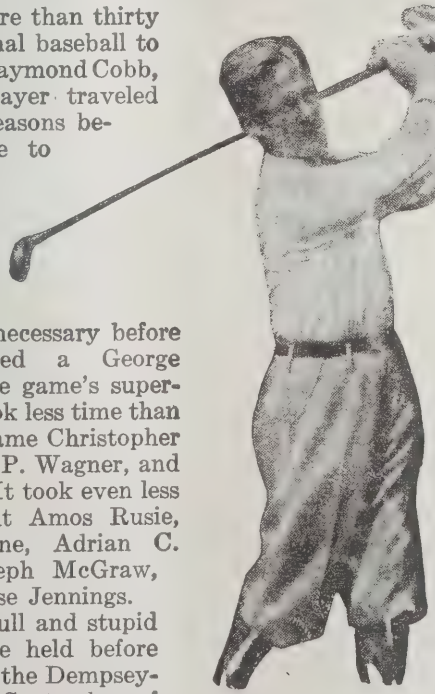
It required more than thirty years of professional baseball to produce a Tyrus Raymond Cobb, and this super-player traveled through twenty seasons before he was able to cram as much batting into a single game as he did on May 5, 1925, in St. Louis.

More than forty years were necessary before baseball developed a George Herman Ruth, the game's super-slugger. But it took less time than that to give the game Christopher Mathewson, John P. Wagner, and Walter Johnson. It took even less time to bring out Amos Rusie, Charles Radbourne, Adrian C. Anson, John Joseph McGraw, and Hugh Ambrose Jennings.

Hundreds of dull and stupid boxing bouts were held before the ring witnessed the Dempsey-Firpo struggle in September of 1923. This fight, for pure melodrama, is unmatched in ring history. Countless spectators sat bored through hundreds of flabby fistic shows before there came a Villa-Wilde bout which probably stands unequaled as an exhibition of Anglo-Saxon moral and physical courage.

Right—Paavo Nurmi, Finnish running champion.

Below—Suzanne Lenglen, French tennis star.



Bobby Jones— "Fore!"

Only once in a long, long while is there a football game that for thrills can match the Army-Navy struggle of November, 1923, or the Illinois-Chicago and Stanford-California tie battles of 1924.

One never knows when any sport will touch the high spot of melodrama. These occasions come suddenly and unannounced. What promises to be a soggy and boresome affair frequently develops into a sports masterpiece; what promises to be a high spot rarely peers above the rim of the ordinary and trivial.

Boxing had to endure the Willards, Fultons, Morrisses, Maddens, Flynns, Meehans, Morans, McCarthys, Brennans, Burkes, Smiths, Tates, Weinerts, Wells, and giants of kindred types before there arose among them a Dempsey. For several years the promoters hunted the farms, hamlets, villages, towns, and cities to find a white man capable of winning the heavyweight championship and when they found one, after going through flocks of brawny men lacking both talent and instinct, they located a man who while he won the title was the poorest fighter to ever hold it. I refer to Willard. During the reign of Willard there continued to flock into the ring mastodonic laborers rather than boxers or fighters and then suddenly appeared Dempsey and swept through the lumbering field. It was practically certain that a man of talent must appear in their midst sooner or later and the crowds kept flocking to the boxing arenas in the hope of being present at the discovery.

A championship bout will always attract a large crowd. Even when seats near the ring sell for $30 or $60 the place will be jammed. There have been a few title battles in recent years that drew $1,000,000 or more at the gate and even then all those demanding seats could not be accommodated.

What draws these vast throngs is the chance that a champion may be dethroned. Human nature always goes for the underdog. There is also ever present in man a desire to be in on the kill. The same lure that fox hunting has for its followers is present in a championship match. New title holders are created ofttimes suddenly. A chance blow on the chin can finish any champion. And the public clamors to be present when a new boxer is lifted to one of the thrones of the boxing kingdom. There is something of a super-thrilling nature about the scene of a falling champion, and every time a champion risks his title he stands that chance. The fatal count of ten is always before him. Every man that opposes him is a possible successor, regardless of how remote

his opportunities may seem.

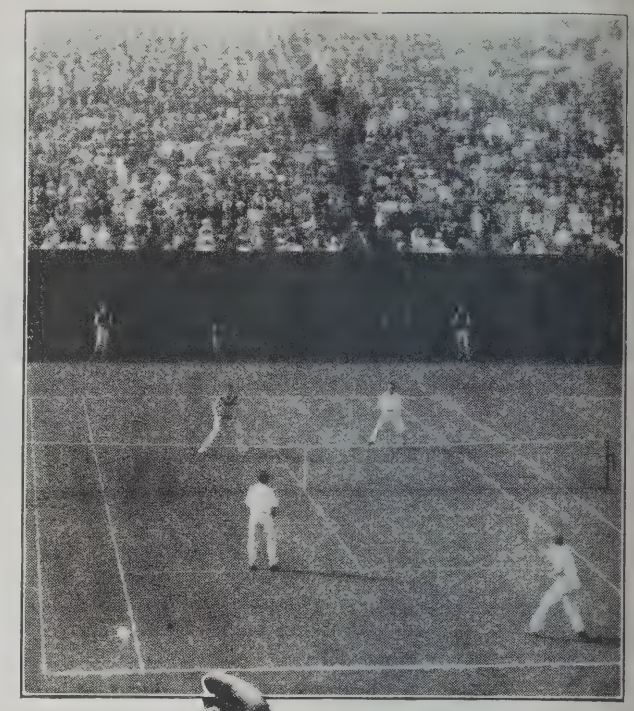
When Jess Willard met Jack Dempsey at Toledo in the first real defense of his championship the title holder was the heavy favorite. Willard was so big, so strong, so powerful compared to the much smaller Dempsey. Few gave the challenger a chance. Willard was expected to pound Dempsey to a pulp because of his superior height, weight, reach, and strength. But it was Dempsey that beat Willard to a pulp. Few times has a heavyweight taken the beating that Willard took in those three rounds at Toledo.

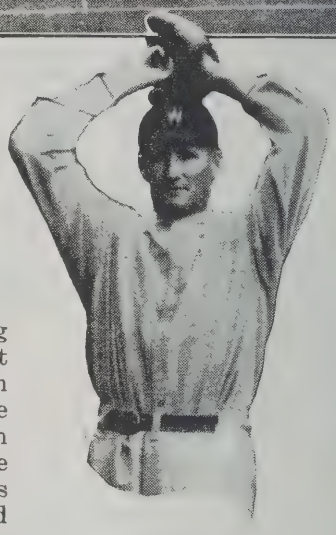
Then there was the never-to-be-forgotten battle between Luis Angel Firpo and Dempsey. The giant from the Argentine was a grim-looking mountain of a man, strong, rugged, and with fierce fighting spirit. Nothing in boxing ever equaled this performance in thrills. Lurid melodrama was stuffed into five minutes of violent action. Still, before the fight, Dempsey was regarded as having an easy time ahead. He would step inside the wild swinging South American and beat him down but when, in the first round, a terrific right swing from the challenger caught the champion on the left shoulder and hurled him bodily out of the ring, the great crowd that was packed inside the Polo Grounds was dumfounded. The senses seemed paralyzed. It was hard to realize.

There has been nothing to equal this fight in ring history, but before the bout none suspected that it would carry a thrill out of the ordinary.

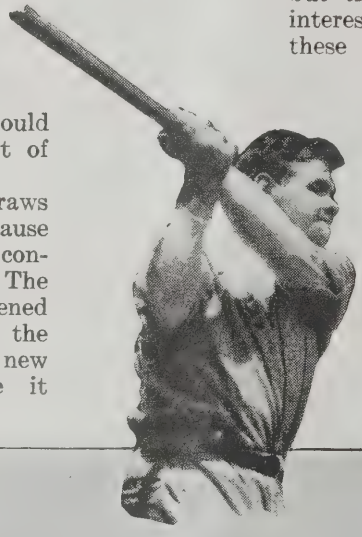
Football draws great throngs because there is always a contest in sight. The game has been opened up gradually and the introduction of new rules has made it possible for the minor college elevens to have a chance against the majors. The forward pass and its attending features are chiefly responsible for the new condition that makes the result of no game a foregone conclusion and provides numerous upsets each season. You seldom see the one-sided scores that were so frequent a dozen years ago. There is always the possibility of one of football's little Davids reaching up and bowling over one of her Goliaths. It is being done frequently each year. Upsets mean thrills and since there is a chance for thrills the public flocks to the stadiums of the gridiron. Few teams have much better than an even chance and the men behind the schedules, recognizing this fact, arrange programs of so-called "big" games. Any game in football is likely to be "big."

Until the winter season of 1925 there was little interest in track events. This sport, fostered chiefly by high schools, academies, colleges, and universities, had a select following but the general public was not interested. Then there arrived on these shores Paavo Nurmi, the phantom runner from Finland, hero of the 1924 Olympic Games at Paris and heralded through two hemispheres as the greatest distance runner of all time. In his first start Nurmi broke two indoor records and suddenly the track sport took hold of the public. There were more than twice as many track meets last winter as in any previous indoor season. Why? Nurmi started it with his record-breaking performance, and with Nurmi in mind every athlete clamored for some of the same glory. They all went out to break a record or two and records began tumbling headlong.





Above—Tennis doubles court at the Germantown, Pennsylvania, Cricket Club. Below—Walter Johnson, Washington star pitcher.



Above—Babe Ruth. Below—A polo game replete with thrills, Meadowbrook Field.

No man ever did so much for athletics as Nurmi. By setting record after record himself he spurred on every American athlete to do the same thing. He urged them on to their best efforts. His performances called forth the last ounce in them. They wanted part of the headlines that Nurmi carried.

Nurmi always drew big audiences but when others started smashing records all track meets drew heavily. There was always the chance of seeing a new mark of some kind established and the public wanted to be in on that. It was not the chance of some American beating the invader, for that chance was too remote, but the promise of a new mark being set is what pulled them to the meets.

George Herman Ruth may go hitless for two solid weeks but the public will still flock to see him. Any time Ruth goes to bat there is the chance that he will drive the ball out of the park. He carries the big punch of baseball and the public loves to see that punch exercised. Ruth has been the greatest individual drawing card the game has known. No man

(Concluded on page 24)

The U. S. Takes the World's Defectives

Millions Are Spent in Taking Care of Aliens Who "Slipped Through"

By MARIAN K. CLARK

THE recent debate in New York between the present governor of that state and his predecessor in office upon the necessity for a bond issue of $50,000,000 for the extension of hospital accommodations for the insane, one-third of whom are aliens who have neither legal nor equitable claims upon the taxpayers for maintenance, elevates the economic importance of alien defectives to a problem of the first rank.

The present conditions in the state hospitals may be understood by the report of a special commissioner in 1913, which informed the governor that:

Deportable Aliens Now in the Hospitals

"During the past fifteen years from one-sixth to one-quarter of the total state budget has been spent for the maintenance and care of its defective classes, one-third of whom are aliens."

Since that time, however, the Federal Government has continuously admitted defective aliens who have in large measure served to increase the populations in these institutions during the same period of time.

It must be apparent therefore that it is impossible to arrive at any honest, permanent or comprehensive estimate of actual necessary hospital requirements, until the number of deportable aliens now being maintained in state hospitals is determined.

The Assistant Secretary of Labor but recently made the assertion that:

"Ellis Island is now unsuited to handling immigration under the restrictive immigration law because it was built to handle a maximum of 7,000 immigrants a day and today the average is about 300."

This would seem to prepare the way for the suggestion that all deportable aliens now in the state hospitals could be cared for by the Federal Government at that station, pending deportation and with the overcrowding thus relieved the state hospitals would not require at this time further extension of their facilities for the accommodation of *alien insane*, thus permitting a timely and well-balanced survey of the entire situation.

Some of Those Who Are Excluded

If statistics for the past twenty-five years were compiled showing the number of excludable aliens who have been maintained at public expense, and the cost to the several states that have cared for them, the results would be appalling.

The Immigration Law mandatorily excludes:

"Persons who have had one or more attacks of insanity at any time previous to landing, as well as persons of constitutional psychopathic inferiority and chronic alcoholics."

The law is also broadened to include:

"Mental and physical defectives irrespective of their financial condition and ability to earn a living."

This law, however, was abrogated by the "Rules and Regulations" which permitted these specifically excluded classes to land under bond. But even this grant of discretion does not warrant the acceptance of a bond, *known by the immigration authorities to be unenforcible when accepted*, for the admission of an idiot, an imbecile, an epileptic or members of other classes definitely and finally excluded by the terms of Section 3 of the Immigration Law.

Abundant illustrations are available certifying that families of defectives and criminals can be traced back to a single ancestor. Over a period of five years more that 2,000,000 aliens were examined at the detention pen in Ellis Island, and during one single year of that period (1923) some 19,741 *mandatorily excluded* immigrants *were permitted by the immigration authorities to enter the United States.*

The Constantly Increasing Number of Defectives

The definite reasons for the continuation of this practice are the perennial indifference of Congress and the failure of both branches of that legislative body to realize the significance to the nation of the constantly multiplying defective and criminal classes due to the non-enforcement of the immigration law, as well as the misdirected efforts of politicians both state and national in assisting those whose efforts are directed toward its evasion.

The National Committee for Mental Hygiene, in order to ascertain the extent of institutional care of insane, feeble-minded and epileptics in the United States, has from time to time taken a census of the patient population of institutions caring for the above classes of dependents as follows:

Census of the Insane

Jan.1,1910—In institutions in the United States		187,791
In public institutions	95%	178,402
In private institutions	5%	9,389
Jan.1,1917—In institutions in the United States		234,055
In public institutions	96.4%	225,824
In private institutions	3.6%	8,231
Jan.1,1923—In institutions in the United States		267,617
In public institutions	96.5%	258,386
In private institutions	3.5%	9,231
Foreign-Born (all races)	27.2%	70,517

The Care of the Feeble-Minded and Epileptic

The 1923 census includes returns from 528 institutions for mental diseases of which 165 are state hospitals, 148 other public hospitals and 213 private institutions.

The report states:

"Owing to the fact that many patients were both feeble-minded and epileptic and that many institutions were caring for both classes, it was found impracticable to separate completely the two groups in presenting data concerning the movement of patient population. The institutional care of feeble-minded and epileptics is very largely a public matter."

Census of Feeble-Minded and Epileptics

Jan.1,1917—In institutions in the United States		48,021
In public institutions	94.3%	44,798
In private institutions	5.7%	3,223
Jan.1,1923—In institutions in the United States		51,731
In public institutions	92.6%	47,943
In private institutions	7.4%	3,788
In almshouses		13,249

These figures indicate that in excess of 96 per cent of the total number of insane, feeble-minded and epileptics in the United States are being maintained at the expense of the government and that the increase of patient population shows a constantly increasing ratio in each succeeding census.

Reports From the Institutions Are Discouraging

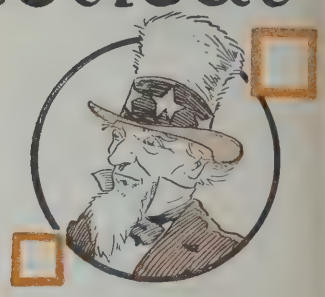
The admission of even one feeble-minded alien represents potential evil to the nation. A yearly succession of thousands of such aliens is so grave in its possibilities as to demand immediate and drastic correction.

Far better an illiterate able-bodied alien whom we can instruct at little cost in time and money, than a defective whose traits will be transmitted to posterity, either before or after he becomes a public burden, by begetting of his kind—the worse evil of the two.

In 1914 it was reported that there were 7,000 feeble-minded children in the schools of New York City, more than 50 per cent of whom were of foreign birth or parentage; today there are in excess of 30,000 and the ungraded classes are multiplying (Concluded on page 25)

Sam Slick

Sam Slick, the Connecticut Clockmaker



Uncle Sam

Original of Uncle Sam and Source of Inspiration for Dickens, Mark Twain and Other Humorists

THE test of life is that it is creative, that it can originate life. By that token, Thomas Chandler Haliburton, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, is one of the most vital literary men that North America has produced.

Judge Haliburton created in 1835 and developed through subsequent years the national character known as Sam Slick of Slickville, Onion County, Connecticut.

For some reason Sam, and the three volumes in which he appeared, has passed out of public attention, but we know what he looks like, we see him every day, he is part of our life as no other literary creation in the world is. Sam Slick is our "Uncle Sam." That figure with his shrewd smile, his goatee, striped trousers held down by long straps, the symbolical Uncle Sam—we are apt to think that he was hit upon by someone in a moment of inspiration, and pictorially set forth to symbolize the United States. Not at all. This figure is Sam Slick, the hero of *The Clockmaker, or the Doings of Sam Slick of Slickville*, as conceived by Judge Haliburton and as drawn by Hervieu, a Frenchman, and Leech, the artist who made *Punch* famous, to illustrate the English editions.

Judge Haliburton and the artists who illustrated *The Clockmaker* and *Wise Saws* created our Uncle Sam for us, without knowing it. They as authors of this achievement are all but forgotten.

Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court* is an emanation from Sam Slick, the Connecticut Yankee. *Innocents Abroad* is inspired by the same model as this quotation will bear witness:

> I've often heerd the ladies say to England, "Why, Mr. Slick, nothing seems to astonish you here. You don't seem to praise anything; you have no curiosity about you. What do you think of that noble structur', St. Paul's Church?"
>
> "Pretty well," sais I, jist as if we had a thousand such, "but it's gloomy and not so big as I expected."
>
> "But Westminster Abbey," sais they, "don't that surprise you?"
>
> "Well," sais I, quite cool like a corneysewer, "its costly but onconvenient for a large congregation. The finish is gimcrack and so is its furnitur'; and them old tattered banners in the chapel look for all the world like rags we tie on sticks in the corn fields to Slickville to frighten away the crows. They ain't fit for a meetin' house like this are; and if they must have flags hung up in it, as we do them we took from your friages, they might as well have new ones."
>
> "Oh," sais they, "did you ever?" Then sais they, "the delightful parks round the noblemen's seats, ain't they very beautiful?"
>
> "Then," sais I, "to answer your question, misses, I have seed a nateral park," sais I, "to home stretchin' clean away across from the Atlantic right slap thro' to the Pacific Ocean all filled with deer and so big these English parks of dwarf trees look like a second growth of sprouts on the edge of a potato diggin' in a new clearin', or a shelter grove in a pastur'."

"Sam meets his old friend, Rev. Ahab Meldrum."

Sam Slick is just as indubitably the source from which the character of David Harum was drawn. The best remembered incident in *David Harum* is the horse trade in which he adheres to the letter of truth but departs from the spirit thereof, and sells a balky horse as one that "stands without hitchin'." Sam living at Boston has a fast horse which will not cross a bridge because it has once fallen through one. This horse he sells for a good price—advertising with literal truth that he would not sell it at any price "*if he did not wish to leave Boston.*" Another fast trotter of his has "the heaves." Slick advertises that his only reason for selling is that the animal is "too *heavey* for harness." The unwary buyer reproaches Slick and only loses more money by betting that the latter had advertised the horse as too "*heavy*" for harness. Sam could beat any man, hands down, at a horse trade, and his talk at all times was the quintessence of the fitting and the amusing. The following excerpts should abundantly prove it:

"The Britisher asks me out to entertain me and then sings 'Brittania Rules the Waves.' My

"Sam pays a visit to the parsonage."

old grandmother used to rule a copy book and I wrote on it. I guess the British rule the waves and we write 'victory' on 'em."

"What do I say to 'em? Why I only say our great a' mighty republic is the toploftiest nation a'tween the Poles. That ain't no boastin'. It's only jist a fact, like all men must die, or any other truth."

"High hills like high folks are plaguy apt to have barren heads."

"Politics are like pea soup, they are all very well and very good when they are deep stirred, but as soon as the stir is over, the rich and the thick settles down for them as are at the bottom of things."

"The bee, though he finds every rose a thorn, comes back laden with honey from his rambles."

His clocks are warranted to run "from July to Eternaty, stoppages included."

In answer to the question of how he is, "hearty as brandy, marm," sais I, "though not quite as strong."

"It's most equal to eatin' soup with a fork when you are short of time."

It is quite clear, therefore, that the man who made a character talk in that fashion originated the American school of humor, as Artemus Ward said, and, as William Dean Howells added, has dominated it ever since.

Just as "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins," so many present-day business practices may still, in their essential characteristics, be fairly accurately represented by Sam Slick's methods. This incident may assist in the identification:

> At a time when there is a high duty of 30 per cent on lead imported from the United States into Nova Scotia, and no duty on works of art, Sam realizes a very handsome sum by investing heavily in leaden busts of Washington and melting down the Father of His Country after he has passed the custom house.

The one most quoted expression from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is that Topsy "just growed." That is cribbed directly from Sam Slick who was read and quoted in Harriet Beecher Stowe's family as he was in every other family throughout the United States.

The Clockmaker was published in 1835 and ran through fifty editions, a greater sale for the time and the extent of the population than any "best seller" has ever known. The *Illustrated London News* of July 15, 1842, has this to say about its popularity in the United States.

> "At Boston, at New York, at Philadelphia, at Baltimore, in short, in all the leading cities and towns of the Union, this little volume was to be found on the drawing-room tables of the most influential members of the social community; while even in the emigrant's solitary farmhouse and the squatter's log hut among the primeval forests of the Far West it was read with the deepest interest, cheering the spirits of the backwoodsman by its wholesome, vigorous, and lively pictures of everyday life. A recent traveler records his surprise and pleasure at meeting with a well-thumbed copy in a log hut in the woods of the Mississippi Valley."

Sidney Smith is regarded as one of the wittiest of Englishmen and one of his sayings most frequently quoted to prove it is that he was "so hot it would be a comfort to take off my flesh and sit in my bones." That is straight, word for word, from Sam Slick.

We use the expression "corn fed" and fancy it originated in our Middle West, but it comes from Sam Slick who always described women in the terms which he uses for horses, one of his most commendatory ones being "fine corn fed."

Dickens' Sam Weller is the cockney Sam Slick and the plot of the *Pickwick Papers* is too much like that of *The Clockmaker* to escape notice, as the universal comment of the times bears witness.

Bill Nye, Artemus Ward, "Mrs. Partington," O. Henry, all have lighted their brands at one time or another at the torch of Judge Haliburton. Certainly no other book produced on this continent has had so widespread and unmistakable an influence.

The Clockmaker was first published anonymously in *The Nova Scotian*, then as a book by the editor, Joseph Howe; a copy of it was loaned to Bentley, the English publisher, who at once issued editions of it. Since the book was never copyrighted the author received no remuneration for it, except a silver salver presented to him by Thomas Bentley with an inscription upon it composed by the Rev. Richard Barham,

"Sam Slick at the annual Nova Scotia market, at which the poor were sold. "'Them that will keep them for the lowest sum get them.'"

the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends.*

Judge Haliburton was a Nova Scotian by birth, a member of one of its great landholding families, a lawyer, a member of the assembly, a judge and, toward the close of his life, when he became a resident in England, he sat in the House of Commons for Launceston.

He was a forthright person in his doing and thinking as well as in his writing. He wrote the first authoritative history of Nova Scotia (Longfellow drew his inspiration for "Evangeline" from it) which he asserted "next to Mr. Slick's History of Cattyhunk in Five Volumes is the most authoritative account of unimportant things I have ever seen." His work was recognized by a ceremonious speech of appreciation in the House of Assembly.

Sam Slick appears in five volumes, *The Clockmaker* of which there are three volumes, *Wise Saws* and *The Attache.* The most important of them is *The Clockmaker* series; in it we have the complete Sam. The plot of *The Clockmaker* is meager, the Squire and Sam make the grand tour of Nova Scotia; its scenes, people, the incidents of the journey give the occasions for the comments, stories and opinions of Sam. He is delineated as people are in real life not by descriptive captions so much as by his acts and words.

"Why is it," asks and answers Sam on some occasion, "that if you read a book to a man you set him to sleep?"

"Jist because it's a book and the language ain't common."

"Why is it if you talk to him he will sit up all night with you?"

"Jist because it's talk, the language of natur'."

"Soft Sawder and Human Natur'"

The language of *The Clockmaker* is "talk, the language of natur'." The books contain very little description; when there is any it is of this order:

"The elder was a pious man; at least he looked like one and spoke like one too. His face was as long as the moral law, and p'raps an inch longer, and as smooth as a hone, and his voice was as soft and sweet, and his tongue moved so 'ily on its hinges you'd a thought you might a trusted him with ontold gold if you didn't care whether you ever got it again or no'."

"Jist look out of this door and see what a beautiful night it is, how calm, how still, how clear it is! Beant it lovely? I look up at them are stars when I am away from home; because they put me in mind of our national flag, and it is ginerally allowed to be the fust flag in the univarse now."

On this tour Sam is engaged in the business of selling clocks to people who don't need them. He does it, he explains to the Squire, by means of "soft sawder and human natur'." He is fully as invincible and surprising a super-salesman as Sherlock Holmes is a detective. He has the quiet voice and manner that Conan Doyle also gives to his character.

Though his speech is that of an unlettered man, the most learned fail to arouse in him any sense of inferiority:

"'I knew you,' I said, 'the moment I heard your voice, and if I had not recognized that I should have known your talk.'

About Sam Slick's Well-Knit Philosophy

"'That's because I am a Yankee, sir,' replied Sam, 'no two of us talk alike; but bein' free and enlightened citizens, we jist talk as we please.'"

Sam deprecates boasting but unconsciously gives a prize exhibit himself. His one subject of boasting is the United States and its citizens.

There is an entire absence of maudlin sentimentality in him. The underdogs whom he encounters are usually "under" because they are lazy or proud or foolish and he wastes no sympathy on them.

Sometimes in sheer desperation at the folly of these fellows, Sam sets himself to pull their cart out of the mud and to set it on firm road. He always does it in a sporting spirit and in perfect good fellowship.

Sam Slick has a well-knit philosophy of life, not profound but practical and the greater portion of the books which he adorns are taken up with inculcating that. It is, that work and thrift are alone worth the attention of a human being. The books are full of such incidents as these following:

"'Do you see that are flock of colts?' said he as we passed one of those beautiful prairies that render the valleys of Nova Scotia so verdant and so fertile. 'Well, I guess they keep too much of that are stock. I heerd an Indgian one day ask a tavernkeeper for some rum. "Why, Joe Spawdeck," said he, "I reckon you have got too much already."

"'"Too much of anything," said Joe, "is not good, but too much rum is just enough."

"'I guess these Bluenoses think so much about their horses; they are fairly eat up by them.

"'No wonder the folks are poor, look at them are great dykes; well, they all go to feed horses. And look at their grain fields on the upland; well they are all sowed with oats to feed horses. And they buy their bread from us. So we feed asses, and they feed horses.'"

And this,

"Pride, Squire, and a false pride, too, is the ruin of this country."

And, so, through three volumes of *The Clockmaker* Sam Slick and the Squire ride along the coast of Nova Scotia, and the world becomes enriched threefold thereby: it gains an expression in literature of the American genus, it gains the famous figure whom we know as "Uncle Sam" and it gains a fount from which English and American humor have drawn abundant inspiration.

Plunging Over the Precipice of Debt

(*Concluded from page 4*)

utilized to elect the rest of the ticket. And it is the "rest of the ticket" that levies taxes, appropriates money and issues bonds.

We are paying for a great deal better municipal government than we have. We are probably paying for better government than we need to have. All we need is government that will serve community interests efficiently, economically and honestly. When efficiency, economy and common sense are so little apparent in municipal government as they are in America, we get what we are getting now—abnormally high cost of living and poor service. It is by no blind chance that the cost of living in cities is so high. High taxes make everything else high. Not a cent's worth of anything can be bought that does not bear its proportion of the load that wasteful, extravagant, ignorant government entails.

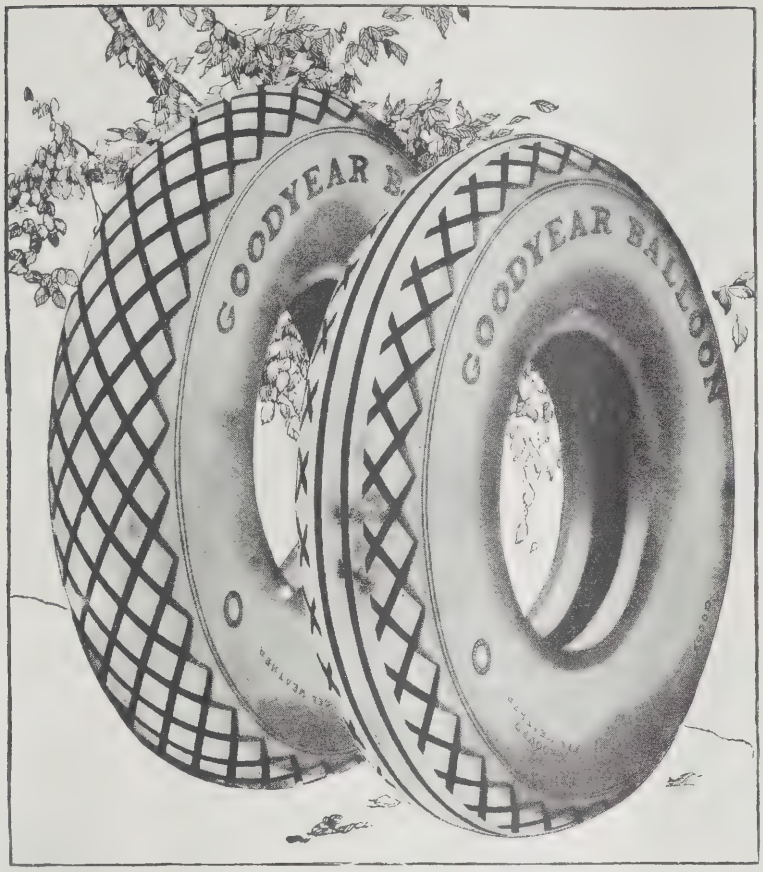
If states and cities continue to pile up debt, living conditions will go from bad to worse. It is as true as it was in Franklin's day that waste brings want. All that taxation takes more than is necessary is waste and the man in the street pays it. He pays part of it every time he spends a cent for anything.

If we who live in cities are fit for self-government the opportunity to demonstrate the fact is still with us.

The Master of the Rolls

IN THE days before printing the old records were always written in a form which made them literally a roll. One sheet of parchment was used and the next one was sewed to its bottom edge, and the process repeated until a document might consist of a hundred or more sheets, or skins, as they were then called, all sewed together in one long strip. A piece of wood was then fastened to either end in the manner of a modern map and the strip rolled up from the bottom into a great roll or bundle. The reader began at the top, slowly unrolling one end as one rolled up the other end on another stick.

From this form rolls came to stand for manuscripts, particularly official manuscripts or court records. The Keeper or Master of the Rolls was then the high officer who kept the records of the English Courts of Justice. Today, the president of the chancery division of the High Court of Justice in England, ranking next to the Lord Chief Justice of England, is called the Master of the Rolls. Originally the Master of the Rolls had the custody of the records but in the course of time this charge became merely nominal.



SUPERTWIST *was conceived, perfected and named by Goodyear, and is used only in Goodyear Tires*

An Exclusive Advantage

SUPERTWIST gives it to Goodyear balloons

In its earlier phases the balloon tire situation was somewhat confused; no one tire stood out from the field as distinctly superior.

Today, however, a man would have to be quite out of touch with current affairs not to realize that this condition has definitely changed.

Whether you talk tires now with people in the cities or in rural districts, you find an impressive unanimity of opinion and preference.

That opinion and preference emphatically indorse Goodyear balloons as the forem st example of combined durability and comfort yet offered in the low-pressure tire.

The widespread belief that Goodyear balloon tires are distinctly more serviceable has its roots in the tires' own splendid performance.

Important in such performance is the exclusive advantage Goodyear balloons enjoy in the now celebrated cord fabric, SUPERTWIST.

This remarkable material, developed and perfected by Goodyear, does things for the balloon tire which are virtually indispensable to superlative service.

Its superiority lies in its greater elasticity; it far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

When a Goodyear Tire made with SUPERTWIST strikes a stone, the elastic cords give to, rather than resist the impact—stretching and recovering under the shock, like rubber bands.

This elasticity distributes the blow over a much greater portion of the carcass, minimizes any chance of cord breakage, and safeguards against stone bruise and similar injuries.

It gives the famed ability of the Goodyear Tire to wear long a full chance to function, independent of the likelihood of its life being shortened by mishap.

All Goodyear Tires, and Goodyear Tires only, are now made with SUPERTWIST—which is perhaps why, more than ever, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

Good tires deserve good tubes—Goodyear Tubes

GOODYEAR

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Why Should Not Farming Pay?

Is It Because of Incompetency or Wrong Conditions in Management?

By GEORGE H. BROWNELL

WITH the utmost confidence I make the prediction that, since the lives and the business welfare of our people depend on our food supply and since the present producers of that supply have shown themselves to be incompetent for the task, there is surely going to be a food supply provided for this country by other men and other methods.

The good old force of Human Necessity always gets what it goes after. Men and their families must eat. They will have food. It is food that stands first in the list of their wants. And if these men, now engaged in countless forms of making a living in the cities, are faced with a situation wherein their food supply is jeopardized or is costing them too much, they are going to do something about it.

There will be no sudden exodus to the country; no "back-to-the-farm" stampede. There will be no conscious thought on their part that what they are doing is to insure a sufficient, lower priced supply of food for themselves. Human nature does not respond to calls to duty. Human nature responds to the call of necessity, the beckoning of the finger of opportunity, the chance to better oneself in a new occupation or a new form of investment, either with or without attached employment.

Where human necessity exists, that necessity is bound to be supplied both as a measure of self-preservation and as an opportunity for capital investment.

The money and brains that other industries have so long commanded will flow into agriculture because, first, business in general cannot longer be profitably conducted in a country afflicted with a sick agriculture; second, because there is, even now, a genuine opportunity awaiting in agriculture for the profitable employment of capital.

Farming will be surely, adequately and profitably conducted in this country by the same methods that our other large industries are conducted. Not tomorrow, or next month or, probably, to any great extent within the next ten years. But it is bound to come if this nation is to continue to thrive and live.

There will be no sentiment, no patriotic appeals or help-the-suffering-brother stuff about it. Capital is cold, logical, inexorable. Capital will go into farming for the purpose of safeguarding its present holdings and also for the purpose of making money.

Guided by experience gained in other forms of industry, it will employ the advantages of large-scale production to reduce the prices of farm products and thus increase consumption.

Food will not only be cheaper, but we shall have an even wider variety of food products available to all of the people. Over-production will not be entirely eliminated, but its effect will be much less harmful than it now is. All business ventures suffer a loss at times, but the loss is offset by good fortune attending the manufacture or sale of other products in the line.

No longer will it be possible for millions of wrongly located, poorly equipped farmers to operate by dint of self-sacrifice and public subsidy.

The output of the correctly managed, amply capitalized farm will be sold at a price so much lower than the output of these inefficient farms that it will be impossible for the latter to continue in business.

The host of expedients, subsidies and a low standard of living, now employed by their owners to keep these farms in operation, will no longer be effective in accomplishing that purpose.

The holders of the mortgages on these farms will no longer regard their investments with the same favor when, in the same county, there is located a farming corporation whose securities pay a larger dividend to the holders.

All other industries, except in the matter of wages, have been compelled by fierce competition to reduce costs to lowest level. Not so in farming. Prices of farm products are high because of the enormous wastage and inefficiency in methods of operation. Prices will be lower—and farming will become profitable—when agriculture is

operated in the same efficient, intelligently competitive manner that our other industries are operated.

The entrance of skilled management—and capital that demands skilled management—into agriculture will be brought about gradually by the increasing inability of more and more of our present-day farmers to continue the battle to make a living.

More and more of those poorly located, worn-out farms—described by my Michigan friend as a "cheap place to live"—will be abandoned. The cities will absorb some of their owners and tenants; others will be given employment by those farmers who run their farms as factories.

Hard-hearted? Not a bit of it. The greatest kindness that can be done several million farmers in this country is to take them out of an employment where they can never succeed and put them at jobs that will pay them a regular wage sufficient to give them some of the good things of life.

There are going to be fewer farms and fewer farmers in this country. And, despite this seeming contradiction of economic law, the price of even the better class of farm land will not greatly increase.

The reason for this paradoxical situation which I predict is that farming is due to become a highly specialized business, capable of being adequately conducted on half or two-thirds the number of acres now under cultivation. A farm will be valued according to the profit it will show on a balance sheet. When it is seen that a farm cannot make a profit, it will be thrown on the market and thereby become an influence tending to decrease the price of all farm land.

Farming will become a specialized, highly intensified business but the capital and good management that go into it will not be content with the operation of a farm of present-day average size. There will be absorption and amalgamation of small farms into large units of a thousand, five thousand and more acres directed by an able chief from a central office located in a city or village.

The farm hands will live in the cities—except those employed as watchmen in the absence of the working crew. One of them may be the man next door, the fellow with the healthy coat of tan who, you supposed, was an ardent golfer. They will journey out each day to their respective tasks and come home at a regular hour each night—except on a few days in time of special effort when they will work later just as the boss or the bookkeeper in an office does at a busy time.

All this is not theory, a roseate picture painted to illustrate what may be considered a hobby of mine. Right now, in this country, there are scores of farming enterprises, conducted on a similar large-scale plan, that yield their owner, or owners, a bounteous profit. But there is little heard of them or from them. They make no outcry against the oppression of the farmer by alleged "sinister interests." They ask nothing in the way of help or preferment. No politician is able to weep tears in describing their downtrodden condition.

> ¶ Farming will become an organized industry. The result will be cheaper food prices and larger farm profits. But the old-time method and the old-time farmer will disappear. Nobody decrees this; it is simply occurring. It is the way progress is moving. The man who succeeds is the man who can see what is coming.

Let us take a few figures—as few as possible—out of the Census of 1920 and the Farm Census of 1924.

According to the Census of 1920 there were in this country a total of 6,448,343 farms occupying a total of 955,883,715 acres of land, or an average of 148.2 acres to the farm. There were 503,973,007 acres of improved farm land, or an average of only 78 improved acres to the farm.

The value of all property comprising these 6,448,343 farms was only $12,084 per farm, which average value was determined by figures secured during 1919 when all values were at their highest.

While this 1920 average value per farm of all farm property is too high for today, the fact remains that even this inflated figure represents a unit of capital too small in size for profitable operation in a business with so small a turnover. Moreover, this figure includes the value of the farm home; whereas in the case of the small tradesman, or any other business enterprise, the value of the home is not included as an asset of the business.

Some equally illuminating figures are to be found in that section of the 1920 Census giving the number of farms, by size, that are included in the total number of nearly six and one-half millions:

No. acres in farm	No. of farms
Under 20	796,535
20 to 49	1,503,732
50 to 99	1,474,745
100 to 174	1,449,630
175 to 259	530,800
260 to 499	475,677
500 to 999	149,819
1,000 and over	67,405

These figures show that there are more farms of a size between 20 and 49 acres than of any other size. There are about the same number of farms each in the divisions of 50 to 99 acres and 100 to 174 acres. Beyond 175 acres the number of farms in each division falls off rapidly; approximately 68% of the total number of farms are to be found in the three divisions embracing the farms of from 20 to 174 acres in size.

According to the Farm Census figures of 1924, each acre of the average farm in this country returned during that year only $18 worth of farm products or a total of $2,691 for the average farm of 148.2 acres.

The Greek delicatessen owner, of whom I have spoken, tells me that he has "mebbe two-t'ree t'ousand" invested in stock and fixtures. Upon satisfying himself that I had no connection with the Department of Internal Revenue, he stated that his sales averaged around $60 a day or a total of about $22,000 for the year which, with him, means the farmer's year of 365 days.

He would make no direct admissions as to net profit, but a member of a wholesale grocery firm with whom he deals told me that his customer discounts all bills and should easily earn a net income of close to $5,000.

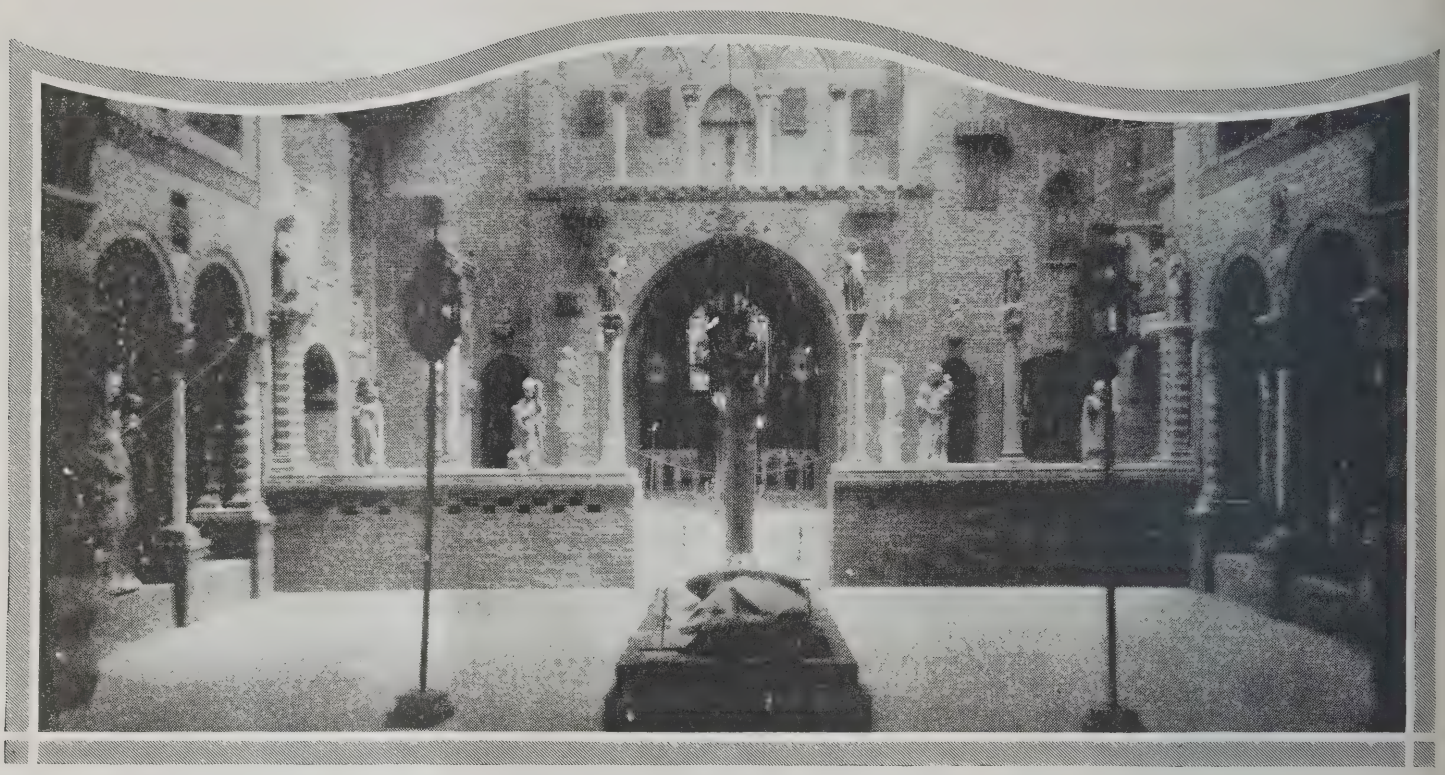
This net income of $5,000 is his salary and profit on his investment. In addition, his family of five is supplied entirely from the stock of the store and any family man, these days, will concede that the food for two adults and three children for a year will cost close to another thousand, even at wholesale prices.

The Greek gentleman is doing a gross volume of business of about $22,000 a year on an investment of, say, three thousand. The average farm in this country, in 1924, raised products to the value of $2,691 with an average investment in land, buildings, equipment and livestock which I will estimate at $10,000, since this average investment was given as $12,084 in the 1920 Census to cover the boom-time values of the preceding year.

The Greek turns a good part of his stock into cash every day, much of it within thirty days and only a small part of his stock remains on his shelves as long as six months.

Farming can never be conducted in such manner as to follow the quick-turnover plan of a retail store, but there is opportunity for infinite betterment. Crops require time in which to grow; animals require time in which to develop into marketable or milking condition. But the successful farming system of the future will be the one that combines the daily turnover system with the too-prevalent present one-crop turnover system.

(Concluded on page 29)



Interior of the Cloisters, looking east.

The Cloisters—a Monastery-Museum

The Metropolitan Acquires Famous Collection of Antique Gothic Sculpture

By LEONORA RAINES

AMERICAN lovers of art are satisfied now that the Metropolitan Museum of Art has annexed the famous Cloisters of George Grey Barnard, the collection of antique Gothic sculpture at Fort Washington avenue and One Hundred and Ninetieth street in New York. The gift was made by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who paid $600,000 for the building and museum. The Cloisters is a long way from the Metropolitan, but it will be maintained permanently as a separate branch of the Museum of Art. The Fort Washington building and contents could hardly be separated. They, with the wonderful scenery about, make the Cloisters the most unique antique collection in America if not in the universe.

Mr. Barnard could not have chosen a more romanesque spot for his monastery-museum than that overlooking cañon, forest, and rocks on one side, and the Palisades of the Hudson on the other. It is opposite the site of an old convent and not far from a place known as "Castle Home" on Riverside Drive. The locality is where painters go for long lines, steep precipices, columnar trees. The hills, that are as savage and apparently as untouched as though a part of the "forest primeval," make a background for the sculptures that are as venerable as they.

One catches a glimpse of peaked Gothic turrets from the road, and the sense of the curious is further quickened by the sight of a garden full of old-fashioned flowers growing where and how they will. The severe, unornamented building like a vine-covered abbey makes varying shadows, and as you enter the moss-covered inclosure, a wave of regret rises in the heart as though sacred sod were being trodden on, as though others had long left their atmosphere of turmoil and tragedy. There is reason in the impression, for the spot, while the newest in the Heights, is the oldest in New York, since all along the cliffs, fighters and signers of American Independence fought their fight and stained the hills with their blood.

The gray-carved Stations of the Cross mounted in the lichen-stained wall prepare a visitor for what may be seen within, for the most illuminating and significant lesson in religious architecture ever offered art lovers is there. The building was designed and personally directed by Mr. Barnard. His ignorance of academic rules as well as absence of outside influence was counterbalanced by his experience as a sculptor, by deep feeling and reverence for his subject. Love for each stone and its suitability with the setting—this makes the structure the absorbing and perfect thing it is.

Masons were called on to use wit and help make a harmonious placing for the treasures, and their interest in and reverence for the idea proved their response. One part was torn down and rebuilt many times, for George Grey Barnard felt that the placing for what the statues were originally intended was not consistent. Catholic churches of the Medieval Age were dedicated to art and beauty as well as to piety, and this blending is highly accentuated in the Cloisters.

To all intent and aspect the building is a sacred edifice; divine service could be held there by a formality of consecration, but the sculptor's plan is that its message be educational and descriptive rather than religious. It was erected not only to preserve fragments, but that sculptors and students of art might study the methods employed by masters in one of the finest periods of sculpture creation. From conviction, we all know that no student profits where his emotions are dormant, and from a practical standpoint, if from no other, the objects in the collection are a living lesson in art.

To overcome the crude, hard building brick, the hose was turned on the walls immediately they were laid and before the mortar had dried. This washed some of the lime out of the brick-filling, and as a consequence it is an old Italian rose and appears grim and moldy with time. The building is as austere as the Church of San Damiano in Assisi, but the structure was put up without a model, built by its own laws which were to cover and become part of the architectural fragments. Museums that are built and later filled with a mass of objects, no

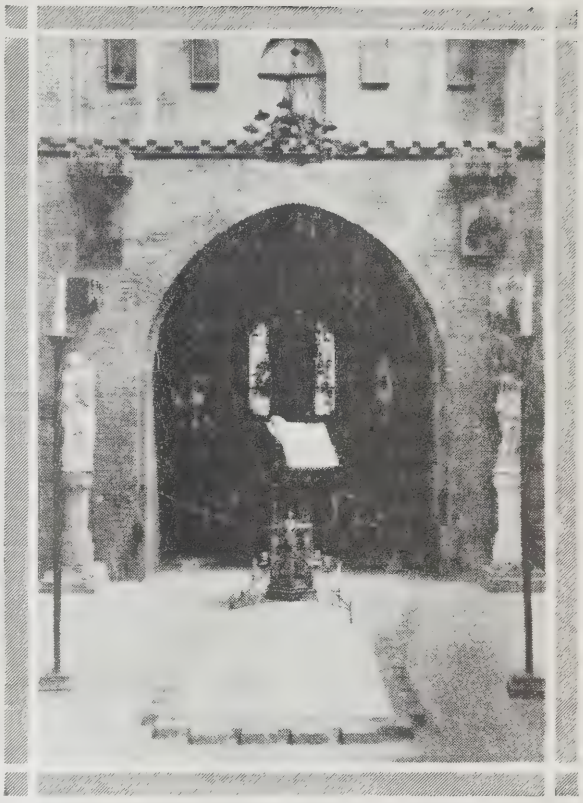
matter how precious, pull one's sentiments different ways, and the opposite of this impression is true in the sympathetic purpose and relationship one stone bears to its neighbor in the Cloister.

Coming into the monastery-museum from the road, one can scarcely believe one's eyes—leaving the twentieth century sunshine to fall into this edifice with its thirteenth and earlier century characters. The building with its contents is more than an art museum, for it is organized with cosmogonic power of imagination, combined art and philosophy. It concentrates the Gothic means of expression as a people of the epoch, and it is Gothic in its purest form. Not a single detail of an old Gothic church is overlooked in the apparently old half-ruin that caps the hill at Washington Heights.

Figures and slabs at the Cloisters are virile, human, vigorous, as was the grand old age from which they sprang, and the museum has an unusual purpose in that it appeals to every class of society and to people of every Christian civilization. Every step of Gothic art is descried in the collection—statues, stations, capitals, columns, carved relief. A feeling of deep reverence is felt as you enter. Both soul and sense are appealed to. You see the Old World church and characters in a sympathetic lighting, if not from sunlight, then from long candles that throw a gentle glow. There is a mellowness of centuries blending with the dim reflection (like all old churches the windows are small) of day, and the ghostly radiance of a lamp of the sanctuary carries out the religious impression.

I first visited the Cloisters at the close of a winter's day. Members of the Archeological Society were there to celebrate the anniversary, and, for the fête, the interior was in vesper garb. Incense was burning. Candles flickered. Smothered in a chapel was a modern music box that repeated Gregorian chants. It was as a scene in an old Italian abbey, the music from unseen singers like a choir of angels. People moving about looked like phantom monks. A sacred rite or a slumber of the dead was in progress, or so it seemed—such was the influence of the old stones and objects. The picture was full of calm repose and solemnity, a picture that is ever living, for any day the guardian draws curtains if the interior be too bright, and if visitors ask, he turns on the music.

Windows filled with thirteenth-century glass, the secret of making which was lost before America was discovered, old church lamps and slabs help supply the atmosphere of a religious inclosure. Capitals of great beauty represent a transition in architectural life, as they are a blending of the classic Corinthian and Byzantine, while at the top are traces of Arabic influence. The statue of St. Denis, first bishop of Paris, holding his head in his hands, immortalizes the legend that, after the bishop was beheaded, his arms grasped the head. There is a slab of a knight and his lady, of the four-



Interior, showing east end.

teenth century, in the floor over a supposed tomb. One of the five black virgins known to sculpture history is there. There are stone gargoyles in all their hideousness; the Way of the Cross, chapels, choirs, tomb slabs—all these are there and have the architectural environment that once surrounded them. George Grey Barnard has reconstructed and visualized the notion of the Gothic Age. Patterns that the Gothic molders adopted from the Moors are in abundance. The entrance columns date back to Charlemagne. The Emperor, it is said, had two nephews—William the Short Nosed, and Roland who blew the famous horn at Roncesvalles. The tragic death of Roland turned William's thoughts to religion. He became a monk and built a monastery in the Herault, the first material help for which was given by Charlemagne. It is from the monastery given his name "St. William's-in-the-Desert"—which he built with the aid of monks and sculptors—that the columns have reached America to perpetuate William's memory.

Mr. Barnard was cabled to return home, but leaving debts and unfinished work did not appeal to him. Weighing the matter, he decided to settle the unpaid wages and make the money himself to do it with, knowing it was but a question of time when things would be righted in Philadelphia. He had seen bits of antique Gothic somewhere, he knew their artistic and intrinsic worth, and he meant to profit and make his discovery pay. The year previous to the Pennsylvania trouble, he had caught a glimpse of carved bits in the woods, picnicking with his family. On that day spent in the

The Cloisters, west facade.

forest, the picnickers spread their lunch near the creek of an ancient battlefield, and nearby was a denuded ruin. Always on the lookout for good bits of carving, the American inquired at a hut if anyone knew what had become of the stones of the church, but the peasants could give no information. Mr. Barnard then started on a tour of inspection. He walked round the place and came upon a pile of soil in which he discovered a statue of the Virgin. In another, he found ruins of a fourteenth-century cloister that had probably lain in the field since the French Revolution. The peasant had inherited or purchased the land with everything on it, and the "stones" were looked upon as so much impedimenta. In every case the owners were pleased to dispose of the "rubbish" to the foreigner.

Once Mr. Barnard began the search for stones, he combed Europe for them. The exquisite marble cross in the Cloisters was unearthed from a tanner's pit somewhere in Italy. He used the same methods of detecting in all countries. The Stations of the Cross formed part of a ruined Spanish wall—these relics that were sculptored a thousand years before the thunder of cannon echoed across Fort Washington.

When Pennsylvania reverses came with the collapse of work and the American was practically thrown out of a job, he thought of his statues and felt it was time to sell. There was no demand for such, for the antiques had never been on the market. But he meant to create a demand by introducing them to trade. The history of ruins of old cathedrals and buildings is ever the same, for there comes a time when the material is used over and over again, and the architecture of a new building so studied as to form just proportions according to old fragments. Instead of being put into structures in Italy, France and Spain, however, peasants in the vicinity of ruins had appropriated and concealed the spoils. When he found ruins composed of heaps of worthless things, George Grey Barnard learned to search through fields and forests of the ancient site, and invariably found something advantageous.

Every cellar near the site of a former church or cathedral was carefully examined, and some of the best statues were laid bare by light thrown from a candle.

After Pennsylvania had paid its debt for the work assigned, Mr Barnard began the Cloisters. He wished students and lovers of antiquity to benefit by his finds, so conceived the idea of placing all carvings together in a suitable place with appropriate background and surroundings. At that time the public knew nothing of his store; he had not a private fortune, and to pay for the land and erect a building, he sold some fine pieces, among them a beautiful statue of Joan of Arc. The result of the sale was the money that felled the first tree and paid for the first load of brick for the Cloisters.

The Thrill Around the Corner

(*Concluded from page 14*)

ever pulled as many people to one game as the slugging giant of the New York Yankees. They come to see him strike out or smash the ball farther than any other man in the game can possibly hit it. And there is always the possibility of Ruth "meeting one on the nose."

Baseball is constantly producing new stars. The public had to watch a parade of mediocre outfielders to discover a Cobb, a Ruth, a Speaker, a Youngs, a Roush, or a Wheat. It was bored by a procession of dull and listless infielders before Collins, Hornsby and Frisch bobbed up. It was some time before a Mathewson appeared on the baseball horizon and his successor still has to arrive. There was a long gap between the speed of Rusie and the speed of Walter Johnson. But none knows on what day of any playing season a new star will begin a brilliant career.

Football holds the same promise. Great players are not frequent in football; good players are. When Willie Heston unlaced his cleated shoes for the last time twenty years went by before the Middle West produced another super-back. He arrived in the person of "Red" Grange, the Illinois comet. Heston was a better player than Grange but Grange is still the only back since the day of Heston that can be placed among the gridiron immortals.

More than 15 years have passed and football has not seen the equal of "Germany" Schultz as a center. It has been a longer time than that since Hinkey played end for Yale but the game has still to show another end his equal. Twenty years have failed to produce a fellow for Walter Eckersall at quarterback.

No one knows on what afternoon one as good, or greater, will appear. None can tell exactly when there will arrive a match for the immortals of the seasons gone by. It may occur in any game at any time. While none can tell all are interested.

Imagine the number of men that play polo! Imagine the thousands that watch the game played! It took many years before America produced a Devereux Milburn and then a Tommy Hitchcock. Hundreds swung mallets before one reached the desired heights. It is worth while waiting for one like Milburn or Hitchcock. It is worth while sitting through polo matches year after year to come upon a Luis Lacy in a heroic rôle such as he played in the last international cup matches on the Hempstead Plains at Meadow Brook. There was something highly inspiring about the courage and the mechanical skill of this determined invader, something that rarely comes in sports.

Golf tournaments attract thousands. Some years ago there appeared in the East a 14-year-old player from Atlanta. Since that time he has been open and amateur champion of his native land. Who knows when tournament play will bring to the tee another Bobby Jones? With the vast number of boys playing golf his fellow may arrive at any tournament. The game has constantly increased its list of star players.

The thrills and upsets that are memorable arrive only upon rare occasions and it is the hope and expectancy of seeing one of these classic pictures and witnessing one of the soul-stirring plays that brings the masses through the turnstiles.

It is the thrill around the corner.

A "Police Court Case" in Pago Pago

AN ELDERLY, dignified Samoan chief walked into the court room in the Administration building in Pago Pago, leading a small, stockily built native, and marched up to the desk of the American judge.

"This man is a member of my family," said the chief, "and he won't obey orders. So I have brought him to you."

"In what way does he fail to obey orders?" inquired the judge.

"He won't bring in food to me."

The judge eyed the culprit, an unusually small man for a Samoan, and the latter grinned pleasantly back.

"Do you belong to this chief's family?" the judge asked.

"Yes."

"Don't you know your Samoan custom; that you are expected to do the work your chief gives you to do?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you go out and get the food as ordered and bring it in to him?"

"I do go out and get it," responded the small culprit blandly, "but I don't bring it in because I like to eat it myself."

"Under the Samoan custom," said the judge, suppressing a smile and rapping for order in the court to stop a general laugh, "if you don't obey the orders your chief gives you he will throw you out of his family. Then you will be an outcast and a wanderer and no one will lift a hand to help you at any time. You had better control your appetite."

The culprit's grin faded to a look of dismay. In Samoa it is the deepest disgrace to belong to no family; a slander unjustly to call a man a wanderer; utter misery to be one. The small man abjectly promised to obey orders. Discipline thus restored, he and his dignified chief walked out of court together and away toward their village, in brotherly amity.

The U. S. Takes the World's Defectives

(*Concluded from page 15*)

year by year. Reports of experiments conducted by institutions and reformatories are discouraging, in so far as efforts to educate the subnormal or to correct their unmoral and criminal tendencies as a class are concerned.

The United States is harboring a population of 14,000,000 foreign-born with their 16,000,000 children, all introduced through immigration channels and comprising, when taken together, approximately 20 per cent of our total national population. If that prolific blood is tainted it will most assuredly become a liability of no mean proportions, but, if on the contrary it can be restricted to the fit and virile, we can count the invasion of the immigrant an ever-growing asset. By strictly enforcing the exclusion clause of the Immigration Act, and admitting only on the basis of mental, moral and physical fitness and maintaining the legal barriers against unassimilable races and peoples, much may be accomplished to correct past evils.

Some Enlightening Information Regarding Drafts

Since the close of the war a study of the deferred classifications of drafted men compiled by the War Department has furnished an additional indictment against the immigration authorities and a shock-revelation to the theoretical apostles of the melting pot. In reply to a request to the Surgeon-General's office for exact figures with respect to nativity, the following exceedingly enlightening information has been furnished to supplement the already sufficient evidence necessary to demonstrate that immigration may not be dissociated from any single social or economic problem of the nation. The Surgeon-General states:

"According to the Second Report of the Provost Marshal General, covering the period through September 11, 1918, the number of men from 3,764,101 Class 1 registrants, first and second registrations, who were placed in the remedial group was 8,436, in the limited or domestic service group 339,377, and rejected as physically and mentally unfit for all forms of military service, 521,606.

"Our study, published as 'Defects of Drafted Men,' covering the period through November 11, 1918, shows that the latter group was 549,099. In addition to this number, approximately 7 per cent were rejected by the camp boards as physically or mentally unfit for all forms of military service.

"The report of the Provost Marshal General does not report the number disqualified by foreign or native born. Unfortunately also there was no space provided on the form for reporting the physical examination to record the nativity of the registrant. Consequently, in compiling our statistics, it was impossible to assemble the material by race. . . . . We feel in some respects the material assembled for these groups was more striking than if it had been possible to assemble the data by pure racial groups, since it shows to what an extent the general population is affected by the infusion of a comparatively small percentage of a foreign population.

"In this study, both foreign-born and those born in this country of foreign parents are grouped as foreign."

It required five hundred years for the British Empire to establish a national type, while now in the fifth century since the birth of our nation we are in grave danger of domination by alien customs, languages and characteristics.

Statistics show that before the war in Germany there were only five murders to each million of population; in England less than nine; while in the United States there were 118. In 1919 a study of homicide statistics, conducted by the Prudential Insurance Company for 31 cities in the United States with a total population of about 20,000,000, shows:

"That the death rate from homicides in these cities increased from an average of 8.2 per 100,000 during 1909-1913 to 8.8 during 1914-1918 and to 9.1 during 1919."

The significance of these figures becomes apparent when it is pointed out that this increase *immediately followed the decade of highest immigration in the history of the country*, and that it was during these very years that immigrants were being admitted through Ellis Island at the rate of 1,200 a day and being passed as to their mental and physical fitness at the rate of ten, twelve, and fourteen a minute.

It has long been a recognized fact that crimes of all sorts are more numerous in the United States than in European countries. Based upon the census of 1910 it was estimated that:

"Crime, its detection, prevention and punishment had cost the American people $6,000,000,000 per year," and upon the same authority "based upon the increase in population and the rise in cost of living the 1920 census would show expenditures as lying between $8,000,000,000 and $10,000,000,000 annually."

Immigration and the Crime Increase

Further to illustrate the relationship existing between immigration and crime it can be shown that between 1890 and 1900, the *third lowest decade* of immigration in the history of the country, while the population of New York State increased 21.2 per cent the prison population *decreased* 6.5 per cent during the same period of time. Witness, however, the complete reversal during the following decade. From 1900 to 1910, the *decade of highest immigration during the past one hundred years*, the population of New York State increased 25.4 per cent while the *prison population increased* 37.6 per cent. The report of the New York State superintendent of prisons for the year 1910 (following the highest decade) states:

"The increase in our prison population clearly shows that it is due in a large degree to the admission of foreign criminals to the country during the past few years, and more than 54 per cent is chargeable to this direct cause."

Many Should Never Have Been Admitted

The criminal residue following the highest decade of immigration for New York State is illustrated as follows:

1910	Total prison population	4,610
	Foreign born 40 per cent	1,851
1914	Total prison population	4,954
	Foreign born 40 per cent	1,997
1917	Total prison population	4,520
	Foreign born 40 per cent	1,811

Including cost of trial and conviction which averages $1,000 per capita per convict, to which must be added the cost of maintenance, the taxation for alien criminals may well be considered formidable, and should furnish the thoughtful taxpayer food for thought. *That a high percentage of these criminals should never have been admitted to the United States is conceded by prison authorities, government officials and investigators alike.*

In a comparison between statistics of insanity and crime in the seven states having an insane population of more than 10,000 and an average immigration of more than 25,000 up to and including January 1,1917, the following relationship is established:

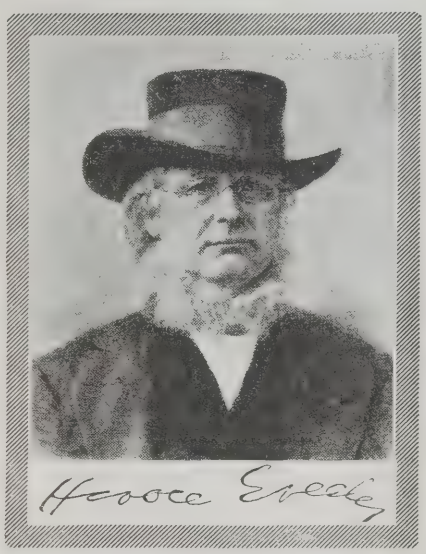
Insane in institutions in the United States by states:	Jan. 1, 1910	Jan. 1, 1917	Av. yearly Immigration
New York	31,280	38,117	234,089
Pennsylvania	15,058	19,436	115,510
Illinois	12,839	16,354	68,722
Massachusetts	11,601	14,096	68,117
Ohio	10,594	12,307	42,003
Michigan	6,699	7,377	36,175
California	6,652	9,698	25,504

The United States has room for millions of mentally and physically sound immigrants whom it can well afford to protect and educate from an economic point of view, but the financial resources of the government should not be applied to an unnecessary and finally useless expenditure for the maintenance of the constantly increasing numbers of alien dependents and defective criminals.

Horace Greeley's Greatest Failure

A Community Ownership Scheme in Pennsylvania Which Ended in Frost

By JOHN T. FARIS



IN 1842, when Horace Greeley was editor of the New York *Tribune*, his eagerness to benefit his fellows led him to the wild lands along the Lackawaxen River, a stream in Pike County, Pennsylvania, which the Indians called Swift Waters.

There was neither canal nor railroad when Horace Greeley looked in that direction to make a practical test of his doctrine of community ownership of property which he had been urging editorially. The Sylvanian Society was organized, and the purpose was fixed to establish a settlement on the lands of Mahlon Godley, who owned seven thousand acres in the wildest part of Pike County. He had built a sawmill and a gristmill on a branch of Shohola Creek, a tributary of the Lackawaxen, and had named the little village that clustered about them Godleyville.

The stock in the company totaled ten thousand dollars, and shares cost twenty-five dollars. Every member of the society must own at least one share. Greeley was the largest stockholder, and he had as associates many prominent men and women.

Representatives of the society went among the trout and rattlesnakes, which were said to be the most reliable products of the place. The first comers, acting for the society, improved the mills, and erected an immense pine structure, which contained the living apartments of the matron, a common dining hall, a social hall, and workrooms. Then other manufacturing establishments were added, including a wagon-maker's shop, a blacksmith shop and a shoe shop.

The seeds of trouble were sown almost at the beginning. Among the three hundred residents were some who did not like equality of labor. Then there were the stockholders who seemed to look on the colony as a convenient repository for wayward sons. These young men were not only otherwise difficult to handle, but they did not like work; they rebelled against the idea that they were subject to direction, and that they were not at liberty to wander away in search of a good time.

The inevitable result of the labor difficulties was apparent when the first season's crops were gathered; then it was found that not nearly enough had been grown to provide for the necessities of the colony. The dissatisfaction caused by the short crop of grain was increased by the good crop of rattlesnakes. It is related that a colonist brought in seventeen large rattlers in a single day, and that the foreman of the colony shoe shop was able to make a pair of slippers from the skin of one of them. These slippers were presented to Mr. Greeley when he paid his next visit to the colony.

In 1845 efforts were redoubled. Lands were cleared. The product of the factories was increased. Shoes and wagons especially found a ready market. Many who had remained were encouraged to think that the hardest days were past.

Everything depended on the crops. For weeks the fields looked well. But July 4 everything was black and dead; a blighting frost, the worst ever known in that county at that season, had visited the Lackawaxen valley in the night.

The colonists read the doom of the settlement, and they hastened to leave. In two days not one was left. Each took his goods and went his way. The colonists had deserted.

It is related that one of the colonists was a farmer who had sold his farm for eighteen hundred dollars and had invested all in the Sylvanian Company's stock; his faith in Greeley was so strong that he thought the project fathered by him could not fail. After the collapse he hurried to New York, and found Mr. Greeley in his sanctum. There he proceeded to tell him what he thought of him. But Greeley—who had been deeply grieved by the failure of the experiment—quietly asked him how much he had lost through the colony. When he told the amount he wrote a check and delivered it to the farmer. The man's faith in Greeley was greater than ever.

The mortgage of three thousand dollars on the colony's property was foreclosed, and a new owner appeared who did much to develop it. But it has since passed through many hands, and all trace of the buildings has disappeared.

A home of a pioneer.

The Philanthropy of Business

(*Continued from page 7*)

ing frantically far above the glow of the red hair and redder face. "Wouldn't it be a good plan to put some wet sawdust on the floor?" I suggested.

"Sawdust is five cents a bucket."

I gave him thirty-five cents. "Get some furniture polish, too," I directed.

Within an hour the Boy Problem had become triplets. Before long I stopped counting—the street was full of it. "See here, Lynchie," I said to my first applicant, "we can't find jobs for everybody in the ward."

"Leave it to me," was the untroubled response, as he swung the wagon spoke with professional grace.

I did. They finished putting up the posters, dusted and polished the chairs, printed dodgers and programs. Having been a printer in my younger days I had installed a press and type to cut down advertising expense. They started to distribute the printed matter through the neighborhood. "Lynchie" gave jobs to as many as he could. A host of others stood around, longingly.

"He thought I was after a contribution and turned me over to his clerk."

Two of the distributors came back with uncirculated advertising. "De cop stopped us," they announced.

I took the matter up with the officer on our corner. "What is the law?" I asked.

"Use your common sense," was the laconic reply. "Have the kids tell the cops, 'It's all right—Dennis says so.'"

The police sergeant swept away my last legal scruple, a few days later. He saw me refusing admission to children who were trying to purchase tickets.

"What are you turning down all that perfectly good money for?" he asked.

"They're too young. The law says no child under sixteen shall be admitted unless accompanied by parent or guardian," I explained.

"Oh, h——, let 'em in!"

It was the last of May when the "grand opening" took place. The first customer was a boy. I told him that I appreciated his patronage. I'm glad I did, for the machine balked and he had to wait an hour before the first picture started.

That summer was a bad season for motion picture theaters, except the open air places. The first week I lost sixty dollars. By the Fourth of July my reserve fund had been drawn on heavily. Saturday and Sunday were the only days when the receipts equaled the expenses.

Although business was so bad there were several encouraging features. Evidently I had correctly judged the neighborhood's taste in pictures. It liked war dramas, with patriotism rampant, and lively comedies. I was astonished to find that it liked, best of all, pictures in which religious sentiment was strong. Men and women would go out with eyes wet after some especially strong presentation of the great, fundamental truths of religious experience. *I gave them what they wanted.*

For music, I started with a blind pianist. He kept up-to-date by visiting music publishers and hearing the newest songs. He was one of a large family and one of the others was always at his side to tell him what was on the screen. His music went well enough with the crowd, until his prompters grew careless. One day a news film was on the screen. King George of England was assisting Queen Alexandra from a carriage. I was horrified to hear the blind boy suddenly shift to "All Night Long He'd Call Her Snooky Ookums!" Shortly afterward I installed an electric player piano.

It made a hit. The grand opera selections went well with the dramatic pictures and there was a good selection for every film. One day when a deathbed scene was about to appear on the screen I started "Hearts and Flowers," and softened it to a whisper. The effect was electrical. Here and there tears began to fall. Then women sobbed.

After the picture Lynchie came to me. "Ain't that a pretty piece!" He exclaimed feelingly.

"Do you like it?" I asked.

"Yes. It's awful nice when anyone's dyin'. A nice place indeed."

Just as business was getting on its feet, a city ordinance was passed which prohibited standees.

Late in October I conceived the idea of showing the greatest picture which had been produced up to that time—"The Battle of Gettysburg." It was being shown in large theaters at prices far above those of the neighborhood houses. The picture must be shown in my house at my usual low price, if at all. It would triple the day's expenses but I decided to take a chance. The prospects were good.

Thanksgiving Day was the logical time. I could open at ten in the morning and if I had good luck I might take in enough to cover expenses.

After the film was engaged and the advertising circulated, I received a tip from a friend that the "big boss"—meaning the chief of the city fire department—was about to make a personal tour of inspection of all the motion picture theaters.

I spoke to Dan about it. "You can't believe all you hear," he said, "but it's just as well to be careful." However, I decided to go on as usual.

At ten o'clock on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, there was a crowd of a hundred and fifty waiting to be admitted. Before we had run the picture through once, the house was full. By noon it was packed. Every inch of standing room was taken. I wondered if I had done wisely in trying to get along without a special officer. I had never employed one and my people had justified my confidence in them by helping me to make my theater the most orderly in the district, but today there were hundreds of strangers.

The picture kept excitement up to a

high pitch. Every time anybody got in anybody else's way, or trod on some other person's toes, I feared a ruction, but all through the afternoon and into the evening everything went smoothly.

At 8:30, when every person who could by any possibility get into the house was there, and there was a long line outside, Inspector Dan wedged himself in through the emergency exit.

"Get these standees out!" he whispered. "The chief is around the corner—be here in five minutes." And he wedged his way out again.

Gathering the ushers I told them what we must do. I set them an example by whispering to some of our old customers: "The fire chief is coming. We must get the standees out, quick!"

It was marvelous how quickly they responded. From mouth to mouth the message ran. In two or three minutes the whole crowd of standees was moving quietly toward the doors. We handed them return checks as they went out.

A big red auto whirled around the corner. Dan came in again, bringing two strange firemen with him. They shoved out the few standees who were not quite out the door and followed them out to where the chief was sitting, unconcernedly smoking a big cigar.

"How does it look inside?" asked the boss.

"All clear—see for yourself." Dan pointed to the door.

"Good. Where's the next one?" I leaned limply against a post as they whirled around the corner, and my crowd came trooping back through the doors.

I was what the boys called "shook." From five o'clock in the morning I had been on my feet continuously, with only a hastily snatched luncheon and no dinner at all. Lynchie's voice had a touch of anxiety in it as he piped up, "Yuh better empty de bowl again, boss." He referred to the pint bowl I had brought down to hold the overflow of small change.

Lynchie had worked as hard as I. "Had any dinner?" I asked.

"Yep. Three pretzels and a lollypop —got 'em off de candy boy," he answered. "You take de money upstairs, we kin run the show. Youse needn't hurry back."

Everything was running smoothly, from ticket window to piano. I was glad to get away for a few minutes. I took the cash and climbed the stairs to my apartment. The bowlful of change appreciably enlarged the pile on top of my desk, but I was not thinking of money.

I was thinking of my experiment in doing good; of the four thousand and more boys who had come under my care during my fifteen years as a "social worker" and of the forty who were members of my picture show organization.

Every type in one group was represented in the other. The boys with whom I was working now came from poorer homes, were poorly dressed, had had fewer advantages, but essentially they were the same.

The four thousand had been members of a great organization. Their membership entitled them to the privileges of a palatial building with a spacious gymnasium, a fine swimming pool, and billiard tables. The program of activities was elaborate, admirably designed to develop them physically, mentally and spiritually. All I had to offer the forty was a job.

My meditations were cut short by a great shout from below. I knew what it meant—Pickett's charge was starting again.

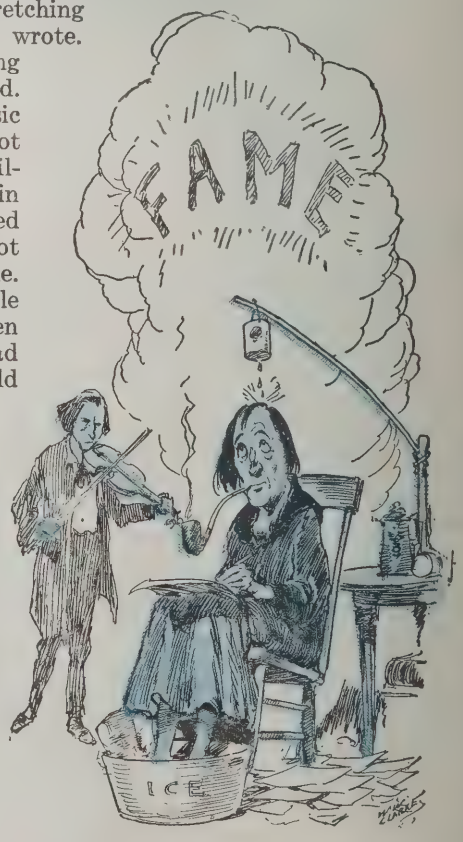
As the roar subsided I heard the clanking of my printing press. To retain, as regular customers, the strangers who came this day, I had set up an announcement containing the next three days' programs and put it on the press. All day long Lynchie had made sure that these were run off fast enough to supply our departing guests. He was getting ready for the final distribution.

Going down, I looked over the house. It was nearly eleven now and for the first time in twelve hours everyone had a seat. Nevertheless, my youthful ushers were patrolling the aisles as usual. The ticket taker was at his post. The face of Brother, with big, brown eyes undimmed by sleepiness, was framed in the ticket window, alert for more customers. One of the larger boys was kicking the foot-power press, with beads of perspiration standing on his forehead. Willie was at the piano, punctuating the "William Tell" overture with well-timed cannon shots executed on the lower end of the keyboard. Outside, the Gettysburg posters were coming down and new ones, advertising tomorrow's show, were being spread to catch the eye of early risers.

Every boy was carrying responsibility; each stood for law and order, according to the neighborhood's best ideals; all had the spirit of service.

Hints to Writers

LITERARY and other aspirants who find a positive pleasure in searching records to find the how, the why and the wherefore; or those who copy externals with a sort of sad reverence, as some pianists wear long hair because Liszt did so; or others who order their affairs in a certain way because certain great men have done certain things: all such are advised that Shelley had the habit of stretching himself on the hearthrug before a blazing fire when he composed. The poet Schiller wrote best when his feet were immersed in ice-cold water. Both Pitt and Fox wrote their speeches after excessive drinking of beer. Tennyson walked in his garden and smoked clay pipes. Liebnitz lay prone on the bare floor when working out his problems. Rossini and Paisello composed their music while in bed. Balzac wrote best when standing. Lafcadio Hearn had the habit of stretching himself along a table when he wrote. Rousseau worked best while sitting in the sunshine with bare head. Alfieri could only write while music was being played. Carlyle could not work except in perfect silence. Milton and Bacon found inspiration in violin music. Dr. Johnson disliked the sound of the violin and could not work for some time after hearing one. Thompson wrote his *Seasons* while in bed in a darkened room. Beethoven often poured water over his head while composing. Descartes could think best when curled up on a sofa with his head covered with pillows. Francis Thompson indulged in laudanum, sold matches on the streets of London and lived in direst poverty; lifted into ease his work was spasmodic. Walter Pater had a prejudice against punctuation and avoided commas, so that the construction of his sentences is at times obscure. So those who copy externals are advised that there is danger in elaborating whims and eccentricities into theories. Other than that there is neither moral nor lesson in this paragraph.—C. J. F.



Why Should Not Farming Pay?

(*Concluded from page 21*)

Farming in the future will include the production of milk and its products, poultry and eggs, vegetables and fruits. All are quick-turnover products, the two first-named being those which can be produced and readily turned into cash every day in the year.

If the price of wheat went to $10 a bushel, there would still be a cry raised by wheat growers that the price did not equal cost of production. The fault lies not in the alleged low price, whatever it may be, but in the fact that the single-crop system of farming can be compared to the efforts of the Greek to realize an entire year's profit from his store by operating it for a single month.

The one-crop farmer is being forced into diversified farming, but he will resist to the last. Habit, tradition, distance from market, inefficiency and —always bobbing up—lack of ready capital, all interfere with the abandonment of the one-crop system and the adoption of a system which requires persistent daily effort.

Diversified farming produces a larger gross income for the year and to a great extent insures against the chance of serious loss such as exists in one-crop farming; but, at the same time, it offers no guaranty of farming success. The wider the range of products, the greater is the skill, judgment and persistent effort required. Diversified farming is now practiced, to a greater or less extent, on every farm east of the Mississippi River.

(*This article will be concluded next week.*)

The Story of the Saltcellar

THE word "saltcellar" is a combination of "salt" and "saler," assimilated in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to "cellar," meaning a storehouse. There are two types of ancient saltcellars, the large ornamental "salt" which during the Medieval Ages and later was one of the most important pieces of household plate, and the smaller "salt," actually used and placed near the plates or trenchers of the guests at table, and termed "trencher salts."

In Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, there is a salt vat, or cellar, that once belonged to Archbishop Parker. It is of gold and silver and is beautifully carved, standing about five inches high. The Bishop Fox salt vat at Oxford is another famous piece.

In ancient times the large ornamental "salt" acted as a dividing line at table, between the high-born and those of more lowly origin, whose allotted place was "below the salt."

Owen Wister—the Man and His Work

(*Concluded from page 5*)

ernment to set aside reservations for herds.

"Had it not been for him the American bison would now be little more than a memory.

"Later he turned his attention to birds, and he was responsible for the formation of more than three hundred bird clubs and the establishment of numerous bird refuges. His work for the dwellers of the air also brought him wide recognition.

"After his return from the war he lectured before the Lowell Institute in Boston, and told of his discoveries overseas. The word that these discoveries were to be incorporated into a book was hailed with wide approval. For a time he traveled through the East, delivering a number of lectures.

"During this period his attention was called to the deplorable ignorance in this country about the value of vaccination. As a friend of animals, he made an investigation independently into the use of animals in laboratories, and he came to the conclusion that the charges of cruelty brought by anti-vivisectionists and others were ill-founded.

"Baynes dropped his work on his book; dropped his lectures; and set about to tell people the truth. He made many enemies by his forceful utterances, and they did much to hinder him. They even went so far as to travel ahead of him and try to prevent his procuring halls from which to deliver his lectures. They even attempted to destroy his means of livelihood.

"And then he died—with his great book unfinished.

"When I found that he wanted me to have a share in completing the work I was delighted, and I immediately dropped the story I was writing to undertake it. The book is now nearly finished, and it will be brought out in the fall."

Although Wister's versatility was well known to his fellow citizens, they were astonished a few years ago when he appeared before the coroner to plead for the release of a policeman who had shot and killed a corner lounger when set upon by the man's gang.

Wister presented the case so eloquently that the patrolman not only was exonerated by the coroner but was absolved of all blame by the higher courts. At that time Wister revealed that the policeman, Charles D. Skirdin, was the original of the character, Trampas, in *The Virginian*.

"I first met Skirdin while visiting at Fort Bowie, Arizona," Wister said. "He was then a corporal in Troop I, Second Cavalry. He was one of the best soldiers at the fort, and because of that Captain Fowler, whom I was visiting, detailed him as my personal escort while I remained there.

"We hunted together and made many journeys into the mountains. He was absolutely without fear, and yet had one of the best dispositions I have ever known."

Skirdin's life reads like one of Wister's own romances of the West. Kidnapped from his home near Philadelphia when he was a youngster three years old, he was carried as far as the Mexican border, when he was taken by some traders. Part of his youth was passed with a band of friendly Apache Indians and he became familiar with many of the tribal languages.

Later he became a cowpuncher, a blacksmith, a prospector, a wrangler and a packer. He served as a scout under General Nelson A. Miles in the campaign against the crafty Geronimo. He fought under Roosevelt in Cuba.

His value as a soldier was attested not only by Wister but by General Charles C. Hood, U. S. A., retired, who appeared voluntarily at the coroner's inquest to aid his former subordinate.

Wister comes by his heritage of talent naturally. On his mother's side he is descended from Fanny Kemble, the great British actress, and Pierce Butler, the southern statesman. For generations the Wister family has been one of the most noted and respected in Philadelphia.

Wister's place in American literature is secure. He has been given that rarest of honors, commendation from Henry James. He has been lauded as the outstanding writer of the day by other critics.

He has caught the spirit of the Old West and imprisoned it in his books. He is the biographer of an heroic race, now nearly gone from their haunts. But perhaps the best description of his stories comes from one who was his close friend:

"To read his words," said Theodore Roosevelt, "is like walking on a windy upland in fall, when the hard weather braces mind and body."

History of the Bottle

IN ANCIENT times the bottle was nothing more than the skin of some animal. In the Bible aphorism the putting of new wine into old bottles as an illustration of folly meant that it would be unwise to inclose new wine, still active with fermentation, inside a leather bottle weakened by use and old age.

The bottle of today is invariably made of glass. Until 1880 they were made by hand. The operator gathered the molten glass on the end of his blowpipe through which he blew with his mouth producing a hollow ball which was blown to shape in an iron or brass mold kept nearly red-hot when in use. Only a few shops today practice the art of hand-blowing glass.

Ford

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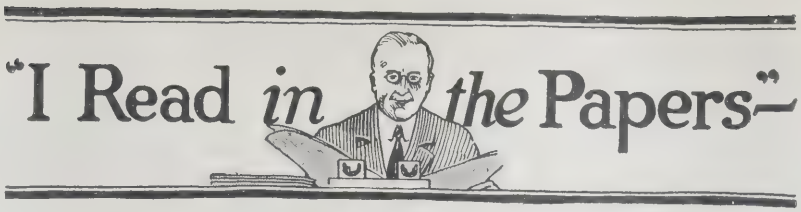
The traditional reliability of Ford performance now as always remains the most desirable feature of Ford cars.

To this have been added new beauty of line and increased riding comfort for which the improved body types are conspicuous.

When you see the smart-looking cars now offered by all Authorized Ford Dealers, bear in mind the high standard of quality they represent and the dependable performance for which they have long been noted.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Mich.



I read in the papers that Conan Doyle has spirit intimation that catastrophe is to overtake the world, perhaps in 1928. The other day a gentleman traveled from across the sea to tell us at Dearborn that the Great Pyramid, whose measurements, he says, have predicted all great world events, points out another most serious decline to commence May 28, 1928. The various students of Biblical prophecy also agree that the world is facing another test from which we shall be clear probably in 1933. It is interesting to note, in the various publications of these Biblical students, how for nearly forty years previously the dates "1914" and "1918" appeared in their expositions of the meaning of the prophecies. There is no doubt that the world has been on the verge of the New Era for some time, and that the passage thereinto must necessarily be accompanied by the destruction of certain systems which are not in any sense synonymous with New Era principle or practice. These changes, however, occur so naturally that the commonalty never consider them as related to prophecies, divine destiny, or anything of the kind. As to Conan Doyle and the Bible students (not the Bible "experts," for these have no truck with prophecy) it must be said that the latter are about fifty years ahead of him in the announcement.

I read in the papers that for two years there has been no increase in the number of engineering students at schools where men are trained for scientific research. The American Society for Steel Treating at its September meeting considered this research student situation as fraught with peril to the American quest for new methods and new processes that are necessary to maintain American industry in competition with other countries. One famous American technical school now has more faculty members than students. Meanwhile, the university schools of finance and business administration are swarming with young men.

This is all very well, but the stockbroker, banker and others of their kind cannot flourish very long when they neglect scientific research and industrial production. Wealth cannot be created by mere financial jugglery. It can only come from natural resources duly developed and properly applied.

I read in the papers constant references to the problems of street traffic congestion, but little is said of the profits that wait upon a sensible solution. In Worcester, Massachusetts, direct routes were laid through a park and necessary movement of traffic was handled with an economy in time over present roundabout routes that will quickly pay for the cost of the improvement. Newark, New Jersey, figures that a cut-off route which will relieve the central business district will also create new property values in outlying districts, which in turn will provide taxes that will pay for the new street. It would be businesslike for the communities that undertake new projects of this sort to obtain directly the profits from new property values rather than depend upon increased taxation. But, anyway, the congestion problem is rather one of deficient enterprise upon the part of affected communities than anything else.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

Lands That Are Free

(*Concluded from page 8*)

It isn't because scientific reclamation is bad but because political reclamation is impossible.

Why were not the facts as to reclamation disclosed long ago in the ponderous reports of those officials who directed the enterprise? The answer may lie in what gentle Oliver Goldsmith—and not cynical Talleyrand as usually stated—said about the words having been invented to conceal and not to reveal truth. If candid Oliver had been familiar with the modern-day annual report of Federal Government department or bureau he would have included figures and all declarative symbols. These reports as a rule *tell nothing* except what their authors want to put forth for their own renown. Read the reports, for example, of the War Finance Corporation as conducted by that arch-philanthropist, Eugene Meyer, Jr.

Yet the annual report comes in handily for purposes of outright negation. There is a rule in some departments and bureaus that material which is thus to be set forth must be treated, meantime, as unpublishable. That is to say, many simple facts and figures cannot be procured while they are live and interpretable because "they are to go into the annual report," which ordinarily comes out so far behind the events as to make it, as current history, only a printed mummy.

The writer once ran into an even more specious barrier to inquiry. In the pursuit of his duties he sought data as to an enterprise paid for with taxpayers' money. "We can't let you have for publication what you ask for," he was told, "because some of the folk in the department may want to use it for private (and the writer trusts profitable) publication in books they expect to write."

The Washington rule—contrary, in theory at least, to that prevailing in most public quarters—that the official may decide as to what extent the public may know of his work, allows for several interesting possibilities. One is scandal like that of the Teapot Dome and the Veterans' Bureau affairs. Another is the use of official information for purposes of propaganda; that is, by feeding it out, so warped, or in such piecemeal fashion as to promote a specific object in the minds of those who control it. If the citizen, or the journalist, could, on demand, get all the information, many misadventures thus promoted would be rendered impossible. To this, the writer may revert at some future time.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, the Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for October 1, 1925, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding one per cent or more of the stock are:

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware; Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. G. Liebold, Detroit, Michigan; Clifford B. Longley, Royal Oak, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders, who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

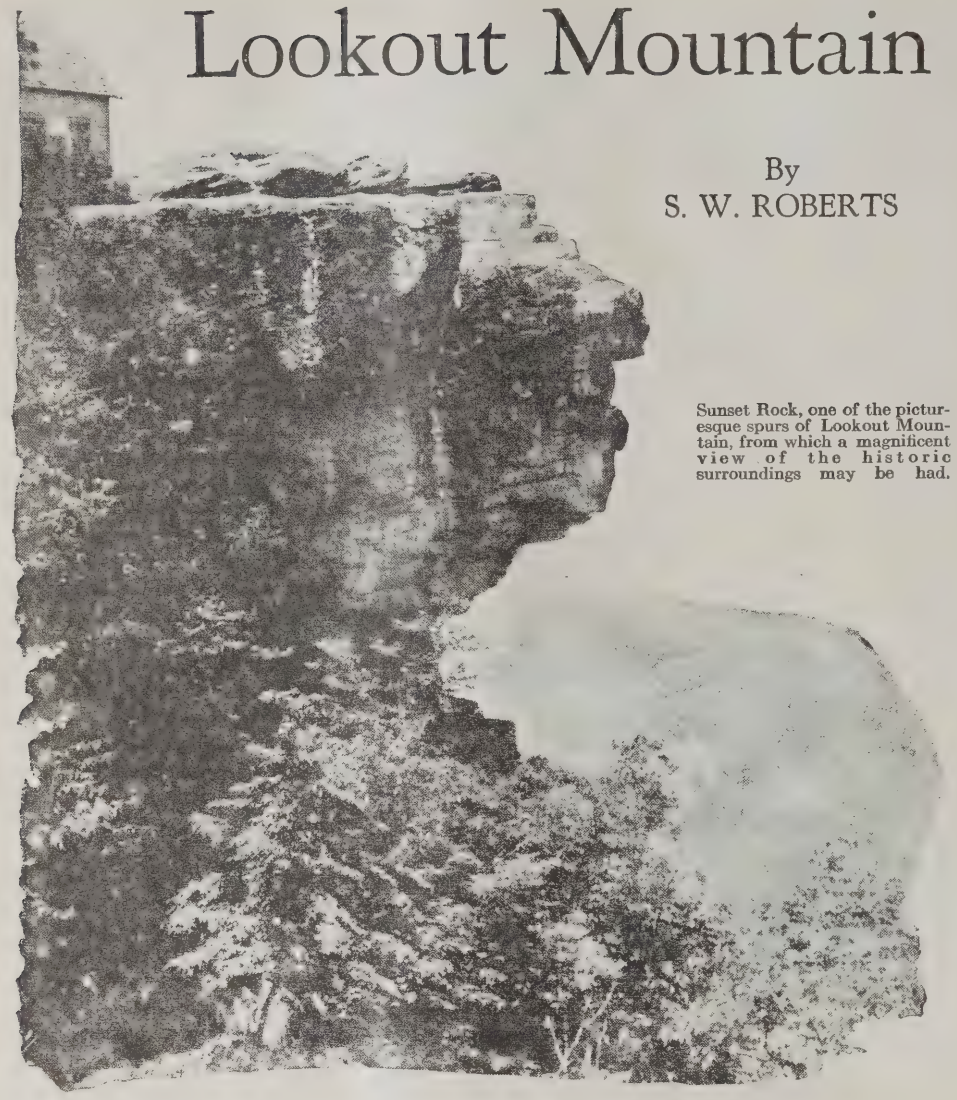
FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1925.

[SEAL] JESSE W. BALLINGER,
(My Commission expires September 21, 1928.)

Lookout Mountain

By
S. W. ROBERTS



Sunset Rock, one of the picturesque spurs of Lookout Mountain, from which a magnificent view of the historic surroundings may be had.

LIKE an elephant standing in a doorway, Lookout Mountain cannot be claimed by any single state, for its head is in Tennessee, its body is in Georgia and its tail is in Alabama, and yet it is only about ninety miles in length.

Even so, the visitor forgets its various owners and enjoys its beauty and historic value as if it could be toyed in the palm of the hand.

Lookout is not a very high mass of earth and stones, since its altitude is only 2,126 feet in the Tennessee portion, but High Point, Georgia, raises its head 2,392 feet which is the greatest altitude of the mountain at any point. However, the surrounding valleys are so prostrated that Lookout is given a most prominent and dignified position. For its scenic beauty alone, this mountain attracts thousands of tourists each year, yet the historic value, from the fact that during the Civil War a famous battle was fought on its crest and side, has added much to its fame. Point Park, a government reservation on the north end of the mountain, contains 16.5 acres of land, while just below it lies the Cravens Reservation containing 85.35 acres.

Lookout Mountain is undeniably a beautiful creation, whose true geological autobiography declares that at one time it was the bottom of the sea, and the sea waves played golf and marbles over its surface. For years man has been operating an incline railway to carry people to and from the top of the mountain, and this railway is about as rustic as the mountain itself. The oiled road furnishes the automobilist a convenient way to reach the top and the street railway that winds eight miles from the bottom to the top affords one a wonderful view of the scenery of the mountain and surrounding country. Especially is such a trip worthy of joyful exclamation in early spring and again in autumn.

The little town on its top is large enough to be incorporated, but with all the people living there, they have conspired to follow in the wake of Nature's rustic plans and their operations and buildings have been so directed that they harmonize with the rustic plans and add to, rather than subtract from, the natural beauty.

This wild nature spot with birds and trees and flowers and stones and cool air is situated so near the center of the city that in 25 minutes one may change from the noise and bustle of the city to a cooler climate where peace reigns supremely.

For many years I longed to have the opportunity of escorting a human being reared in a mountainless country to the top of Lookout. Two years ago that pleasure was mine when I accompanied a woman born and reared on the plains in the West to the crest of Lookout. When she reached the summit, she perched herself on top of a large boulder and as she drank in the distant sights, her soul melted and she wished that she might be permitted to sit there the remainder of her life! The view is simply indescribable.

Lookout maintains a close vigil over the city of Chattanooga and stares boldly into the face of its companion, Walden's Ridge or Signal Mountain. Raccoon Mountain to her left is no baby itself and in disposition it is wilder than Lookout.

By far the most interesting part of Lookout is that portion of her body that lies in Tennessee, for here is the thickly populated section, with the two government reservations, the incline railway, and the unsurpassed views from the north end of the mountain. However, some four miles from the north end in Georgia is Lula Lake and Lula Falls, far-famed for their natural beauty. These are situated where the top of the mountain gives way to bluffs and palisades and where the water decides instantly to quit the mountain top. Farther down the winding surface, roads with here and there mountain streams and a few rustic bridges make fitting subjects for the artist's brush and vibrate the soul of the poet.

Flowing southward until it changes its mind and decides to turn eastward where it has cut a huge chasm for a distance of about sixteen miles, this rocky cañon is as wild as it was in the days of the adventurer Hernando de Soto.

Umbrella Rock, situated on the north end, has been holding the attention of the people for a century or more with its balanced canopy, and at some time in the past it so impressed a writer of an American school history that he chose it for one of his prominent illustrations which advertised this odd-shaped stone far and wide.

Umbrella Rock is not misnamed, for in the month of June when I raced with a rain cloud from the side of the mountain to its top, I landed under this stone, and although the cloud poured its contents overhead, when I emerged I was as dry as if I had been under the best roof made by man. This experience proved that Umbrella Rock may be depended on to keep one dry in time of storm.

Lookout Mountain often has its crown entangled in the clouds, and when this happens the roads and paths so confuse the pedestrian that he becomes lost. Sunshine, clouds, and snows seem to hold frequent contests to see which can dress the mountain in the most becoming gown; in the meanwhile the birds, and flowers come and go, and the stern-looking palisades hold out invitations so urgent that few persons can pass them by.

Lula Falls, 130 feet high, on Lookout Mountain. They are a cool, delightful place to visit.

Winter snow scene of fairy-like beauty on Lookout Mountain. Below is Umbrella Rock.

Lookout Mountain—Above the Clouds

Lookout Mountain, seen at a distance, from Signal Mountain, with William's Island, Tennessee River.

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GENIUS has an infinitely deeper reverence for character than character can have for genius. . . . Character evolves its best products for home consumption. . . . It takes a deal more to feed a family for thirty years than to make a holiday feast for our neighbors once or twice in our lives. Many a blessed woman, who dies unsung and unremembered, has given out more of the real vital heat that keeps the life in human souls, without a spark flitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it, than would set a dozen theories smoking, or a hundred odes simmering, in the brains of so many men of genius.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

ol. 25 No. 52 OCTOBER 17, 1925 Ten Cents a Copy

ONE OF THE MANY QUAINT GATEWAYS IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA—*See page 31.*

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

The word "supper" is derived from the practice of sopping bread in gravy.

"Red" Grange, famous football star of the University of Illinois, turned down a movie contract to return to his old job of delivering ice from door to door.

When Germans ride down the Rhine they always sing "Die Lorelei" as the boat goes past the Lorelei Rock.

More than 95 per cent of land and 91 per cent of factories have been restored in the French devastated regions.

The cost of a Hindu wedding, including the dowry of the bride, frequently ruins the family, the bride's parents often mortgaging all their possessions for this ceremony.

"Broncho" is a word originating in Mexico and signifies "mean" and "bad" tempered as applied to a vicious and unbroken horse. A "broncho buster" is merely a horse breaker.

Dr. Banting, father of the recent discoverer of insulin, was baptized in the Canadian Wilderness by the Rev. Featherstone Lake Osler, father of the famous Dr. William Osler.

During May, 89 Moslems and 88 Jews permanently left Palestine because of bad economic conditions there. They started for America.

The famous Yonge Street, Toronto, originated in 1793 as a road from Lake Simcoe that fur-traders from the North need not pass through Detroit when the latter place was taken over by the United States.

France has given permission for 36,000 Jewish families to settle in that country. One Jewish family per village is the rule to be followed.

Blueberries seven-eighths of an inch in diameter have been produced by experimenters in New Jersey.

A pressure tester much like a tire gauge now tests the firmness of apples, doing away with the old-fashioned method of pressing the fruit with the thumb.

The last hanging in England for sheep stealing occurred in 1825. To the plea of the three thieves that three men ought not to die for one sheep, the judge replied: "You are not hanged for stealing the sheep, but that sheep shall not be stolen."

There are two and a half million wives in India under ten years of age.

The ancient Egyptians found the area of a circle by squaring eight-ninths of its diameter, instead of multiplying the square of the radius by 3.1416.

Cattle introduced by early settlers of the Falkland Islands ran wild, but their progeny were gradually exterminated as sheep became the chief interest of the settlers.

Red is the color for expelling demons and hence predominates in the garments of European peasants.

When Carlyle found in a book a statement that displeased him, he drew in the margin a pair of donkey's ears.

Stewart Culin has an old Korean book in which the musical notes are indicated in color.

The Board of the British Empire exhibition at Wembley has decided for Sunday closing.

It is said that many peasants of Czecho-Slovakian Ruthenia were converted to Communism on the promise of the party of free cultivation of tobacco.

The royal Botanical Gardens at Kew might have declined to extinction had not young Queen Victoria rescued them from abandonment.

Guests at the British Government House in Jerusalem dance to music sent by radio from London.

Arabian scientists of the eighth century had balances that weighed accurately to .004 of a gram, which was a degree of accuracy unknown to any peoples until recent times.

The London *Morning Post* estimates that there are 250,000 Jewish Christians in the world.

The *Le Geant*, a balloon built by Nadar in 1863, and probably the largest in history, had a bag of 450,000 cubic feet, and lifted forty passengers.

Corn doctors of Paris sometimes treat patients on the streets while interested bystanders look on.

The paper industry consumes each year some six million cords of wood, the product of more than a million acres of forest, more than sixty per cent of which is spruce, the remainder hemlock, balsam, and poplar.

The average railroad tie, in its natural state, lasts about seven and one-half years; if treated with preservatives about fifteen years.

About three million whitefish, valued at $1,500,000, are caught each year in the Great Lakes region of Canada and United States.

Lieutenant John A. Lord, U. S. N., in charge of the rebuilding of the old historic ship *Constitution*, reports that the work must be done while the vessel is afloat since it cannot stand the pressure of resting on its keel in drydock.

The Salvation Army has 3,000 officers in India.

According to the Lamaist creed, which is the principal religion of Tibet, a human soul may be condemned by the gods to put on the form of a lower animal for various periods of time.

At least one hundred million acres of range and agricultural lands suffer from the devastating activities of prairie dogs which live in the most productive valleys and bench lands.

Watermelons, which were enjoyed long before the Christian Era, and originally were produced only in warm climates, are now raised in every state in the Union except Maine and New Hampshire.

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Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

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Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week asks whether the economic world appears to have learned anything.

This issue is replete with the three kinds of subjects which perennially command our interest: Persons, Places and Problems.

Among the Persons we find Presidents, Popes and Inventors. Something rather intimate about each of them. The writers of these articles knew the Presidents, or the Popes, or the Inventor—so that nothing comes at secondhand.

It is a White House secret, says Aaron Hardy Ulm, that most Presidents dislike to see their term of office running to an end. Roosevelt said that he "had a bully time." When Coolidge was commiserated on the burdens of his office, he said, "I like it." Even Woodrow Wilson in his bed had a faint hope the people would ask him to stay. So, it seems, the "no third term" tradition was made by the people and not by the Presidents. (p. 5)

Something of the awe surrounding Pius XI is communicated in Samuel Crowther's article, "An Audience With the Pope." The serenity of ancient tradition, of long purposes that even death does not deflect, the great cool halls, the profound simplicity that is found at the very crest of the ceremonial ascent, these are elements of a most interesting narrative. (p. 6)

Take Thomas Edison and his works out of the world, how big a hole it would make! Mr. Edison has lived so long and achieved so much which the present generation found established when it arrived, that his name is often not connected with them. It is good, therefore, to recall from time to time the long roll of this man's inventions. (p. 3)

As to Places in this issue, you may take your choice of North and South and West. Probably you will travel to all three. We speak first for Rugby, not because of its importance, but because of the sadness of its humiliation after ambitious beginnings. It links *Tom Brown's School Days* with Tennessee. For Thomas Hughes, the noted author, established an American *Rugby* in Tennessee. But the world has forgotten it. Still, "Rugby, Tenn." remains. Thomas Hughes' mother is buried there. The little English church is there. And we are grateful to Mr. Whipple for recovering the story. (p. 12)

What city has wrought so continuous a charm as Charleston, S. C.? Its doorways and gateways are known the world around, its homes and its churches share a quiet fame. It is part of the interior richness of this country that such places still remain. (p. 31)

And then there are the northern coast and the Portland Light, and May B. Whiting to tell about them. (p. 2)

Pleasant as the world of Places and Persons may be, there is always the world of Problems. What will you for your Problem? Material or Moral? Here is Traffic, there is Taxes. Yonder is Farming. Traffic is the blood pressure in the veins of our cities—the streets. Rather elaborate and stimulating. (p. 16)

Sunday ranges inside the line of moral problems. If Sunday is being progressively taken away from more and more people, or is being progressively given back to more and more people, it concerns all of us. (p. 14)

Taxes (p. 7), the Farm (p. 24). These farm articles have been the meatiest we have seen on the subject. They provoke to thought and analysis.

And then there is a Nature article, "Barefeet and Chestnut Burs"—very autumnal. (p. 8)

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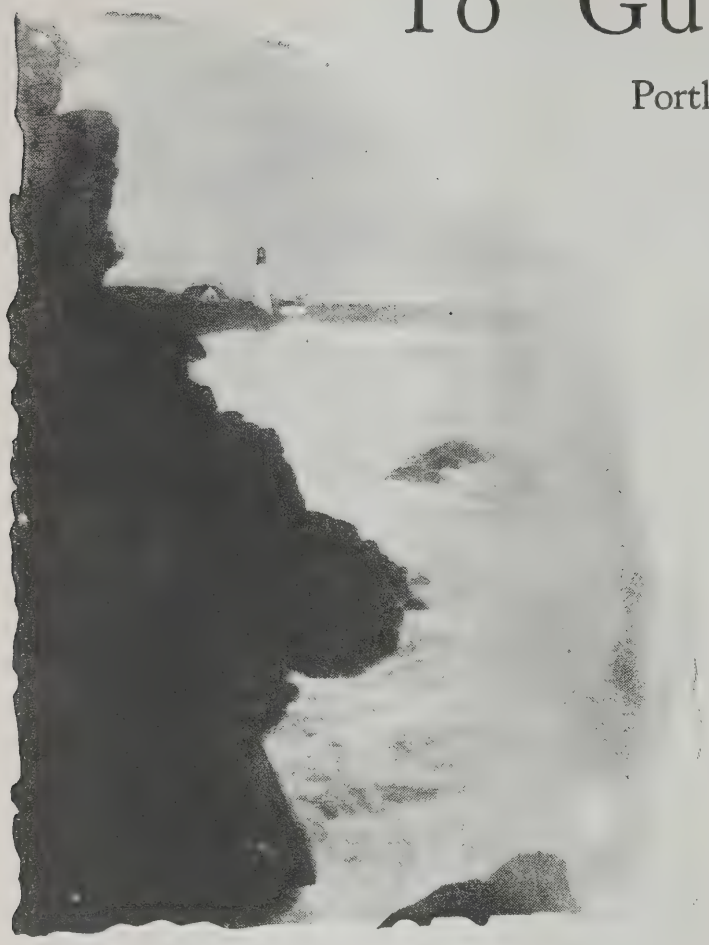
To Guide the Mariner

Portland Head Lighthouse and Its Keeper

By MAY B. WHITING



The surf along the rocks.

SHIPS are called the loveliest creation of man and lighthouses are surely the most beautiful of his benevolences. Back in the dim years of history he placed them at the gate of adventure and they welcomed his homing after the quest. The keeper, too, was held high in honor, his labors sometimes touched with religious sanctity, and even in the blasé present a visit to a lighthouse can arouse a thrill. When we find one of the oldest and most famous lighthouses on the Atlantic Coast with a keeper whose family has been connected for four generations, there is sure to be a story behind.

Portland Head Lighthouse was established in 1790 and the first keeper, Joseph Greenleaf, was appointed by Washington. After long years of service he was drowned while making a rescue off the Point. Yet the situation is not one of the most dangerous nor has it the terrible loneliness that comes with isolation. At the entrance to the harbor rocks are piled, one rugged mass above the other, all in tones of softest gray, circled by the blue water and fringed with spray. Above, the gulls circle with wild, sad cries, and, within a stone's throw of the dazzling white tower, a ship is always passing, for the rocks pitch down so abruptly that there is deep water almost at the very edge.

The keeper of the Light is Joseph Strout, a bluff and hearty soul, the very picture of what a lighthouse keeper ought to be. As a child he can remember talking with his great-grandmother who could tell of the building of the tower. When his grandmother was a girl she came to "help" the family who had charge of the light, working for her "keep" and a salary of fifty cents a week. She married Captain Strout and named her first son for the keeper of the Light. When the present keeper was ten years old his father held that position and, as usual, all the family shared in the labors. So for a hundred years the Light has been the object about which the family life centered, something to be loved and guarded, like a wayward child who may lose the right track.

In the keeper's boyhood lard oil was burned. The government supplied the northern ports in summer and the southern in winter, for care must be taken to keep the oil limpid. About four o'clock in the afternoon the father would say, "Time to get some fat, boys," and they would go down in the cellar, scoop up a bucketful and put it on the stove to warm. When it was so hot that one could not bear a hand in it, they took it to the tower and filled the lamp, then built a fire in the watch-room to keep it from congealing. Some one had to watch all night, for the fire must be tended and the machinery wound every three hours to keep the oil flowing about the wicks.

Those were weary hours for the lad, hours of loneliness and weirdness which even a lifetime's acquaintance with the sea cannot dispel, nights with the surf running and the shimmering moonlight, or, in the dark of the moon, the dim starlight and the unseen beating of the waves, restless as if with the memory of souls they have engulfed.

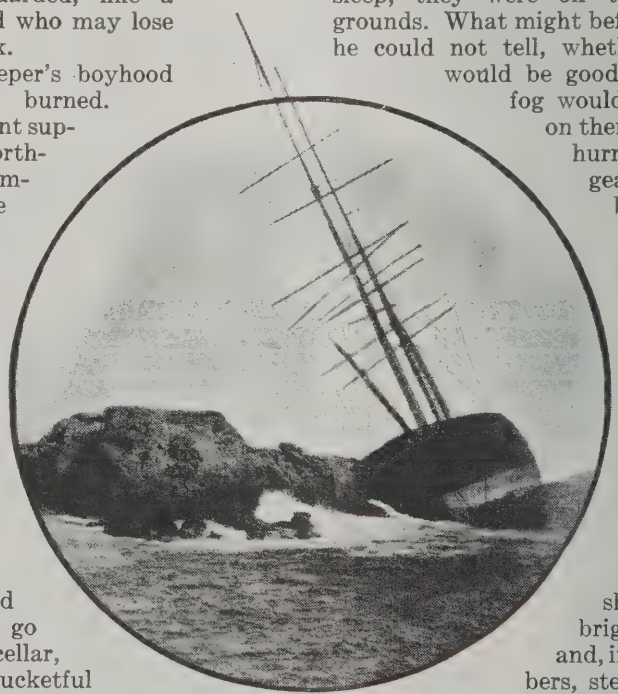
About two in the morning he could hear the fishermen going out in their sailboats. If the wind was still they would be rowing and he could hear snatches of conversation called one to another as they swung past the tower.

"Where be you going to anchor tonight?" would be the usual question.

"Off Cod Ledge, I reckon. Where be you bound for?"

"Guess I'll try Kittle Bottom. So long," and the mystery of the ocean would enshroud them.

The lad knew that they had been baiting from noon until midnight, for that was before the time of cold storage and frozen fish, so that 3,000 mussels had to be secured fresh to bait the trawls. Then, after two hours' sleep, they were off to the fishing grounds. What might befall them there he could not tell, whether the catch would be good, whether the fog would creep in upon them or the squall hurry them home, gear tangled and broken, or whether the dead calm would leave them stranded in the broiling sun. In those days account was made of the larger vessels passing the Light, ships, barks, brigs, schooners, and, in smaller numbers, steamers.



The wreck of the *Annie C. Maguire.*

On stormy nights the noise of the wind was deafening. The September gale of 1780 blew down the bell house newly set up and the bell weighing more than two tons. Besides the din of the storm and the care of the Light, (Concluded on page 22)

Edison's Stamp on World's Work

The Story of Wonderful Things Discovered and Great Things Attained

By ALLAN L. BENSON

EDISON has lived and worked so long that the present generation takes him for granted, so to speak! His inventions are as much of their world as the sun, the stars or the ground beneath their feet—fixed things that seem always to have existed. Most persons on earth today never knew a time when there was no incandescent electric light. Only a few more are old enough to recall the days when there were no electric railways and phonographs. Most of those who go to see motion pictures were not here when the first motion pictures were shown; and of the millions who use the telephone only a small percentage recall the fact that it was Edison who converted Bell's toy into a triumph.

Edison has worn out and outlived more groups of assistants than he himself can remember. Most of the members of the "insomnia squads"—as he called them—who toiled with him over the electric light, sometimes for four or five days at a stretch, are dead. When these men lived, the young men who are working with Edison today were not born. But Edison goes on and on. In his seventy-ninth year he goes upstairs in "high" and looks little older than he did 15 years ago.

An Early Device That Worked Too Well

Those who came to this earth long after Edison began his work may be interested in knowing just what he has done. Three inventions, made when he was a boy, show the playful side of his character, which no one should overlook who would understand Edison because, in his old age, it still persists. One was an automatic device, controlled by a clock, to report by telegraph to his boss, at hourly intervals during the night, that he was awake and on the job. Edison, then a boy of 18, was a railway telegraph operator. It was no trouble for him to call his main office and sign the initials of his station, but the lure to make the thing automatic and mechanical was too much for him. The clock-device was made and worked perfectly but when the boss came around and saw it Edison had to take it out.

Edison's next invention was what he called a "rat paralyzer." The Western Union office in Boston where he worked was overrun with rats. Edison strung two parallel wires across their runway, and loaded them with electricity, after which the rats were electrocuted as rapidly as they sought to set foot on his invention.

Another telegraph office in which Edison worked had formerly been a restaurant and was full of cockroaches. Edison laid two sheets of tin foil side by side, a quarter of an inch apart, attaching one sheet to the positive and the other to the negative pole of a strong battery. As the cockroaches tried to pass from one sheet to the other their bodies closed the circuit and they went up in puffs of smoke.

At the age of 21, Edison stopped joking and got down to business. On October 13, 1868, he applied for the first of more than 1,400 patents that were later to be issued to him. He had invented an electrical device to record the votes of members of legislative bodies. All a member had to do was to touch a button at his desk and a calculating machine at the presiding officer's desk immediately gave the totals for and against the measure voted upon. Edison had not taken into consideration that such a machine was exactly what legislative bodies do not want. The prospect of a long roll call oftentimes serves a purpose, so Edison's first patented invention served to teach him a lesson. The lesson was that it is useless to invent what nobody wants.

His First Patent Teaches Him a Lesson

In November, 1875, Edison came within an eyelash of inventing the radio, but did not know it. He discovered a certain phenomenon, unnecessary to describe because of its technical character, to which scientists gave the name "Edison effect." This discovery is the basis of the present radio tube. Without it, radio tubes could not be made.

Edison's first great invention was in the field of telegraphy. Up to his time it had been possible to send only one message on a wire at a time. Edison first solved the problem of sending two messages in opposite directions over the same wire at the same time and later increased this, step by step, to eight messages each way at a time. About this time, Edison also invented a stock ticker. He had been desperately poor all the while, but now he was in sight of money. The head of the Western Union sent for him to settle up. The company wanted to buy his patents for the stock ticker and the various telegraphic devices. Edison had determined in his own mind that his patents were worth $5,000, though he would take $3,000. He was sharp enough, however, when asked his price, to request the Western Union man to make an offer. The offer was $40,000.

Then Edison Started a Bank Account

Edison nearly dropped dead. The check was made out and Edison took it to the bank. The cashier looked at it a moment and said something that Edison, because of his deafness, could not hear. The cashier handed the check back and Edison instantly came to the conclusion that it was no good; that some trick had been played upon him. It never occurred to him that it was necessary for him to be identified to get the cash and to indorse the check. The next day the Western Union man showed him how to start a bank account.

Edison next started a manufacturing establishment in Newark, New Jersey. He began with no bookkeeper. Instead, he had two hooks. On one hook he stuck bills and on the other he placed memoranda of what he owed.

But when business became pressing, Edison decided to install a bookkeeper. Things were in such a tangle that the bookkeeper had quite a job. Eventually he waded through the mess and announced that the concern, during the preceding month, had made a profit of $3,000. That made Edison feel so good that he gave a banquet to his force. A few days after the banquet the bookkeeper said he had made a mistake in his first calculation and that instead of making $3,000 the month before the business had lost $500. That was not so good. But the next week, after laboring some more over his books, he told Edison that his second figure was wrong and that the business had made a profit the preceding month of more than $7,000, which turned out to be correct.

Some Bookkeeping Difficulties Were Overcome

For some work that Edison did on the quadruplex telegraph, Jay Gould paid him $30,000. But Edison did not long work for Gould. The Western Union wanted him to work on the telephone, which Bell had just brought out. Bell's phone was not practical. It employed a single device for both transmitter and receiver and there was no privacy about it. It blah-blahed whatever it had to say all over the room. Edison invented the carbon transmitter which was in use for many years and made other improvements that converted Bell's toy into a practical, commercial device. For a long time he could not make his transmitter carry the word "sugar" clearly; and he says that, to this day, telephonic conversation is largely a matter of imagination and knowledge of what the other fellow is talking about. "If you do not believe this," he said, "try reading a drug catalog to somebody and see how much of it he gets."

One of Edison's inventions was a loud-speaking telephonic device which could be heard for five or six blocks in every direction. He also invented the microphone which, in its improved form, is now in use in all radio broadcasting stations.

When it came to settling with the Western Union for what Edison had done on the telephone, Edison had in his own mind the figure of $25,000 as the sum that would cover the value of what he had done. But again he asked the Western Union man to make him an offer. The offer was $100,000. Edison accepted on condition that the money should not be paid to him in a lump, but at the rate of $6,000 a year for the 17 years during which his patents would live. He knew he would spend the money in a year or two in experiments if he were to get it all at once. A little later Edison received another $100,000 from the Western Union, with the provision that it be paid at the rate of $6,000 a year for 17 years. This was for a number of telegraphic inventions including the motograph, a device by which messages were automatically repeated from station to station, thus making it possible to cover great distances.

Edison sent a number of men to England to install his loud-speaking telephone and shortly afterward received a cable offering him "30,000" for the English rights. He accepted by cable and was considerably surprised when the check came to find that it was for approximately $150,000. Edison thought the Englishman was cabling about dollars when, as a matter of fact, he was talking about pounds.

The phonograph, which Edison invented in 1877, grew out of his work on the telephone. Observing the vibrations of a diaphragm when actuated by the human voice, Edison had playfully arranged a number of miniature paper dolls that danced as the diaphragm vibrated. The more he thought about the dancing dolls the more he wondered if the vibrations, when recorded in the form of indentations upon tin foil, could not be made to actuate another diaphragm and thus reproduce sound. In this case as in all others when he wanted to make an experiment he drew a picture of what he wanted and handed it to a workman to fashion the device. It was also Edison's custom to mark on the drawing the sum that he was willing to pay for making the instrument. Edison's first phonograph was very simple, so the sum that he marked on the drawing was $10. The machine was nothing but a cylinder, wrapped with tin foil, a crank to turn the cylinder, a needle, a diaphragm and a horn. The workman asked for what the machine was intended. Edison told him that it was something that would talk. The word went around the shop that Edison thought he could make a machine that would talk, just by turning a crank, and there was a good deal of laughter. Edison's own men had not yet learned what he could do.

When the machine was done, Edison turned the crank and repeated into the horn the little verse about "Mary had a little lamb." Then he brought the needle back to the beginning of the indentations and turned the crank again. Edison had expected, at the best, only a few sounds, with perhaps a word or two that could be understood, but to the amazement of himself and everybody else every word came back at him in his own voice.

The story of what had happened got into the newspapers and when Edison, a day or two later, took his phonograph over to the office of the *Scientific American* in New York, such a crowd gathered around the building that police had to be called to clear the streets. Word came from Washington that they would like to see and hear the phonograph, so Edison took it to the national capital. He was amazing a company in a private residence about 10 o'clock at night when he received a message from President Hayes inviting him to the White House. Edison responded and found in the old mansion, besides the President and his wife, quite a company of Cabinet officers, Senators and Representatives. Edison put on a new piece of tin foil and spoke into the horn the little verse about "There was a little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead," which would have been all right if Roscoe Conkling had not been there with a little curl right in the middle of his forehead. Conkling thought Edison was making sport of his curl, which was always the subject of newspaper banter, and left in a huff. But the others stayed and Edison stayed and it was 3 o'clock in the morning when Edison took his little machine under his arm and went to his hotel. The little machine, by the way, has for years been in the museum at South Kensington, England.

As we have seen, the phonograph started with a great rush of publicity, but it soon stopped short. Edison's idea was that it should take the place of stenographers. He tried to fill this field, but failed. The machine was crude, of course, in comparison to what it now is, but Edison said that stenographers did all they could to crimp it. At any rate, the phonograph was dead for more than 10 years, until one day some of Edison's men, after they had finished their luncheon, sang into it and Edison noticed that the men seemed to be vastly entertained by the songs. This gave him an idea and he began recording music on the phonograph. After that, there was no difficulty about marketing the phonograph. Now there are 10,000,000 phonographs in the United States alone. The song that was sung after lunch that day had great results.

In 1877 Edison went to work on the device that probably brought him more fame than any of his other inventions—the electric light. Arc lights existed, but the problem was to subdivide the current and thus make it possible for a great number of small lights to draw current from a single wire. Edison was not the first to think of it, but everybody who had thought of it said it could not be done. Quite naturally, when Edison did it there was a great deal of scientific incredulity about his reported achievement. The story of what he did and how he did it is so technical that nobody but an electrician could understand it, but it may be remarked in passing that his work with carbon, in connection with the telephone, was of great assistance to him. One of his problems was to find the best material for a filament, and he had tried many things, including carbonized cotton thread. A palm-leaf fan gave him the idea of using bamboo for filament, and he discovered that it worked better than anything else he had tried up to that time. Bulbs were made that gave light for several hours at a time. Edison sent men to India, Japan, China, Java and South America to see if they could find types of bamboo that were still better suited to his purpose and one or two of them succeeded. Bamboo was used for years, but later gave way to metals which are now used.

Probably the hardest work of Edison's life was done on the incandescent light. It was not merely the light that had to be invented, but everything connected with it, from lighting stations to meters to measure the current. Scores and scores of patents tell the story of his activity and his work was done so well that it still stands. The electric lighting system that he invented about 45 (Concluded on page 23)

¶ A consumers' strike against coal is under way in this country. In 1924, with industry booming, railroads carrying more freight than ever before, less coal was called for in the United States than in 1923, or even in 1916.

¶ Even with industry prospering and the shortage caused by the strike of 1922, the 1923 output was below that of 1918.

For some years there have been many signs of public discontent in regard to coal supply and prices.

The story of how the present state of matters has developed is one that concerns every American. It will be interestingly told by William A. McGarry in next week's DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

When Time Came to Move Out of White House, Most Presidents Desired to Stay

By AARON HARDY ULM

—Washington.

OUT of Swampscott and the gossipy coignes of Washington comes what once was but, alas! no more is heresy, that is, "third-term talk." Maybe it owes to the off-season paucity of political news, or, perhaps, it is only what is becoming a recurring phase of speculation as to every President who gains a second term. But in the present instance the talk is given relevancy by several circumstances which may raise it above the level of idle babble.

First. President Coolidge's status with the country finds no past parallel this side of the Monroe "era of good feeling." This is agreed to by Coolidge opponents as by Coolidge enthusiasts —neither of which, paradoxically, are hugely numerous.

Second. Coolidge—Well, there is the story, parabolically true though probably apocraphal, of the friend who wondered volubly about how he stands the pomp, pressure and persiflage attending his office. Without even a grin, so the story goes, the President replied, "I like it!" No President ever better liked the job.

Third. There is at present no outstanding rival in either party, and of Presidential material of the politically wrought kind the country seems to be unusually short.

Fourth. Because of the circumstances that first made him President there is room for hair-splitting dialectics as to whether the nearly two years as Harding's successor constituted "a term" for Coolidge.

Fifth. Coolidge himself has been meticulously silent on the subject.

An old-timer walking through a White House corridor pointed to portraits of former Presidents and said:

"They show them as they left here. Compare these with ones of them as they came in, and you will see how each of them went away a different man, aged beyond the years spent here, bent if not broken. Yet each of them, George Washington and perhaps two or three others excepted, longed, in his inner consciousness, to stay even more than he ever longed to come here."

There is no drug so insinuating as the impalpable air of the White House. Those who scent it from afar rarely turn away nostrils of hope. And those who breathe it to the full are even less often satiated.

After George Washington quit the Presidency at the close of his second term, the precedent thus set became such an inviolable tradition that there was virtually no "third-term talk" until Roscoe Conkling, with fine casuistry, started, in 1880, the anti-climaxual movement for General U. S. Grant. While Conkling argued that the old tradition applied to "consecutive" terms only, the House of Representatives declared by almost unanimous vote that the precedent set by "the Father of His Country" had "become by universal concurrence a part of our republican system of government and that any departure from this time-honored custom will be unwise, unpatriotic and fraught with peril to our free institutions."

The disaster that befell the movement for a third term for Grant estopped any serious revival of the talk for a generation. Then it was put forth mightily again on behalf of, if not by, Theodore Roosevelt. In that instance a record was made which might supply precedents for Coolidge —one of which, however, he distinctly has not followed.

On election night, 1904, President Roosevelt, who like Coolidge had ascended from the Vice-Presidency, upon the death of the then President and filled out the incomplete term, announced to the country: "The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."

Although later, friends of his have said, he would have given his right arm for its cancellation, Roosevelt adhered to the declaration until he left the White House. Afterward he spoke about having meant "a third consecutive term" and from then on was an avowed candidate, or perpetual aspirant, for restoration to the Presidency.

There is little doubt that Woodrow Wilson felt the urge of a similar ambition, as indicated, in 1920, by his pre-convention attitude and his post-convention aloofness and later by irascibilities like the one which marked the break with his old secretary, Tumulty. This may explain why Wilson made no effort to name a successor, as, notably, (*Concluded on page 26*)

An Audience With the Pope

American Tells How Pius XI Receives His Visitors at the Vatican

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

ONE of the Popes—I think it was Benedict XV—when giving his parting blessing to a visitor who had been in Rome, say, a week, always said "Addio." But if the visitor had been in Rome for a month or more, then he always said, with a smile, "A rivederci" —which means "Until we meet again."

For whoever has been in that extraordinary city for more than a month always returns. The tourist rushing through the sights misses the real Rome; he sees only a great number of churches—three hundred and sixty-four of them; he is lost in the vastness of St. Peter's and the treasures of the Vatican galleries. He looks at enough paintings and sculptures to last him the rest of his life. They are all of the past and he cannot discover anyone doing anything of today. The dead calm of it all gets on the nerves.

Perhaps he wonders a little at the streets being so filled with priests and students toward sundown—all in long black soutanes and flat, wide-brimmed hats—except the German students, who wear red soutanes. Then there are the members of the orders, some bareheaded and barefooted in brown cassocks, others in white, and so on through various garbs that only an expert can hope to know.

The church stands out as the center of things, but in addition are the ruins of the civilization of ancient Rome—the Forum, the baths, the columns. And the odd thing is that on every ruin some ancient Pope has placed his name—just as though he had built it.

Billions That Belong to No One

With all this is mixed the Rome of the Renaissance, the Rome of Cavour, and the Rome of today—of Mussolini.

The place is so complex that at first it is merely irritating but, as one stays on, a certain charm begins to grow and a month after leaving one wants to go back—and generally does. There is something in Rome which is nowhere else. The things of today and the things of ages ago are side by side and age seems to lose its meaning—a thousand years, two thousand years are nothing. It is all a baffling riddle until one discovers that in the Vatican, which overshadows all Rome, two elements which we are apt to value highly have no meaning—money and time. And death is but an incident. Having discovered this, one begins to realize why Rome as the center of Catholicity is so different from the world without. There is pomp and grandeur on occasion such as even the Orient never saw, there are art treasures and gold and jewels in the churches, not to speak of the churches themselves, that are beyond counting in money, while in the Vatican are thousands of murals and tapestries and marbles beyond price. No one really knows what the church in Rome has, for it has been accumulating through the centuries. You can value it at a billion or at ten billions of dollars—at any sum. There is no measure of value, for the churches could not be taken away and no art treasure has ever been sold. The real point is that none of it belongs to the clergy or, excepting in a very impersonal way, to the Pope. The wealth of the Vatican is beyond calculation, but it is not money wealth. And no one serves for money.

What Priests and Cardinals Receive as Salaries

The *Annuario Pontificio* which lists the priests in the service of the Vatican is a book of a thousand pages; of these priests a few have wealth in their own right but they may not live in luxury. A great number are in orders and have taken the vow of poverty; these priests have nothing and may have nothing. The average income of all the priests in Rome does not exceed five hundred dollars a year at the present exchange value of the Italian lira. The income of an Italian cardinal in Rome, as for instance Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, is less than a thousand dollars. It is against the rule of the church for a cardinal to walk in a Roman street. Once upon a time they all had carriages and rode out in them for the air; now most of them are too poor to keep carriages, not to mention automobiles, and so they simply have to stay in or, if they live in the Vatican, walk in the Vatican Gardens. These priests pass much of their working days amid magnificence but their personal lives are of the most complete simplicity.

All of this finds its entire expression in the Pope himself. I had the privilege of a private audience with the reigning Pontiff—Pius XI—and it stands out in bold relief against all other experiences. I have met with some kings, quite a number of prime ministers, and was received by the Sultan of Turkey before he was deposed. I have seen all sorts of pageants, spectacles, and shows. But an audience with the Pope is not comparable with anything else. In it is all the magnificence of the ages combined strangely with the personal directness and informality of a talk with President Coolidge.

It is not difficult to be present at a public audience. Any visitor to Rome may arrange for an invitation to a public audience and they are held nearly every day, unless the Pope is indisposed, for it is the belief of Pius XI that he should meet as many people as possible. A private audience is not hard to arrange—provided some good reason exists. If there is no good reason, then there is no private audience. And being received does not depend upon one's religion or race.

The Pope is a very busy man; his power is practically absolute and everything comes to him for final decision. He is assisted by a number of standing committees called "congregations," each of which is generally headed by a cardinal resident in Rome. These congregations are made up of priests who have given their lives to the study of the particular subject of their congregation; unless a man has been working on a subject for, say, thirty years or more his judgment does not carry much weight with the Vatican. That is where the disregard of time comes in; we should hesitate to give the investigation of a great subject to a man of seventy-five—we should be afraid that death would take away the results of his labor. But death means nothing at the Vatican; your cardinal of seventy or eighty has been heading a group and some member of that group is ready to carry on the work without a pause. It would take several pages of this magazine just to enumerate the work and research in Rome and of which the public sees nothing; the workers are all priests and they are up at five in the morning—when the church day starts —and, except for the walk out toward sundown, they are busy until far into the night.

Things That Happen During the Pope's Day

To these congregations the Pope refers all serious questions which come before him and receives from them voluminous reports and recommendations; sometimes he adopts the decisions and sometimes he disregards them. Reading these reports is of itself a tremendous task, not to speak of weighing their contents and arriving at decisions. The appointment of bishops and archbishops and cardinals is all handled through congregations in this same manner. Every fact in a priest's life, every trait and his exact capacity are known and discussed and put down of record before a congregation will recommend his elevation to a higher rank.

It is difficult to say when the Pope's day starts; it is all but continuous. At nine in the morning he receives Cardinal Gasparri and other secretaries. After their business is through with, he passes on to intimate private audiences, which are in fact

personal reports of work done in the field. Then come the private audiences, the semi-private, and the public audiences in order. Then it is one o'clock or after and time for luncheon; this is very simple and to it are asked two or three prelates with whom the Pope desires to discuss some subject. Then he works on in his study with perhaps a few advisors invited in from time to time, and at about six goes out for a drive or a walk in the Vatican Gardens. Sometimes he drives his own motor car, for Pius XI is a sportsman and a famous mountain climber. He wrote a book on mountain climbing. After his bit of exercise he has a frugal dinner and goes to his desk until three or four in the morning, when he says his daily Mass and goes to bed. This program does not obtain on Sundays when there are no audiences. On certain Sundays he says a Mass to which invitations are issued to fifty or a hundred persons—mostly visiting priests or students.

Getting Ready for the Audience

The notification that the Pope will receive you is commonly attended with some ceremony—a member of the household in full regalia brings the card to one's hotel and a fee is expected. But with us the notice came quite informally through an American priest who had been told to tell us to be at the American College at eleven. The dress for a private audience is important; a man must wear full evening dress and a woman must wear a black dress with a high neck and long sleeves, while on her head she wears a black lace mantilla. We drove with Monsignor O'Hern, the rector of the American College, around to the left of St. Peter's and through the Cortile della Sentinella. This gate, as are all the gates, was in charge of the famous Swiss Guard, who wear the yellow and red slashed uniforms designed by Michael Angelo; they carry halberds and belong to ages ago.

We entered the Cortile di San Damaso, which is a paved court about one hundred feet square. On three sides are the apartments used centuries ago by the Popes and now open to the public to view the murals. On the fourth side is the Palace of Sixtus V which is very plain with great windows and from the outside gives no notion of its size—nothing in Rome appears big from the outside. We entered the not impressive door and walked up three hundred marble steps—the levels in the Vatican are baffling. This brought us into the Sala Clementina where a detachment of the Swiss Guard stood at attention.

Some Striking Scenes Within the Vatican

The room was already filling for the public audience. Although the day was very hot with an intense sun, inside it was cool; for the walls are immensely thick, the floors are tiled, and all the many full-length windows were closed and hung with heavy crimson brocade over some sort of curtains which subdued the sun and gave a singular quiet in spite of the number of persons about.

We passed through another large hall where stood two immense gendarmes in black boots, tight white breeches, and great, hairy grenadier hats. We went on through a series of comparatively small rooms; in one were members of the Palatine Guard—an honorary body drawn from Rome which supplies a certain number of men for daily attendance. They looked well in black tunics with crimson facings. In another were members of the famous Noble Guard, some of whom are always in attendance upon the Pope. They are drawn from Italian families of noble rank and there are only sixty-three of them. They looked very smart in black coats with gold epaulets and cross belts and large steel helmets with gold crests. They form the Pope's guard of honor.

We waited for a time in a room hung with tapestries, and then one of the Pope's secretaries in Roman purple came out to say that His Holiness was on schedule with his appointments. We were taken through a throne room—a fair-sized chamber where the Pope receives ambassadors and royalty. It was here that he received the King and Queen of England on their recent visit. It was here that Benedict XV received President Wilson when he came to Rome in 1919. The throne is simply a raised dais with an armchair and a canopy. The next room was much smaller and out of it opened the door into the Pope's study. This room was used as a bedroom by Leo XIII and he died in it. In a few minutes the Pope walked out of his study alone—swiftly and yet without the least haste. He is entirely poised but not at all posed. There is no need for pose; there is nothing about which to pose.

When the Pope Bestowed His Blessing

He was entirely in white, except for the violet stockings of which one caught just a glimpse. Around his waist was a heavy sash of white moire and on his head the little white skullcap which only a Pope may wear. The Vatican is not a healthful place in which to live, and his face seemed very white. The whole impression was one of whiteness and his gold spectacles did nothing to relieve it. The Pope seemed a little weary and detached, yet without being detached in the ordinary sense, for though he spoke gently in Italian it was plain that he was interested. He spoke for perhaps ten minutes—it is hard to judge the time. Then he gave his blessing and moved away as swiftly and as simply as he had come.

We went out as we had come in, but now the rooms were still with kneeling people as the Pope passed through giving his blessing. We tiptoed by.

The Taxograph

By WALT WALTON

YOU have heard of a thermometer, a barometer, a sextant, a chronometer, a telegraph and a seismograph. But do you know what a taxograph is?

A taxograph is an illuminating chart, furnished by the U. S. Treasury Department, which shows the amount of Federal taxes (exclusive of inconsequential payments made under minor subsidy measures), paid by each state and the amount refunded to each state. It is more comprehensive than a Babson report. At a glance anyone can tell the status of commercial development enjoyed by each state. One state (Nevada) received more Federal aid than the amount of its Federal taxes. *Reading between the lines* of a taxograph is interesting as well as enlightening. Try it and see. Here is the official U. S. taxograph for 1924:

State	*Paid in Fed. Taxes*	*Received as State Aid*	*Pct. Returned as Subsidies*
Alabama	$ 9,800,970	$1,705,610	17.40
Arizona	2,131,288	995,331	42.00
Arkansas	6,536,635	1,361,459	20.82
California	129,026,453	2,475,800	1.91
Colorado	15,228,037	1,294,449	8.50
Connecticut	37,006,532	538,009	1.45
Delaware	10,805,101	379,330	3.51
Florida	15,819,827	910,084	5.75
Georgia	19,181,446	2,137,684	11.14
Idaho	1,976,084	905,827	45.08
Illinois	214,840,722	3,390,701	1.57
Indiana	45,767,607	2,034,555	4.44
Iowa	17,946,204	2,149,551	11.97
Kansas	20,735,282	2,036,124	9.81
Kentucky	28,574,914	1,592,612	5.57
Louisiana	20,427,382	1,099,011	5.37
Maine	13,945,902	704,496	5.05
Maryland	34,349,218	714,774	2.77
Massachusetts	138,681,654	1,196,042	.86
Michigan	221,380,005	2,339,480	1.05
Minnesota	31,586,633	2,157,830	6.83
Mississippi	4,949,236	1,428,199	28.55
Missouri	68,794,487	2,503,602	3.62
Montana	2,958,039	1,448,635	48.97
Nebraska	10,791,615	1,555,586	14.41
Nevada	761,499	885,759	116.31
New Hampshire	5,805,346	387,827	6.68
New Jersey	112,260,046	1,109,187	.98
New Mexico	1,131,323	1,119,086	98.91
New York	690,415,425	4,020,445	.58
N. Carolina	157,973,393	1,873,830	1.18
N. Dakota	1,282,838	1,142,382	89.05
Ohio	153,524,832	3,026,236	1.97
Oklahoma	13,520,536	1,813,931	13.41
Oregon	10,500,237	1,138,143	10.83
Pennsylvania	269,688,619	3,796,118	1.40
Rhode Island	20,239,353	371,864	1.38
S. Carolina	8,938,278	1,178,110	13.18
S. Dakota	1,951,248	1,175,515	60.24
Tennessee	18,633,646	1,754,211	9.41
Texas	33,863,758	4,448,314	12.06
Utah	4,087,183	816,876	19.98
Vermont	3,600,827	382,681	10.62
Virginia	45,991,883	1,599,270	3.47
Washington	19,006,008	1,111,660	5.84
W. Virginia	19,895,467	917,127	4.60
Wisconsin	40,448,722	1,951,718	4.82
Wyoming	2,088,353	880,051	42.14

Barefeet and Chestnut Burs

Things That Pain on the Path of Life

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER
ILLUSTRATED BY S. F. AARON

The spines are sharp, the burrs are set
Beneath the leaves concealed;
With feet unshod, they must be met
With cunning for a shield.

NATURE is ever cautious. She is the author of beauty, strategy and the camouflage. The thoughts of these bring to memory the many woods of childhood days where grew large chestnut trees, the paths to which were made trackless by autumn leaves. How often my feet crushed a chestnut bur, and when a foot was lifted from the ground, what an array of prickly spines had risen up on my foot to call me stupid! Nature had taught me to be cautious, but enthusiasm without curb had set the habit of caution aside in her race for the goal!

When we come in contact with the painful things in life, whether it be the suffering of the physical body, or of the human soul, in our thoughts of self, we fail to see that the path of life for every individual plant or animal, without regard to its race or color, is beset with hosts of prickly spines, and each and every individual must tread its own path with bare feet. The avoidance of coming in contact with these prickly burs is simply strategy. Being pricked by them, and then devising means to avoid a delay in our progress, develops hardiness and fitness, which qualifies one to survive where others fall by the wayside.

Even though an individual succeeds in the face of competition, somewhere down the road of life, these spines become so penetrating and so numerous that it means a tragic end. In observing how the various species of plants and animals meet and solve these spiny problems, we are struck with the fact that Nature knows no such thing as discouragement or dismay. Ten thousand spines from chestnut burs will be removed by an animal without showing any signs of discouragement. In fact, discouragement is a man-acquired vice. We too often like to be pitied and petted. Man falls to sympathy and too often seeks the route that promises ease and content. This is not true, and has never been true, with the world's greatest missionaries! A route of ease may mean a stupid mind, and an awkward and ill-developed body. Perseverance is the watchword in Nature.

Human beings profit from their losses. The person who loses ten thousand dollars in the purchase of worthless stock will make a hopeless customer for the next promoter. But the principle is not always true with animals.

A raccoon washes its food before it eats. If it cannot have water, it rolls the food in its paws as a substitute for water in cleansing its food. You may throw a quart of ripe strawberries to a raccoon and as it rolls each berry in its little black paws, the fruit is reduced to a pulpy mass and it slips away to the ground. When the animal is ready to eat, it holds nothing in its hands! If it were a human being, after the loss of the first berry, the remainder would be saved. The raccoon will not depart from its instinctive habit of rolling food, even though the practice sometimes brings a loss of food. Fortunately all of its food is not made up of soft berries.

"The red-headed woodpecker." Nearly all woodpeckers have red heads, but this is the only one that has the head all red.

Sometimes we find certain animals with some peculiar traits that appear as natural, and yet it seems that such peculiarities are the result of some physical disorder. For example, between the years 1900 and 1908, when I was a boy, and living on a farm in Eastern Tennessee, we kept a number of goats. Among the herd was one animal who exhibited a peculiar paroxysm when startled or excited in any manner. This goat fell an easy prey to the pranks of boys, who frequently slipped up behind it, and clapped the hands, at the same time screaming loudly. The goat invariably fell prostrate to the ground, and for a few moments lay extended upon one side, with back and legs stiff and straight, as if in a tetanic spasm. After a few minutes, he would regain consciousness, get up and walk about, but, for an hour or more following the fainting spell, would move about in a stiff and stilted gait. (Continued on page 20)

Chestnut burs, now becoming scarce because of the blight that has doomed chestnut trees.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

ONE need not live very long nor be an extraordinary observer to learn that ability to profit by mistakes is not common. Perhaps back of this is the inability to recognize mistakes as such. Some errors immediately identify themselves by their painful consequences; others seem profitable for the time. And these latter are the mistakes from which repeated disaster does not easily wean us.

Just now fully ninety per cent of the general hope for "soundness" and "stability" and "prosperity" represents a desire for the continuance of economic conditions which have disproved their identity with soundness, stability and prosperity a score of times. Social engineering has never taken hold of this situation. We have sanitary engineering, which sees to it that physical conditions conspire in favor of the public health. We have educational engineering, which works toward the end of a general intellectual self-dependence. But we have no economic engineering which rises above the incidents of private profits and competitions to an application of the known laws of economic health to the affairs of all the people.

Most of the great disease plagues are banished from the earth now, by health engineering. Tuberculosis can be banished as easily as reptiles, yellow-fever can be abolished as easily as vermin. Typhoid has been brought by health engineering to the status of a disgrace to any community. But in the economic realm the issue has been so distracted by money motives, that nothing like the progress in other regions of life has been made. And yet, curiously enough, it is in the economic sense that we most frequently speak of "progress."

No one on the earth would ever start a plague in the hope of profiting by it. We know now that a plague is total loss. Few would even start a war for the sake of profit, though those few remain and are potent, and are of the moral status of plague-starters. But who is deterred from starting again on the old economic practices that frequently halted so-called "prosperity"? And when the economically unhealthful practices are at their height, how many are able to say that it is fever and not vigor that is being "enjoyed"?

It is not possible to see very much indication of increased economic wisdom on the part of professors or practitioners of commerce. Governments seem so content to see the wheels turning, that they tread softly past all sorts of irregularities, as if fearing to disturb the process. It is as if former yellow-fever strongholds returned to swamp and former typhoid sinks to their insanitary practices.

Of course, if this is true, it only shows that we have not learned, that we must have more lessons. One excellent point about life is that it continues the lessons until we have learned. Yet there is no ground for complaint; it is the generality of the people who have not learned, all of us together, and nothing, not even revolution, can make up for that. Revolution more often shows how less than the general knowledge is that possessed by the revolters.

THE actual situation anywhere, at any time, corresponds exactly to the moral and mental status of the people. All life is experience, and one level is exchanged for another only when its lesson is learned. Revolution against this natural process redoubles the severity of the lesson. The only way out is up. Modern revolutionary teaching is that the only way out is down. There is a world of difference between the movement to level the classes and the movement to elevate the masses. The movement up is the winner; it is that to which the intelligent mind should ally itself.

This state of affairs may indicate also the need for completing some things which can only be fostered under present conditions. It would be folly to assume that the present is all lost time. Not at all. Even with its recognized imperfections, some matters are forming which are the essential preliminaries, at least, of coming betterments. It may be that the motives, now operative, are bearing their part in making way for the newer motives which are on the way. It is so easy to condemn an incomplete time, and fail to see that it is really one of the indispensable elements of coming completion.

And yet there are indications that our ready turning again to a system that has always broken down is not in total ignorance of its nature. There are misgivings. What men are always glad for is the continuance of material support for the life of the people; that is really the essence of all prosperity; but they are not without inner remembrances that true prosperity in the past has bred many parasites which have at last paralyzed it. That much the lessons of the past have done for us. No matter how many of the old and dangerous practices may seem to have returned, it is lawful to believe that there are this time, more than at any previous recovery, increased sane and sanitary thousands who have not bowed the knee to uneconomic practices.

With each circle we spirally lift a little higher. Though we seem to return where we left, it is always on a little higher plane. Today more minds admit the unity of economic stability and moral righteousness, than ever. That gain cannot be disputed.

"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

"Free Russia" Does It

FEW Americans are disturbed at the exclusion of Mr. Saklatvala from our shores. That gentleman has one profession in life, to which he subordinates everything else, and that is the destruction of the British Empire. Enjoying the liberty with which civilization endows him, he has been elected to the British House of Commons for the better furthering of his object. He was also made a member of the Interparliamentary Union and chosen as a delegate to the United States, whereupon British co-delegates with him resigned, and the United States withdrew its visa of his passport. The friends of Revolution in this country, in their elaborate costume of the Friends of Free Speech, say that our Government has violated human liberty.

There may be something in that. Mr. Saklatvala's essential harmlessness may better have been indicated by his being permitted to arrive and talk to his h art's content. There is no indication that the United States feared Mr. Saklatvala; the feeling seems to be that it would have been discourteous to Great Britain to have afforded its bitter enemy a platform here.

An interesting side light, however, has escaped the "friends of freedom." In Russia, that land of the free, that home of the brave (see Soviet laws and Cheka assassinations) they emulate the United States in this very matter. Russia, to be exact, is the most "exclusive" country in the world today. Russia refuses more passports, going and coming, than any nation has had occasion to do since there were passports. The Trades Union delegates only recently appointed a committee to go into Russia; forthwith the Bolshevik officials began to refuse to visa some passports. One man they did not want because he could speak Russian and therefore, presumably, would not be entirely dependent on the official interpreters for his views as to how free, happy and prosperous the slaves of Bolshevism are. Another man had a reputation for difficult eyes over which to pull wool. So they had no passports. No one has criticized Russia for that action.

And yet the friends of Bolshevism in this country go into spasms of agony because the avowed revolutionist Saklatvala is refused permission to brew his evil medicine on our soil, while their beloved Bolshevik fatherland excludes all who are believed to be honest observers.

But how are the people to know the facts, unless the newspapers tell them? A harder question: Why is it that the newspapers, having the facts, do not tell them?

La Follette of Wisconsin

THE overwhelming support given by Wisconsin to the son of LaFollette is variously interpreted about the country. His nomination was explained on the ground of sentiment—the State wished to honor the father in the son. That scarcely accounts for the election, however. The election clearly indicates that Wisconsin cares for something which LaFollette represented and which it believes neither of the old parties stands for today. The election does not mean a Republican victory, though it was taken in the Republican name. It does not mean even a renewal of a great personal force in the Senate. It means that there is an element in present-day politics which fails to satisfy—more than that, even rouses the opposition of—a people so well educated politically as those of Wisconsin.

It is plain that the country is passing through a period of obscurity for the progressive program. The new conservatism, that which should combine the social spirit of progressivism with the managerial ability of the old conservatism, has not appeared upon the scene according to promise. As to the whys and the wherefores there is wide room for discussion, but beyond question the chief factor to consider has been the lack of progressive power among so-called progressives. Mere discontent is not progressive. Mere opposition is not progressive. A tendency to accept every economic cure-all and campaign for the most extravagant proposals is not progressive. Successful progressivism requires all the ability of the old conservatives with the new vision of social service—a wise management of government for the widest public benefit—and our progressives have simply lacked both the ability and the vision. They are not big men, and when they win a little power they use it in as trifling ways as do the others.

These facts, of course, present all the elements of a period of change. The serenity of the American political pond is due, rather sooner than later, to be disturbed. But the indications as to the character and direction

o the change are somewhat harder to read just now than they have been heretofore. Wisconsin is simply the remembrancer of the existence of a spirit in the country which party machines cannot control.

Dayton—Sign of Intelligence

TO DIVERT their minds from greater troubles, the British people, or such of them as are articulate in their more intelligent Press, amused themselves with the doings at Monkeyville in America, as they playfully described Dayton, Tennessee. A rather disgusting element of the celebration was furnished by some visiting Americans who were not beneath currying British favor by seeming to ridicule their countrymen.

Now, however, rises Professor George McCready Price, M. A. (sometime contributor to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT), in the English *Review of Reviews* and informs the English people that the proceedings at Dayton, so far from revealing the Americans as a backward people, prove that "the United States is a more advanced country than England." Such a revolt on a scientific question would not be possible in England, says Professor Price, because the country people of England are not taught the elements of science. The fact that in the mountains of Tennessee there can occur an event which attracts the attention of the world, that event growing out of a method of scientific teaching in the schools of even the more remote parts of the mountains, is the best indication that the Americans have gone further in popular education than the nations which interpret Dayton, Tennessee, as a sign of national ignorance. Professor Price practically says that if you wish to put over some of the speculations of so-called "science" today, you must select an ignorant community, for it cannot be done in an educated community.

Dr. Price quotes Dr. Ritter of the University of California as seeing "signs that the whole battle ground of evolution will have to be fought over again; this time not so much between scientists and theologians, as among scientists themselves." Dr. Price, himself a geologist, follows this course; he keeps the challenge within the lines of science itself.

These are views to which the Editor of the English *Review of Reviews* invites the "serious consideration" of his readers. And they constitute a statement worth considering in this country. That Professor Price goes on to show how easily possible it is for men of the highest intelligence and best education to take issue with the evolutionary hypothesis on scientific grounds, does not call for comment now. But that the widespread interest of Southern States, in the doctrine of evolution in its relation to other things, should have been used in this country as an example of the ignorance of those States, indicates how thoughtlessly Americans may bow to the tenor of un-American publicity. Intelligence enough and mental independence enough to call scientists to the bar, may be expected in a people who in the past have called the political science of the world to the bar and condemned it, and who are now sitting in judgment upon the economic science of the world. Men who ask questions, and refuse to stand cap in hand, are worthy the scientists' best mettle. To treat such people with scorn, shows weakness.

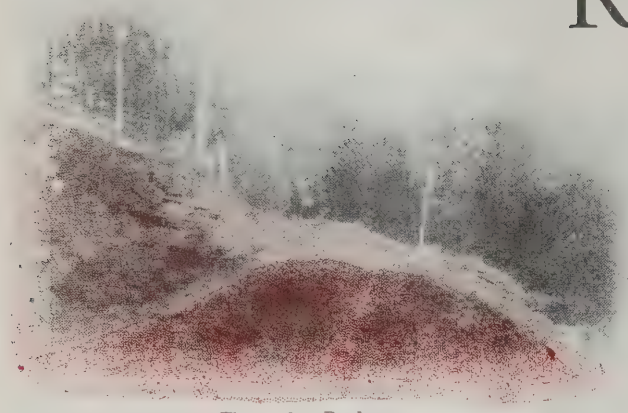
The Debts as Hate Breeders

THE war debts have become the world's chief war breeders since the Treaty was signed. Every nation, to conceal from its people the facts of its financial condition, has exceeded even war frenzy in the invention of falsehoods. And of course no falsehood goes down quite so readily as that which villifies another nation. It is a merry game that the so-called statesmen are playing at the behest of the international financiers, and the result of it is that the United States is being continuously misrepresented before the principal nations of Europe. In parts of the British press, and in all of the French press, it would be impossible to distinguish morally between the Americans and the cannibals of the sea. We know the propaganda to be untrue, and the statesmen know it to be untrue, but it continues to corrode the thought of the nations with suspicion, distrust and contempt. We may imagine to what height the propaganda has reached in France when French ex-Service men have felt it necessary to return the war medals which the American Government bestowed on them. Such actions could only be produced by the grossest misrepresentations of the attitude of the American Government.

In this state of affairs we can only pursue the course we have adopted. We cannot bend to propaganda. The only part of our course that is open to any question at all, is that concerning interest. In their repayment of their borrowings, some of the nations will pay us twice what they borrowed, the interest running in some cases to more than 100 per cent. But even so, the money is probably better thus expended than it would be otherwise. The physical ferocity of the next war is undoubtedly being reduced and its time shortened by the fact that the American insistence upon repayment of the debts is preventing a great deal in the way of heaping up military armaments.

Rugby: the Village That Didn't Keep Its Promise

By HARVEY WHIPPLE



The road to Rugby.

GOING south toward Chattanooga, over the Cincinnati Southern Railway in and out of many tunnels, swinging around curves and crawling over high bridges, you come among hills studded with abandoned enterprises. There are piles of slate, a few rusty overturned dump cars and tumble-down trestles, sawmills with chimneys eaten out by rust and leaning structures clothed in that weather gray peculiar to things that are neglected in idleness. The procession of expectations that have petered out and the whole aspect of numerous threadbare way stations are thrown into relief by the railroad's brightly painted little station houses. One bears the sign "Rugby Road."

From the worn spots about the station a road leads to the Cumberland Plateau—six miles of winding, deep-rutted, rocky way to the little village of Rugby. Rugby is a beautiful place for holiday loitering. That fact has something to do with its past—a past that was once colorful and promising, with important people moving in and out. They came from Boston and New York and from far-away England, the author of *Tom Brown's School Days* bringing the plan of a social experiment in which English school graduates should find their next adventure. That was in the eighties. Rugby was to have been a model colony of Englishmen—second sons and others for whom any of the gentlemenly professions provided a life work which was distasteful, or for which they were unfitted, or which was already overcrowded by a system of class distinction now fast breaking down, which proscribed either entering trade or doing manual labor for a livelihood. At Rugby they were to find a new world and work out their salvation, with Thomas Hughes as chief mentor.

The inception of the idea of an English colony in the Tennessee mountains was almost casual. Before the Cincinnati Southern Railway had completed its line to Chattanooga, Cyrus Clarke, a banker of Newcastle, Pennsylvania, and some associates began the purchase of land on the plateau of the Cumberlands through which it was anticipated the railway would extend its line, then built from Cincinnati to Somerset, Kentucky.

A preliminary line had been run through these lands, where for 70 or 80 miles there would have been few difficulties in construction by reason of the peculiarly level character of the country, scarcely even rolling, and cut only by its rivers in their ravines.

It was during the period of expectation of the settlement of this attractive region and before it was decided that the railroad should extend by a different route,where it is now, due to the difficulties of ascent to the table land, that A. L. Crawford, of Newcastle, overheard a conversation among fellow passengers, strangers to him, on a train, as to the desirability of finding a location for a colony—climate, water, and other important matters being alluded to. Mr. Crawford introduced himself to one of the party, Franklin Webster Smith, of Boston, to whom he mentioned the desirable land held by his friend, Mr. Clarke. Mr. Smith visited the region and pronounced it peculiarly adapted for colonization. An organization of Boston men, first proposed to undertake development and colonization, failed of consummation.

Mr. Smith then went to England in the employ of Mr. Clarke, and he interested Thomas Hughes, John Boyle, and others in the idea of an English colony on the Cumberland Plateau.

Strongly socialistic, but deeply English, the author of *Tom Brown's School Days* saw possibilities in the Tennessee colony for carrying into effect a dream that had been growing in his mind for improving the situation of boys of England who were in the way of slim chances to make their way either in the professions or in the trades for useful, prosperous lives. In a collection of Thomas Hughes' papers, brought together in a little book, *Rugby, Tennessee*, in 1881, we find in a few words the facts of a social condition which he would alter.

"Will Wimble had been tried, it seems, by his parents at divinity law or physic, who when they found his genius did not lie that way, had been given up at length to his own inventions. This kind of humor, on the part of aristocracy, was filling several parts of Europe with pride and beggary, wherever they would rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath them.

". . . So in sadly increasing numbers, our Will Wimbles within a year or two of leaving school find themselves stranded."

Obviously the pivotal idea of Thomas Hughes' reform is to be found in the paragraph which he quotes from Emerson, in a prominent place in his book:

"Is it possible that I, who get indefinite quantities of sugar, hominy, cotton, buckets, crockery ware, and letter paper, by simply signing my name once in three months to a check in favor of John Smith and Company, traders, get the fair share of exercise to my faculties by that act, which nature intended for me in making all these far-fetched matters important to my comfort? It is John Smith himself, and his carriers, and dealers, and manufacturers; it is the sailor, the hide-dresser, the butcher, the negro, the hunter, and the

Rugby's store—the picket fence around the stoop keeps the pigs out.

planter, who have intercepted the sugar of the sugar and the cotton of the cotton. They have got the education, I only the commodity.

"This were all very well if I were necessarily absent, being detained by work of my own, like theirs, work of the same faculties, then should I be sure of my hands and my feet; but now I feel some shame before my wood-chopper, my ploughman, and my cook, for they have some sort of self-sufficiency, they can contrive without my aid to bring the day and year round, but I depend on them, and have not earned by use a right to my arms and feet."

Thus, it came about that Hughes put his heart and soul and much of his purse into the dream of a colony which should in its development provide the Will Wimbles among English boys and men with an opportunity to work out their own destinies.

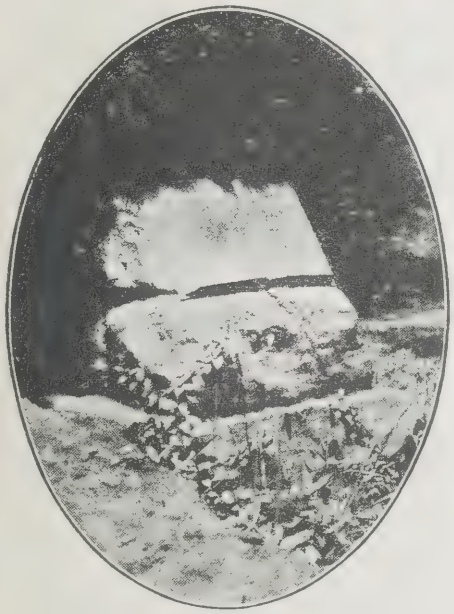
The Board of Aid to Land Ownership, Ltd., was organized in London following Mr. Smith's visit and an option taken on the Clarke lands in Fentress County, Tennessee.

Following this, Mr. Boyle, representing the company, visited Tennessee and was favorably impressed with the country which he found, so that after going over it carefully, he decided that the first colonization enterprise should be located nearer the Cincinnati Southern than the lands upon which option has been taken in Fentress County. Thereupon land upon which the colony of Rugby was finally located was purchased by the London company, Mr. Smith of Boston being actively identified with the enterprise, which was intended to be the initial step toward the larger development embracing the land in Fentress County.

Mr. Clarke and his son, assisting the company in arranging their initial plans, were requested to take charge of the development as might be directed from London. The town of Rugby was surveyed and platted, and a new roadway built to the Cincinnati Southern at a point now known as Rugby Road. This work was started in the spring of 1880 and following that orders came for the construction of a hotel, which was promptly built; a church, an office, and a boarding house, and later a building which should serve as commissary or community store.

The cottage built for Mrs. Hughes.

Mr. Boyle, vice-president of the Board of Aid to Land Ownership, Ltd., reached the scene of preparations well in advance of Mr. Hughes. A score or more of prospective colonists came about the same time. On Mr. Hughes arrival in America, he was warmly welcomed and much attention was paid him so that many became interested in his project. Boston friends did a characteristic thing in sending him several thousand volumes for what was to be the Hughes Public Library, in the new Rugby. Someone reminded the city of Chicago that it had received aid from England at the time of her great fire and it was engineered so that Chicago did the gracious thing and gave to the English colony in America the building in which to house her books, the Boston gift being added to by publishers in other cities.



The grave of Thomas Hughes' mother.

While newspapers gave the development a great deal of favorable attention and visitors were coming over at intervals from Chattanooga and Cincinnati, colonists were arriving almost daily from England. While the thought was first of all agriculture, no land was being cleared and there were delays in getting deeds ready for some who were prepared at once to buy, so there were disappointments and to some practical people even at this early stage of the development, the whole affair seemed to lack direction and definite promise.

As the time drew near for the opening, Mr. Hughes was greatly concerned that the hotel —the Tabard Inn—(having in its stair some banisters brought from an old hostelry at Southwark, England, from which the Canterbury Pilgrims set out) should be completed on time. It was to accommodate fifty guests and had great stables nearby. He was anxious too that the road to the railroad be finished, that no mishaps might mar the arrival or stay of the colonists and guests shortly expected. Road and hotel were ready on time as promised, and Mr. Clarke had brought up omnibuses from Lexington, Kentucky, and with considerable difficulty got the arrivals over the new road, deep in a twelve-hour rain.

The little English church at Rugby.

Colonists increased in number by newcomers added at intervals before and for a year or more after the formal opening which took place early in October, 1880. In less than a month after the opening Rugby's population was 120; every bed in the hotel was taken and the colonists overflowed into the boarding house and into subsidiary barracks and shanties. There were colonists fresh from English schools—from Rugby, Harrow, Eton, and Wellington; with togs and equipage strange even for pseudo pioneers and farmers—guns, rods, racquets. Their owners were full of gaiety, for was it not a lark to recreate along the rocky watercourses and in the beautiful woodland of the Cumberland Plateau?

From the writings of Thomas Hughes for the *Spectator* there are glimpses of the situation at Rugby, when he arrived before the opening, which give an idea of a lack of definite plan and purpose—a lack no doubt entirely unseen by him, whose sincerity and high purpose remain unquestioned. So thoroughly sincere was he, in the enterprise, that he brought his aged mother with him to the colony.

Even before there were suitable lodgings for settlers and guests soon to arrive the early arrivals entered upon the preparation of tennis courts and cricket grounds and cut bridle paths through the woods to the "meeting of the waters" where the Clear Fork and the White Oak rivers join. It was between these streams that the town was built. In mentioning the bridle paths, Mr. Hughes says, in one of his papers, "They are three miles long and cost under 100 pounds, a judicious outlay (*Concluded on page 30*)

Five Million Work on Sunday

Is Not Every American Entitled to a Day of Rest? Movie Houses Think Not—They Call It an "Evil"

By HARRY L. BOWLBY, D.D.
General Secretary, Lord's Day Alliance of the United States.

SINCE the day it was written, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," man had needed his day of rest, following his week of toil. Never in the history of the world was it needed more than in this age of steam and electricity, the age of seventy times seven wonders, the era of swiftly flying shuttles of mind and machinery, of rapid exhaustion of men and materials.

A close-up view of what some industrial plants and corporations and Federal and municipal government departments are doing to put the Sun in Sunday for employes is necessary to a complete knowledge of our progress. Few persons understand the working conditions of men in big institutions, even though they are almost a part of these institutions through patronage and personal observation.

Take, for instance, the Postal Service, the largest single employment bureau in the world. How many persons in the United States have ever thought about the postal employe's Christmas Day? Formerly he had no share in the day which most of the 100,000,000 people of the country have always enjoyed. Due, however, to certain efforts, the postal employe's time of service last year and the year before was shortened on Christmas Day. The prospect for this year, 1925, is that he will have a full, free day for his family and his friends. That, at least, is the tenor of a statement given to me on last January 15, by Honorable John H. Bartlett, First Assistant Postmaster-General:

"It will be my policy, if I am around here next fall, to have the first and second class post offices closed on Christmas and the carriers and clerks relieved of work that day."

Ex-Governor Bartlett initiates the policy and doubtless Postmaster-General Harry S. New will approve it.

Some time ago, the question was asked, "Who put the Sun in Sunday for the Postal Employes?"

The answer was "The Lord's Day Alliance of the United States." Being introduced by Ferdinand Douglas, president of the New York Letter Carriers, at a great meeting in Mecca Temple, New York, recently, I was presented as one who was representing an organization which had put the "Sun" in Sunday for the letter carriers.

To show what progress has been made respecting the continued closing of the post offices since August 24, 1912, by Federal enactment, we cite an article by Honorable Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior and former Postmaster-General, which appeared in the May-June, 1925, issue of the *Lord's Day Leader*, as follows:

"The Sunday post office, long considered a business and social necessity, has gone into the limbo of forgotten custom, and each year shows a decline in the number of workers employed on Sunday in the diversified branches of the postal service without any appreciable inconvenience to the public."

Dr. Work also says, in the same article, speaking on industry yielding to the claims of the weekly rest day:

"Where the industrial processes are continuous, the problem may be met by successive shifts and the adoption of the rotation system in shortening the hours of labor and giving the worker an alternate weekly rest day."

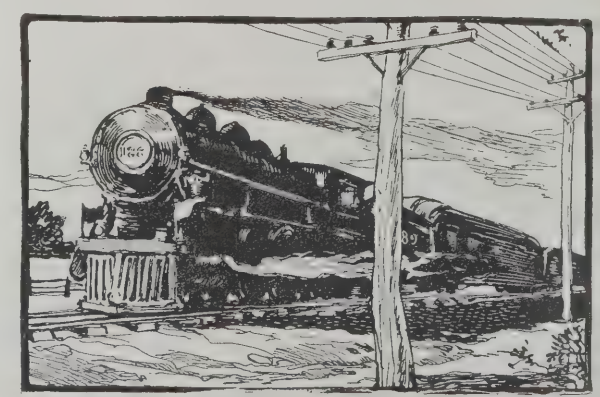
Roughly estimated, there are about *five million men and women and young persons engaged in Sunday work in the United States*, many of whom are under the burden of the seven-day working week. Many efforts have been made to bring about the discontinuance of this unwholesome practice. In trades and trades manufacturers and so-called continuously operating institutions, much work is constantly being discovered that is absolutely unnecessary. The American Federation of Labor, in a letter I received from President William Green, under date of July 18, 1925, makes the following statement:

"In order to make Sunday a rest day, trade unions provide that all work done on that day should be paid time and a half or double time. The increased price is made to discourage Sunday work, not to get the higher price. The declaration of the American Federation of Labor in 1891 would apply at the present time to the moving picture shows on Sunday."

Undoubtedly where the principle of paying time and a half for Sunday has been enforced, Sunday work has been greatly lessened in many stores, shops and various industries.

As the steel industry is recognized as one of the greatest business enterprises in the nation today, we shall call attention to some needed rest-day reforms which have been made in some of the steel companies and corporations, and the need for still further improvement. In the year 1910, the United States Steel Corporation declared that its policy would be a six-day working week for their employes. Apparently the matter received comparatively little attention until the autumn of the year 1914, when attention to the economic as well as the moral values of the six-day week was brought strikingly to the attention of the officials of the Carnegie Steel Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation. It was then decided that a greater effort than ever should be put forth on the part of this great steel corporation, for the practical operation of the weekly rest day. In September, 1915, when I visited representatives of the Carnegie Steel Company, to find out how the six-day week was working, I received the following statement from the secretary to the president of the company:

"No one in any company of the Corporation can work any



The seven-day working week sets up a particularly difficult problem for the railroads.

man more than six consecutive days without the previous consent of the Finance Committee of the United States Steel Corporation—and they don't give it. And wherever possible, Sunday shall be given as the day of rest."

Again, in 1923, after complaints had been received by certain persons concerning the infringements of the six-day week, I received, in answer to a letter I sent to Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the executive committee of the United States Steel Corporation, the following statement:

"I have just received and read your letter of June 23d instant. As you have suggested, during the war, at the earnest solicitation if not direction of the United States Government, we were required to permit our men to work seven days a week in order to secure sufficient supplies for Government war purposes. Immediately after the armistice was signed, we entirely discontinued the seven-day week, and since that time have been operating on the six-day week basis. I am not aware of any infringement. If we should learn of any, a remedy would be promptly provided."

In the same letter, Mr. Gary also made the following statement:

"Also, we are actually opposed to the twelve-hour day, and are hoping that in the comparatively near future that will be eliminated."

Although it has seemingly become recognized throughout the country that transportation lines, including steam railroads, fall in the category of those things which minister to the comfort of said communities, there is undoubtedly good reason for believing that such continuing industries should guarantee a weekly rest day to their employes and that a vast amount of absolutely unnecessary work could be discontinued on Sunday.

Railway Age, of February 28, has an editorial, under the caption "The Seven Day Week," which is very much to the point. It calls attention to some correspondence published by B. C. Forbes in a syndicated article which called forth a flood of letters from railway employes who complained that they work seven days a week. The editorial continues:

"The first employe who wrote to Mr. Forbes asserted that railway employes in general work seven days a week. This, of course, was an exaggeration. The statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission indicate that the average employe works 300 days a year, while the average general or divisional officer works 312 days a year. It is undeniable, however, that some railway employes do work seven days a week. The average in 1923 for transportation employes (other than those engaged in train, engine yard service) was 348 days for those paid on a daily basis, and 321 days for those paid on an hourly basis. The average for yardmasters, switch tenders, and hostlers was 348 days for those paid on a daily basis, and about 343 days for those paid on an hourly basis. These averages indicate that many employes of these classes work practically seven days a week. Mr. Forbes takes the position that the seven-day week on the railroads or in any other industry is an evil which the industry itself should try to remedy or abolish. It is difficult to find a reasonable argument against this position. As a matter of principle, no man should be required or expected to work every day in the year, no matter what his work is, if it is avoidable. The problem the situation presents to the railways, however, is a peculiarly hard one. They must operate seven days a week. There are many kinds of railway work for which it would be found extremely difficult to provide extra men in order that each employe might have a day off weekly. Because the problem is a difficult one, however, is not a sufficient reason why it should not be tackled by the managements. Unless the managements make a real effort to solve it themselves, as far as it is soluble, it is pretty sure sooner or later to become the subject of legislation. Employes could present a much better case for legislation against the seven-day week than for much other legislation they have got passed. It would be wise for the management of each railway to undertake a study to determine how far it would be practicable for it to go toward abolishing the seven-day week on its lines."

About twenty per cent of the Bell system's 320,000 employes work on Sunday.

The one-day-of-rest-in-seven movement is spreading for policemen.

From the same issue of *Railway Age*, we also quote from an excellent article, entitled "Ford Railroad Has Unique Operating Practices," the following paragraph, as found on page 503:

"Employes in other than train service are on duty eight hours a day during the week, with a general shutdown on Sunday. The only employes at work at all on Sunday are those engine hostlers who may be required to report for duty late Sunday evening to prepare engines for early departure Monday morning, or to care for locomotives which tie up late Saturday evening. Trains are not sent out of terminals on Saturdays unless there is sufficient time under normal conditions for them to reach their destinations before midnight. The entire property is idle on Sunday, the stations being closed and even the crossing watchman off duty."

The "Ford Railroad" here referred to is, of course, the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton.

The big railroads having the greatest mileage in the country, we have no doubt, would find it economically sound, as well as morally and industrially right to provide by definite stipulation a weekly rest day for at least the vast majority of their employes. Just as it was at one time thought that the twelve-hour day could not be abolished, by steel corporations, but which has been abolished, no more to return, we will stake our reputation on the prophecy we made several years ago, that the weekly rest day is sure to come for the teeming hosts of railroad men.

The Interborough Rapid Transit Company of Greater New York, through President Frank Hedley, in a letter of August 4, 1925, informs us that "in the shops and Maintenance of Way Departments, the working conditions of our employes are defined substantially by law and we are conforming in every way to it." In another part of his letter, he says:

"We are compelled to have a full force of employes working on Sundays. However, provision is made to give the men at other times the necessary relief."

One of the big industries of the country which has not been receiving as large public attention from the standpoint of the weekly rest day is that of the railroad telegraphers. There are 78,241 employes engaged in this industry. According to a statement published by the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, as given before the Senate Investigating Committee of 1920 and which has been confirmed as substantially correct at the present time in a letter I received from President E. J. Manion, under date of July 31. it is found that "77.966% of the employes work the equivalent of seven days a week, without punitive compensation for Sunday and holiday service." Mr. Manion

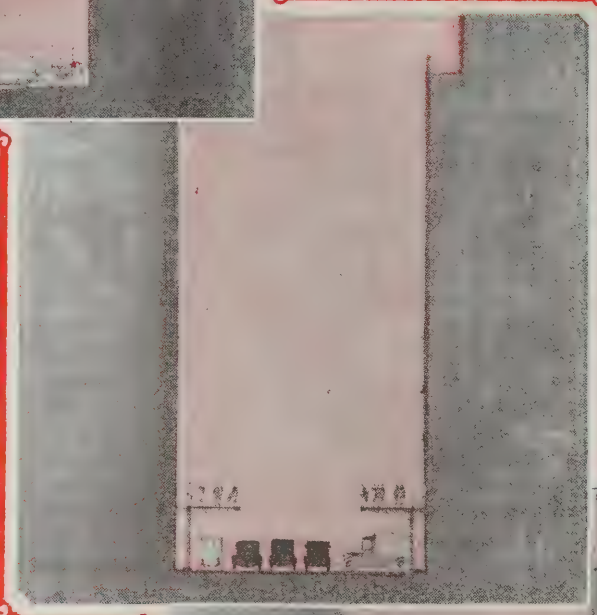
(Continued on page 27

City Doctors Traffic

Are Streets Antique and Sidewalks Out of Fashion?

By J. OLIN

At left—A single illustration of the jammed condition of present-day traffic. Engineers say this cannot be remedied until basic changes involving the expenditure of millions are made.



Right—Step one. Remove pedestrians from vehicular traffic by constructing elevated sidewalks.

I HAVE been discussing American cities with Harvey Corbett, whose knowledge of them is entitled to high respect.

The American city is a weird and wonderful thing. Like Topsy, it "jus' growed." In the last dozen or fifteen years its lacks and imperfections as a residential and business center have been coming home to us with increasing force. Today city planning is one of our livest topics. In most cases it really means replanning.

Mr. Corbett is chairman of a committee of New York architects who have recently turned in cogent and much-needed suggestions anent some of the most pressing problems of their city—this at the instance of the Sage Foundation and the Regional Plan of New York and Its Environs which it sponsors.

Harvey Wiley Corbett is an engineer and an expert on the American city—a deep student of city planning, as the successful architect nowadays perforce must be, and a recognized authority on the city of today—and tomorrow.

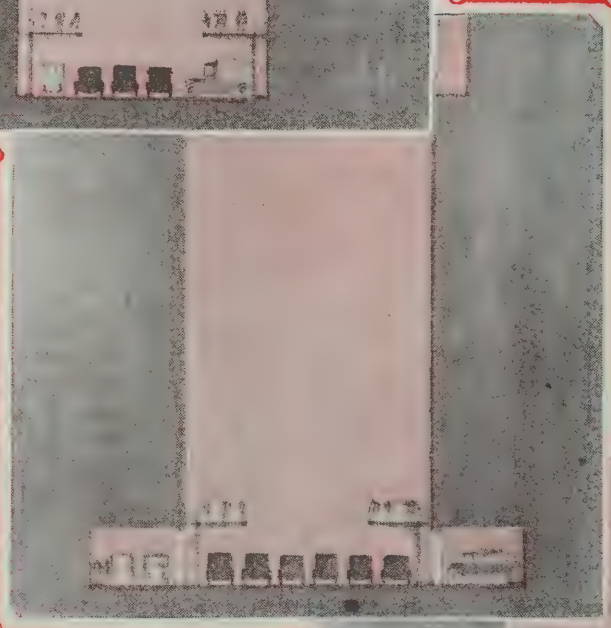
"Not alone New York," said Mr. Corbett to me, "but all the large cities over the land are in a constant state of flux. The life of the average city building is hardly more than a generation and under always changing conditions cities are ever being remade. In other countries there is stability, but America isn't old enough for that.

"Congestion, in one form or another, is, of course, always the great problem. There are two ways of providing against it which go to fundamentals. One is to decentralize, so that extremely congested centers will not exist—the other is to relieve congestion by more adequate provision for traffic and its routing.

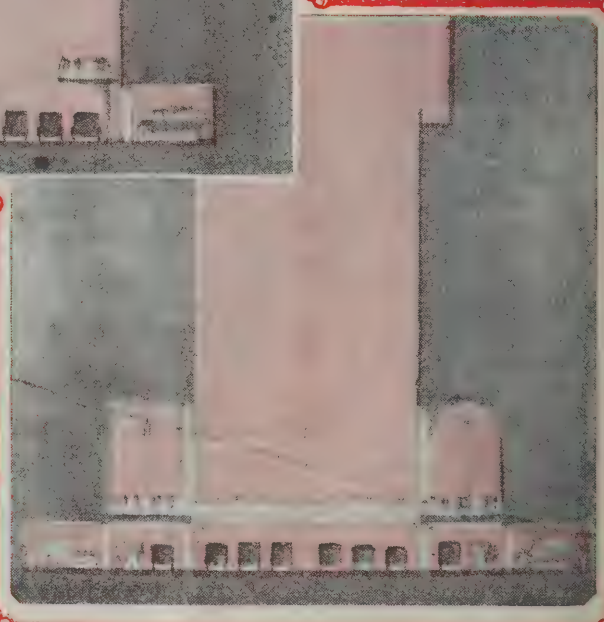
"But industrial leaders, merchants and business men generally oppose spreading a city out thin, as destructive of the very purpose for which they assemble in cities. Cities which are to remain great industrial and financial capitals must provide for greater concentration of business population, not less.

"Natural barriers make decentralization hardly to be thought of for New York, anyway. Manhattan Island is a narrow strip of land surrounded by water.

"Nor can we do much more in street widening in New York," said Mr. Corbett. "Nor cut new streets. In the vastly important Forty-Second street district there is now one acre of street for each two



Above—Step two. Provide special parking place for trucks. The separate levels for pedestrian and vehicular traffic permits two stores to grow where only one existed before



Right—Third step. Construct elevated walks across intervening streets through shopping district. In the center of the street fast-moving traffic lanes in each direction. Beneath all this are the subways.

Reduce High Pressure

Triple-decked Streets for "Rail," "Wheel" and "Foot"

Harvey Wiley Corbett, architect engineer, who proposes the three-level thoroughfare in congested city streets.

HOWE acres covered by buildings. No such ratio of street area to building area exists in any city outside America.

"Besides," continued the architect, "cutting new streets is seldom entirely practicable and ever involves tremendous legal and other expense, and usually delay far beyond the needs of the situation. In fact, it is seldom thought of till it is imperative that something be done immediately to relieve congestion.

"So that about the only solution is to increase the capacity of existing arteries. That lets us out of zoning and other problems, for it makes no difference how the buildings which line the street are able to furnish such a stream of human traffic.

"The three-deck street comes in right there," was Mr. Corbett's emphatic assertion.

"First," he said, "divide traffic into the three natural divisions into which we long ago began its segregation—rail, wheel, and foot. 'Rail' means whatever of it runs on fixed rails. 'Wheel' covers vehicular traffic which runs freely without rails, principally now motor cars and trucks. 'Foot' covers pedestrian traffic, of course."

Mr. Corbett maintains that these three kinds of traffic do not belong on the same level, but each on different levels. We have already put much rail traffic underground and are doing away with more of it on our highways in favor of what he calls "wheel traffic."

"Why not," he asked, "in congested districts, give foot traffic its own level? The grade crossing is a great curse in this country. Millions have been spent doing away with it and more millions will be spent. Why not make a thorough job of eliminating the grade crossing? Loss of life where wheel and foot traffic cross is proportionately fully as great as has ever been the case where wheel and rail crossed on the same level.

"We have already, I say, put much rail traffic underground in our large cities and are doing this more and more. Now let us elevate the sidewalk to the existing second-story level and leave the street level wholly to wheel traffic.

"The sidewalk," suggested Mr. Corbett, "would be carried on a strut a few feet away from the building line, cantilevering under the building to carry the load, and being supported so as to permit steps up or down.

"This would increase the capacity of any thoroughfare, say 200 per cent, even where we did not have the third level for rail traffic underground.

"Our present sidewalk system is archaic. It originated in a day when none could have foretold the throngs which now stop at street intersections to await the passing of automobiles or dodge in front of them.

"Under this more rational arrangement streets would be bridged at the sidewalk level and foot traffic never become mixed with wheel traffic. Shops and stores and entrances to buildings would be placed at the level of the elevated sidewalk.

"This," continued the author of this interesting plan, "leaves wheel traffic where it already is, on the surface of the earth, and where it belongs. Its level doesn't have to be dug out or built up.

"Another thing—when this 200 per cent increase becomes insufficient, because of parking of cars, property owners could be required by law to provide parking space within their building lines, which they cannot do now because cars would have to cross the sidewalks and we should have impossible confusion.

"The minute the sidewalk was lifted, however, and this elevated sidewalk construction could be quite light, for it would carry no weight but that of pedestrians—then owners could be required to furnish

General view of elevated sidewalks and the underpass for vehicles on intersection, with an abundance of light and air.

parking space on their own property. This would result in moving parking quarters back under the buildings, increasing the carrying capacity of a narrow street several hundred per cent more."

Mr. Corbett further pointed out that the triple-deck street idea has the obvious advantage of elasticity.

"It can be tried out," he said, "in small units at a time at a minimum of expense. It calls for no such outlay as would building new streets. Some cities have already incorporated parts of the idea in their street improvements, such as bridging street crossings.

"Perhaps the greatest advantage of the three-level street would be the fact that it permits the uninterrupted development of each kind of street traffic.

"It also," said Mr. Corbett, "would do away with what is an unmitigated nuisance in many parts of the city The sidewalks are used by wholesale concerns and manufacturers as receiving and shipping departments, especially the latter. There are streets in New York which are well-nigh impossible to get through on the sidewalk after midday.

"Besides, you know, it is not the great arterial thoroughfares alone we have to consider, in any case. Retail business is going into the side streets, since on the main avenues it is all but impossible now for people to reach the stores by automobile—and this means long rows of parked cars on narrower streets and a restricted lane in the center often allowing the passage of but a single line of cars.

"Light and air would both be better on the elevated sidewalk level. We wouldn't have to breathe so much carbon monoxide. And shoppers are always attracted to streets where there are no dangerous crossings to be navigated.

"With foot traffic off the streets, the ever-present problem of jaywalking would be eliminated, moreover, and all traffic could be speeded up and flow largely without interruption. Our present pulsating system of traffic flow, alternately stopping and starting to accommodate the flow at right angles, has about reached the limit of its possibilities.

"At the busiest intersections cross streets could be carried under the longer traffic lanes, as New York has already done and is doing in a number of instances.

"You know," Mr. Corbett interrupted himself to say, "this scheme needn't be criticised because of the newness of the idea. Centuries ago Leonardo da Vinci made plans for a double-decked street system for Milan. But his problem was very different. He proposed that the aristocrats should use the upper level and to keep peasants, horses and cattle on the lower.

"Today it seems to me a question of whether or not we accept the traffic classifications I have stated," he continued. "If we do, then let us establish that for future guidance and examine each proposed solution of traffic congestion by that rule, checking it with the rail under, the wheel on the surface, and the pedestrian above.

"We must have some definite rule for ourselves and posterity—else we are going to have sidewalks under this street and over that street, elevated platforms for motor cars, with long ramps, and other changes to add to the confusion worse confounded."

In that Mr. Corbett is unquestionably right. And the plans of his committee are of the few, out of the many submitted, found sufficiently practicable to be retained for serious consideration. Anything which has to do with city replanning must withstand red-taped politicians' disapproval, the cross-fire of property owners and the criticisms of transit companies, not to mention architects, city planners, engineers and many others.

Blowing Up Icebergs With Explosives

THE mine sweeper, an instrument of warfare on the high seas, is being adapted to peace-time uses in hastening the disintegration of icebergs which menace passenger and cargo-carrying vessels in the vicinity of the Grand Banks, off Newfoundland. For the first time, during the 1923 ice-patrol season, the International Ice Observation and Ice Patrol Service of the Coast Guard, United States Treasury Department, employed explosives in blowing up huge ice formations in the transatlantic shipping lanes. The breaking up of the icebergs was thus hastened by approximately two days.

Until this experimental use of a mine sweeper, there had been no attempt to remove this menace from the lanes traveled by ships going to and from European points. Heretofore, ice patrol, as the term implies, has constituted the search for and location of these immense chunks of frozen water and warning vessels to steer clear of them. The Coast Guard cutters *Modoc* and *Tampa*, built in 1921 and 1922, respectively, are usually assigned to the ice region for three months of the year—April, May, and June. These vessels, taking base at Halifax, Nova Scotia, maintain patrol continuously during this period of time, being on duty alternately every fifteen days.

Approximately 10,000 square miles in the vicinity of the Grand Banks, off Newfoundland, are included in the observation of these two ice-patrol ships.

Ac ual scene of iceberg being blown up by mine sweeper in vicinity of Grand Banks, off Newfoundland.

Equipped with field glasses, a person is on watch continuously from the crow's nest of the vessel. His observations are continuous, changing from the *Modoc* and *Tampa*, or vice versa, as they alternate services every fifteen days. Also persons on the bridge of the cutter are constantly on the lookout for icebergs, which are such a great menace to vessels plying the waters off Newfoundland. Transatlantic liners are required to transmit to ice-patrol ships a message every four hours indicating their position, course, speed, and temperature of the sea water.

The positions of these various vessels and the temperatures of the waters are plotted, that the international Ice Observation and Ice Patrol Service of the Coast Guard may determine the limits of the different ocean currents and thereby make known the probable positions and drifts of icebergs. The use of radiotelegraphy is indispensable in broadcasting the knowledge acquired by the ice-patrol vessels. Several times daily radio communications are flashed giving such information as the location of menacing icebergs defining the southernmost limit of ice formations, and telling ships specifically which course to take when navigating in the North Atlantic Ocean.

Ford

Ever-Increasing Public Preference

Year after year, the Ford car has become more and more firmly entrenched in the good will of the public.

Serving so many millions faithfully and at so great a saving; showing its ability to meet all conditions, the Ford has *earned* the world-respect accorded it today.

Now the added beauty, comfort and convenience of the recently announced body types promise a demand for the Ford car that will far outstrip even its great popularity in the past.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Mich.

Barefeet and Chestnut Burs

(*Continued from page 8*)

This peculiarity was found in families of certain goats throughout Eastern Tennessee, and the animals possessing this trait became common between the dates above mentioned.

In many of the spiny handicaps in Nature, we find them far outweighed by the beauty and congenial relations that exist between plants and insects. Let us go visit the blooming flower of Dutchman's-pipe (*Aristolochia macrophylla*). This interesting vine seems to be entirely dependent on insects for the perpetuation of its species. The dull, greenish yellow flower is shaped like a Dutchman's-pipe, and the throat has a fine arrangement of hairs, all pointing inward. When the insects pass into the trapdoor, they are held prisoners. The flower produces enough nectar to feed the inmates while they distribute the pollen on the pistil. When the pistil has received the pollen, the hairs wither away to almost nothing, throwing the prison door open, and the small prisoners walk out. If this plant violates the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, no complaint has yet been made. On the contrary, as soon as the prisoners have been released, they immediately go in search of another floral prison door that is standing open waiting for inmates!

There seems to be no path from the largest to the smallest animal that leads free of pricking spines. The mother bird grieves over the loss of a child. Even so, grief is brought the child that is separated from its mother. A short while ago my boy was presented with a Plymouth Rock chick only a few days old. The separation from its mother had a marked effect on its morale. It constantly complained for lack of motherly affection, and when it received as a substitute the attention from human hands, it constantly showered its benefactor with expressions of appreciation for his efforts in making so small a creature as a chicken happy! It broke the spines of disappointment away by learning to love people instead of fowls. How happy it expressed itself at being hovered by human hands; how sweet became the tiny bubbling of chicken language when its intelligent little head was held against the human cheek! When it was tucked away at night in a soft downy cover—a poor makeshift for the feathered breast of its mother—it was so happy and cheerful that it could scarcely find time to take a nap. It was happy as long as it could hear the sound of human voices. But let a door open and close, or let the conversation die away, and immediately its loneliness set up, and it proclaimed aloud its discontent.

Dutchman's-pipe, noted as an insect baiter.

Its days of association made it human in many ways. An unexpected attachment sprang up between it and every member of my household. Its voice, always expressive of its inward feelings, was rarely silent. It pleaded for constant companionship. However, it became necessary to leave it alone for one day. It cried the louder in its extreme loneliness. The depths of which the spines of loneliness are capable of reaching may be contemplated by what happened to this baby chick. When its benefactors returned at four o'clock its body was stretched out in death! It had called and called and called but no one answered. The stinging pains of its tragic death reached the hearts of the members of my family. Marvelous indeed is Nature, for all this joy and pain was wrapped up in a downy-covered frame whose total weight was only one and three-quarter ounces—much in little.

No insect is so small that it can find a safe path to tread. Did you ever watch the flicker walking out on the ground busily at work searching for insects? See how frequently it lifts first its right and then its left foot and gives its head a vigorous scratching. This it does so often and so forceful that it sometimes approaches the violent state, and unless you know its game, you are likely to misjudge the cause for such seemingly undignified behavior. The bird acts as if its head were infested with mites or lice. Indeed, the antics it sometimes cuts in scratching its head do become comical. As you slip stealthily up to it, behold the mystery vanishes! It has been thrusting its beak through the front door of a colony of ants, and then by dragging its long tongue up and down in the hallway, it has brushed many ants into its mouth. Ants are full of curiosity. While the yellow hammer was doing this, many ants returning home, and finding their front door plugged with an avian beak, climbed upon the flicker's head and the tickling sensation caused by their feet was more than the bird could endure!

Nature is the author of strategy. See how the spider, the tumblebug, and, yea, even the lusty brown toad feigns death! Carnivorous and insectivorous creatures demand fresh food. Activity is proof of its freshness, and before a spider rolls up an insect in its web, it must kick about considerably. The fly or other insect that the toad swallows must give some acrobatic demonstrations first. You may toss any number of insects to a toad, and no matter how hungry he is, it must show signs of life before he is willing to eat it.

Every year, I see to it that a number of toads are kept on my lawn and in my garden. They make such splendid pets that no summer seems normal without them. In fact, a toad is worth its weight in gold as a devourer of insect pests. At dusk they make their appearance on the white cement walk and sit and wait. A toad is one of the most patient creatures around the house. It is easy to observe insects as they go scurrying across a white walk after dark. When the toad sits along a walk, it is worse than the bur-covered soil under a chestnut tree.

One evening just at dusk, one hearty toad was sitting in the middle of the cement walk on a little slope, facing

the twenty-foot incline plane. I held a bunch of small ripe grapes in my hand. They were small but sweet. When I let one grape loose, it went rolling down the walk, but was gulped up as it undertook to pass the toad. The second, third, and fourth grapes that followed were swallowed just as quickly as the first one. The fifth grape seemed to fill his food cavity to the limit. He squirmed about, made many ugly faces, his eyes moving about as if he were choked. He would twist his head back, and presented a most grotesque appearance in the antics he cut. By the help of the claw on the right front foot, he ejected the last grape as quickly as he had swallowed it. Evidently he had reached the conclusion that what he had swallowed was not toad food, though it had action. No sooner than the disgorged grape hit the sidewalk, it took to rolling down the slope. The grape got a hump on itself, and the action was more than the toad could endure. A number of quick hops brought the toad within reach of the fleeing grape, and it was as quickly swallowed the second time as it was the first! The toad seemed to be thoroughly convinced this time that it had swallowed a roving insect of some sort!

Nature's Wild Children Make the Appeal

It is Nature's wild children that will always appeal strongly to the American people. They are made graceful, independent, and beautiful from the very fact they all travel paths which are thickly thronged with spines. It is the conquest of foes, the overcoming of obstacles and the triumph that make the wild flowers beautiful. The cultivated may suffice for a season, but their struggle for food and in meeting competition has been removed from their lives. Hence the cultivated flowers will always be below par when compared to the wild ones.

In the human family, the great men and women are those whose feet have trod the paths that led through heaps of chestnut burs and through it all they have triumphed. The child brought up in luxury has many spiny burs removed from his pathway, and consequently he is not qualified for great achievements. It is the facing and solving of life's most intricate problems and the surmounting of difficulties that builds character of the type we find exemplified in our most stalwart citizens.

The Stings Come Sooner or Later

For me, I would prefer to follow Nature in the wild, traveling with bare feet over prickly burs all along the way. Give me the wild flowers and no cultivated ones except for study. Let me have the wild flowers which grow on equal footing with Nature's other children, and where class distinction and favoritism are unknown.

But to keep her children wild, Nature must ever be alert. To be less than wild means degeneracy and dependency. Thrift, wit, and wisdom abound in all of Nature's children who face the problems of life fairly, bravely and courageously. Remove these problems and degeneracy results, meaning ultimately a reversion to the primitive type.

Every creature in the plant and animal kingdoms with bare feet passes through life among chestnut burs, unless in the human family where wealth carpets the floor. The stings come sooner or later. There seems to be no degree of perfection to be reached by plants and animals, otherwise how can we account for the tragic end that is awaiting each? Nature leaves every plant and animal creation strongly imbued with the instinct to look out for itself. It cannot turn aside and dissipate this selfishness, for that would mean extinction of its species. To become altruistic would mean that it must fall behind in the race of life. The proof that we have that man is brother to every other creation endowed with life is his instinctive selfishness. The proof of his divinity is his thoughts for others.

The Telephone Pole and the Call of the Woodpecker

But one exception in all plants and animals is noticed. This is the instinct that each has for the protection and preservation of its own offspring. Thus the oak leaves the acorn filled with nourishing food for the baby tree; the chestnut fills the brown husk with a rich food for its young; the mother bird will expose her body to death in defending her children; the opossum will carry her young in a pouch until its legs are strong enough to support its body.

The burs that prick each member of the human family, when it comes to choosing a congenial and profitable vocation, are far removed from the paths of all life beneath mankind. Out in a telephone pole near my study, all day long, I hear the call of the redheaded woodpecker. In a hole she has a number of hungry mouths to feed. Her spiny problems are those of providing food for her growing family, and that of escaping her enemies. She is proud of her prospects for a second generation of redheads, but she does not worry over choosing a lifework for them. The problem of choosing a vocation for her children was settled long before the eggs were hatched, as it has been with all other birds, for

"As the years roll by, both daughter and son
Will do what mother and father have done!"

And so the seasons pass and each year's routine is like unto that which precedes it.

Men may make new discoveries which revolutionize the world of commerce, but Nature remains unchanged and unchangeable. She is content to pursue the old familiar paths.

W. J. Bryan and Ben Franklin

"WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN advocated having the hen replace the eagle as the American emblem when he spoke here last fall," so goes an Associated Press dispatch from Gretna, Nebraska, dated July 28, 1925.

"His suggestion," continues the dispatch, "at first met with smiles as the possible prelude to a funny story, but the Commoner soon showed his friends that he was serious.

" 'The hen is busy, thrifty, hard-working', he said, 'while the eagle is a bird of prey and not typical of America.' "

A knowledge of Benjamin Franklin's letters reveals that Mr. Bryan was not the first American to suspect the ability of the eagle to represent correctly the land of the Stars and Stripes. For in a serio-comic letter to his daughter on January 26, 1784, Franklin had this to say about the selection of the eagle as our national emblem (the expression was evoked by the objection of some to the badge of the Society of the Cincinnati because the displayed [both wings extended] eagle resembled a turkey):

"For my part I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly; you may see him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labor of the fishing-hawk; and, when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this injustice he is never in good case; but, like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little *kingbird*, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district. He is therefore by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the *kingbirds* from our country; though exactly fit for that order of knights, which the French call Chevaliers d'Industrie.

"I am, on this account, not displeased that the figure is not known as a bald eagle, but looks like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is in comparison a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey was peculiar to ours."

We have grown so accustomed and incidentally so fond of the "old bird" that it is difficult to realize that he may not have always had the approval of every honest American.

To Guide the Mariner—Portland Light

(*Concluded from page 2*)

there was always the haunting terror of what might be happening just a little way below, on Trundy's reef. For here lived a family who were reputed wreckers. On stormy nights or thick o'fog the rumor was that they set a lamp in their window so that boats would mistake it for the lighthouse and make the turn too soon for the harbor.

One wintry night the keeper's family was aroused by a beating at the door, and when it was opened a young man pitched in, sobbing, "Poor old Uncle Nelse is drowned." They tried to thaw his frozen hands while he told them that a fishing boat had broken on the rocks. The men had jumped into dories, but an older seaman had fallen on the floe ice not to rise again. The father hastened to the wreck and sent the boys with lanterns along the rocks. It was a wild search against the wind and driving snow, but they found two men, numb with cold and exhaustion, who at first resisted being dragged to safety away from the treacherous surf.

Surf along the rocks and its companion, undertow, are dangerous near neighbors even in fair weather. One day, after a blow, a party of eight ladies drove out in two hacks from Portland for a picnic. As they spread their cloth on the edge of the cliff, the drivers started down to be nearer the spray.

"Don't go too far and get drowned," called out one of the ladies gaily, "we don't know how to drive."

"Better be keerful," warned the keeper, "waves are tricky. There's generally three big rollers come in together and if they trip you up—"

"We'll look out for ourselves," called back the men, "and be on hand for luncheon," and they commenced the descent. One was never seen again, and the body of the other was found a few days later, terribly bruised, against the rocks.

Christmas Eve, 1886, was a festival in the lighthouse. The oldest son was home from the sea and the family was preparing to celebrate his return. Two great chicken pies had been baked, besides the mince and squash variety without which a New England Christmas is but a name. Some time after midnight the household was startled by the cry of the watcher, "All hands out! Ship ashore on the rocks!"

In haste the family tumbled out and there, almost in the front yard, was a ship aground with a heavy list to her. Luckily there was no sea running or she would have beaten to pieces in no time. As it was, every one, including the captain's wife and ten-year-old son, could jump ashore in safety.

The boat was the *Annie C. Maguire*, returning from Buenos Aires. She had run into bad weather, provisions were low, and the man at the helm, weakened by hunger, had made an error in judgment in turning into the harbor. The Christmas dinner of the family went to the half-starved sailors who were so delighted with their cheer that some persuasion was necessary to make them see that their privilege as guests might not last indefinitely.

Portland Head Light

Drawing by Stanley W. Woodward.

Another wreck in which there was no loss of life was the *California*, bound for Liverpool with a cargo of cheese and bags of peas. She bore too far away from the Point in heading out to sea and went ashore on Ram Island about a mile distant from the Light, staving a big hole in her side so that her cargo floated merrily out. It takes news no longer to fly across the water than the land, and soon every little boat in the vicinity was alongside, spearing the cheeses as they sailed past. For a time cheese and stewed peas were the staple diet along the Cape.

But if the sea occasionally has her little joke, her mood is more often grim, exacting a heavy price from those who find their joy of life in her beauty and restless surging. There were four sons in the keeper's family and three of them went to sea. One fell into an open hatchway and was killed, one was washed overboard in a blow, and the third sailed out of San Francisco to round the Horn in a ship that was never heard from. No wonder that he refused the request of the youngest to be off.

And the fourth son, the present keeper, will be retiring soon, their combined time of service being eighty-three years. In that period there have been changes, but not so many as in the newer lighthouses. Instead of lard oil, kerosene is burned, two gallons to the longest night, for target practice from the forts makes gas impossible. When projectiles weighing half a ton whizz by, it seems as if the solid rocks were shaken in their places. No plaster can be used in the dwelling house, and windows are broken and doors split by the crashing.

The unusual beauty of the spot has always attracted many visitors. Years ago, when picnicking was a satisfying jaunt, parties would come to spend the day, building fires on the rocks to try out salt pork and cook a wash boiler of lobsters. Now visitors climb the shining stairs for the view seaward and pause a moment by the cross that marks the spot where the *Annie C. Maguire* was stranded. Not long ago two ladies from the interior came here for their first glimpse of the ocean, as they wished it to burst upon their gaze in all its vastness. But the morning was foggy and mists shut in the horizon.

"My dear," said one to the other in an aggrieved tone, "I expected that it would be a great deal bigger than *that*."

Tourists come and tourists go, but the Light stands firm as when it was established in the days of Washington, speeding the ships as they pass by for the Seven Seas.

Veteran Ship *Scorpion* Comes Home to Die

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.

—*Shakespeare.*

HOME to die! An honored veteran with a proud past, patriot and protector of America, limps into port to lay her weary bones to rest. For twenty-nine years she has buffeted seas and fought adverse winds. She has battled billows in winter waters and reclined at ease in the ports of the Riviera or off the coast of sunny Greece and Turkey. Could she but speak the old *Scorpion* could tell many a bloody tale of her experiences since her launching in 1896.

The *Scorpion* was first placed in commission in April, 1898. Under the command of Lt. Commander A. Marix, U. S. N., she was sent to join the blockading squadron off Santiago, Cuba, in the war with Spain. In July of the same year she participated in the attack and destruction of four Spanish gunboats and captured a provision lighter. She was highly commended for her gallantry in action throughout the Spanish-American War. From the end of the Spanish War until 1908 she was assigned to duty with the Isthmian Canal Commission, cruised with the North Atlantic squadron and in the Caribbean Sea. She also protected interests in Santo Domingo. In October, 1908, she was ordered to Constantinople as a station ship, the first American ship for many years to receive the authority of the Turkish Government to pass the Dardanelles. Old-timers predicted that the voyage would be too much for her, but on the contrary she soon began to win new fame.

U. S. S. *Scorpion.*

At the time of the great earthquake at Messina, Sicily, in 1909, the *Scorpion* was rushed from Constantinople to aid in the relief work. She was greeted with cheers by the stricken people of that section who were in dire need of medical attention and food. When she had ministered to these people and they were no longer in need, she returned to Constantinople as a station ship.

In 1911 she was laid up in Trieste for months undergoing repairs. Immediately after this she steamed to the aid of earthquake victims in the Sea of Marmora district. Later her crew aided in protecting American schools and colleges in Turkey.

The *Scorpion* has been a messenger of peace for the past twenty years. She has carried the American flag into dangerous quarters where she could easily have been sunk by the field guns of foreign armies stationed on lands adjoining the Balkan waters. In later years her apparent helplessness became a decided advantage. Her weakness was her strength for none feared her and the United States High Commissioner in Constantinople could talk for her which was all that was necessary. She is only a 775-ton vessel, 212.9 feet long with a beam of 28.1 feet, and would have been an easy target for land forces.

Since Admiral Mark L. Bristol was named American commissioner in Turkey the *Scorpion* has had a more active career. Her trim lines and jauntily flying flag have become familiar in the near eastern ports and withal she has been widely respected. Now, however, the *Scorpion*, with Admiral Bristol aboard, is crossing the Atlantic by way of Spain and the Azores and she will probably never be seen again in European waters. She will no doubt serve as an aerial target and be *spurlos versenkt*. Such is the end of even the best of our ships. The "breakers" get them sooner or later.

Edison's Stamp on World's Work

(*Concluded from page 4*)

years ago is, in its fundamentals and many of its details, the system that is used today. The first electric lighting station in America was established in New York in 1882.

Edison next turned his mind to the generation of electric power. The dynamo existed, but it was no more than a laboratory toy. Its defect lay in the fact that it gave back but 40 per cent of the power put into it, and electrical authorities, the world over, said this was the best that could be done. Edison never had much respect for electrical authorities when they were telling what could not be done. He went to work and for a while got no tangible results. But eventually he passed the mark of what scientists said was the limit of what could be achieved. "Now," he said, "having proved that they do not know what they are talking about, we will go to work." He continued to work until his dynamo returned 92 per cent of the power that had been put into it. He said he believed he could have made it still more efficient, but 95 per cent was enough to make it commercial.

Without Edison's work on the dynamo, not an electric car could operate anywhere, nor a plant driven by electricity.

Edison's motion picture machine was patented on November 22, 1877. The idea was not new. It had long been known that the retina of the eye holds one impression long enough to blend it with another provided the subsequent one comes quickly enough. Men had tried to make motion picture machines, but with no success worth mentioning. Edison succeeded because he put the same brain behind it that invented the incandescent electric light and for the further reason that extremely sensitive photographic plates made of gelatine were at hand. Glass plates would not do for motion pictures.

The full story of Edison's inventions is the story of more than 1,400 patents, but what has been set down here covers the high spots. Hundreds of his inventions represented improvements upon earlier inventions of his own. In addition to the inventions noted here, Edison invented the mimeograph, the tasimeter, which is so sensitive to heat that it registers the heat from distant stars, the messenger call box, telegraph alarm and signal boxes, pneumatic stencil pens, apparatus for drawing wire, magnetic ore separator, electric locomotive, nickel storage battery and a process for burning Portland cement.

After the United States went into the Great War, Edison made forty-two war inventions for the government among which were devices to detect the presence of submarines and to blind submarine periscopes.

Such, in brief, is the story of the greatest inventor of this or any other age—a man whose fame is so far flung that Marshal Foch, when he was introduced to him in New York, bowed low and called him "the grand Edison."

Why Not Eliminate "Boarder" Cow?

One Reason, at Least, Why Farming Sometimes Does Not Pay

By GEORGE H. BROWNELL

BEFORE I proceed any further with this non-optimistic recital of some of the reasons why farmers fail to make money and city folk fail to buy food more cheaply, I want to call on another lot of figures by way of substantiation.

This time we shall use the figures supplied by no less an authority than Edgar W. Cooley, of the Agricultural Extension Department, International Harvester Company. I have a lot of faith in the accuracy of these figures because any business organization that is engaged in selling its products to the farmer must have exact information about farm conditions. If the Department of Agriculture or a state agricultural college issues an incorrect statement or statistical bulletin, the authors thereof suffer no loss financially. But when the business organization—large or small—gathers information and statistics about any phase of agriculture on which to base its operations, it must come pretty close to having them accurate. A mistake may mean bankruptcy. Here, in part, is what Mr. Cooley says in a recent bulletin:

"The principles of good business applied in manufacturing or commercial pursuits apply also in the business of farming. The average annual loss on the farms of the United States is about 30 per cent of the gross income.

"The principal sources of this loss are as follows:

"Failure to test seed corn, more than $100,000,000; improper harvesting and storing of seed corn, millions of dollars in yield and quality; planting of infertile seed corn, cannot be estimated; ravages of corn root worm, more than $100,000,000; waste of corn stalks in field instead of being put in silo, at least $500,000,000; failure to treat small grains for smut, fully $35,000,000; waste of manure through careless handling, $100,000,000; weeds, fully $300,000,000; hog cholera, over $65,000,000; Texas fever cattle tick, nearly $500,000,000; 'scrub' dairy cows, fully $745,000,000; depreciation of farm machinery and tools from failure to house or care for them, impossible to estimate; soil erosion resulting from one-crop system of agriculture, many millions."

The definitely, but conservatively named figures in the foregoing bulletin total $2,445,000,000 as the loss for a single year; and these figures are by no means complete. Except among the thrifty, competent truck-gardeners located near our large cities, the waste in every form of agricultural effort is appalling. If it were possible to determine grand total loss that is saddled upon agriculture each year by all of the poorly run farms in the country, I feel safe in saying that this total would be more than five billions annually.

The total value of all farm products in this country in 1924, according to the Farm Census, was $17,355,000,000.

Dairying is generally recognized as being a form of agricultural effort that confers the greatest benefit on the soil, the farm-owner and the consumer. Dairying calls for the growing of leguminous crops that add to the nitrogen supply of the soil, instead of depleting it. Dairying enables the farmer to sell milk every day in the year. If he sells the fat in the milk, and feeds the skim milk to calves, swine and chickens, he is sending away no nitrogenous fertility from his farm except as it walks off in the carcasses of the livestock he markets. Dairying furnishes a long list of articles indispensable to the human diet and to human welfare.

Glancing back to the list of losses sustained by agriculture, as given in the Cooley bulletin, we find the item: "'scrub' dairy cows, fully $745,000,000."

It is the largest single loss given in the list; it is a loss that cannot be justified by any living being. It explains why the dairy farmers of this country, as a class, are forever protesting against the alleged low price of milk.

Every agency and influence devoted to the betterment of agriculture is today directing its energies toward the elimination of the "boarder" cow, yet the progress being made is almost negligible.

The Department of Agriculture estimate is, that of the total of 25,000,000 dairy cows now engaged in supplying milk to the people of this country, one-third of them only are actually paying a profit to their owners. Another one-third, it is estimated, are sufficiently appreciative of kind treatment to pay for their board; the remaining third, or about eight million cows, are being milked and cared for, day after day, by the farmers of this country, with an actual loss of three-fourths of a billion dollars.

Out of this great multitude of

Drawing by W. W. Clarke

25,000,000 cows, only 307,000 of them belong to the 800 cow-testing associations that have been formed by great effort for the purpose of keeping track of the milk-production and feed consumed by each cow.

On this subject of the annual loss which dairying sustains because of the refusal of farmers to eliminate from their herds those cows that do not pay a profit, a recent bulletin of the Department of Agriculture says:

"It has been estimated that the average dairy cow in this country produces yearly about 4,000 pounds of milk containing about 160 pounds of butter fat. Selection, feeding, and breeding could double this low average. Doubling the present average production would make it possible to furnish the present supply of dairy products with fewer cows and at a much less cost.

"A study of yearly butter fat and income records of 18,014 cow-testing association cows for the period 1910 to 1920 showed that the cows giving 100 pounds of butter fat a year produced an average income for the farmer above feed cost of about $10; at 200 pounds of butter fat a year the income above feed cost averaged about $42; at 300 pounds a year the income averaged about $72; and at 400 pounds of butter fat the average income was about $106 a year per cow.

"While the cows in the last class averaged four times as much in production as those in the first class, they gave an average income over cost of feed that was more than ten times as great. A tabulation of the records of dairy cows from those districts where the product was sold as milk showed similar results. In all cases the high-producing groups were the profitable producers from the standpoint of income over cost of feed.

"The groups of high-producing cows were also the groups that produced milk and butter fat economically from the standpoint of cost of feed per pound of butter fat or per 100 pounds of milk. As production increased from the lowest-producing to the highest-producing groups, the feed cost per unit of production went down, rapidly at first but more slowly as production reached a high average. In the economical production of milk and butter fat, the largest gains are to be obtained through the culling out of those cows that produce less than 4,000 pounds of milk, containing less than 160 pounds of butter fat."

In the foregoing polite language the Department of Agriculture tells us that the present average annual production of all of the 25,319,000 milk cows in this country is only 4,000 pounds of milk—or just about what the production of a cow must be to *begin to pay* a profit to her owner.

How long could a manufacturing plant survive in which one-third of the machines engaged in turning out the product were of such type that the cost of operation was in excess of the price received for the finished product?

Let us now hear from another eastern state where the density of urban population makes the question of an adequate, fair-priced food supply one of vital importance. Here is what Professor C. J. Fawcett, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, says about the boarder cows of that state:

"There are fully 100,000 cows in Massachusetts that do not make any profit for their owners. A Massachusetts cow must produce at least 6,000 pounds of milk a year to be profitable. The average of the state is 4,500. About 100,000 of the 150,000 cows in the state are producing the average or less. One cow producing 20,000 pounds will offset 30 cows producing 4,000 pounds. There are many cows in Massachusetts producing from 10,000 to 20,000 pounds annually. It is only because the state has a considerable number of high producers that the average production is as high as is now estimated. Cows producing less than the average must be eliminated if the average is to be brought up to the point of profitable production."

In New York State the situation is no better. In a recent bulletin, professor H. A. Hooper, of the State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, says:

"A total of 462,000 New York State cows do not produce enough butter fat to pay their board bill.

"One-third of New York's cows are not only failing to pay their own way, but are making it difficult for the other 938,000 cows to return a profit.

"The cow-testing associations now in operation in various parts of the state are doing valiant work in coping with this menace to the dairy industry, but what is needed is more of them and more men who are not afraid to beef the low producers."

A ton of feed, in 1924, cost New York farmers approximately fifty dollars. The feed bill for a half-million cows, each eating a ton of feed at $50 a ton, in 1924, cost New York farmers a total of $25,000,000. And, according to the figures of the most reliable authority in the state, every dollar of this tremendous total was fed to cows that failed to pay their owners a profit.

Ignoring the tremendous burden of loss at the source of supply, the Dairymen's League of New York is striving to bring prosperity to its members through the greater economy in *marketing* that is supposed to arise from the sale of milk in a pooled supply.

There is no need to question whether these dairymen have or have not found a marketing vehicle that actually sells their milk at a lower cost than they could sell it as individuals. The basic fact remains that the milk which they sell, before it leaves the farm, is burdened with a charge that does not belong there. This charge is for the cost of keeping one cow that does not pay for her board and stall-room, in every three which the dairyman owns.

Common sense would seem to indicate that the crying need is for an organization or agency of some kind, in each of the several dairy states, that would have for its first purpose the elimination of the loss-producing cows of that state.

Business history fails to reveal that any merchant, manufacturer, or industrial enterprise ever made a success by ignoring costs of operation and concentrating all energy on the marketing of the product.

Exact knowledge of raw material and operating costs must first be secured, in all other lines of industrial effort, before the selling price of a product can be fixed.

Yet in the Dairymen's League of New York, and in other coöperative marketing enterprises everywhere hailed as the one means by which farmers may secure a profitable price for their products, there is a complete indifference to production costs.

Coöperative marketing has attained a standing among farmers that it does not deserve; but he who essays to speak a word of caution is named as a traitor and a hireling of "the interests."

As these lines are written, the Grain Marketing Company is being dissolved and handed back to the overshrewd gentlemen who sought, through it, to market their plants at a highly profitable figure. Owned by themselves, these plants could not form a near-monopoly in defiance of the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. As a coöperative farmers' organization the law could not touch them.

Neither coöperative marketing nor any other plan for aiding the farmer can give him any real help. For the farmers who are continually demanding and rejecting one crutch after another in their efforts to make money on a farm without sufficient capital, ability or a lead pencil stub, the future holds forth little promise of happiness.

> ¶ Boarding "scrub" cows, who do not pay for their keep, costs U. S. farmers $745,000, a year.
> These "boarders" number 8,000,000—that many cows fail to pay for their feed.
> This is only one of the "inside losses" of present farming methods.
> Yet quack farm advisers are trying to cure this condition by "marketing."

"I Read *in the* Papers"

I read in the papers that "How to be happy though harried" is a modification of the title of a famous book which the English taxpayer is using as a maxim these days. American travelers returning from England tell us that the people over there are getting more enjoyment out of life with low wages and "doles" than Americans get with prosperity and substantial bank accounts. It is a tradition of "Merrie England" that it must be "merrie" under all circumstances. Dickens' Mark Tapley, who was always "jolly" when things were going badly, is a type of the English people today, who are enjoying their cricket and football and week-end trips with all the zest and abandon of pre-war times. They are apparently getting as much out of their sixpence as we are getting out of our dollar as far as recreation goes; but what about industrial recovery?

I read in the papers that Los Angeles is winning favorable comment upon the suave, efficient young Chinese and Japanese women who have been recruited by the department stores as sales persons. This new order of clerk is not only very agreeable to the regular clientele of the stores, but is said to be especially adaptable in dealing with Mexican and Negro laboring people who are sometimes severely trying to American store clerks. These Japanese and Chinese clerks are, of course, the children of colonists who came here long since. They doubtless have attained an American viewpoint, but at the same time they retain the imperturbability and calm that marks the Oriental. They are quite unable to understand the reactions of foreign barbarians to ordinary distractions.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

I read in the papers that those Montrealiens who once regarded gleefully the rum-running business because they visioned smugglers spending easy money in the Canadian metropolis are now in despair. The rum runners no longer come back empty-handed to Montreal. They fill their swift motor cars with silks, cigarets, smoking tobacco and other highly taxed luxuries, and bootleg them to the public of the Montreal district. Montreal merchants thus find themselves unable to compete with a constantly increasing volume of products that do not pay duty and stamp taxes. These very lines were once highly profitable to local traders, many of whom formerly applauded the original rum running into the States. Other Canadian communities are wrestling with the same smuggling problem, which goes to prove that evil communications corrupt good manners. Crooks are of no use to either country.

I read in the papers that the consumption of copper has mounted during this generation until authorities declare that it would be more correct to say that we are living in the copper age than the iron age. The world consumed as much copper during the last 15 years as it did in the preceding 4,000 years. In 1850 the world output of copper was one pound to every 125 pounds of iron; the respective proportions in 1910 were one to seventy-two and in 1924 the rate was one pound of copper to fifty pounds of iron.

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They All Wanted Third Terms

(*Concluded from page 5*)

did Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and Theodore Roosevelt. It is evident that there lingered in the fine mind which survived in Wilson's shattered body a feeling that he should, and if nominated again by his party, would, be elected for a third time.

Coolidge did not forestall, as Roosevelt did, possible resort to the obscurantism of words when the time for choosing arrived; and he is not applying the currycomb to the back of any favored one among those who aspire to the successorship—nor is he likely to do so.

If his sound Yankee sense does not immunize him against the third-term lure he will be no outstanding exception to the rule of the past.

What accounts for the third-term lure? One thing is the vacuity which we —perhaps out of allegiance to the old two-term limitation—decree for ex Presidents. No other people ordains that men who serve in the highest political station shall drop, upon leaving office, so suddenly and so deeply into a vacuum of comparative political impotence. Only a few who have survived the Presidency escaped what was tantamount to being a political "living grave."

Another is the stream of flattery which pours incessantly upon the presidential chair. It is as with Caesar:

> "When I tell him he hates flatterers,
> He says that he does, being then
> most flattered."

The flattery of criticism may be even more persuasive than that of praise. Both kinds tend to make the object prone to develop a belief that he alone can steer the ship of state safely through the eddies that always whirl about the presidential office. Presidents not only leave office reluctantly but often with a feeling that without them the country's future is hopeless.

Nevertheless, the lesson of history is that a vocalized third-term aspiration leads only to disaster—for the one who entertains it and his political party. Grant never got over his last and only defeat—nor did his party until two periods of Democratic administration welded it together again. But for the Roosevelt movement in 1912, this century to date hardly would have known a complete Democratic régime in Washington.

To be the first to controvert history as to this would raise the aspirant to a height of distinction, in one particular, above all predecessors—a lure which now makes the third-term virus doubly potent.

Calvin Coolidge has a ticklish question—that is, for an American—to decide.

Five Million Work on Sunday

(*Continued from page 15*)

also makes the statement that "There are 52 Sundays and 7 recognized railroad holidays, a total of 59 days. A full regular assignment is worked 46 out of every 59 holidays." Certainly a big change is needed here and the movement is now under way to bring relief to this class of employe.

These guardians of life and property have been forgotten public servants.

In a letter dated August 11, received from one of the National officers of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, we find two challenging paragraphs:

"I am sure there are thousands of our members who deeply regret their impossibility to attend church with their families, owing to conditions of employment. I worked for years a shift seven days a week and the rest of the family attended church and Sunday school without me.

"It is possible that the public are partially responsible for much of the Sunday service. At the present time popular priced Sunday excursions are in vogue on many railroads in this territory and are very heartily supported by the public. I have in mind an excursion run from Minneapolis and St. Paul to Chicago and return at a $7.00 round-trip rate about the middle of July, approximately six thousand persons making the trip. This probably did not greatly affect the employes in the service we represent, but is merely an indication of the fact that a great many people do not have to work Sundays."

The great telephone companies are swinging into line in the movement for the Sunday and weekly rest day for employes. As an illustration, we cite in part a letter (August 13) received from Bancroft Gheradi, vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in reply to our communication of July 30:

"As a public service, we operate twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week, but we aim to do this with the minimum number of people needed on Sunday to meet the service requirements.

"The total number of employes in the Bell system is, in round figures, 320,000. Service requirements are such that about 20 per cent of this total are on duty on Sunday either for all or part of the usual eight-hour working day. The percentage varies, of course, somewhat with the class of labor, according to the demand for each class of work on Sunday. The necessary Sunday work is assigned in rotation within the various groups. When an employe works on a Sunday, a day off during the week is given, so that all of our employes are on a six-day basis. As you will see, we agree with you that each employe is entitled to a weekly rest day, and that this should be Sunday as far as conditions will permit.

"Normally, the year round, about seven employes out of ten are off duty on Saturday afternoon. In summer this ratio increases to about eight out of ten."

Coming into the field of policemen and firemen, we note with pleasure the increased success of the movement, for a weekly rest day. At the last session of the Congress of the United States, a bill was enacted into law, providing a weekly rest day for the policemen in the District of Columbia. Inquiry made by me in Washington on July 30 brought the answer that the one day of rest in seven is now the established order for the policemen at the nation's capital. In states like Wisconsin, Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey, policemen for the most part, due largely to the helpful influence of the one-day-of-rest-in-seven state laws, now enjoy their weekly rest day. The movement is spreading and within a decade will probably sweep the country.

As a further help to these servants of the people, guardians of both property and life, the three-platoon system is rapidly coming into vogue. The old two-platoon system for policemen is still in operation in a number of places.

As for the firemen, likewise, guardians day and night of property and the life of our cities throughout the commonwealths of the nation, they have been among the forgotten servants of the public. In some instances, the one-platoon system for firemen of 21 hours a day has prevailed, a menace to health, home, happiness and a robber of social pleasures and recreations, so common to the vast multitudes of the nation today. Cities of New Jersey, where, during the past five years, the two-platoon system has been introduced and the weekly rest day or fortnightly rest day has brought the firemen more properly into the enjoyments of these reforms, are pointing the way to other states and cities of the nation.

Most railroad telegraphers are at their keys seven days a week.

A letter under date of August 5, which we received from Commissioner Drennan of the Fire Department of New York, indicates not only that the two-platoon system is in vogue there, but also a twenty-four-hour leave is granted to the firemen on each successive six days, the plan operating as follows: The first and second platoons alternating the first three days out of nine hours and the second three days of fifteen hours each, a certain number of the men being off on each day of the week and occasionally men being called upon to put in a full twenty-four-hour day of continuous service, working both the nine and fifteen hour turns.

A reform brought about for Customs guards and inspectors in the Port of New York in 1915 and later in other ports of the country, corrected sorely needed rest-day conditions, in this arm of service of the Federal Government. It was discovered that men went as long as 110 days without having a day off and that generally it amounted to less than twelve days in a whole year, while most of the employes were actually receiving, aside from an enforced sick-day leave, not more than seven days in the whole year. Coöperating with the Alliance, Thomas E. Rush, who was then surveyor of the Port of New York, and to whom a great share of the credit is due, introduced one day of rest in ten and within a half-year brought it down to one day of rest in seven.

Another rest day reform meriting attention is that which brought the weekly rest day to the engineers, firemen, coal passers and electricians of the Federal buildings of New York and other cities. Here but few of the employes were receiving more than five rest days in a whole year. Speaking about this reform, near the close of the year 1915, William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, pronounced it "a desirable reform" and Alfred B. Fry, supervising chief engineer of the Port of New York, the same year publicly thanked the

Alliance and said, the reform "was a benefit both to the employes and to his department."

With the campaign vigorously on to correct conditions in Washington, where Sunday is wide open, it is of interest to note what President Coolidge said to our delegation on October 10, 1923:

"I also appreciate your attitude toward the improvement of Sunday observance in the District of Columbia. There is certainly room for improvement. Of course, there are some kinds of work that must be done, but there is really more work being done on the Sabbath day than is absolutely necessary and I hope to see this work minimized as rapidly as conditions will permit . . . I promise you my influence toward a more wholesome observance of the Sabbath Day in the District of Columbia and elsewhere throughout the Nation."

A nation-wide movement is being started for the securing of Sunday rest for barbers. In many cities and boroughs, the barber is now freed from this unnecessary Sunday work. New York State makes it illegal to barber on Sunday, except for the cities of Greater New York and Saratoga Springs. In New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and many other states, the business is also legally under the ban.

One of the outstanding weekly rest day benefits secured for thousands of employes is that of the elimination of the slaughtering of cattle, sheep and hogs in New York, Jersey City, and a few other centers of the packing establishments. It is especially interesting to note that with complete victory against this character of Sunday labor, more than 6,000 employes, including 200 Federal inspectors, were relieved of unnecessary Sunday work in the vicinity of Greater New York alone. Packers, as well as employes, are now highly pleased that this unnecessary kind of Sunday business has been entirely abolished throughout the United States.

The Optometrists Close in New York City

A movement is on to secure legislation that will protect the master bakers of New York and the retail baker establishments, grocery stores and similar places of business against unfair competition by merchants who are determined to make Sunday the biggest business day of the week. Partial relief has already been secured through legislation closing all grocery stores, except those in Greater New York.

The optometrists of the East Side of New York, as well as in other parts of the city, are closed on Sunday, including the Jewish optometrists. The national president of the association, and the local New York president urged the closing on Sunday and the movement within a short time became a pronounced success.

Apropos of the victory won for the keeping of theaters in New York and in many other cities closed on Sunday are a few facts leading up to this great achievement. In line with the movement for maintaining the Sunday law of New York, on February 11, 1923, a prominent theatrical manager of New York attempted to make a test case of the open theater in New York City, was promptly arrested and summoned to court. The case was heard February 13, 1923, and again on February 27, when the court held the defendant under bail for the Special Sessions Court in April. On March 11, 1,500 actors and actresses met in New York City and unanimously vindicated the position taken against the opening of the theaters on Sunday by solidly voting against Sunday plays or shows. Not only in New York State, but in Wisconsin and other states, bills attempting to legalize theatrical or spoken drama plays have been decisively defeated.

Other Concerns Are Moving for Six-Day Week

A statement issued by the Actors' Equity Association in May, 1924, explains that a contract has been entered into between the Actors' Equity Association and the Theater Owners Association, which contract extends from May 1, 1924, to May 1, 1934, whereby no performances will be given on Sunday, where it was not, previous to the signing of the contract, the custom that such performances be given or where it is in violation of the Sunday law; also and further, that no rehearsals are to be given on Sunday.

Many of these corporations are moving from a bimonthly to a weekly rest day for their employes. In a number of places, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for instance, and many places in southern states, oil and gasoline stations are chiefly closed on Sunday. A few of the stations are open by common understanding for emergency needs.

Take the position of the United Cigar Stores: several summers ago, when they decided to try out the closing of all their stores on Sunday, which policy was adopted for a period of six Sundays or more, the first vice-president, Mr. Sherlock, in answer to a communication we sent him, wrote that the reform, as instituted, was meant to be permanent and that it would accomplish at least three things. First, it would be an advantage to their employes by affording them one day of rest each week; second, that it would lessen the overhead expenses in their vast number of chain stores; and third, it would also prove advantageous in taking up the slack. The sharp competition of other cigar companies, who continued to keep their stores open on Sunday, caused the United Cigar Stores Company later to go back to the open store on Sunday. The Sunday closing took place, even in New York State, where the law favors the sale of tobacco, cigars, confectionery, et cetera, on the Christian Sabbath.

In more than one hundred replies to a questionnaire sent out to strategic centers in cities of the United States, we have made the discovery that a tendency in great business and industrial concerns is not only toward the six-day week, Sunday being almost uniformly the day elected for the cessation of labor, but Saturday afternoon also being added to the weekday rest period. The business houses which are more uniformly open on Sunday than any others are the confectionery and ice cream parlors, drug stores, cigar and tobacco shops, and motion picture houses; in the field of business in the open spaces, amusement parks to which concessions have been purchased by the American Amusement Corporation or similar outfits bent on making Sunday the big money-getting day of the week, commercial baseball, professional football and, in quite a number of instances, tennis and golf matches and tournaments. In many of our cities, the large department stores are closed on Saturday, from July 1 to September 1, as, for instance, all the department stores in New York and Philadelphia, several in Pittsburgh, at least one in St. Louis, one in Minneapolis, several in Chicago, some in Detroit, several in Boston.

In nearly all the states of the nation, the Sunday laws have been held intact against the heavy attacks of motion picture theater owners and exhibitors, bent on making Sunday a dollar-grabbing day.

"Movie" Houses Move for Seven Days

A movement, which, according to official publication of the motion picture industry, will undoubtedly make Sunday the work day for scores of thousands of persons throughout the country if that movement succeeds, is the one being persistently pressed by the motion picture industry to open the movie houses throughout the country on Sunday. The *Moving Picture World*, of December 27, 1924, contains an article on nation-wide opening—fight to the finish being waged by exhibitors. The *Exhibitors Trade Review*, which according to its advertisement is the business paper of the motion picture industry, in its issue of January 3, 1925, contains a two-page article, entitled "The Sunday Closing Evil, and How to Combat It." The author of the article even urges the motion picture managers and exhibitors to enlist the friendship of civic organizations, and of churches, specifically mentioning three different religious denominations who can be counted upon to "gladly lend you assistance" toward securing the open Sunday for the commercial movie. Labor forces, as well as organizations seeking to preserve Sunday rest, must be on guard at this post of duty, lest this institution, the motion picture industry, controlled by a handful of

greedy Jews and boasting itself the fourth largest manufacturing industry in the country, put the rope of Sunday labor about their necks and draw it too tight for reasonable comfort.

Overriding the Sunday laws in many states, the monopolized vaudeville industry is working its employes three and four turns or tricks on Sundays. Repeated appeals for relief to the President of National Circuit have not availed and other plans have been prepared to bring about its discontinuance. The American Federation of Labor at its El Paso Convention, November 17-25, 1924, "favored legislation that would prohibit the production on Sunday of the so-called legitimate musical comedies."

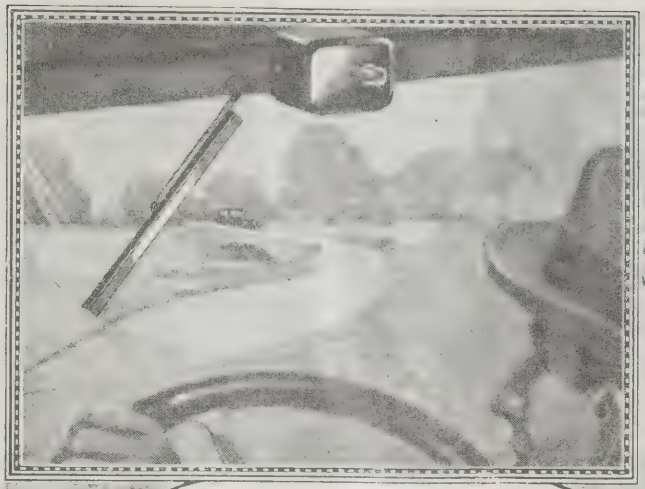
In closing this article, it may be pertinent to suggest that with the increasing favor with which the 5½ day week is being received by nearly every conceivable line of industry, except those which demand continuous operation, the day is not far distant when every worthy toiler will be in possession of at least one full rest day in every week; that the rank and file of labor will have, for most of the year, 1½ days of rest per week and that at least several million workers and wage-earners during the summer months will be in possession of a five-day working week with Saturday for recreation and other diversions and the American Sunday free for the more quiet and appropriate uses of the established national weekly rest day, the American Sabbath, an institution which has done more than any other single agency as a colleague of the church, to help build the incomparable and magnificently successful American Republic.

Samuel Pepys—Diarist

ONE hundred years ago *Pepys' Diary* was placed on sale so that all the world might know the peculiarities of the age in which he lived. The diary was published 122 years after the death of its author.

Pepys left to Magdalene College his large collection of books, manuscripts, and prints, including more than 2,000 ancient English ballads which formed five folio volumes. But Pepys is now remembered chiefly for his *Diary*, which was written in shorthand and extended to six volumes.

Members of the Braybrooke family, frequent visitors of Magdalene College, became enamored of these mysterious volumes, and induced a relative, Lord Granville, to prepare a key from which the shorthand notes could be deciphered. Lord Granville, who had made shorthand his hobby, was able to prepare this key and the Rev. John Smith, an undergraduate at Magdalene, spent three years transcribing the *Diary*. Lord Braybrooke made a selection from the completed manuscript and this formed the first edition as published.



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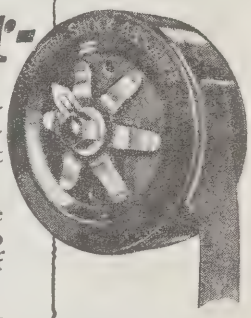

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The Village That Didn't Keep Its Promise

(*Concluded from page 13*)

(perhaps facetiously written) even before an acre of land has been sold."

The Will Wimbles enjoyed this colony affair immensely. They had burned no bridges behind them; they found the experiment in Tennessee very good fun for a time at least, with well-filled days, afoot and in saddle, in the midst of scenery where it was good to be alive.

The more serious and astute Americans who were responsible for what was actually being done—the necessary construction—smiled a little to themselves. Yet they found the young Englishmen, socially, delightful companions with every evidence of good breeding, except perhaps for a sense for being usefully employed. The title of the company—The Board of Aid to Land Ownership, Limited—must have been especially attractive to those who wanted to be aided in life's progress.

It is quite possible that Mr. Hughes thought of having some of his colonists prepare to teach these young men farming. In one case, in fact, a young Englishman purchased a farm and was "prepared to take pupils," but this young man must himself have been a poor pupil. No lands were cleared preparatory to the arrival of the colonists. In fact, the whole movement lacked clearing. No one seemed to know just what they were, as the natives said, "aimin' at."

A Mr. Milnow, who, it was understood, had been a butler in the household of a sheep rancher in Australia, purchased a tract of land near the village and began the preparation of a sheep ranch, building sheds for the accommodation of the stock which he proposed to acquire and surrounding his purchase with a high stake and rider fence, building a comfortable house on a sightly position. Yet when it was completed his funds had run out and that was the end. There were no sheep to buy anywhere about, and nothing, anyway, with which to buy them.

Bad Sanitation Killed the Colony

Mr. Hughes remained at the colony a comparatively short time. His aged mother, established in a house built for her at what is now virtually the end of the village street, died and was buried there.

The colony failed. Through the careless placing of a cesspool, drinking water was contaminated and a dozen or more of the colonists died in a few days. Not long after, the exodus began.

While from the outset the development was to be agricultural, the soil was only fairly responsive and at that almost none of it was ever cleared.

Nothing better illustrates the hasty conceptions by which the colony was ruled than the organization, when agriculture had failed, of the Rugby Canning Company, where the mainstay was to be tomatoes. Mr. Milnow, the English butler who had gone into sheep ranching with everything but the sheep, was made general manager and went to Cincinnati where he bought boilers and other paraphernalia which were brought with great difficulty to Rugby. Labels for the cans were printed enthusiastically well in advance, and one of them may still be seen at Rugby—a hand bearing a tomato, and in bold type "Rugby Brand, price Two Shillings"—so clean forgot was the fact of the colony and the market itself being in the United States. Even this was but a detail of forgetfulness, for the boilers were set up in the woods (where they may even now be seen, flaked with 40 years of rust and grown up around with a tangle of brush) when no land had been cleared on which the tomatoes were to be grown.

The failure of the development as a whole and the gradual disintegration of the enterprise from its original conception caused the Board of Aid to permit the option on the Clarke lands, in Fentress County, to lapse, so that later these were opened up to a German colony, which though small, remains intact at Allardt, supported by farms stubbornly and seriously worked.

Of the Original English Boys Only Two Remain

The Tabard Inn burned, leaving only the foundation. The boilers of the canning factory remain where they were originally left. The Hughes Public Library, with scarcely a volume added, is a minor influence in the community. The shelves remain in the commissary, the coöperative store, just as originally built, and here such community spirit as remains suffices to get the store trimmed once a year with cornstalks (last year's stalks are there now), as a background for something approaching a county fair, where the prize pumpkins and squashes are shown.

Of the original English boys only two remain at Rugby in these times, one a farmer not far away from Rugby—another a sexton of the village church and a collector of butterflies.

Hughes' brother, Hastings, left Rugby for Boston to become a wine merchant; one of the colonists who was to have been a teacher of agriculture and himself a failure at his Rugby attempt moved away into Alabama. Mr. Blacklock, who had seven sons, was a Methodist minister but became an Episcopalian and rector of Rugby's "English Church"—he left many years ago and has since died. An Englishman and his wife who came from Russia to help colonize Rugby returned whence they came. Most of the colonists being remittance men, whose remittances followed them, failed Rugby when Rugby failed. One is a lawyer still in Tennessee but most of them drifted—Rugby's oldest inhabitants do not know where.

Coming now to Rugby, we may still enter by the covered bridge and find the village much the same, but for the wear and tear of forty years.

All That is Left of the Enterprise

The first house, hidden behind great cypresses, deserted now, was the home of one of the first settlers, whose son still is in these days Rugby's chief man of affairs, assuming all civic duties and remaining as the functionary of the corporation whose plans once held so much promise.

Beyond and to the right is a little church and to the left the smaller school and beyond them two ragged rows of houses deep in shade. Pickets are broken and wires are missing, sagging and twisted. Razor-back hogs freely room with the chickens over the stoops that tilt away from the doorsteps. Wood piles, tumbled just beyond the front fences, and the chopping blocks and scattered chips, plainly tell that no one does any unnecessary fetching and carrying. Only two or three houses on the street were ever painted, and one of these many years ago. Standing back from the street, reached by cross-lot paths, are other scattered houses, beckoning to streets that were only on paper and never reached out to them.

And for all this, the first glimpse of the place reveals only a quiet beauty—in two or three dooryards flowers persisting long after anyone has thought to give them any care; over the whole unkemptness the great oaks spread their shade, while the cattle keep the grass down; two or three orderly little garden patches still assert a certain undying spirit in the place. The old minister at the little "English Church" (for that is what it was meant to be) and his three adopted children, keep one of these.

The storekeeper isn't bothered much by his store—because he hasn't much to sell, and that is because nobody buys much, there being a minimum with which to buy. He works at his blacksmith shop or his garden until a housewife simply *must* buy something. He goes to the house and gets his key; walks over the wide lot to his store; unlocks it and makes his sale, and asks about the children, and then he locks the door and goes back to more important things—except at 10 o'clock in the morning! Then he doesn't at once return.

A City of Romance

Charleston, S. C., With Its Quaint Old Gateways

By VIRGINIA L. PORCHER

"Steps run down to large gardens."

FEW cities in America have retained so much of the charm of the early days as Charleston, South Carolina.

Geographically she is situated very much as New York. A long, narrow peninsula runs into a wide bay. On each side the broad waters of the Cooper and Ashley rivers go past her shore to the counties beyond. Unlike New York, the point of this peninsula called the "Battery" is still her favorite residential part.

Fine old houses are built overlooking the water. The "East Battery" walk commands a view of the ocean, and her "Southern Battery" looks into the White Point Garden of long ago.

To those who come to Charleston by water,

"She looks a sea-Cybele fresh from Ocean,
Rising with her Tiara of proud towers
At airy distance with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers."

—*Childe Harold.*

Her houses gleam like many colored jewels, for Charleston people paint their homes to suit themselves, and a pink house, a brown house, with a white house between makes a landscape full of color.

Some of these houses have been standing since the days before the Revolution. One of them was occupied by Colonel William Washington, a cousin of General Washington, known during the Revolution as "The Sword of the Army." Most of the old houses were evidently modeled after English homes, for they resemble them greatly. On the first floor are the library and dining room, with pantry, kitchen and servants' quarters going back to greater or less distance. On the second floor are one or two parlors, finished in the best workman ship. The bedrooms are generally on the upper floors. Most of the houses have their gable ends to the streets, with wide piazzas which run the length of the house.

This mode of building showed the wisdom of the early settlers. They knew that in a warm climate a piazza is a summer parlor. Steps run down to large gardens. Every month in the year there is something blooming in these gardens. In winter they are brilliant with poinsettia. This plant was brought from Mexico by Joel Poinsett, of Charleston, and named for him. It grows eight or ten feet high and blooms until a very cold spell kills it. The oleander is in its glory here, and in the spring the gardens glow with every kind of blossom.

The William Washington Home—a house of Revolutionary times.

An old gateway with porter's lodge.

In many piazzas is the unique joggling-board which the young people all love. These are long supple boards on wooden "horses" which joggle up and down and also rock back and forth. I don't know where these boards originated, but they certainly afford much pleasure, and are responsible for many love affairs, for it is hard not to get close to a person when the board slides down, nor do I know what a nurse does without them. In Charleston the favorite place to mind a child is on the joggling-board, and there is no better place to put a baby to sleep than with the gentle motion of these boards.

Artists show great interest in the large old houses with their elaborately carved woodwork, and their fine cut-glass chandeliers.

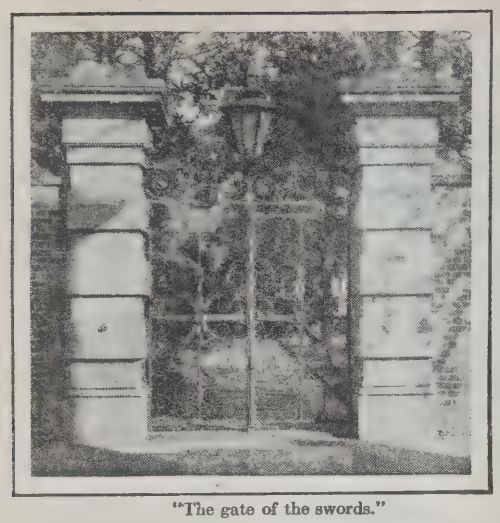
At the time when people in other cities were replacing their mahogany with golden oak or mission, or even fine French furniture, when they were modernizing their homes, building bracket mantels over their fireplaces, and covering their walls with ornate plaster, Charleston was recovering from a great war, and even if her people had desired to make these changes, they had no money to spend in this way.

In consequence she has retained her "Adams' mantles," carved in graceful scenes, her painted paneled rooms and her high brick walls. It would be difficult to find in America so many buildings unchanged by the passing years.

As a daughter of Charleston, I love her old gateways, her high walls, her quaint bits of architecture found in less frequented streets. I love the cool shady yards in some of the homes in the upper part of the town, where rows of tall magnolia trees shade brick kitchens and "outhouses," and where old-fashioned flowers bloom in profusion.

As we walk up Meeting street to the "Battery," we come to many places of interest. In one of the houses lived Benjamin Huger, who must have been a youth of great persuasive powers. He fell in love in those early days, about 1770, with a certain Polly Golightly who was wealthy, while he had no great estate. The family refused to consent, but Miss Polly took things in her own hands, and at a ball one evening picked up her hat and ran off with him. There is a lovely picture of her with the hat, her whole trousseau, slung on her arm.

Farther down the street is the South Carolina Hall, the home of a society founded in 1727. This hall was built in 1804. It is in good Colonial style



"The gate of the swords."

and still in constant use for public and private entertainments.

There is nothing dearer to the heart of a Charlestonian than St. Michael's Church and the sound of her historic bells. The first church in the town was built on this site of cypress logs, and was called St. Philips. This church was burned, and St. Philips now stands on Church street. St. Michael's was built in 1752. A chain was hung across the street during the hours of service, and anyone talking outside the church was liable to arrest. Near St. Michael's is the City Hall. On these steps Lafayette stood when he visited Charleston in 1825, and when he received an ovation that is seldom accorded to any man.

In the council chamber of the City Hall are several fine portraits, one of John C. Calhoun, and a full-length portrait of General Washington by Trumbull. It is taken of the General when he was quite a young man and before he wore a wig. The city has been offered a quarter of a million dollars for it.

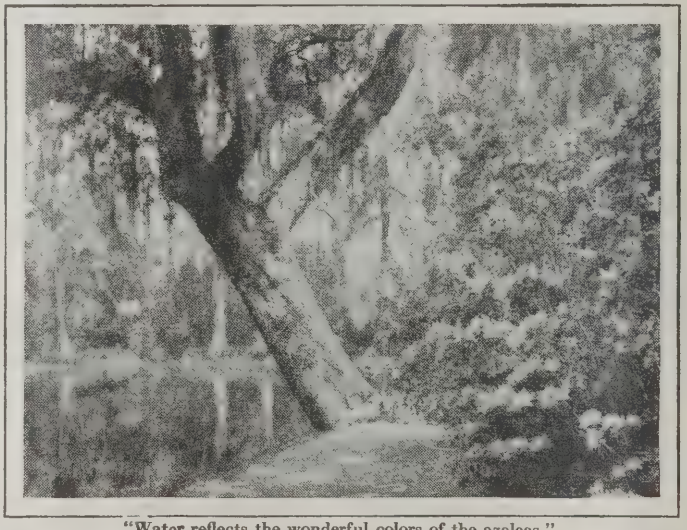
Next to the City Hall is what is called the "Fireproof Building." This was designed by the famous architect, Robert Mills, who was born in Charleston in 1790. He designed many famous buildings in the United States, among them the Treasury Building and the Washington Monument. This building in Charleston was the first fireproof building in America, and is used now to preserve records.

Farther along on Meeting street Robert Mills designed and built the first unsupported dome in America, which was over the Circular Congregational Church, and afterward destroyed by fire.

Charleston has some quaint customs, among them, the Negro street cries. Early each morning, Negroes may be heard crying their wares of vegetables or fish. Negro women come from the nearby farms. On their heads they balance baskets filled with variicolored flowers, or heavy with fruits and vegetables. They make themselves heard under your windows calling their wares in their soft southern voices—"Any green corn this morning—raw tomatoes—beets—hard-head cabbage?"

"Honey, honey, fresh from the comb! You want honey, Honey?" The men often sing their calls—"Raw, raw s-h-r-i-m-p—raw, raw. Fresh whiting." Later in summer the ice cream pushcarts call "Ice cream blocks hard as rocks." The watermelon man sings, "Watermelon fresh and fine, just from the vine."

Charleston is the city of romance, not lost nor forgotten. Tales are still told of the first settlers, when the English came over with orders from the king to build a town in this province. In 1671, the daughter of a lord came in the capacity of a servant to meet and marry her sailor lover, and to become as Mrs. John Cumming, a power in the new land. At each period of Charleston's history a bit of romance brightens her pages. We read of many incidents which even today thrill you with interest. It is hard to realize that there was a moat around the lower part of the town with a "half-moon" draw and gate on Queen street. It was ordered that all lands adjoining this moat should be kept clear for half a mile, so that the inhabitants could see the approach of the enemy. In addition to these protections, many of the houses had secret, underground passages to the river in case of an attack by the Indians. There are some of these still visible. In one house a flight of iron stairs is concealed by the side of a chimney. This leads to the cellar, where an iron grating still shows some light in the passage to the river.



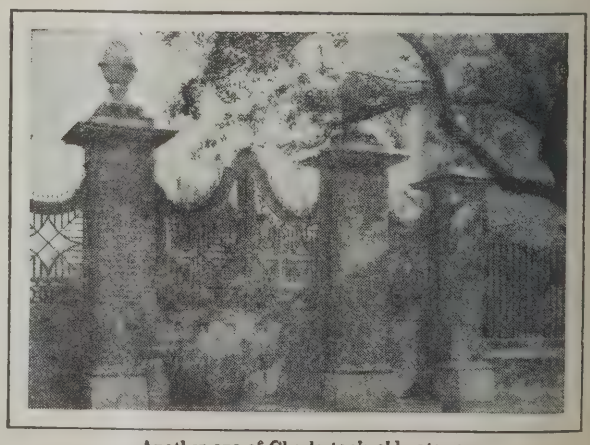
"Water reflects the wonderful colors of the azaleas."

Charleston has gone through many vicissitudes. The siege of 1781 reduced her from a prosperous community to a devastated heap of buildings. In 1864 fire destroyed a third of the town.

The great earthquake of 1886 did tremendous damage, and wrecked many of her fine buildings. With the help of the nation, she started putting back the fallen walls before the earth stopped trembling.

A story told of one of her women seems to typify the pluck of Charleston people. After the Civil War a mother and daughter were left alone. The mother, accustomed to every luxury, broke down in health. The family physician ordered "rest, change and a sea voyage." All of these cost money, and there was none. The daughter was not discouraged. She got work and each morning she took her mother with some books and a basket of lunch to the boat which went many times each day to Sullivan's Island, just seven miles from Charleston. This delicate woman went back and forth all day. Commuting friends met her, and strangers became friends. People made much of her. They brought her every sort of present, she heard all the gossip of the town, in between trips she read undisturbed. At the end of the summer she was a well woman, having had rest, variety, and a sea voyage without leaving home.

With the same pluck some of our Charleston men have stuck to the town. They have developed her commerce, they have enlarged her business, and, in spite of many difficulties, they have brought her safely to a place where the world looks at her and says, "This is a town that has kept the charm of the old days, and yet is ready for the business of the new." A city that can show houses that hold and keep their Colonial workmanship and style, and silver and furniture used by the same family for generations. Nearby are gardens of richest bloom.

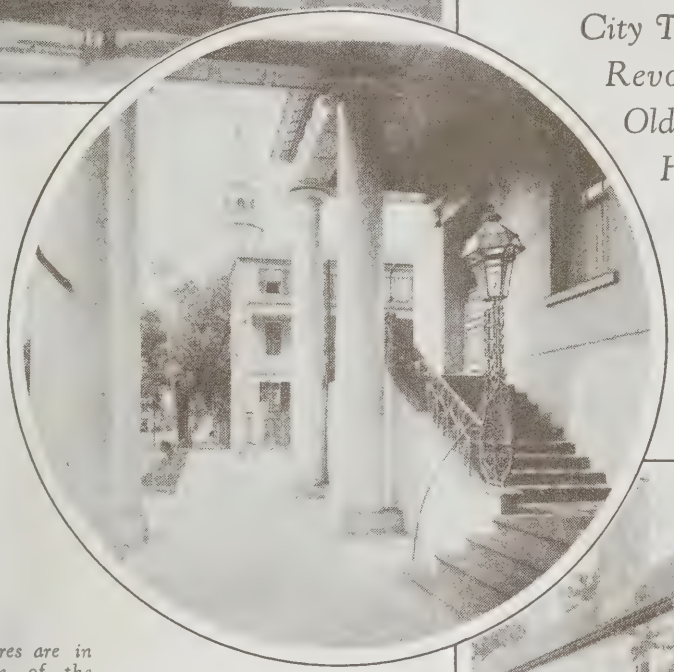


Another one of Charleston's old gateways.

Almost Unchanged by the Passing Years

Charleston, South Carolina, City That Still Retains Its Revolutionary Houses, Old-Fashioned Gardens, High Brick Walls, Fine Gateways and Quaint Customs.

THE "East Battery," where Charlestonians are wont to walk and view the ocean.



CIRCLE—South Carolina Hall, with St. Michael's Church in the distance. The hall was erected in 1804. The church marks the site of the first church in town, constructed of cypress logs and later burned.

These pictures are in illustration of the article, "A City of Romance," by Virginia L. Porcher, beginning on page 31.

ABOVE—One of Charleston's old houses, reminiscent of English homes of its time, and with gable ends extending to the street. In the garden back of the old brick wall there is a profuse growth throughout the year.

There used to be a light high up in the steeple of St. Philip's Church (above) for the guidance of vessels on the ocean. The structure at the left is the old Planters' Hotel. The Huguenot Church is on the right side. Nearby stood one of the very first theaters in America.

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A VOCATION looked on as degrading will . . . degrade those who follow it . . . If indeed there were an employment which could not be dispensed with, and yet which tended to degrade such as might be devoted to it, I should say that it ought to be shared by the whole race, and thus neutralized by extreme division, instead of being laid, as the sole vocation, on one man or a few . . . So far is manual labor from meriting contempt or slight, that it will probably be found, when united with true means of spiritual culture, to foster a sounder judgment, a keener observation, a more creative imagination, and a purer taste, than any other vocation. Man thinks of the few, God of the many; and the many will be found at length to have within their reach the most effectual means of progress.

—*William Ellery Channing* (1842).

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